

Blandine Pierre

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English 101

## *The day of my first communion*

How can I forget the way I was raised? Growing up in a Christian family is not easy, and as I get older I realize that was the best way for a parent to raise their kid, and I gave mother credit for that. My mom used to wake us up every single day before she left the house. I remember we always made a circle to pray, and each one of us had to read one or two psalms, and sometimes I did not feel like waking up, but I had to because if I didn't mom would punish me.

Every Sunday me and my siblings had to go to church, if mom was not with us she used tell us not to be late; if myself or any of my siblings do not make it to church one Sunday we had to come up with a good excuse, otherwise we will be in troubled with mom, this leave me an habit of been punctual.

One of the best days of my life was the day that I was going to receive my first communion. In my country, we celebrate our first communion like a wedding. To me, it was like yesterday. A lot of people including my family gathered. We

decorated the house, and we listened to loud music! I can still visualize the cake with my picture on top of it! I remember myself in a pretty white dress, and I remember wearing it to go to church; I had a crown on my head, and *everybody* that was passing by stopped to look at my house. rich people even rented **limousines** for their kids to go to church that day.

My parent could not afford to rent a limousine for me that we had to take a cab to church. Once I had gotten inside of the church oh! My God all of us kids looked pretty, and happy, one of my uncles had his camera, and he was taking pictures of me. The picture that I liked the most is the one of the priest put the Holy Eucharist in my mouth. I was so happy when the priest said to me, the body of Christ I was supposed to say Amen, and I forgot It took me at least two second to say Amen, it was embarrassing but it happened.

When the service ended at the church, before I got home one of my ant drag me whit her to her friends house the one that could not make it to the reception. I did not like, it but they gave me money and after that we went back home where the fun has begun. The minute that I had gotten home everybody ran to me and asking what took me so long where was I. From all those walking with my aunt I was exhausted I could not answer to anybody, and I went to sleep. Believe it or not with out me the party was still on.

People spending the night eating and drinking, and dancing. One of my family's friend had a glass of scotch in his hand; he called me and hand over the glass to me so I can taste the scotch oh my God! My mother was so upset, and until now I can still hearing her voice yelling at that man not to dare, but the sad part is I was dying to find out how the scotch taste like. Can you believe that an eight- year- old girl.

The little girl is now an adult, her mom died; and before her mom died she had made a promise to her that she will never let anyone nor anything come between her and God, and she also thank her for raising her and her siblings in church, she can say that to people who she is now she owe it to God and to her mom; for this reason she will never stop carrying her mother legacy into her heart, which is Christianity. and guess who the little girl is... **The writer.**