

Medical School Personal Statement

At the age of 13, I unjustifiably decided that I wanted to be a doctor. My Middle-Eastern parents were thrilled to hear this. Although, it would be many years later until I fully understood the journey that I had signed up for. In the summer of 2008, I was enrolled into “Camp Scrubs” at Schoolcraft College, and was exposed to the healthcare profession. The camps activities ranged from hands-on labs, such as simulating kidney dialysis, to field trips to St. Mary’s Hospital. I enjoyed the program and continued to show interest in medicine. That same year, I spent my New Years Eve in Garden City Hospital shadowing my brother-in-law, Dr. XXX , to show me the reality of what being a physician entails. I considered myself a future doctor from that point on.

My decision to attend Michigan State University was substantial, considering very few people in my community left home for college at that time. My graduating class in high school had 13 out of about 250 students attending MSU. This small percentage has a lot to do with where I’m from. Dearborn/Dearborn Heights are suburbs of Detroit with a predominately Muslim community. Following 9/11 Islamophobia, many Arabs stayed in Dearborn to form what I like to think of as an immense comfort zone. I intuitively knew that I needed to escape that comfort zone. My freshman year at MSU was a tremendous culture shock. The transition from being a part of the majority to being thrown into a diverse melting pot had filled me with a mixture of emotions. I enjoyed the change, yet couldn’t help feeling that there was some discrimination based off of my name and appearance. The more time I spent in East Lansing, the more I associated the city of Dearborn as a bubble, distinct from the rest of the society. I was tired of feeling judged before having the chance to be seen for who I truly am. Prior to entering my sophomore year of college, I made a decision that would altogether change my life.

In the summer of 2014, I decided to legally change my name from XXX to XXX. At the time, I felt that changing my name to a more American name would eliminate any prejudgments. However, I was absolutely oblivious of the repercussions. The name change sparked an identity crisis, which would ultimately lead to my downfall. Members of my family, and some of my closest friends shamed me for “turning my back” on the Arab community. All areas of my life were affected. I was depressed, and struggled to accomplish anything. Concurrently, my best friend and roommate became hostile when he began to show signs of schizophrenia. I am empathetic by nature, which caused me to ignore the signs of mental illness and offer help when he spontaneously dropped all of his classes. He lashed out on me and legal documents were created for him to keep his distance. I had flat out hit rock bottom, and had no choice but to face myself brutally, and honestly. The gems mined in my darkest moments are what gave me courage, wisdom, and a richness that cannot be found anywhere else. I had found a fresh perspective based on my new sense of clarity, I was ready to build from the ground up.

It was time for me to rise from the ashes. I knew that within me lied infinite potential. I decided from that day forward I would never again be the victim of my life’s misfortunes. The heavy pain I had felt aspired me to become a healer, and that is where my growth began.

I became a certified personal trainer through the American College of Sports Medicine in the summer of 2015. I instructed boot camp classes, mainly for middle aged, over-weight men and women. It was here that I found the vocation to become a doctor. The ability to cure had given my life fulfillment. I am a firm believer in holistic medicine, and consider exercise to be the best preventative drug. The fortune of serving others on their journey to greater health lit a fire in my soul. I found affirmation in my decision to become a doctor at 13 years old. I discovered an unstoppable drive within that would last a lifetime. I was ready to fulfill my destiny.

I scrubbed into a stent procedure at the Phoenix Heart Center in Arizona and was astonished to see heroes at work. My motive for pursuing medicine was confirmed. The small-scale differences I made in a person’s health through physical training gave me a profound appreciation for a physicians work. There was now a desire for me to learn for the wisdom that would carry me on to be an excellent physician. As a bonus, my grades showed a dramatic increase. I never before envisioned myself as the student who received 105% on a Biochemistry exam. I developed an eagerness to learn new things. I found a vast appreciation for education.

I decided who I wanted to be, and ultimately became that person. I am a man of indomitable hunger. I have unfathomable certainty that my purpose is to heal others, and I do not envision myself taking any other path. I want to experience the challenges of medical education and enjoy the satisfaction of its completion. I want to make a difference through my actions, and a Doctor of Osteopathic Medicine degree from [Insert University] is the perfect way to satisfy these goals.

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