

Life Span

Prenatal to Middle Adulthood

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The life span of a Human is not as simple as just birth and death. Life is captured in eight periods that characterize development: prenatal period, infancy/toddlerhood, early childhood, middle childhood, adolescence, young adulthood, middle adulthood, and later adulthood/old age—keeping in mind that these periods can vary depending on society and culture. (Erford, 2017). I am in the Middle Adulthood period of my life span. I am a child of God, a wife, a mother, and a grandmother.

Prenatal, Infancy, Toddlerhood and Early Childhood

From my mother's belly to the island of Manhattan

I was unplanned and unwanted my sister was close to her second birthday and my father who was entrepreneur had just lost all of the families money on what would turn out to be the first of dozens failed of business ventures. There was a glimpse of hope when the ultrasound technician must have confused my arm with a penis. My father was excited he would have a son; his name would be Digoro (Die-go-ro). To this day, I firmly believe that's why God change me into a girl because that name is awful. After 18 hours of labor on February 21st, a new citizen of the island of Manhattan was born. A 8 ½ pound girl that appeared to be of Asian descent. Now the next part of the story truly depends on whether my father or mother is telling it. The only part I know is genuine is that the delivery room went completely silent. My mother says that the room went silent because they were expecting was a boy. She said that I had a crown of jet black pin-straight hair and was very swollen. The unthinkable happened my father refused to cut the cord. Instead, he left the hospital and took a flight out of the country. His side of the story is that the room went silent because I appeared "Chinese" and was supposed to be a girl; how was it possible for a black man to have a Chinese baby. My father ignored the question regarding the

umbilical cord; he said that my mother became ill and was rushed to an operating room. When asked about his abrupt departure, he stated that he had a planned business trip.

With my mother in the hospital and father on a “business” trip baby Daylyn went home after 5 days to several families from my mother side. As per family members my mother was never the same after my birth. She suffered from severe chronic depression the only thing that made her happy was my older sister also known as the first born golden child FBGC (Well I use to call her that). I started walking at 8 months old which was a blessing as it made me more independent. One story that I have heard many times over the years is that at 9 months FBGC locked me in a closet and no one noticed I was missing until my sister reported that I had walked out of the apartment. While New York’s finest searched for a walking 9 month old in Washington Heights a very intelligent firefighter felt it would be prudent to search the house. As per my father’s account I was in the closet for possible 4 to 5 hours it’s very likely that I cried myself to sleep. It is my belief that this experience was imbedded and suppressed in my unconscious memory as for most of my childhood years I had a major fear of the dark.

Through I cannot prove this by any ones account it is very likely that FBGC closet stunt might have caused my father to notice me and possibly might have created some sort of bound. From the ages of 1 to 3 years old I traveled a lot with my mother’s second eldest brother and my father. I recall some trips when I was 3 but the rest I see in pictures. On one of the trips I returned home with a souvenir that literally kept on giving- head lice. These powerful creatures were so strong and very difficult kill. I was sharing them with all the kids in heights and parents started getting upset. My parents made a decision that would change myself they shaved all of my hair off. Remember that pin-straight hair I was born with? When I hair started to grow back it was very curl, dry and course. I can remember my mother talking about my hair as if I was not in the

room she said awful things that caused me to hate my hair. Since she did not know how to manage my new hair texture she did what worked for her which washing my hair daily. My mother denies this ritual of daily washing; I understand now that water and conditioner make my hair more manageable. There was times when I refused to let her wash my hair so she started to tell me that the NYC sweeper truck was going to suck me in because it would identify me as garbage. On several occasions even days that I complied with my hair rituals she would hide behind cars if she saw a street sweeper coming. I recall like one event as if it happened yesterday it was a cold winter day and a sweeper was coming I didn't see my mother anywhere I knew it was the end of my life I cried and out of fear I peed myself. My mother did not say a word I was 4 years old and I could change myself.

At some point both my parents were working fulltime jobs my sister and I would stay with our maternal grandmother. She seemed to have a deep rooted hate towards me she could tell me how fat and black I was and didn't understand why my mother married a black man. I was not allowed to eat or play with sister or cousins. She would cook full meals and have me sit across my sister and cousins and watch them eat. The worst part was that she would tell my mother that I ate more food than the rest of the children. She even asked my parents to provide more food because I would clean her out daily. Why didn't I tell because the first time I opened my mouth she dug her nails really deep in to my arm. She yelled look at how fat she is do you really think she doesn't eat. I figured it out when everyone is asleep I will sneak in to the kitchen and eat whatever I could find. As per my mother at about 3.5 years old I was not reaching age appropriate milestones. After a visit to the pediatrician it was recommended I go to day care in order to expose me to a structured environment. It is not traditional for children in our family to

go to daycare however my mother placed me in a full day program at a local daycare. I was happy to be able to get away from my current abuser.

