

I are nowhere in sight, they are left to take care of the child or children by themselves. Without the Natasha Delia Ramsey was born March 14, 1989 in New Brunswick New Jersey the only girl with two younger brothers and the eldest of three children. She Attended Paul Robeson School In New Brunswick. Attended Health Science Technology High School In New Brunswick New Jersey. Rutgers University New Brunswick, Field Of studies Public Health with a Minor in Sociology. She received her Masters in Public Health, New York University, she received her The Amazing One Is A Story About A Young Woman Who Happens To Be My Daughter. I Decided To Write Her Story To Encourage Young Women To Pursue Their Dreams. The Sky's The Limits, The Only Limitations Is When We Limit Ourselves. We Are All Created For A Purpose In This Lifetime, Many Of Us Are Not Fully Aware Of Our Purpose. As I Relaxed One Night, A Thought Came To My Spirit, As I Was Reflecting On My Life, Where I Am Presently In My Life, And Where Have I Been. A Thought Found Its Way In My Being, That I Had To Silence My Mind To Receive The Message That Was Being Delivered. Certainly My Full Attention Was On What Is It That I Needed To Know Or Do. I Laid Still Clouding Out Any Noises Which Try To Interrupt The Voice That Was Speaking Within. The More Stillness That I Had In My Being, The More I Knew That The Answer Would Be Revealed. I Found Myself In A Deep Meditation Which Of Course Opened My Mind To What I Need To Do. I Must Write A Book About The Most Dedicated, Motivated, Ambitious, Woman That I Have Ever Met In My Life, I Have To Let Her Story Be Known, Not So Much For Her, But To Reach Out To Others. At The Age Of 27, My Daughter Earned Her Doctorate To Practice Medicine As A Pediatrician. She Also Received A Master Of Science In Public Health, This Year. Words Alone Cannot Explain How Honor, And Grateful I Am To Be The Mother Of Just An Extraordinary Young Woman, Who Strives To Reach Her Fullest Potentials. As I attended Her Graduation, Tears Found Their Way At corners Of My Eyes, Of Course They Were Tears Of Joy. A Very Sentimental Moment For Me To I Will Treasure, And Cherish For The Rest Of My Life, To Be The Proud Mother Of A Young Doctor. As I Reflect On So Many Young Women Having Babies Out Of Wedlock, By The Age Of 27, Some Have Four Babies, This Tells Me That Their Focus Is Not On Pursuing A Career, Or Is It That Many Choose To Be Young Mothers. We Certainly Are Living In Different Times When Babies Or Having Babies, A Growing Trend These Days. What Really Gets To Me Is The That Many Of These Young Mothers Are Raising A Child, Or Children By Themselves. No Involvement From The Fathers. Which Leaves Me To Wonder Why Are The Fathers Absent In their Child or Children Lives. Could It Be That They Are Incarcerated, Died, Or Just Choose Not To Be Apart of Their Children's Lives. Certainly The Answers Are Way Beneath My Own Understandings. My Only Concern Is The Well Being of The Children, Because They Are Affected The Most Mentally, Emotionally, By Those Who Are Trusted In Their Care.

Certainly These Thoughts Also Influenced Me To Write This Book, I Want To Spread My Story To Touched Upon Lives And Souls. My Intentions Are To Empower, Uplift, and enlighten In A Positive Way. To Let Others Know That We All Were Created For A Purpose In This Lifetime, Many Of Us Or Not aware Of Our Purpose, We Find Ourselves In Careers That Are Not Pleasing To Our Being, Knowing Deep Down That We Are Not Satisfied, Because We Sense That Feeling Deep In Every Fibers Of Our Being, And As A Result We Are Not Living The Life That Is really Intended For Us To Live. We Cannot Find Peace, Or Be Happy In Our Lives, Because We Are Not Aware Of The Purpose Why We Were Created

At an early age in Elementary School I Saw The Potentials In My Daughter, All Throughout Elementary School, She Maintained A Average, Succeeded In All Subjects. Always Determine To Reach Her Fullest Potentials. She Never Settle For Less That Fit No Where In Her Being. After Graduating From Elementary School, She Went To A High School , Which She Did Not Like Because She Had To Wear A Uniform. Certainly We Had Disagreement On Her Attending That School. Her Grades Of Course Were Above Average. She Decided To Go To College After Graduating From High, To Pursue Her Degree In Public Health. As Soon As She Finish Rutgers University, She Decided That She Wanted To Be A Doctor. She Was Accept At In Medical School , And Earned Her License To Practice Medicine As A Pediatrician, Yes

Doctorate to practice Medicine As A Pediatrician. Elementary school Natasha stayed on the honor roll from first to eighth grade. She was a high achiever, as well as a young scholar at an early age when it came to her grades. If she received a B on an assignment, that did not sit right in her being. She had to have an A to feel that she worked up to her fullest potentials. Whatever it took she had to have that A to feel satisfied within her spirit. Even if it meant that she had to do extra classroom assignments or homeworks, she must maintain her A average.

She just had the high ambitions and drive to put her best foot forward in working to her fullest potentials in academics. .

She had motivation, determination, and ambition to strive for excellency when it came to her grades. Her favorite subject in school was Mathematics which she excelled well in. Although she excelled in Mathematics she did. above average in all her other subjects as well. She was just extremely brilliant in school, and enjoyed being in school. She found school rewarding compared to many other students who hated being in school. For her school was exciting and fun to learn something new each day. Many of her classmate use to see her as a nerd, because she was always in the books in and out of the classroom. Her mind had to stay busy most of the time, doing some form of writing, reading, or just doing artwork. Even after coming home from school she was in the books. With my other children I had to tell them to do their homeworks, not her she instantly did her homework with no involvements from me. Every now and then I would assist her on the difficulties she had understanding an assignment, most of the time she did not need my assistance she knew exactly what to do. I was very involved in my children life when it came to education, and instilled in them the values of education that they will carry all throughout their lives. I use to mention to tell that knowing to read and learning maths are the two most important subjects that you should master in school, to ensure that they are able to read all that is presented to them with logic and understandings, as well as knowing the importance of math as they go through life .

Many of my daughters classmates look up to Natasha as a role model, since she was so exceed above average, and was very dedicated when it came to her assignments. They would go to her for assistance when they have difficulties with a particular subjects. She enjoyed helping those students who came to her, and found assisting them very rewarding. She was intrigued by the interest that those students showed her which made her feel like she was making a difference in their lives. She certainly ruled like a teacher when students came to her for assistance, they had to come prepared to learn to receive the help with whatever difficulties they were having on an assignment, or else she would not waste her time helping them. She did not have time for fun and games when it came to school.

Many students choice to go to her instead of the Teachers, because they felt that she would be more understanding, and would not mind using her time in assisting them with their difficulties in a subject. At times she felt as the Teacher because many of her classmates came to her for assistance.

With her high academic achievements Natasha was selected with a group of other students to attend the gifted and talented school, as I reflect back either in fourth or fifth grade she was selected. Certainly that was an honor for me, knowing that she was extremely classified for such an extraordinary opportunity in attending the gifted and talented school, yet she was not pleased with receiving the news. Her facial expression alone reveal exactly how she was feeling within. That alone told me that she was not excited at all about going to a different school away from her friends, When I mentioned that she was selected to attend the gifted and talented school, she was not pleased at all. The main reason was her friends, they meant a lot to her.

