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BUSTER**

My recently deceased grandfather was a doctor, professor, and military man. He grew up in Trenton, New Jersey with two deaf parents. Being African American he couldn't go to the nice schools and get the best education. He went to the African American elementary school which was under funded. He grew up extremely poor and in a segregated community.

He took becoming a great student into his own hands. He had a hard childhood, but worked as hard as he could. He became a Lieutenant in the army and was stationed in Hawaii before his tour of duty. My grandfather is a persevering, hard working, and the knowledgeable man I hope to come one day. ! My grandfather, David Cromwell, TLD have a lot of resources growing up.

He was born into a poor family and both his parents were deaf. He entered elementary school and the teachers he had knew he was smart right away. Segregated schools made it much harder for the African American and non white students to learn. He was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on July 5, 1919. His late parents were Thomas Cromwell and Edith Mae Hall Cromwell. Both parents were deaf and Crewel's first language was American Sign Language.

A gifted student and dedicated scholar, he as encouraged early on to pursue the highest levels of education.

He attended Drew university, breaking midway through college in 1941 to volunteer for service in the United States Army. Cromwell was always reading or studying in order to gain more knowledge. My grandfather, till the day he died, was always reading, learning new things, and he even donated his own body to the university of Hawaii where he was a professor for the

majority of his life. ! My grandfather taught me and my brother how to read when we were both very young.

For as long as I can remember he always was extremely supportive of my education.

He pushed me to always work hard even though he lived two thousand four hundred and sixty seven miles away. When I first started getting read to by my parents and grand parents I was about three years old. As I grew up my grandfather always pushed me to work hard in the pool, since my sport was water polo, but even harder in the classroom. He would call almost once a week, when he was in good health, and make sure we were on top of our school work and extracurricular activities.

He would always convince me to study harder or look over what I did one extra time to make sure It was all correct.

HIS constant reminders to proofread mom's teenage years my grandfather was always watching over her to make sure she was succeeding. I am positive that if he lived in the same state as my family that he would be on my case about all of my school work too. Even up till the day My grandfather passed away he didn't want me to leave school to come visit him because he said my education at the University is too important too miss. All of my grandfather's early teachings taught me to be a student of integrity, perseverance, and hard work.

! One of our primary texts that somewhat related to my story is Coming into

Language by Jimmy Santiago Abaca. Abaca and my situations are very different but relate in how our literacy was accelerated by others encouraging us to succeed. At first Abaca doesn't want to do anything related to learning, but once he gets locked up and realizes his teachers were pushing him to gain knowledge, he starts studying hard and becomes a great writer. I would have never been the student and person I am today without my Grandfathers encouragement to succeed. As my role model, I want nothing more than to be just as knowledgeable as he in whatever my field may be.

Within our extended family we refer to my grandfather as Kane. Kane in ancient Hawaiian means wise older man. My eldest cousin gave him this nickname because he was always reading something or gaining some sort of knowledge. My grandfather was the kind of man everyone aims to be. He served our country, taught thousands at the University of Hawaii, and ended up donating his body to science at the University.

My grandfather is my inspiration to study and succeed. My grandfather was a persevering, hard working, and the knowledgeable man I hope to become one day.