

Mustafa Alqaraghuli

Professor Sabatino

Eng - 100

2-25-19

Attending College

“Mustafa, when do you want to make an appointment regarding your college applications?” My High School counselor asked as I was running down the hallway to get to my next class in time. “Are you available tomorrow?” I replied. “Sure, just stop by” She nodded as I made my way back to my next class, I started to think about how fast High School went by. I was astonished. I thought back to myself, I can still remember every small detail in my first day of High School like it was yesterday. By junior year, I started hearing questions like “where will you be applying?” or “What college do you plan on attending?” from many of my classmates. I never truly knew where I wanted to apply or attend. I had many unanswered questions for me to decide where I wanted to go. For instance, how much debt will I be in? Do I want to commute? Do I want to pursue my soccer career? What will be my major? Therefore, my answer to their question always was “Still figuring it out”. I thought to myself I had plenty of time to decide, it’s only junior year. Before I knew it, it was senior year, I was sitting in a chair in front of my High School councillor.

“Where do you intend on applying?” She asked while sitting in her red chair organizing her messy desk.

“I haven’t settled on a specific field or major which is conflicting with my choice of colleges” I answered.

“Have you talked to your parents about it yet?” She asked, closing all the tabs on her computer.

“No, I have been doing research on my own time but I haven't come to a conclusion” I said

“I will give you till some time next week to discuss with your parents and try to come to a conclusion okay?” My counselor suggested as she got up from her seat, not wanting me to waste more of her time due to the excessive amount of appointments she had which made me feel better because I knew I wasn’t the only one lost.

I agreed to the deal and acted upon it as soon as I got home. I sat down with my parents at the dinner table and presented all the questions I had that were conflicting with my choices of colleges. I felt like that was the best opportunity to open up the conversation because my sister wasn’t at the table yet and I hoped they wouldn’t compare my situation to hers.

“I had a meeting today with my councillor regarding my college applications.” I started off saying.

‘How did it go?’ My Mom quickly asked, putting some more macaroni on her plate.

I can tell from my mom's facial expressions she was getting her questions ready for me. She believes college plays a very strong role in life and attending it is almost without a choice for my sister and I. When I was younger, she always would explain to me how important college is in our culture and how I have to go to college for the degree and then do whatever I want after that, as long as the degree is my back up.

"Well, I did not decide on anything yet because I have some unanswered questions" I replied as I took a deep breath.

My parents knew this was a serious situation I was going through from the way I was talking and my facial expression.

"What are your questions, let's see if we can help" My Dad said placing down his fork giving me his full attention.

At this point, me knowing my Dad, I knew he wanted to get the most words out of me before saying anything. He likes to collect all the information he can from a person and then responds based on his/her own words, so I knew I had to be careful with what I say.

"I cannot settle on a college because I don't know which one would best fit my major" I blurted

“You can always go in as undecided until you figure out what you want to major in” my Dad replied.

Knowing my Dad, his answer completely surprised me. I was expecting him to say something like pick a major before it's too late or you don't have time. He also always tells me, pick a major based on your interest not based on how hard it is, they all have their own difficulty in one way or another.

“Didn't you say you were interested in engineering?” My Mom asked

“That was sophomore year” I quickly responded rolling my eyes.

“What's another question holding you back from deciding?” My dad asked, reading my facial expressions.

Unlike my Mom, my Dad continued to ask questions, trying to fully understand where I was coming from. He always has been a person that takes time in giving me feedback but it usually is very helpful feedback when he does. Therefore, I was giving my Dad all the answers he wanted to hear as I was patiently waiting for a response because his feedback did truly give me confidence, as well as my Mom's.

“Debt, how much debt will I be in after I am finished with college” I asked nervously, picking up my cup and taking a sip of water.

“Well, that will also depend on your major. How many years it will take you to finish is an important factor.” He said folding his hands as he makes direct eye contact with me.

At this point of the conversation I realized that the questions I had were a chain. They each lead to one another. I couldn't answer one without answering the others and I couldn't ignore one without ignoring the others. I felt like the chain of questions were holding me down as I was trying to look over a wall which shows my future. I am a visual person, I have to know where, how, and when my next step is for me to focus on myself. Therefore, the situation I was in was really holding me back.

“Have you thought about Delaware County Community College?” My Mom asked curiously.

“I have not, but I heard from some friends who plan on going that you save a lot of money by going there” I quickly responded.

It quickly started to add up. Attending Delaware County Community College has already solved two of my problems, debt and picking a major. I also have close friends that will be attending there too. I found it to be a great resolution towards my hesitation on my decisions.

I also haven't yet decided on if I wanted to continue playing soccer. I thought to myself that is something I need to figure out on my own instead of asking anyone for advice. I had just got done with my last season and had mixed feelings on carrying on with soccer in college. I had one of my best seasons throughout my high school career but I also got very tired of it at the end. I also was afraid soccer would consume too much of my time and will cause me to get poor grades. Therefore, part of me agreed with my mom. I listened to my mom and indeed pushed back soccer temporarily. As I came to the conclusion that Delaware County Community College is the best option for me as it buys me time, saves me money, and is close by.