Hearing child of a deaf parent and a deaf child of a hearing parent

Science, Social Science



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I had always been thinking how hard it is for a child to grow up with a
hearing loss. My opinions were challenged this very moment I met Daniel,
who had impaired hearing yet his parents had had not even the slightest
hearing impairment. His hearing loss did not affect his ability to
communicate, to socialize and to enjoy all the good experiences life had to
offer. He told me that a ray of hope emerged when his parents understood
his condition, and they knew that not even the most advanced technology
would restore his hearing ability. The hearing instruments would only help in
improving his quality of life.

Daniel never hesitated to ask the tutors, audiologists and even other professionals any questions and even other issues of concern. They would often give him the utmost assistance he required. His parents loved and encouraged him, praised him for anything he did well, often smiling with him and paid attention to whenever he wanted to share something with them. These loving activities were the most important milestone of boosting his confidence and making him feel relaxed. He often came to class and mused around with his funny stories about his experiences at the family gatherings. He dreaded the occasions since he was the eldest child, yet his younger cousins and even the adults would not understand him. He would go by himself to read any book in the apartment including the children's books. His cousins would ignore him and go about playing and making the clay "cookies". He would interact with the adults with his parents always trying to interpret, though the degrees of success were varying. He often missed deep conversations even with his grandparents. He tells me that my shortcomings

should never deter me from achieving success and this really inspires me. Billy told her story too. She had been raised by deaf parents but had no hearing impairment. At the age of five, she was lying on her bed, and the thought of little monsters under the bed crossed her mind. Their intention was to eat her feet if she attempted to step down. Like every other child, paralyzed in fear, she tried to call for help from her parents, but unfortunately her screams would land on deaf ears of her parents. At that age, she knew her parents were deaf, and they lived in a visual world with her. To attract her parents' attention, it demanded her to be within their coverage of sight and wave her hands, or to gently touch them to signalize her presence. She would take self-comfort, leap off her bed, dash to her parents' room and get to their bed for comfort and safety.

These reflections on such episodes never made her feel neglected and nor did she think anything was amiss. Instead, she felt a spirit of bravery was cultivated in her. At a tender age, she would receive calls with her parents' telephone, and her deaf parents would ask her to interpret what it was about. This enabled them to communicate with the hearing people. She felt proud and a sense of responsibility was cultivated in her. She was vibrant in using the sign language, and understood her bilingual and bicultural identity. Billy appreciated being part of the worlds, that of hearing and that of deafness.

She draws a bid sense of inspiration to me and many others that our shortcomings could be our sources of empowerment, as she tells me that her deaf identity is her biggest empowerment, and celebrates her dual identity. She participates in international conferences where she is an interpreter for

the deaf people.

Work Cited

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