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April 4, 2023

My lifespan has been greatly enriched by the vast exposure of culture, family and social impact of the indifference yielding facets that humbles your understanding. Lifespan accounts for growth of over the span in psychologically over one's life in stages. Discovering of self-efficacy and what it entails, encapsulate the complexity of autonomy in stages. The innate versus nurture is quite the architectural design of my life that is a continuum discovery that sets apart and catapult us into our destiny's. Erik Erikson is one of the many notable theorists that introduces us to the eight stages of human development. Erik Erikson psychosocial stages in part discusses cognitive, physical can be instrumental in discovery. My lifespan has enabled me to empathize with diverse lenses and will be shared with others in my development that is a continuous process. My background as an outreach minister along with having a bachelor's in biblical studies was preparing me for this journey.

Accountability to God and for his people, and towards my brothers and sisters is super humbling. Having to innately possess and experience in parts of the fruits of the spirit has been challenging. My lifespan has been remarkable and with respect to John Locke postulating that his theory and explanation of Tabula rasa is contrary to my belief and experienced. I have experienced so much disparity, loss and so much more that I will not disclose all because it is not fitting for this setting. My relationship with God has imminently changed my perspectives in ways that I cannot explain. I am healed of the many wounds of my past because of Jesus.

Born to a mixed raced Haitian parent was culturally a delight. My mother is Spanish French Haitian, and my dad is Haitian Italian. Both of my grandparents were migrants of other countries. My genealogy is quite extensive. I understood racism, from an early age within my family and from the world. Race, religion, status, prestige never mattered to me, because I was privileged enough to experience with my dad. I was always drawn to a good character, ingenuity

of love and great principles. I went to some of the best schools, and experienced so many people and culture, of which I loved. The success of my parents and what I inherently gained and accepted was an anomaly challenging.

I was born in Port-aux-Prince Haiti, it's the nation's capital at general hospital on January 15, 1977, at 5: 37 am, weighing 5lbs and 19 inches, to an 18-years-old single mom in poverty and shame with uncertainties shaped my worldview in being the person that I am today. It is without merit that my success comes from the shoulders of tenacious, strong willed and successful women in their own rights. The unwanted birth of Rashell F. Charles was founded mostly by my father. My last name is my paternal grandmother's maiden name, was given to me by my mom, for personal reasons. There are so many family secrets, there I was not privy to, but, It was little depicted to me from various family members as I got older. My garment at the time in my life was a product of shame, rejection and poverty was my fabric growing up. After my birth in the hospital that my maternal grandmother struggled to pay for. My maternal grandmother Suzanne was my caregiver from birth until I was a year old and then my father sent for me. My mom was never the affectionate, tending mother, but a good provider she was. My garments would change from those elements into of praise, love, money and very much accepted by my father and his family. My perception of both worlds was much different upon the acceptance of my dad and his family. Growing up with my dad was difficult, he was very stern and very much into academics and very controlling.

My father raised me for almost thirteen years of my life, I was raised in a catholic household along with my paternal grandmother, cousins in an affluent neighborhood, in the U.S. Both of my parents were Catholics, it is the norm in Haiti, among other religions. Also, both of parents were multilingual, that annoyed me so much. Because I had to be bilingual, the majority

of my family members can speak and write three languages at best. Religion never mattered to me, but it was forced upon like so many other things. I was rebellious and behaved poorly, early childhood and mid-teens. I was raised without having a choice to explore and to grow into my own identity. (Glasser), (Erford, p.64). I was allowed to visit with my mom after my ninth birthday intermittently. There was something that was missing in my life, and I figured it out by observing others in my family and my childhood friends that they all had a nuclear family. A nuclear family that consisted of a mother and a father in the household, married and living under one roof.

I was homeschooled with a tutor from my early childhood, then at the age of six or seven, courtesy of my father. I was always intrigued by the different facets of language, and I loved to read. I ventured to boarding school, off I went without any warning, I felt abandoned, unwanted, unloved, and punished. Culture shock, outside your family was frightening, I was confused, angry and I felt so alone. Education has always been profusely revered from my father, along with success and status. I went to boarding school overseas and the states. Midway in my freshman year from these dreadful, lifeless boarding schools, I was released into general population, lol. With the help of my mother and my paternal grandmother, my father agreed of letting attend, a normal high school. I was always in the cares of nuns, rules, discipline, behavior reform, social decorum. Through it all I endured and grew to accept and love both my parents as they are.

