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Grief Journal

My life was not always easy, but it was a blessing. My mother raised seven children alone for many years after my father picked up and left my mother with all of the responsibility so that he could run around with his little whores. After while she adopted Her sister's seven children because her sister Lois decided to have them while she was not ready to be a mother. She ran with her men, Tom Dick Harry Larry and Barry, "she went Finger popping from sunup to sun down. She decided to live her own life and the Hell with her children." Eventually we moved from a three-bedroom apartment in Brooklyn network to a four-bedroom apartment with 2 bathrooms in Manhattan, because mom wanted a better life for her children. After while my Aunt Amanda move in with us and my grandparent, Deacon Clarence smith and Evangelist Gladys smith, This was great because Mom finially had help because she worked " her butt off in order to support all 14 of us with no help from Her sister Lois acted as if Mom birth her seven children as well. She never thanked her but tried to make her life a living hell. I never understood this because she was not under the influence of drugs and alcohol and besides that mom was very nice to her. Aunty was just a" hoochie mama" that thought just of herself. This caused me to grief as a child because I saw the struggle in my mother's face each time, I looked up at her. I also grew up in a strike Christian home. Each Friday My Grandfather, Deacon Clarence smith and my grandmother Evangelist Gladys smith and everyone in the house had a Hallelujah time.

Every Friday evenings we fasted together, Prophesying took place, prayer and supplication also took place followed by the reading of the word and old time gospel songs were song. We had a piano, drums, washboard and a guitar. The place sounded like a church. Grandmother didn't allow us to dance to the devil's music, drink anything out of a bottle curse, swear and women weren't allowed to whistle. Nor wear clothing pertaining to a man such as pants. During prayer we were required to put a prayer cap on our heads which showed respect and humility to the Lord. We weren't even allowed to play cards on Sunday and children were required to respect their Elders. Proverb 22 verse 6 states "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from thee." My mother, Aunts and Grandparent always recited this verse to us, which has stuck in my head for many years.

Today I realized that these were precious moment and now percious memory. I have been grieving over my aunt and grandparents for many years and the pain just won't go away. It Grandparents, My faviorit Aunt Amanda who has gone to meet Jesus, was a God fearing woman. She was so cheap that she could make a dollar cry but she gave me something more substantial than money, which is the love of God. She took me to church when mom was working and gave me private Bible lessons while everyone else was doing others things and she even helped me with my Homework which was also special. Many times a tear rolls down my face while pondering about my elders but these are happy tears because I feel that they all have made it end and some day I too will be caught up to meet them in the air.

Another thing that I grieve about is the poor education that I have encountered. I was told that I wasn't college material but I didn't give up. I realize that I was compatible of learning but the unequipped teachers were sent to the "poorer schools because they didn't give a damn about us. This makes me grieve because the educational struggle is real. I feel that there were

educational segregation is still taking place still as we speak because children has to go to a school within their district.

While at Hunter college this is when I realized that I wasn't equipped with all that I needed to become that Doctor and whom I hoped to become. I found myself not being able to streak a simple petri dish and everything had to be done with a great effort. I broke down and cryed when my white friends told me that they learned how to streak a petri dish a in the seventh grade.Despite it all they taught me how to do it, while I was crying my eyes out. At this point my speculations about my lack of education unfold right in front of my very own eyes. Thank God that I never gave up on learning, look how far he has brought me," thank you Jesus."

There were numerous things that has caused me to grieve but the kidnaping of my mother when Mom was eighty to the age of eighty two was the most traumatic, and drakes