She and her friends had a strong bonding which was not unbreakable, they were like peas in a pod, all ways together you never see one without the other. Seeing each other at school was not enough, they visited each other homes regularly. At first I did not quite understand why she would give up the opportunity to attend a gifted and talented school where she could do what she does best, strive for excellency, all she saw was being away from her friends, which certainly put me in the position to rethink my plans sending her to a different school. I definitely at the time did not want to be responsible for interfering with her grades, her grades meant a lot to her so of course I had to decide what was best for her at the time, although I was not pleased with that decision at the time, I did what I know was right for her well being in all aspects of her life

Although I was honored and excited that she was selected, and wanted her to attend the gifted and talented school, I saw a difference in her that showed me that she was, or would not be happy attending gifted and talented school. The biggest factor was being away from her friends, the bonding was too strong and firm which certainly grew stronger over the years. At that moment I understood how she felt, which lead me in deciding not to send her to the gifted and talented school. Which was not an easy decision to make at the time; however I had to consider her being at the time

As the oldest of three children, and being the only girl with two younger brothers, except for mother daughter bonding her girlfriends were the sisters that she never had, which meant a lot to her. The bonding with her friend were so strong and solid, I had to take into consideration that her friends were a major part of life. So of course I could not send her to the gifted and talented school, although deep down in my being I wanted her to go there. During that period in my life I had to do what made her feel happy, instead of focusing on what I want. I knew that if I sent her to the gifted and talented school her emotional, psychological, and mental state of mind would not be the same, which of course may had an impact on her grades. The gifted and talent school offered more programs that were geared for students who were high achiever academically. I certainly was impressed with the vast amount of programs that the school offered, and knew that my daughter would fit in very well. She strive for excellency when it came to her grades, and I knew the gifted and talented school would only help her to exceed higher. Certainly it was not an easy decision for me to make, especially when I saw all that the school had to offer. I came to the conclusion that I had to let her remain in the school that she was attending, since I knew that she did not seem pleased if I choose to send her to another school away from her friends. Her friends were a big part of her life, they did everything together, they had a strong bonding like sisters. At home she had two younger brothers, so the bonding she did with her friends meant a lot to her. There was no way I wanted to be responsible for breaking up her friendship, which of course would not sit right in my being. I had to put myself in my daughter shoes, which allowed me to understand exactly how she felt. As I reflect back on that moment, I remember days that my daughter came home, wondering if I still was planning on sending her to the gifted and talented school. The expressions alone that she carried on her face spoke for themselves. She was not excited or please within herself thinking that I might separate her from her friends. Each day she would come home in a certain state of mind, and I

had to reassure her that there was absolutely nothing for her to worry about. Just focus her attention on school. Natasha joined different activities in school to stay closer to her friends. Her favorite place was the library where she spend time with her friends, sharing a laugh or completing homework assignments. She also participated in school activities, such as sports, music and dramas. She never really participated in music or dramas, sports was more of her interest , especially basketball. There was also an after school program which she loved attending, that gave her more opportunities to be with her friends. The after school program was created for students whose parents, or those trusted in their care that worked after school hours, to ensure that students were safe and secure while the parents worked. Many of the students use to wonder around in the street after school was over getting into all kind of trouble, so the after school program kept them off the street. There were no activity center for the children in my city, the only place available at the time was the playground, which of course did not have the proper supervision for the safety and well being of the children, in addition the area was frequent with crimes, so the after school program came in very beneficial in protecting the children until a consulting adult came to pick them up. The after school program offered homework help, and an arrangement of many different actives, from artwork, dancing, basketball, board game. The children had to complete their homework assignments, before they could participate in any activities. Many of the children wanted to do activities first before their homework was done, which of course never see to happen that way. Once they got into the activities the homework was never done, and as a result they return to school the next day with an incomplete homework. When the Teacher asked why the homework was not done at the after school program many of the children came up with all kind of excuses. Some would say no one help them, or they forgot that they had homework to do until the teacher ask for the home work. In the after school program there were about two or three teachers, plus Teacher Aides available to help the students with their homework assignments. The after school program was available to students from first to eighth grade, the Teachers and the Teacher's Aide was mainly for the children in first grade to fifth grade, The students in the sixth through eighth grade were able to do their homework by themselves. Usually the older students reach out to each other if they have difficulties in their homework assignments. Some will also go to the Teachers if other students cannot help them with their assignments. The after school program was held in the school gym, which had plenty of room for the students. The students sat according their ages, so there would be no confusion , especially the older students picking on the younger ones, which happened frequently. They enjoyed being bossy and controlling over the younger ones, which of course would not be tolerated because some of the students would tell their parents about those experiences which could cause problems for the school. Eventually notes were sent out to parents as a reminder when it came to the rules in the after school program. Snacks, juices and all kind of goodies were served to the students, which of course was a delight for them, because that was the most enjoyable moment of going to the after school program. The smiles on the children's faces would light up when snack time came around. Natasha enjoyed attending the after school were she get to be around her friends, laughing, smiling, joking having a good time. As I reflect back she really did not need to go to the after school program because I was usually home after school ended. She choose to go for her friends and the activities that were offered she wanted to participate in. At first I was against her going, because I needed her

to come straight home to help with her two younger brothers. Eventually I decided to let her go to the after school program to be with her friends, which of course meant a lot to her. I realized that she needed her girl time because at home she was in the company of her two younger brothers, who did the things that boys normally do. She needed the interactions with her friends to feel a sense of joy in her being. If I did not allow her to attend the after school program then I would be taking her away from her friends which she held dear to her heart. Although I let her attend the after school program, there were times when she had to come home straight from school when there was something important that we had to do. She often would get a bit upset that she had to come home early, because of her friends. I had to reassure her that when there are important things that needed to be done, those things will always come first. It took her time to understand, but eventually she began to understand. We would at times go back and forth in disagreement on her coming home early, which went on for awhile. She was not contented on coming home early, especially when she was having a marvelous time with her friends. Finally she was able to accept the early days coming home, as she reflected on the days that she was able to stay after school and spend time with her friend. One of her most closest friends lived across from the school, her name was Ginger, they met either in the third or fourth grade which would put them at that time age nine. Until this day they are still friends. As a matter of fact my daughter, Ginger, and Ashley were three peas in a pod, you would not see one without the other. They were more like sisters, they shared such a strong bonding which I never expected would break. Unfortunately as the years went by the bonding between my daughter and Ashley came apart which affected my daughter to the core of her being, as she matured into a strong positive woman she realized that the best thing is to let go and move on forward with her life. I certainly did not feel right within my spirit when my daughter told me that she and Ashley were no longer friends, because she was like a daughter to me, I finally came to terms with the reason, or reasons why my daughter decided to end the friendship. People encounter your life for a season, a reason and a lifetime, some people come to heal you, teach you, and inspire you. There is a reason and purpose why people cross our paths, there is a lesson to be learned. Nothing happens by coincidence, the way I see the people who are met to stay in our lives will remain, those who leave the time has come for them to go, what they came to do is already done, and it is time for us to move forward with our lives. As I reflect back on the moment my daughter told me about the relationship with her friend Ashley, how much she had changed from the person that she used to know, I sense that she was going through some rough times in her life, and her intentions were not to end the friendship the way that it ended, they share so much precious moments together.