Growing up, my father wanted me to be well educated and received, respected in his social circle. I guess being well travelled, read was the norm, and such an accomplishment for my father that I can never understand. I have some recollection of those memories of travelling with my father and my cousins. In essence, my passports and pictures that was captured of these

moments of my life was somewhat measurably enjoyable. My father was sentimental in ways, I never understood, he recorded the many stages of my life and he shared those things with me, when I became a mother. I just love my parents, but my affections were mostly for my father.

My father's strict regiments of my early years were so traumatic that I managed to remove those memories, it is for the best. The pressure of being so perfect and appeasing of my dad, conforming needing his acceptance meant so much, but I was respected to some extent by him. Listening to my father recalling raising me and giving the best life was annoying, but I listened to a dying man without uttering a word. I loved and adored my dad, but I have come to understand that both of my parents educated from what was thought to them. They did the best they knew how, it's because of God, God's healing grace, hand and his mercy that allowed me to forgive my parents transgressions and of others continuously. I was an angry young adolescent, and I was getting into physical altercations almost every day, and I liked it.

My father comes a large family, and in turn he had several children outside of marriage. I was often told by his siblings, that I was his favorite. but there was only maybe three of his siblings that I loved and respected. One I mentioned was my aunt Glady's, she was an aunt, and a wonderful mother. We loved each other so very much. She passed away right before my first communion in Haiti. She had an altercation with a neighbor, which resulted in her having a stroke. That was my first time seeing someone passing in my arms at the eight or nine years old. At the age of thirty-seven, she passed and leaving three young children in the care of her husband and my grandmother. I decided to never love nor allow someone that close to me again, her death affected so much that, I am closed off to people emotional to some extent. Experiencing that kind of loss changes you forever, apart from her my daughter is the only one that has my heart. She taught me how to love again, and I feel safe only with my daughter, not even with my

siblings. I have learned not to put any expectation on people, because they disappoint in ways I care not to mention.

My mother is brilliant and so beautiful, educated and such a social butterfly. She is a retired nurse courtesy of the pandemic of 2020. She was a nurse for 42 years, my mom was born to an illiterate mother, from Haiti. My maternal grandmother was a savvy businessperson and was orphaned at the tender age of fifteen. She was left to care for her siblings, and she opened her business, from Haiti's open market. Not much was revealed about my maternal grandfather. My experience with him was always pleasant and fun. After the age of thirteen, I decided that I wanted to live with my mother, her husband, and siblings. I am the oldest of four, I was met with so many responsibilities that I could not bear. I was the parents to my sibling even now, I sometimes cooked, but the cleaning, and raising of my three siblings and the day-to-day activities of their lives was left to me. During the times I lived with my mom, I ran away from home most of my young adult life.

Emotional abuse, I know well. I witnessed my mom being physically / emotionally abused by her ex-husband. Growing up with my mom, I wore so many hats, I was the protector, the mom to my siblings, except being the sole provider. I was content and immersed in reading and writing, that became my therapy, a way of escape. I can express myself on paper without the judgments of others, I love that about myself. I am doing my best to share my life experiences with what I am comfortable with. I have come to learn that my parents' circumstances were unfortunate in their upbringings. They also had trauma and possible resentments in their lives towards their parents. I am grateful to my parents, my life, and the chaos that life brings, onwards in expressing, in an orderly fashion of my development.

My adolescence years was so freeing and discovery through trial and error in accepting me, Rashell and loving who I am and was becoming was liberating. Funny enough, school was my escape from my life, I trusted no one. I questioned everyone's motives in my life. At the age of eighteen, I graduated from High School with high honors, received scholarships and that met nothing to me, my academic achievements were for my parents. I was engaged to someone I loved, but knew, it would not last. While in college, living on campus at St. Peter's College in Jersey City, N.J., we ended our relationship. I was bothered and grieved the relationship, because I loved him, but his insecurities of me being on campus was unbearable. I had a bright future ahead until my father was imposing his rules, expectations of me. So, I left college, and I stopped any form of communications with my father. My father's love meant everything to me, but it was predicated on my obedience, success, toxicity, and control of me.

