



# WISDOM IS NOT JUST FOR THE GREY-HAIRED...

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I have great respect for those who have come before me. For those who have seen more suns and moons pass over the sky greater times than myself. For those who have gray hairs dotting their diminishing locks. If only we knew how much wisdom and knowledge is held in those gray hairs, nurtured by time. These gray hairs that stand out are a symbol of insight, experience, and many years of learning. But not all heroic figures have these gray hairs, and they don't need them. At least, my mom doesn't.

My mom is by no means a fictional superhero; the courageous warrior standing firm on top of a cliff's rigid edge, chin lifted high in the air as her cape flaps in the ferocious wind, showing everyone that she's there for them. Instead, my mom is a quiet hero, someone who has left little footprints of kindness wherever she has stepped that will stay behind her as she continues walking forward in life. And because of her steady, modest, everyday activities, I have found that she has impacted me in more ways than I can count cooking a sick friend's dinner, smiling at people when gloom hangs in the air, being brave in times of fear, comforting me when I'm afraid, and being a person anyone can talk to. Over the years, as she has done these quiet tasks, they have shown me what a self-sacrificing person she really is. My mom is my Michigan Hero because her example has made an impact on me that will continue blossoming throughout my life.

My mom is also like a mother bear, very protective of her children. I respect that about her. I am eternally grateful for her watchful eyes, keeping my brother and I protected in this world of unknown dangers. I don't have to be afraid because I know my mom has my back and will always support me when I need her encouraging words of advice to keep me safe and guide my decisions. It is not that I am bound to her suggestions in a rigid way with no space for the freedom of change, but more of a whisper of what wisdom's knowledge suggests. And through life's course of failing and prospering, I have learned to listen to her counsel, for she has seen more suns and moons pass over the sky greater times than myself.

My mom is my Michigan Hero because she has dedicated her life to helping me grow safely and successfully.

My mom doesn't need gray hairs to portray her ever growing wisdom; the wisdom that has counseled me throughout my years. And I know as life goes on before us and as time slips away from underneath our feet, she will still be there, sharing essential information with me that I can pass down to my own children someday. And maybe, just maybe, I can become a little bit like her: weaving in the different threads of truth and love that has made up the fabric of my childhood to those who will come after me.



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