Paul Robeson Elementary School in New Brunswick New Jersey was the school Natasha attended from first grade all the way to eighth grade. She was indeed a Scholar all through her eight years attending that school. Her grades were above average, she maintained A average in every class, and as a result she was always placed on the honor roll. Just imagine how I felt being a proud mother of one of the most dedicated, motivated, strong will, determined person I have ever met in my life. Words alone cannot explain the honor, dignity, and pride that I carry within my soul from those days until now, she never seems to amaze me. The drive and ambitions to always strive for excellency and never settling for less. If she receives a B grade on

a assignment she is not satisfied until she get A, she will do whatever it takes to receive the A. In elementary school Natasha was a math pro, which she carried on to High school , College and Medical School. To her the course that included maths were a breeze for her. In high school she was talking college math courses, so when it was time for her to go to college she was well prepared. After graduating from elementary school, the time came to choose which High school Natasha would be attending. At the time there was only one high school in my city, which I heard negative remarks about, From students to teachers, and the multiples of violence that occurred at the school. I really did not want my daughter to attend that school and was looking for other alternatives as far as placing her in an high school. I thought about sending her to a Vocational school instead, which of course would be too much traveling for her, and the fact that the school was out of district. To my surprised another high school was build which in the area, and I certainly made it my duty to attend the opening night at the school, I had to see what the school was about and what courses were being offered there. I spoke to daughter about the school and the opening night that they will be having. The first opening night was for parents who had an interest in their children attending the school, the second opening night was for prospective students along with their parents to see the school. I was intrigued with all the academic programs that the school had to offer, from college prep courses, to healthcare field. The school was affiliated with the Hospital that I worked, which was a plus for me. I had a sense of relief after my visit to the school, I knew for a fact that I wanted my daughter to attend the new school instead the old high school. After we arrived home from attending the open house at the new school Scientific Technology High school, I asked my daughter opinions about the school, the first thing that she mentioned was that she had to wear a uniform, that did not sit right with her, because she was a young woman who was about style. Her wearing a uniform would prevent her from dressing her way with the arrangement of different styles and fashioned. The next thing that she mentioned were her friends going to a different school, and she would be the only one going to the new school, and she would not get to see them, which was not true because she saw her friends most of the time. For weeks we went back on forth on her wearing a school uniform, she just was not happy, and she certainly let it be know. No matter how I try to convince her that the new school was much more better than the old high school, she still insisted that she did not like to wear a uniform, also this was her first time wearing a uniform. Scientific Technology High school was affiliated with the Hospital where I worked, which a plus for me, because I knew she would be in good standings. The school had two open nights, one was for the parents who had an interest in their children attending the school, the other was for the parents and their sons, or daughters. I was very intrigue attending the open house at the school, there was so much information that was provided which of course focus on high academic achievement from the students. Since the school was affiliated with the hospital, students course work including visiting the hospital one, to two times a week. I enjoyed the days that my daughter came to the hospital for training, we would have lunch together, which certainly made both of our day. My entire day revolved around her visit, a sense of peace and calmness would fill my entire being. Returning back to work after her visit gave me more of a sense of relieve in performing my job. My coworkers use to ask me, why are you so happy with such a big smile all of your face, I would reply I just spend a moment with my daughter, and we eat lunch together, what mother would not be happy. As the time approach in choosing which

school my daughter would be attending, tensions was in the air, of course on my behalf, because I had to decide which school would be best for my daughter who was a academical achiever. I had to take into consideration which school would be best beneficial to her as far as preparing her for college, and the rest of her life. The visit to the opening night at the Health Science Technology High School stayed on my mind constantly. I knew deep down within the core of my being that I wanted her to attend that school which had so much to offer, compared to the old high school. To be accepted in the Health Science Technology High School, prospective students had to score high on math and writing entrance tests. She scored above average and was accepted at the school. The journey was not easy at all as far as her attending the Health Science Technology High School, for weeks we would go back and forth on the fact that she had to wear a uniform, and would not be able to see her friends. A fashion bug, wearing a uniform limited her form dressing the way that she was accustomed to. Eventually she knew that she would never win, because my mind was already made up, my decision was final. For weeks her attitude was different towards me, because she was not happy knowing that she would be attending the Health Science Technology High School. No matter what she did or say I was not changing my mind, because I knew that school is where she rightfully belonged. So much was offered to the students to help then to succeed to excellency compared to the old high school. The course work at the Health Science Technology High school prepared students for college preparation courses, as well as course materials for those who want to pursue a career in the Healthcare field. The school was really structure for students who want to enter the Healthcare field, at the time my daughter did not have an interest in the Healthcare field, but I still insisted that she attended that school, due to high honorable achievements in elementary school. She did not like going to the hospital at first for her training , except to see me. She found the hospital a depressing atmosphere, her response was too many sick people. As time past along she gained an interest in attending the Health Science Technology High School, as well as her training at the Hospital. I saw a big difference in her attitude as her interest grew deeper for not only the school, but also the visits at the Hospital. My daughter had an interest in journalism, because she enjoyed writing, and was the type of person who did not like the injustices that went on in society. The more she got use to being in the Science Technology High School the more she understood why I choose to send her there. She was very impressed with the abundance of information and materials that the school provided in preparing the students for college and the workforce. The staff were very dedicated to the students in addressing their needs academically and in their personal lives. The students had a guidance counselor who was very supportive whenever difficulties arrived academically or social issues that may have an impact on their grades. In ten or eleven grade my daughter was hired as a data entry clerk for one of the biggest corporations in the world Johnson and Johnson. She enjoyed dressing up in the fancies outfits from top to bottom. Everything had be perfectly matched. As I reflect back I believe she worked at Johnson and Johnson all through her high school years. She attended school in the day time, and worked part time in the evenings after school. She was so excited when she was hired for the job, because she was earning her own money, to buy the things that she liked. Between going to school full time in the days and working a part time job in the evenings, she hardly had time for herself; however she manage to keep up with her studies. Since The Health Science Technology High School was a prestige

school the coursework was very heavy, which required self motivation, determination, and dedication in order to exceed. If students did not performed at the level that was required for the school, they were told to either improve their grades or go to the other high school in the area. Although Tasha worked and attend school full time, she focus strongly on her academical studies, because she planned to attend college. The time came for submitting applications to different Colleges and Universities, and of course preparing for the SAT test. There were staffs on hand to help them with the application process, but the students were also responsible for doing their part as well. As I reflect back, I remember my daughter investing much of her time submitting applications to different Colleges and Universities, she just did not relied on the staff, she was very motivated and determined to do her part. Her grades were above average, so of course she had the opportunity to choose which College, or University she had to attend. She was selected for two, or maybe three Colleges, or University. She always wanted to go to College in New York City, since she lived in New Jersey most of her life, she wanted a change. Due to the out of county expense of attending College in New York, I mind change to attend College In New Jersey. At first she was not please that she could not attend College in New York, however she was able to come to turns on what was best for her as far as the tuition for college, New York of course would cost more. She got accepted at Rutgers University In New Brunswick New Jersey. Her field of studies was Public Health, with a minor in Sociology. She decided that she wanted to live on campus, which at I did not accept. I had heard so much about the disorderly behaviors of the students, as well as the staff, which certainly did not leave a good feeling within my being. Anyway I decided to go along with her decision, as long as she was contented living on campus, then as a mother I gave her all the support that she needed. She was the oldest of three children and the only girl with two younger brothers, her present was missed in the household. I had to come to term that she is moving on with her life, although that was not easy for me to accept. The graduated fro, Rutgers with a Bachelor Of Science In Public Health 2013. Her graduating was one of the most touching and sentimental moments in my life. Tears and joy filled my entire being to stand as a proud mother as my daughter walked across the stairs to receive her degree. Words alone cannot explain how I felt on that special day. The graduation was one the biggest graduation I have ever witnessed. Graduates from the different Rutgers campuses filled the stadium. After graduating from Rutgers University, she stayed home for awhile catching up on different things in her life. By surprised one day she said Mom, I want to go to Medical School to be a Doctor. I remained still for awhile, and ask her to repeat what she said. Not so much being shocked by her decision, but at that very moment I reflect back on the days when she first started to do training at the hospital during her In Elementary school Natasha stayed on the honor roll from first to eighth grade. She was a high achiever when it came to her grades. If she received a B on an assignment, that did not sit right in her being. She had to have an A to feel that she worked up to her fullest potentials. Whatever it took she had to have that A to feel satisfied within her spirit.

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With her high academic achievements Natasha was selected with a group of other students to attend the gifted and talented school, as I reflect back either in fourth or fifth grade she was selected. Certainly that was an honor for me, and she was well classified for such an extraordinary opportunity. When I mentioned that she was selected to attend the gifted and talented school, she was not pleased at all. The main reason was her friends, they meant a lot to her. She and her friends had a strong bonding which was not unbreakable. At first I did not quite understand why she would give up the opportunity to attend a gifted and talented school where she could do what she does best, strive for excellency.

