

If i knew then, what i know now

Experience, Human Nature



I am a thirty three year old teen mother. Sixteen years ago, at the age of 17, I became pregnant with a child that would eventually dictate, run, and be the deciding factor of who I would become. Well, let's be honest, still defining who I will be. Today, I feel the effects of how teenage pregnancy, now glorified by reality TV, has truly impacted my life now as an adult. How did this happen?

At seventeen I entered my junior year of high school with a plan, I would graduate early, midyear at seventeen and head off to Kent State University, where only a select few, yes I was one of them, would be omitted into the architectural program. My father had always wanted to be an architect, but a civil war and its effects took a toll on my grandparent's lives leaving my father responsible to help contribute to the family of six at an early age, so off into the work force he went, but he never let me forget that was his dream.

So as a young girl I had a talent for drafting, drawing, and really enjoyed architecture as a focus in high school. My father couldn't have been prouder. So as a Sophomore I made the decision to move on from high school as fast as I could and get into a really mature grown up life by graduating early, as a junior, and being accepted into a prestigious program with Kent State. My father was proud! I remember the day I had to tell my parents I was pregnant and at seventeen, I would still graduate early and possibly still go onto Kent for my program, but they knew different.

I saw the disappointment in their eyes and their tone. My father although disappointed was there to help me how ever I saw fit. So at seventeen I graduated with honors in January, gave birth in March and instead of entering Kent State University in August, I got married to the father of my
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daughter. What a mistake. Five months later, devastated by deceit and lack of involvement I left my husband and moved back into my parent's home. I decided I had to get back on track and I tried hard.

The years that followed were lead by hard emotional court battles, disappointing relationships with boys that had no interest in being with a girl who was a mother of a then two or three year old, so I decided to ask my father for a job, if I couldn't live out his dream as an architect then I maybe I could follow in his life time achievement with an auto company that had helped him develop a name and reputation for himself, in our time. He was thrilled I wanted to work for him and hired me immediately. One year into my employment with my father, I met my husband of 11 years, He did not seem to care of my past or how I got to where I was.

He seemed only interested in how we could grow as a blended family into a whole family without judgment. So we Married shortly after meeting and have been married for eleven years. However that doesn't mean there hasn't been a price to pay. I'd like to say that it all works out in the end. I'd like to tell all those sixteen and seventeen year olds that it will all work out, but I would be a lie. After sixteen years of struggle and hardships I find myself alone again with my daughter trying to make it work.

The action I took as a seventeen year old have an impact on my thirty four year old life. I am continue to struggle to define who I and more importantly who " we" are, my daughter and I. If I could look back and tell that sixteen year old one thing it would ne not to be in such a rush to grow up and to truly listen to what my parents have to say. But I realize I do that that opportunity now to tell her that, and so I do every opportunity I get. I tell my

daughter to plan a life for her and love, family and children will come, without remorse.