Becoming a mother, to my daughter Ariana at the age of twenty-four, has brought me so much purpose and life. Six months after the birth of my daughter, my mom kicked me out and became homeless, for a short while, after having my daughter, because my mother did not approve of her father. I was alone, abandoned, embarrassed, but I made do and was able to stay at a friend and was badly mistreated, so I left, and I got my first apartment at twenty-five years old. I thrived in loving her and letting her become her own person, with rules and much guidance. I never married, I just wanted my own family, I knew not being married was frowned upon in my family but I didn't care. I had many proposals, from dating but I didn't want to be restricted to being loved, or cared for nor controlled. I went back to college in NJ, and I obtained my associate degree in Paralegal studies. I have learned that being obedient to my parents, was earning their love and admiration through acts of deeds, always compromising myself worth and I just could not live like that anymore.

I was always aware of God's calling on my life, the experiences I had with God before becoming a Christian was absolutely undeniable. I resisted God, most of my life, but because of the profound repeated of personal encountered with God, changed me. I did not want any more responsibilities of any sort from anyone, only of my beautiful daughter. God saved my life, through prayers of a family friend and prayer warriors that he enlisted to intercede for me. I experienced God's love through this family friend, because he was faithful to his assignment from God about me. I knew from my first meeting of this man, he was sent by God to help direct my path and protect me. He was engaged to my aunt, my mother's sister, he would always talk about Jesus and I would intentionally ignored me. At the age of twenty-seven years old I finally gave my life to Jesus, I was ordained as a deacon then elevated to being a minister and I was overwhelmed how quickly God was promoting me. I felt underserving, but willing to serve to whatever capacity he willing to have me. I love Jesus and his word; I understand the responsibility in stepping in these leadership roles.

At 46 years old, I would have never imagined embarking on this journey of training on becoming a Mental health counselor. When God is calling you to occupy such office on being a counselor is overwhelmingly an undertaking that I do not take lightly. Being a helper, with God's hand leading me in assisting in someone's healing in whatever capacity is allowed will be rewarding. Educating myself and having the professional tools with much understanding, compassion, along being gentle will be such a rewarding experience. I am so grateful for my life and my experience; I would not change a thing. My lifespan has introduced me to self-efficacy, strength, endurance through the most hardship that one can possibly fathom. Throughout this journey, I have such an understanding for people and a wealth of love, compassion for both of my parents. It was through the rejection, the abandonment, betrayal, I choose to forgive. My

father passed away of colon on April 11, 2022, he refused any form of medical treatment, he died in Westchester, N.Y. alone. I was shocked and beside myself.

Witnessing my baby brother, experiencing such an ordeal of losing his best friend to violence, he was murdered, at the age of twenty-two years old, in 2022, was gut-wrenching. I know all of his childhood friends, this young man, was in my home, to witness the pain from his funeral his mother, his family, and friends, was unbearable. I have not been at a funeral in years, but because I knew me being there would mean the world to him, I was there. Watching him and how my daughter comforted him and how she grieved with him was so moving to see. I have lost many friends through domestic violence, incarceration, being violently murdered, it changes you. Suffice to say, I was worried about his mental health, overall, his well-being. It never occurred to me until writing this lifespan paper, how God instrumentally used me in assisting others in their lives, through prayer, even by way of physical altercations.

Experience is a great teacher, it gives wisdom, patience and it teaches you endurance, by way of the Holy Spirit. By no means is God, nor the Holy Spirit is at fault, but the He is a phenomenal, teacher and a wonderful counselor. My past may have been met or governed by pain and much anger, mixed with judgments of my parents and from others, I would not change one thing. I am grateful and appreciate the life that God has chosen for me to live. How can you love unmeasurably and grow to counsel without pain? Having a relationship with the Holy Spirit, praying is so crucial in my development. Having the tools professionally in helping others process their pain, their life, will be my priority and my privilege.

References

Erford T. Bradley (2017, first edition). *An Advanced Lifespan Odyssey for Counseling Professionals*.