Although I was honored and excited that she was selected, and wanted her to attend that school, I saw a difference in her that showed me that she was, or would not be happy attending that school. The biggest factor was being away from her friends. At that moment I understood how she felt, which lead me in deciding not to send her to the gifted and talented school.

As the oldest of three children, and being the only girl with two younger brothers, except for mother daughter bonding her girlfriends were the sisters that she never had, which meant a lot to her. The bonding with her friend were so strong and solid, I had to take into consideration that her friends were a major part of life. So of course I could not send her to the gifted and talented school, although deep down in my being I wanted her to go there. During that period in my life I had to do what made her feel happy, instead of focusing on what I want. I knew that if I sent her to the gifted and talented school her emotional, psychological, and mental state of mind would not be the same, which of course may had an impact on her grades. The gifted and talent school offered more programs that were geared for students who were high achiever academically. I certainly was impressed with the vast amount of programs that the school offered, and knew that my daughter would fit in very well. She strive for excellency when it came to her grades, and I knew the gifted and talented school would only help her to exceed higher. Certainly it was not an easy decision for me to make, especially when I saw all that the school had to offer. I came to the conclusion that I had to let her remain in the school that she was attending, since I knew that she did not seem pleased if I choose to send her to another school away from her friends. Her friends were a big part of her life, they did everything together, they had a strong bonding like sisters. At home she had two younger brothers, so the bonding she did with her friends meant a lot to her. There was no way I wanted to be responsible for

breaking up her friendship, which of course would not sit right in my being. I had to put myself in my daughter shoes, which allowed me to understand exactly how she felt. As I reflect back on that moment, I remember days that my daughter came home, wondering if I still was planning on sending her to the gifted and talented school. The expressions alone that she carried on her face spoke for themselves. She was not excited or please within herself thinking that I might separate her from her friends. Each day she would come home in a certain state of mind, and I had to reassure her that there was absolutely nothing for her to worry about. Just focus her attention on school. Natasha joined different activities in school to stay closer to her friends. Her favorite place was the library where she spend time with her friends, sharing a laugh or completing homework assignments. She also participated in school activities, such as sports, music and dramas. She never really participated in music or dramas, sports was more of her interest , especially basketball. There was also an after school program which she loved attending, that gave her more opportunities to be with her friends. The after school program was created for students whose parents, or those trusted in their care that worked after school hours, to ensure that students were safe and secure while the parents worked. Many of the students use to wonder around in the street after school was over getting into all kind of trouble, so the after school program kept them off the street. There were no activity center for the children in my city, the only place available at the time was the playground, which of course did not have the proper supervision for the safety and well being of the children, in addition the area was frequent with crimes, so the after school program came in very beneficial in protecting the children until a consulting adult came to pick them up. The after school program offered homework help, and an arrangement of many different actives, from artwork, dancing, basketball, board game. The children had to complete their homework assignments, before they could participate in any activities. Many of the children wanted to do activities first before their homework was done, which of course never see to happen that way. Once they got into the activities the homework was never done, and as a result they return to school the next day with an incomplete homework. When the Teacher asked why the homework was not done at the after school program many of the children came up with all kind of excuses. Some would say no one help them, or they forgot that they had homework to do until the teacher ask for the home work. In the after school program there were about two or three teachers, plus Teacher Aides available to help the students with their homework assignments. The after school program was available to students from first to eighth grade, the Teachers and the Teacher's Aide was mainly for the children in first grade to fifth grade, The students in the sixth through eighth grade were able to do their homework by themselves. Usually the older students reach out to each other if they have difficulties in their homework assignments. Some will also go to the Teachers if other students cannot help them with their assignments. The after school program was held in the school gym, which had plenty of room for the students. The students sat according their ages, so there would be no confusion , especially the older students picking on the younger ones, which happened frequently. They enjoyed being bossy and controlling over the younger ones, which of course would not be tolerated because some of the students would tell their parents about those experiences which could cause problems for the school. Eventually notes were sent out to parents as a reminder when it came to the rules in the after school program. Snacks, juices and all kind of goodies were served to the students, which of course was a delight for

them, because that was the most enjoyable moment of going to the after school program. The smiles on the children's faces would light up when snack time came around. Natasha enjoyed attending the after school where she got to be around her friends, laughing, smiling, joking having a good time. As I reflect back she really did not need to go to the after school program because I was usually home after school ended. She chose to go for her friends and the activities that were offered she wanted to participate in. At first I was against her going, because I needed her to come straight home to help with her two younger brothers. Eventually I decided to let her go to the after school program to be with her friends, which of course meant a lot to her. I realized that she needed her girl time because at home she was in the company of her two younger brothers, who did the things that boys normally do. She needed the interactions with her friends to feel a sense of joy in her being. If I did not allow her to attend the after school program then I would be taking her away from her friends which she held dear to her heart. Although I let her attend the after school program, there were times when she had to come home straight from school when there was something important that we had to do. She often would get a bit upset that she had to come home early, because of her friends. I had to reassure her that when there are important things that needed to be done, those things will always come first. It took her time to understand, but eventually she began to understand. We would at times go back and forth in disagreement on her coming home early, which went on for awhile. She was not contented on coming home early, especially when she was having a marvelous time with her friends. Finally she was able to accept the early days coming home, as she reflected on the days that she was able to stay after school and spend time with her friend. One of her most closest friends lived across from the school, her name was Ginger, they met either in the third or fourth grade which would put them at that time age nine. Until this day they are still friends. As a matter of fact my daughter, Ginger, and Ashley were three peas in a pod, you would not see one without the other. They were more like sisters, they shared such a strong bonding which I never expected would break. Unfortunately as the years went by the bonding between my daughter and Ashley came apart which affected my daughter to the core of her being, as she matured into a strong positive woman she realized that the best thing is to let go and move on forward with her life. I certainly did not feel right within my spirit when my daughter told me that she and Ashley were no longer friends, because she was like a daughter to me, I finally came to terms with the reason, or reasons why my daughter decided to end the friendship. People encounter your life for a season, a reason and a lifetime, some people come to heal you, teach you, and inspire you. There is a reason and purpose why people cross our paths, there is a lesson to be learned. Nothing happens by coincidence, the way I see the people who are met to stay in our lives will remain, those who leave the time has come for them to go, what they came to do is already done, and it is time for us to move forward with our lives. As I reflect back on the moment my daughter told me about the relationship with her friend Ashley, how much she had changed from the person that she used to know, I sense that she was going through some rough times in her life, and her intentions were not to end the friendship the way that it ended, they share so much precious moments together.