My first week in daycare I said a word that I would say at home all the time however in daycare the word was a :”No No” the teacher (we will call) Mrs. Blank washed my mouth with Ivory soap and also asked me to eat to each some. I didn’t tell my parents because I thought I would get in trouble. The soap mouth washing happened a few more times I honestly can recall if I even spoke a word before she told me that I was a dirty child and needed to be cleansed. Things became worst over time she began to sexually abuse me I don’t know how long it went on but it felt very long. I state waiting the my parents were furious with new behavior, but I couldn’t go to the bathroom at night what if Mrs. Blank is in there. I was 4 years old I couldn’t write a word but I sure knew how to keep myself safe at night by peeing on my bed. True joy and happiness took over when my mother told me that I going to kinder garden after the summer is over. I learned very early that you have to keep things to yourself because if something happened to you it was probably your fault at least that’s how my mother made me feel.

Kindergarten was amazing the teacher (let’s call her Mrs. Nice). She was so nice and pretty. During snack time I was not satisfied with one gram cracker my teacher Mrs. Nice would always sneak two in a wrapped paper towel. That was not enough so one day I told a boy that I would be his girlfriend if he gave me his gram cracker he said sure. The next day I told a second boy the same thing I said to the last one but I added that it was to be secret. By the end of the week I had 7 gram crackers. That was the beginning of the new me at 4 years old I decided that I was going to deceit, lie, cheat to get what I want.

Middle Childhood, Adolescence and Young Adulthood*From the Washington Heights to the South & North Bronx*

This can't be happening why would we leave Mrs. Nice and everything we know to move to a place called Bronx? Did you say the 24th floor? My first thought was if anyone can stop this it would be FBGC she always gets her way. Well all good things come to end because my sister didn't get her way this time. My parents choose the projects to save money in order to buy a house. That doctor was not wrong about me something was wrong with me I could read or write. Letters seem to jump off of the page or look backwards. I couldn't sit still I tried really hard to learn but I just couldn't. When I was called on by a teacher to read I would act a pure fool just to get kicked out of class. I would delete the messages from the answering machine and sign my own notes. My parents worked multiple jobs my sister and I were latch key kids. It didn't take long for me to find bad company. I started smoking marijuana at 10 years old; this was the gateway to a long road of drug abuse.

My fifth grade teacher Mrs. Hillary Jackson (that's her real name) she kicked me out of the class on the first day. As I sat in the hall way I stuck my house key in a socket I screamed bloody Mary. She quickly came out the class room she didn't yell at me she asked me if I was okay, responded yes with only a head node. She went on to tell me that the elementary teachers gave her a heads up about me and she was going to help me. Help me do what? Mrs., Jackson meant what she said. She dedicated time to helping me learn how to read and write. At the end of the year she told me that I was not ready I thought my time is up im finally going to get left back. What she meant was that she was going to step up with me to the 6th grade that way she could continue to work with me. Mrs. Jackson was God sent she sacrificed just not to lose this one black sheep.

During my early childhood I struggled with my identity I never fit in because was not Black, White or Spanish enough. The only time I found comfort was in being high and for the most part I did it alone. Like every other troubled child I would hang-out with other troubled kids. My buddy LT had been with me since Kindergarten similar to me she had moved from the South Bronx from Manhattan. My mother would send my sister and I to catechism classes were. My sister and I would walk about 25 minutes because my mother would only give us fare for one way. My sister went to different class because she was completing confirmation. LT joined the Sunday school class with me so that we could have first communion together. It was in that class that I met Randy he was an altar boy.

The teacher (who we will call teacher) seemed to always have I out for me. I thought I was being paranoid because of course I would get high before class how else was I going to be able to sit still through that boring class. One day she pulled LT out of class she didn't come back. When it was over LT was waiting for me outside, she was placed on a different track since she had not been baptized; she will be completing all of her sacraments in one shot. Well now my friend was not there I could spend more time with Randy. After class he teacher caught Randy and I kissing she looked so upset. We just knew that we were in big trouble but she sad nothing. The following Saturday Randy waiting outside and told me that he could longer sit next to me in class or he would not be allowed to be an altar boy. My mind was racing what would be my punishment? This class was important we all had oral exams where we had to know the Act of Contrition and a few other prayers by heart and recite them in order to move on to first communion. Everyone went and she saved me for last she dismissed the class and told me to wait behind. She took me to a room that I had never seen before and asked me to recite that act of contrition. As I started she proceed to take of my top I stopped resisting the prayer she looked

at me and asked me if I wanted to pass I said yes. I continued to recite all of the prayers until she was done with me. The teacher told me that I passed and that I could go ahead; if I was thinking telling anyone about what happened not to bother because no one would believe a girl that has sex with altar boys. Randy and LT were waiting for me outside I told them I passed with the biggest smile I could give. We put all our money together to buy weed. I couldn't believe that I had Randy and LT smoking now. I asked Randy if he had ever had sex he said no because we are not supposed to do that until your married, LT interjected and said she will never do it because she didn't want to get AIDS; I said well I will never do it because I don't want to get pregnant. I didn't tell anyone about what teacher did to me. I was sure that that this was my fault somehow.

