“Where do you want to go to law school?” is probably the most frequent question I get asked when I tell people I want to practice law. Truth is, I never have a set answer. But if you have been as lucky as I have to be exposed to actual attorneys practicing law, then you know the answer to the question doesn’t matter. Specifically, because all of them say, “you either went to Harvard, or you didn’t.” Unfortunately, they are implying that if you don’t go to Harvard, then it really doesn’t matter where you obtain your Juris Doctorate. That is the problem, though! My dream school is Harvard. It embodies all of the traits I seek to achieve. It resembles honor, prestige, and more importantly, determination.

Harvard Law School is one of the most prestigious law schools around the world. Harvard Law School is located in Cambridge, Massachusetts and was founded in 1817. While I have not visited the campus, it has always been my dream to go there. That is, because it resembles everything I hope to be. I hope to inspire others to believe in me like very few people have believed in me. I may be unaware and slightly ignorant about the community at Harvard, but from all the readings I have done, I have realized that it is a perfect place to call home for three years. Graduating from Harvard Law means that the possibilities are endless! I can pursue any law that I want with very little risk of unemployment. Additionally, my employers will trust me to expand on my ideas and research farther than any regular employee. Perhaps, their ideology may be that if I got through Harvard, then I have earned enough credibility to do my job. More importantly, I can help others and truly create change while I am going through school and post-graduation. Harvard offers a clinical program designed to help immigrants and
refugees. While it is my passion to help others, I want to do it in the area of law where not a lot of people think to practice: immigration law. It is my passion because often time immigrants are the most vulnerable to laws and policies. More importantly, I realize that everything about immigration entails hardships. First, immigrants must make the conscious decision to leave everything they know. Odds are that it is a product of an undesirable conflict. For example, persecution, poverty, and politics may be reasons to move to another county. Next, the immigrants must find a reasonable, legal, and safe mean to get to the location they are intending to go. I want to be able to help these people find a safe place where they won’t be persecuted, and where their family will have a chance at survival. Last but not least, immigrants must be able to adapt to their new world and do it quickly while also dealing with the legalization process. While I can’t physically help them through the adaptation phase, I can help them through the legal process. Being at Harvard will allow me to be exposed to the smartest and most innovative methods of teaching and resources.

While my intentions for pursuing such a difficult school are pure, there are other underlying motivators for why I want to go to Harvard law. However, before I can go I must meet a series of fortunate events that are a result of hard work, God’s love, and determination. That is, because first I have to actually get accepted; next I have to find a way to afford the school, then I have to actually get through the rigorous course load, and finally pass the bar. However, given all of those things actually happen, it would emanate the story of an immigrant who accomplished a great achievement in the world’s most powerful country: obtain a law degree from Harvard Law. It would be a great story to tell the world. It would be a great way to inspire my children, other people’s children, and all of the people who think it is impossible.
Harvard’s acceptance rate is considered one-in-a-million. When I tell people Harvard, they quickly shrug their shoulders and pretend like I didn’t say it. It is probably because they feel uncomfortable thinking that I could possibly be that one. I too sometimes feel uneasy about striving for such a difficult goal. Then, suddenly I think about attending Harvard and everything seems right. I sometimes lay awake at night and see myself walking the ancient halls where so many presidents and even founding fathers have walked. I have seen myself wearing a shirt that reads the words, “Harvard,” and feeling pride that I accomplished my goal. I have seen myself walking the streets of Boston in the middle of the winter contemplating if this is really where I am meant to be, then laying eyes on the school and knowing whole heartedly that it is. It is a challenge that may be nearly impossible to achieve, but that doesn’t mean that I won’t try. After all, it is my dream school, and we are all entitled to dream all we want!