Paul Robeson Elementary School in New Brunswick New Jersey was the school Natasha attended from first grade all the way to eighth grade. She was indeed a Scholar all through her

eight years attending that school. Her grade were above average, she maintained A average in every class, and as a result she was always placed on the honor roll. Just imagine how I felt being a proud mother of one of the most dedicated, motivated, strong will, determined person I have ever met in my life. Words alone cannot explain the honor, dignity, and pride that I carry within my soul from those days until now, she never seems to amaze me. the drive and ambitions to always strive for excellency and never settling for less. If she receive a B grade on a assignment she is not satisfied until she get A, she will do whatever it takes to receive the A. In elementary school Natasha was a math pro, which she carried on to High school, College and Medical School. To her the course that included maths were a breeze for her. In high school she was taking college math courses, so when it was time for her to go to college she was well prepared. After graduating from elementary school, the time came to choose which High school Natasha would be attending. At the time there was only one high school in my city, which I heard negative remarks about, From students to teachers, and the multiples of violence that occurred at the school. I really did not want my daughter to attend that school and was looking for other alternatives as far as placing her in an high school. I thought about sending her to a Vocational school instead, which of course would be too much traveling for her, and the fact that the school was out of district. To my surprised another high school was build which in the area, and I certainly made it my duty to attend the opening night at the school, I had to see what the school was about and what courses were being offered there. I spoke to daughter about the school and the opening night that they will be having. The first opening night was for parents who had an interest in their children attending the school, the second opening night was for prospective students along with their parents to see the school. I was intrigued with all the academic programs that the school had to offer, from college prep courses, to healthcare field. The school was affiliated with the Hospital that I worked, which was a plus for me. I had a sense of relief after my visit to the school, I knew for a fact that I wanted my daughter to attend the new school instead the old high school. After we arrived home from attending the open house at the new school Scientific Technology High school, I asked my daughter opinions about the school, the first thing that she mentioned was that she had to wear a uniform, that did not sit right with her, because she was a young woman who was about style. Her wearing a uniform would prevent her from dressing her way with the arrangement of different styles and fashioned. The next thing that she mentioned were her friends going to a different school, and she would be the only one going to the new school, and she would not get to see them, which was not true because she saw her friends most of the time. For weeks we went back on forth on her wearing a school uniform, she just was not happy, and she certainly let it be know. No matter how I try to convince her that the new school was much more better than the old high school, she still insisted that she did not like to wear a uniform, also this was her first time wearing a uniform. Scientific Technology High school was affiliated with the Hospital where I worked, which a plus for me, because I knew she would be in good standings. The school had two open nights, one was for the parents who had an interest in their children attending the school, the other was for the parents and their sons, or daughters. I was very intrigue attending the open house at the school, there was so much information that was provided which of course focus on high academic achievement from the students. Since the school was affiliated with the hospital, students course work including visiting the hospital one, to two times a week. I enjoyed the days

that my daughter came to the hospital for training, we would have lunch together, which certainly made both of our day. My entire day revolved around her visit, a sense of peace and calmness would fill my entire being. Returning back to work after her visit gave me more of a sense of relieve in performing my job. My coworkers use to ask me, why are you so happy with such a big smile all of your face, I would reply I just spend a moment with my daughter, and we eat lunch together, what mother would not be happy. As the time approach in choosing which school my daughter would be attending, tensions was in the air, of course on my behalf, because I had to decide which school would be best for my daughter who was a academical achiever. I had to take into consideration which school would be best beneficial to her as far as preparing her for college, and the rest of her life. The visit to the opening night at the Health Science Technology High School stayed on my mind constantly. I knew deep down within the core of my being that I wanted her to attend that school which had so much to offer, compared to the old high school. To be accepted in the Health Science Technology High School, prospective students had to score high on math and writing entrance tests. She scored above average and was accepted at the school. The journey was not easy at all as far as her attending the Health Science Technology High School, for weeks we would go back and forth on the fact that she had to wear a uniform, and would not be able to see her friends. A fashion bug, wearing a uniform limited her form dressing the way that she was accustomed to. Eventually she knew that she would never win, because my mind was already made up, my decision was final. For weeks her attitude was different towards me, because she was not happy knowing that she would be attending the Health Science Technology High School. No matter what she did or say I was not changing my mind, because I knew that school is where she rightfully belonged. So much was offered to the students to help then to succeed to excellency compared to the old high school. The course work at the Health Science Technology High school prepared students for college preparation courses, as well as course materials for those who want to pursue a career in the Healthcare field. The school was really structure for students who want to enter the Healthcare field, at the time my daughter did not have an interest in the Healthcare field, but I still insisted that she attended that school, due to high honorable achievements in elementary school. She did not like going to the hospital at first for her training , except to see me. She found the hospital a depressing atmosphere, her response was too many sick people. As time past along she gained an interest in attending the Health Science Technology High School, as well as her training at the Hospital. I saw a big difference in her attitude as her interest grew deeper for not only the school, but also the visits at the Hospital. My daughter had an interest in journalism, because she enjoyed writing, and was the type of person who did not like the injustices that went on in society. The more she got use to being in the Science Technology High School the more she understood why I choose to send her there. She was very impressed with the abundance of information and materials that the school provided in preparing the students for college and the workforce. The staff were very dedicated to the students in addressing their needs academically and in their personal lives. The students had a guidance counselor who was very supportive whenever difficulties arrived academically or social issues that may have an impact on their grades. In ten or eleven grade my daughter was hired as a data entry clerk for one of the biggest corporations in the world Johnson and Johnson. She enjoyed dressing up in the fancies outfits from top to bottom. Everything had be perfectly

matched. As I reflect back I believe she worked at Johnson and Johnson all through her high school years. She attended school in the day time, and worked part time in the evenings after school. She was so excited when she was hired for the job, because she was earning her own money, to buy the things that she liked. Between going to school full time in the days and working a part time job in the evenings, she hardly had time for herself; however she manage to keep up with her studies. Since The Health Science Technology High School was a prestige school the coursework was very heavy, which required self motivation, determination, and dedication in order to exceed. If students did not performed at the level that was required for the school, they were told to either improve their grades or go to the other high school in the area. Although Tasha worked and attend school full time, she focus strongly on her academical studies, because she planned to attend college. The time came for submitting applications to different Colleges and Universities, and of course preparing for the SAT test. There were staffs on hand to help them with the application process, but the students were also responsible for doing their part as well. As I reflect back, I remember my daughter investing much of her time submitting applications to different Colleges and Universities, she just did not relied on the staff, she was very motivated and determined to do her part. Her grades were above average, so of course she had the opportunity to choose which College, or University she had to attend. She was selected for two, or maybe three Colleges, or University. She always wanted to go to College in New York City, since she lived in New Jersey most of her life, she wanted a change. Due to the out of county expense of attending College in New York, I mind change to attend College In New Jersey. At first she was not please that she could not attend College in New York, however she was able to come to turns on what was best for her as far as the tuition for college, New York of course would cost more. She got accepted at Rutgers University In New Brunswick New Jersey. Her field of studies was Public Health, with a minor in Sociology. She decided that she wanted to live on campus, which at I did not accept. I had heard so much about the disorderly behaviors of the students, as well as the staff, which certainly did not leave a good feeling within my being. Anyway I decided to go along with her ldecision, as long as she was contented living on campus, then as a mother I gave her all the support that she needed. She was the oldest of three children and the only girl with two younger brothers, her present was missed in the household. I had to come to term that she is moving on with her life, although that was not easy for me to accept. The graduated from, Rutgers with a Bachelor Of Science In Public Health 2013. Her graduating was one of the most touching and sentimental moments in my life. Tears and joy filled my entire being to stand as a proud mother as my daughter walked across the stairs to receive her degree. Words alone cannot explain how I felt on that special day. The graduation was one the biggest graduation I have ever witnessed. Graduates from the different Rutgers campuses filled the stadium. After graduating from Rutgers University, she stayed home for awhile catching up on different things in her life. By surprised one day she said Mom, I want to go to Medical School to be a Doctor. I remained still for awhile, and ask her to repeat what she said. Not so much being shocked by her decision, but at that very moment I reflect back on the days when she first started to do training at the hospital during her high school years, she mentioned that I would not work in any hospital, because it was too sad seeing people sick. To this day I still do not know why she decided to pursue her Doctorate. She got accepted at New York University School Of Medicine. Her field of studies was Obstetrician,

