

Stokes Scott

22 February 2026

What Being Tall Means to Me

Being tall can mean a lot of things. It can mean that you are able to see over everyone's head, or you are the person everyone asks to get something off the top shelf. To me, being tall means that I am even more like my two role models in life: Abraham Lincoln and my dad, who were both at least six foot four inches tall. Abraham Lincoln has been a role model for me ever since the fifth grade, and my dad has always been there for my family, even through the rough times. These are the people whom I have looked up to the most in my lifetime. Being tall, for me, also means I know what it is like to be bullied.

When I was in the fifth grade, my teacher assigned our class a project for us to complete. For this assignment, we were required to research an important person in history, write an essay about them, and prepare a speech from their point of view, talking about their character and achievements. For this assignment, I chose President Abraham Lincoln. When I was doing my research, I learned what type of person he truly was. I read article after article that showed me he was honest, responsible, a leader, and that people looked up to him. That is how I aspire people to view me.

My dad is the building block of my family. He has always been there for us, even in the hardest times. Throughout my life, he has shown me many things that have shaped who I am. He showed me how to be a gentleman, how to treat a woman, how to work hard, how to earn respect, and most importantly, how to follow my Savior, Jesus Christ. There have also been

extremely hard times for our family. Two years ago, my dad was diagnosed with prostate cancer. He decided to go through with the surgery, which was a difficult time for us. More recently, he went to the doctor, and they told us that judging from the blood results, he had a recurrence of the cancer. This was devastating news for me, as I was extremely scared for my dad. In the summer of 2025, my dad underwent cancer radiation treatment. During this time, he was unable to go to work to provide for our family, which hurt us because he is the sole provider. As my family faced these challenges, I tried my hardest to make my dad proud by doing my part in our family, as well as keeping my grades up in school and playing four varsity sports.

Throughout high school, I have endured many cases of bullying. A few of these have involved my height. I have been called names which include celery stick, light pole, pixie stick, slenderman, etc. Some of the comments were meant to be funny, while others were meant to hurt me. As I grew older and more mature, I realized that my height was nothing to be ashamed of. This same height that people picked on me for is the same height that makes me like the two people I admire. Every one of these situations has taught me to think before I speak, because you never know what someone may be going through.

Being tall is much more to me than just a physical trait. It represents who I really am. It constantly reminds me of Abraham Lincoln's honesty and my dad's persistence through hard times. I am reminded by it to stand strong in who I am and my beliefs. The only thing I can control is how I respond to the people who try to bring me down. Being tall is not about being physically high, but it is about choosing to rise high in life.