My behavior became very problematic; I had introduced alcohol to my weed habit. We also had a new member of the family my little brother he was perfect. At 10 years of age I was invisible the only time my parents noticed me was when I got in trouble. We had to move from the projects one year shy before my parent's goal. I was involved in fights at least once a week. My parents did find knew that I something bad was going to happen. We moved to a large 1 bedroom that had been converted in to a 2 bed room located 197th and Grand Concourse. This should have been an opportunity for a new beginning.

Something clicked my freshmen year of high school, I was introduced to a few more drugs but this time I was a functional user. I met a guy at school he was on the baseball team I was popular so I guess it was a match. As soon he got what he wanted we broke up. I was officially nothing; I gave away the only thing left with value. I knew everyone in school but no one knew me. On the outside I was this cool popular person but I was completely dead inside. Towards the end of my sophomore year in high school I met this guy that worked at a sneaker store, I figured let me make this connection so I can get discounts on sneakers. During summer

break I was selected for a pilot internship program with JP Morgan Chase. By the summer time I finally agreed to go on a date with him. I gave it up on the first date I just knew that he was not going to call me again. I was wrong he continued to page me until I gave in and told him the truth I felt shame and knew that he would never take me seriously. We talked for a week or so when I was involved in a major car accident. He came to see me in the hospital and told me that he wanted to be with me forever. That true love you don't even know if I will be able to walk again.

Little did I know that this sweet guy would abuse me mentally and physically for the next 10 years of my life. Those 10 years are a blur not because they are suppressed but because I had graduated to Opioids. Although it was a dark time behind closed doors as I battled with a drug addiction, eating disorder and an abusive partner I still pushed forward. Throughout this time I completed high school, college and maintained stable employment. I met a friend in college who told me about Jesus. Even though I half listened I started to ask Him to get my man out of my life. One day he tried to kill me because I brought him the wrong size t-shirt. I asked God to please spare me. My ex stopped what he was doing and left.

I stopped taking opioids daily a few weeks after the break up and completely without treatment within the year. I know that it was God even though I didn't know Him. I was saved 8 years ago. God had angels at every school I attended even at that day care there was a janitor he would always ask me if I was okay. Sometimes I think did he know what the teacher was doing? But I much rather focus on the fact that no matter what he was doing he always took the time to acknowledge me.

The verse I stand on is *Jeremiah 29:11-14*

For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans for welfare[a] and not for evil, to give you a future and a hope. Then you will call upon me and come and pray to me, and I will hear you. You will seek me and find me when you seek me with all your heart. You will find me, declares the Lord, and I will restore your fortunes and gather you from all the nations and all the places where I have driven you, declares the Lord, and I will bring you back to the place from which I sent you into exile.

Developmental milestones

.Thinking from the perspective of life milestones, I may have gotten stuck in Freuds' theory on the psychosexual stage is based on the relationship between the parent and child that starts before birth. Due to a child developing his/her wellbeing early in life, the parent must always be conscious of how they treat their children. Children that lack parental care will not have a promising future. It is essential that find out how much satisfaction to give their child. Parents who can give their children the correct amount of contentment can raise well-trained children to satisfy their sexual needs as an adults.

Life Span & Privilege

Looking at the meaning of privilege via Power & Privilege Definitions it defines me as privileged due to my social identities. Privilege functions on individual, interpersonal, social, and institutional levels and provides protection, partialities, and perks to dominant groups at the expense of target groups. People are granted privilege via membership in one or more of these social identity groups: • **White people**; • **Able-bodied people**; • **Heterosexuals**; • **Males**; •

Christians; • Middle or owning class people; • Middle-aged people; • English-speaking people. I bolded the social groups define me as privileged. I have faced opposition due refusing to define my race. Even though I lived in bad environment gave a motivational advantage to always strive for more.

Discussion

This paper is one of the most challenging papers that I have ever written. I did not expect this paper to be so difficult. I had no intentions were not to be as honest but once I started writing omitting information will not change the what happened nor how it made me feel. This assignment has encouraged me to dig deeper and possible write more. In addition I realized how much I lean on F would like to do more research on both Erikson and Piaget theories.

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