

# Pr to my left foot

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Personal Response to Text “ My Left Foot” By Isis Horne “ It would be difficult to exaggerate the degree to which we are influenced by those we influence. ” ~ Eric Hoffer. Parents greatly influence their children; most often people forget that children also greatly influence their parents. Children and everything they do have such a colossal impact on a parents life, and we as children are so caught up in ourselves that we often forget that even the most insignificant act in our minds changes everything a parent does or goes about handling it.

A wonderful example of how children and parents influence each other is the memoir “ my left foot” by Christy Brown. Children are always watching their parents, how they do things, how they act, and their beliefs. In the text “ My Left Foot” It is suggested that parents influence their children to succeed by believing in them and encouraging them. Mrs. Brown’s actions influenced Christy tremendously, she showed that parents effect the way their children turn out. Mrs. Brown showed loyalty to her son when family and doctors said he was an imbecile, and should be put into an asylum.

She did not put Christy into an asylum, instead she let him live normally with his parents in a loving home. This Gave Christy the chance to live like any other child would. Her Patience, and compassion for Christy is shown when she sat with Christy for hours trying to communicate with him, and she never gave up trying, and encouraging him. Her patience paid off when Christy was trying to write the letter “ A” on the chalkboard with his foot, she kept encouraging him to keep trying until he succeeded to write the letter, and she was so proud, she cried tears of joy.

Through Mrs. Brown's persistence of not letting Christy give up, or allowing others to look down on Christy, he became a published writer, and successful in his life. I have been suffering from Bipolar 1 and psychosis since I was an infant, later on while I was still a very young child I started suffering from post-traumatic stress as well. My mother was always there encouraging me no matter how hard it was going to make things for her. Every time I broke from reality, and the demons were scaring me she comforts me, and encourages me that they're not real, and nothing is going to hurt me with her around. Sometimes that worked, but then the demons started saying and threatening to eat her, to dismember her and the like; that made me very scared and so I tried to kill myself for the first time so that the demons would die with me, I was only 7 years old. My crazy mood swings were literally throwing my mother's life out of wack. One moment I would be ecstatic, then not a few minutes later I would be a weeping willow in the pitiful land of depression. It was very hard for my mother to find help for me, but she was persistent.

In the Winter of 2010, I faced the worst depression phase I had ever experienced. My Mother put me into a hospital because she knew I was not safe and she couldn't protect me. I was kept 4 weeks at that hospital when the discharge limit is two weeks; the doctors couldn't figure out what was wrong with me. I was diagnosed with bipolar 1, with severe psychosis there, and was discharged. Though I was safe enough to be let back into the world, my depression was still at a high peak, my mom found various psychiatrists, but none knew how to help me.

My mom kept looking, until she found a treatment program in Calgary call Adolescent Day Treatment Program. They took me in almost immidiatly, and for 8 months I started my slow recovery. Because of my mothers persistence in finding help for me, driving me in from Cochrane to Calgary every morning and back, I was able to overcome my depression, control my demons, I am not in the constant terror that was holding me back from living a normal life anymore.

My Mother is a very smart woman, and she always is pushing me to do my best. She provides such a wonderful life for me, if it weren't for her influences, I wouldn't be where I am today. I know that I will succeed in my life, she taught me that. I know that I am smart, and am capable of doing all the same things and more as anyone else. The confidence I gained from my mother and at ADTP had such a positive impact on my life, it's hard not to see that with confidence there is next to nothing you can't accomplish in this world.