and she later change to Pediatrician. She graduated from New York University School of Medicine June 2016, at the same time she received her Masters In Public Health. She is presently doing her residence at Mount Sinai in Manhattan. At 27 a Doctor, when most people at that age are trying to find themselves. Certainly at 27 I was working a full time job, with limited focus on attending A Trade School,or College. Eventually I did enroll in College to Pursue my dreams. My entire reason for writing The Amazing One, is not only to share my daughter story, but to relay a message. In society today there are so many young women who are having babies, which influence their lives in so many ways. Many tend to drop out of school, if the school does not provide suitable arrangement during their pregnancies. Most tend to be jobless, without the proper health coverage. They many young teenage mothers relies on family to help them in raising their children,usually the grandparents,or other family members, because they are not capable of raising the children by themselves. So many teenage mothers suffers mental , emotional and psychological issues which affects every areas of their lives which affects their well being, during pregnancy and after the baby is born. Not to mention the relationship that they may have had with the father of the child. As a single mother raising three children, without any family involvements life was not easy for me, I had to find the strength and courage within myself to ensure that I was providing the best care and support for my children. I had two roles to play the mother and the father. I had two sons to raise and one daughter. My daughter was not difficult to raise, but the boys certainly gave me my share as a mother, they were boys. Sometimes they would forget that I was a mother not a father , because they spend most of their times around me.The father was active in the children's lives, he would spend time with them every now and then, but raising them all depended on me, I was the one who was mainly responsible for providing for all their needs in all aspects of life. I certainly made a lot of sacrifices in my life as a single mother raising three children, many times I did not know how the next bill will be paid,or where the next meal will be coming from on the table, yet all that the children needed as well as myself were met. As I reflect back I know for a fact that I did not raise those children on my own, there definitely was a higher force guiding me every step of the way to use the strength and power that was deep within my being to be the best mother that I could for my children. Certainly did a lot of praying in those times when I felt overwhelmed, since at the same time I worked at a full time job. So just imagine working at a full time job, and then returning home after work to raise three children, was not an easy job, yet I was able to accomplish all that I needed to do in ensuring that the children needs were met as well as mines. Many nights Prayers gave me the strength and courage that I needed in those times when life came at me in all different directions, having no one to depend on but myself which of course left me with no choice but to seek guidance and protection from the higher being who guided me every step of the way. To witness the day that my eldest child who came from the home of a single mother succeeded academically in excellency in College, and then returning to school a few years later to pursue her Doctorate in Medicine, her story is definitely worth writing about, to show that regardless of whatever obstacles that are put into our paths we can overcome them with the right attitudes about ourselves that we need to succeed in our lives. We do not have to accept limitations in our lives, that is not what we were created for. We are all created for a purpose in this lifetime,it is our responsibility to find out what we were created for, no matter what life throws at us. We are the authors and finishers of our own story, no one can

do that for us. Life certainly hands us trials and tribulations that we face in our life, yet there is a reason why we go through those trials and tribulations, there is always something that we need to know or do that is beneficial to our growth. If life should did not take us through the ups and downs then there would be things that we would not know about ourselves. We have to go through the darkness to see the light, which in turn brings us to our true authentic self, the person you were created to be. To live a life that was intended for us to live in peace , harmony and tranquility with the abundance of riches created in the world that are met for us all to have if seek them of course we have to have trust and have faith within ourselves to believe that all that is destined for us to have we will receive. We have to walk by faith not by sight, because we never know what will unfold from the next minute to the next, all we can do is just believe, and trust that all will work out for our better good. I considered myself a young mother , not necessary as young as the young women in modern times today, however at the age of 21 I felt that I was young having a child. Usually at 21 you are living life filled with all kind of excitements, dancing, constantly on the move doing all types of activities that are pleasing to the spirit and soul, trying to find yourself in the world, yet I was a mother which certainly changed my life in many ways different ways. No longer was I responsible for me , I had a daughter to raise. Although I was not one to go out regularly, nor socialized with two many people , motherhood of course was new to me, a new experience that put me in the position to care for another life, here I was except with the help of the baby father responsible for being a mother to the most precious blessing and gift that I receive from the Creator. Certainly there were moments that I felt lost, because I did not have any support from female relatives , neither friends. I had to learn to care for my child on my own. As time went along I felt such joy and happiness in my entire being to be blessed with such a bundle of joy words alone cannot explain, the gratefulness and thankness that radiate in my entire being to have such a blessing bestowed upon me at a time in my life that I was still trying to find my self and purpose in life. My precious gem as grown throughout the years to be the most beautiful wonderful young woman that she is today, I could not ask for a better daughter. She has taught me so much in life which I will forever hold sacred to my heart. Imagine a single mother has raised one of the most extraordinary woman you have ever meet. She is not only a brilliant scholar, she is wise and clever filed with wisdom and knowledge beyond her age, must say she received some of that from me of course. Her academic achievements alone tells who she is very determined, motivated, and one who strive beyond her wildest dreams. Words are not enough is not to explain the light that shine within my soul as I sit reflecting on the precious gift and blessing that I receive at time in my life that I was searching for my purpose in life. She certainly open my eyes to seek within the depths of my soul to know who I am, and what lies in the mist awaiting me in this lifetime. My daughter as grown up out of a single mother home to achieve her a Bachelor Of Science In Public Health, and decided to pursue her Doctorate In the studies of Pediatric Medicine a few years later. She is presently doing her residency at Mount Sinai Hospital in Manhattan New York. At 27 a Doctor, when most people at that age are trying to find themselves. Certainly at 27 I was working a full time job, with limited focus on attending A Trade School, or College. Eventually I did enroll in College to Pursue my dreams. My entire reason for writing The Amazing One, is not only to share my daughter story, but to relay a message, to lift , build encourage young women to focus on who are sometimes lost or confused due to pregnancies at an early age, which of

course impact their lives in so many ways, they are affected physiologically and emotionally. In society today there are so many young women who are having babies, which influence their lives in so many ways. Many tend to drop out of school, if the school does not provide suitable arrangement during their pregnancies. Most tend to be jobless, without the proper health coverage. Many are single mothers who rely on family to help them raise their child or children. Their emotional, mental and physiological state of mind is affected in so many ways as they try to find themselves once again. They are no longer by themselves; there are a child or children who are trusted in their care, which they are responsible for providing the necessary care and support so that they can grow healthy and productive throughout their lives. Many young mothers themselves, have not gone through enough in their lives to understand what it means to be a mother. Motherhood is a considerable full-time job to ensure that children receive all the proper care and support they need in all areas of their lives. Although children at times have both parents in their lives, the mother plays the most important role in a child's life; she is the nurturer, who carries a child in her womb for nine months which creates a lifetime bond that cannot be broken, so when young women decide to become pregnant, knowing that deep down they are not ready to conceive a child, the unborn child is affected based on their emotional, mental and psychological state of mind; anything that she goes through in a negative way affects the unborn child. Even after the baby is born, many teenage mothers go through the same emotional, mental, and physiological effects in all aspects of their lives which affects their well-being. It seems like the new trend in present times that baby are having babies, hardly understanding the tremendous effects that having a baby can cause upon their well-being. Which contributes to their self-worth, self-esteem and self-respect not only for themselves, but for others as well. They are left in such a state of mind that they no longer know who they are, lost within themselves trying to figure out the person they used to be before pregnancy came along. Many young teenage mothers develop postpartum blues among many other psychological and emotional behaviors and attributes which remain prevalent even after the baby is conceived. Many teenage mothers face many challenges, such as unplanned pregnancies, finishing school, and finding employment which can cause mood disorders that can lead to mental illness. Postpartum blues, or maternity blues which relates to hormonal changes after giving birth can lead to mood lability, tearfulness, and some mild anxiety, and depressive symptoms which usually last for a short time. Research has shown that approximately 75-80 percent of mothers after conceiving a child, suffer from postpartum blues. Teenage mothers are twice at risk to develop postpartum blues since their entire life will change after giving birth. They might have to quit school, and work multiple jobs to take care of themselves and the child, also their social lives will change from their network of friends, not to mention their hormonal changes which can lead to depression. Many teenage mothers are anxious, nervous and stressed about becoming a parent, and also many hope that they will be happy and are excited when their babies are born. Many women, teenage mothers as well, are not prepared for that they can face postpartum depression which tends to occur one month after conceiving a baby. As I sit and reflect on childbearing which has increased among teenage mothers ranging in age 15-19, thoughts certainly come to mind. Certainly at such young ages these young girls, not women as yet, attention should be more focused on finishing school and going on to college, trade school, or other career paths that will lead them to live successfully.

