

Growing up as a child in my family

Linguistics, English



Growing up as a Child in my Family My childhood experience was not a very pleasant one, although I managed to survive it somehow. First of all, my father was a paraplegic, while my mother was illiterate. I was the second oldest child in my family—I had five brothers and five sisters, of which I was the oldest girl. In terms of my schooling, I attended Hawthorne all the way from kindergarten through sixth grade. After that, I went to Monroe Middle School from seventh grade until ninth grade. The final school I attended was Mclain, where I only studied tenth and eleventh grade. I could not finish my schooling because I fell pregnant and had no choice but to become a full-time mother. I fell pregnant on five separate occasions but had a total of six children, all of whom were all girls. I gave birth for the first time in 1977 and had my last child in 1981. In conjunction with being a full-time mother, I also worked two jobs to help support my children. In 1989, I met a really nice guy who was to be my future husband. We have now been together for 22 years and are still in love with each other just as much as we were back then. In the year 2000, my husband and I decided to become foster parents. We have cared for over 32 kids since then and have gone on to adopt three of those kids, all of whom are girls. These girls were so adorable that we had no choice but to open our hearts and accept them. They are currently aged 11, 14, and 17 years old respectively. For the last 26 years I have been working as a C. M. A. All this time I have been trying to finish raising my girls. It is only now that I have realized that I need to go back to school in order to finish my high school diploma. I don't have much to say about my childhood except I became a mother far too soon. I thank God every day for each of my three kids. I am part of a gospel group called God's Chosen Generation, of

which I am the group's manager; my husband is in charge of the music. My two youngest daughters sing as part of the group along with my friend's daughter too. Every Sunday we go to church and participate heavily in the church's activities. This is the story of me "growing up as a child."