lives, not focusing all their attentions on boys. In this time and age peer pressure has also increased among teenage girls who friends have babies to fit in with their friends. Not realizing at the end of the day that when they have to take care of that child, their friendsents of a family member, or someone that they can trust in caring for their child, all fall on them, which certainly can lead to depression in all aspects of their beings. There are so many reasons unknown to me why would so many young girls jeopardize their lives to becomes mothers, knowing that not only are they not ready but prepared to raise a child. Must say however; one contributing factor based on my own understanding is the need to feel love, or that they can keep the baby father from being with other women if they become pregnant with his child, which of course tends not to work out that way, because many of them all not ready to be fathers. Also many already have a child, or children that they do not provide care and support for, much less being apart of their lives. Some have no intentions of settle down with one woman, they want their freedoms to do whatever they pleased without no strings attached. Yet many young girls tends to turn a blind eye to the fact that many of the boys who they choose to be their babies fathers are not ready for fatherhood. Some of course also do not take the necessary precautions not to become pregnant, they would rather take the risk instead of protecting themselves. Certainly at the ages that these women are conceiving a child or children , there was no way when I was their ages that I could have been intimate with anyone, those who was trusted in my care did not even allow me to be around boys except for my brothers. Believe me if I did they certainly would have their ways of finding out, and I certainly would have paid a dearly for my actions.

Education came first in my household, television was only watched during the weekend at a minimum, and certainly we did not have any say in the matter, we either watched what was on, or go to bed. Adults ruled in the household, children were seen and not heard, we had to stay in our place at all times,being a child. We certainly did not run any type of show, we had to follow rules and regulations that were established with the household, regardless if we like them are not. As children we certainly did not work to paid the bills, neither did we provide food and shelter in the household, so we certainly did not have any rights to say are do as we liked. Our jobs was to follow the rules and regulations and conduct ourselves with the proper manners and respect to those who were trusted in our care, and to do our share of chores within the household. As I reflect back on my childhood as a young girl growing up in the Island of Jamaica, with a very strict Christian background, I mean could not be any stricker.

Remermising back in my childhood to the tender age of six, I remember attending church every Sundays. Most of the time I attending the morning and evening services. Dinner was served at the Church, so of course I never got to returned home until the night time. By the time I got home from Church after spending my entire day there, without removing my Church clothing the bed found me in the blink of an eye. Certainly exhaustion got the best of me being out all day, considering the fact that I was just a child. Walking up for school certainly was not easy for me in the mornings, because I was still tired from the whole day that I spend in Church. Certainly did not make a difference if I was tired or not, I still had to be in school. Those were the days that I will never forget, yet I am grateful and thankful for my strict upbringings, which mold me into the woman I am today. Will I say that I was a well behaved child with my strong strict Religious upbringings.? To answer that question not quite, especially when I was scold for doing nothing wrong, which of course made me mad and upset, It was not so much the scolding that I

received that upset or made me angry, it was the fact that no one wanted to listen to my side of the story. Whatever they believed was all that matter, as a child I did not have a say when it came to getting my point across. Many times it was someone else who did something wrong, yet for some reason I always got the blame, yet I was the most behaved child. The fact of the matter is that I always try my best to always follow the rules that were established in the household, because I did not want to receive any wipings. In those days my folks did not play when it came to a belt, spoon, or whatever they can grab. They certainly gave you a wiping to remember for weeks, you tried your best not to receive another wiping no time soon. In those days during my childhood years, parents did not practice time out, talk with you, or send you to your room, they only knew the use of a belt, or other items to let you know when you did something wrong. My guess is that their way of disciplining a child stem from the way they were raised, so as I got older I began to understand why they choose wiping instead of timeout. Like all other aspects of life in my opinion their ways of disciplining a child has a lot to do with their cultures and traditions that has been passed down from one generation to the next, which is certainly influential on to how they child or children are raised. Certainly my Religious upbringings, and strict rules and regulations impacted my life in many ways that I never understood until I go older. Although I was well behaved when it came to following the rules and regulations that were implemented with the household, I had a rebellious and mysterious nature, especially when I was not able to do the things that brought joy and happiness to my being. The fact of the matter was that as a young girl growing up in the Caribbean during my childhood years, girls were not allowed to play outside as the boys, until all household chores were done. At an early age we had to learn how to cook, clean and wash, and helped with other household duties. Many times by the time we were done doing our household duties there was no time left for us to play outside, it was time for bed to rise up for school the next day. If it was not for recreation we had in school many times we did not get the opportunity to play like children often do. As I reflect back on those years, we were required to do household chores before school, and after school. The boys at times were always required to do their share outside the house, while the girls responsibilities were to take care of all the household duties within the house which of course was multiples duties, which seems endless. The duties increased from day to day, and of course the duties got heavier. Reflecting back at about the age of 8 to ten I had to perform household duties like a grown woman, and those duties had to be well done, if not we had to do go over them until they were done correctly, which I could not. We were just young girls yet we were of duties. Many times of course I was angry and upset, because I enjoyed playing outside with my friends, jumping roles, playing jacks, or doing the fun things girls did, and of course this is where the rebellious and mysterious nature came in, I did not get the chance to do the things that brought excitement and joy to my being, in the house and outside of the house, and of course I had to find a way to bring the fun and excitement to my being in order to satisfied my spirit and soul in one way or another, even if it meant coming home late from school. On those occasions of course a beating was walking at the door for me, yet I still insisted that I had to find the time to have my fun regardless of the consequences. I was not guaranteed if I would get my play time when I returned home from school, so I had to find the time to enjoy myself knowing fully knowing the consequences of actions. Many times I received punishments to stay in my room, instead of receiving wipings, which at times served me better,

because the wipings lasted for days much less weeks. During those punishing times I had to do school work, or read book. So of course I had to write about what I read in the book. If it was not written right, I had to write it again. Which I try my best to do right the first time, because the second time was more harder, I had more to write, which i really did not enjoy doing. With all the whippings and punishments I received I still did not learn my lessons, I insisted that I had to find my play time one way or another, doing the things that I enjoyed doing. I loved playing outside because I was very active as a child. Sitting in one place, was not me, I had to be doing some form of activity, whether it was running, playing jacks,.or jump ropes, my body had to be active, or else I was bored. At the time as children we did not have television to watch,and if we did have a television children were only allowed to watch television on the weekends, not on school nights. We either had to read a book, write, or play outside until it was time for bed. We certainly did not have a say in the matter compared to the children of today leading their parents, instead of their parents leading them. What and what they will and will not do, back in my childhood days, just the facial expressions alone explained all. Back Talking, being disrespectful to those who was trusted in your care was not tolerated. As I have witness time and time again the respect and manners children shows to their parents in and out of the house, misbehaving, yelling and screaming as if someone has harm them. Creating a scenery in public dwellings as if they want attention from onlookers, or people passing by to offer them some form of relief. Certainly I could not get away with those unruly behaviors when I was a child, especially in public. I would receive such a wiping it would take me days to heal my wounds. So of course when we were in public with our parents, we had to be on our best behaviors.

- The values and disciplines that were instilled in me during my childhood, were the same values and disciplines I used in raising my children. In fact I was more stricter on my children than what I had to endure has a child. I was definitely tougher and rougher on them , especially when it came to manners and respect for not just their parents, but those who were much older than them. As well as respecting themselves as well. In the household I was more stricter than my husband therefore most of the whippings were done by me. I certainly did not at the time believe in putting down the whip and spoil the children, until my later years. My children were well behaved most of the times, because like most children they did not like to receive whippings, so they would conduct themselves in the right manners most of the time. As I reflect on my childhood and all that I went through, I began to break the rules on how I was raising my children by the standards that I grew up with in my childhood. Growing up in the Caribbean as child compared to children growing up in the United States was a big different. For one the laws in raising children in the United States were different from Jamaica. There were no laws implemented in Jamaica on how parents should raise their children, and what and what parents could and cannot do. Whatever way the parents chooses to raise their children, were on the parents. There was no such thing as child protection services, parents had the full responsibilities of raising their children, whatever rules are regulations were enforced children had to obey. If the rules and regulations were not

followed them the children had to be accountable for their actions. Children were just children when I was growing up, and therefore children stayed in a child place, they had to conduct themselves as such. Migrating from Jamaica to the United States as a teenager, life was certainly different in so many ways. A different culture for one, and of course a big climate difference, four different seasons in the United States, compared to being warm and hot all year long in the Caribbean.. As I reflect back on when I first came to the United States one December night with snow on the ground which at first I did not know what it was on the ground, and a chill and coldness that I certainly was not prepared for. Until this day I still think about that dreaded day one December night, just thinking about that experience sends chills to my bones, an experience I will never forget. I wanted to return back to Jamaica in a heartbeat, yet I knew that would not happen, I had absolutely no say in the matter. For days I stayed in the house, because I could not stand the coldness at all, and the fact that I had to dress in layers of clothings. Although I could not stand leaving the house, I had to go to School, and Church on Sunday, plus other duties I was responsible for doing outside the house, such as grocery shopping and laundry. How did I dread those cold winter days in late December when I had to leave the warmth of the house to step outside in the harsh coldness with wind factors below zero at times. I migrated to the United States in my teens, so of course I was placed in high school. The School of course was far away from my residence, so of course I had to catch the bus early in the mornings. Standing waiting on the bus definitely took its toll on me during the winter, compared to others who were more accustomed to a change of season. Jamaica was hot and sunny most of the time, temperature ranging from 80 degree and higher, so imagine what I endured during my first few years in America. The weather alone was not all that I dealt with as a foreigner living in the United States. The high school which I attended at the time in Queens New York, Richmond Hill High, was diversified with a mixture of different ethnicities and cultures, but predominantly white. The classroom structure, and coursework was of course set up differently from what I was accustomed to in Jamaica. We did all of our subjects in a one room setting, in the United States you had to go to different classrooms for each subject. Was not easy for me at first, I ended up not going to some of the classes, or I would arrive later. Certainly took me awhile while to adapt to the school system in the United States, which definitely was not that easy for me. The fact of the matter was no one prepared me as far as how the schools were run differently than the schools in the Caribbean. I felt like a lost soul, trying to find my way in the darkness. Here I was in a different country, and in a different school which certainly did not compare to the schools I attended in the Caribbean. As I reflect back in my school years in Jamaica, as far as I can remember we had one Teacher that taught all subjects, which was done in one classroom setting, usually in Elementary School through High School. So for me the school arrangements in America was a bit difficult for a while until I was able to adjust. I certainly did not have a choice, because calls were made by the school administrators when I did not show up for my classes, and definitely those calls I certainly paid for one way or another. Eventually I had to get my act together in knowing which classes I had to be in at a certain time of the day, to keep

memories of those classes I wrote them down in a notebook, which helped me in many ways to find my way out of the darkness that I was in. My experiences lead me to help foreigners who were new to America school system, I fully related to how they felt , because of what I went through in the beginning as a new Foreign student. To make matters worse many of the American students were not welcoming to the Foreign students, they would call them all kinds of names, tease and pick on them, steal their lunches, or try to create a fight. Certainly I had my share of students teasing me because I came from another country, yet I stood strong and tall against them. I really did not have a choice, because I definitely would not let them interfere with me attending school. Eventually they realized that I was not allowing them to cause conflict or confusion in my life, especially since I was a new Foreign student in the school. As more Foreign students were enrolled in the school, The American students did not have a choice but to welcome them in, because the list of Foreign students enrolled in the school continued to grow. The teasing , and picking on Foreign students were no longer allowed in the school. Those who conduct themselves in that manner were suspended from school for three to four days, which certainly showed that those types of behaviors were not tolerated in the school.

An experience that I have reflected upon many times in my life, as I became a mother of three wonderful children born in the United States. I have shared my story and experiences with them on many occasions, just to make them aware and to be prepared that students will pick on them because their parents are Jamaicans. Which has happened on a multiple of occasions, especially with my oldest child my daughter. She was a bright gifted and talented student, so of course there was a lot of jealousy and envy towards her, so the best way to pick at her was her Jamaican ancestry. She did not let them get to her, because she was very proud of who she was. Plus the fact that I prepared her for those moments and time. Her brothers did not deal much with what she endured, my guess is because they were boys. Maybe they were afraid of them for reasons way beyond my own understandings. I was surely happy to hear that they did not endure all that I have gone through, because I would not wish that experience on my worst enemies. Imagine the emotional and psychological impacts that those experiences can bring to a person being. If you were not strong enough to endure those treatments that touches upon the spirit and the soul, then you could easily fall. To me that was their intent to break you if you allowed them to.

As I reflect back on those early years when I first migrated to America, Just the thoughts of those days sends chill to my entire being, yet I leave them behind and move on forward with my life. No Sense dwelling on the past which is not building or editing my being in no shape or form. The past is just the past.

I never returned back to Jamaica to live, although I wanted to deep down in the depths of my entire being, I was definitely home sick, for one the beach , food, family and friend. Just the lifestyle in the Caribbean I missed daily. I attended College and Trade School, got married, and became the proud mother of three wonderful children. One daughter, Natasha and two sons, Dwight Jr. and Derrick, My oldest son Dwight Made me a grandmother with a son name Liam

The eldest of the three is my daughter Natasha. Unfortunately I got divorced many years ago, which is certainly a part of my life that I never knew would have happened, like many women do I blamed myself, until I was able to fully understand that a relationship takes two people. If there is no balance people grow apart. There have to be equal yoke to build and nurture the relationship. Anyway I have move on with my life from those memories, because I knew that it was all about my well being for my children and myself. Certainly was not a easy road when I was left to raise three children on my own, with minimum involvement from the father only when time sit right with him. I would be wrong if I said he was a absteen father, because he came around every now and then to see the children, however all responsibility of caring for the children was left to me which left me with no choice, but to tap within my spirit and soul to find the strength and power that was in ever essence of my being that helped me in those difficulties moments in my life. I knew that I was responsible for the well being of my children's in all area of their lives , so I had to lean on my faith knowing that I was guided and protected every step of the way.

Well I must say my children are all grown adults. living their lives to the best of their abilities. Not once had I had to deal with any of them facing problems with the law, which I am grateful and thankful for, especially in these trying times, when so many young people find themselves involved with the law at an early age, which to me has a lot to do with those who are trusted in their care, especially in this time and age. Many children are left to raise themselves, without proper supervision , support and care from the consenting adults in their lives, which leads to them to seek attentions from others who certainly do not have their best interest in mind. Many end up in the criminal legal system at an early age, which at times continues on to adulthood. When they return out into society they are lost, because they spend most of their lives in prisons and jails which affects them in finding employments, housings, and social services.

As I sit reflecting on my daughter during her younger years, I knew that she possess an abundance of talents, gifts, abilities, that would lead her to be the successful woman that she has become. I saw a Scholar, her ambitions, motivations, determinations to succeed to her fullest potentials in academic and other areas of her life was never to settle for less if you can gain more. Her mind was always set on maintaining the highest level possible to feel a sense of satisfaction within her spirit and soul. Many of her fellow students saw her as a nerd, because she was always in the books, finding something to occupy her mind. Away from drawing and coloring which was her favorite activity she spend most of her times reading, writing classwork materials , or her journal. Her hands were always busy doing something constructive, because she had a mind that had to keep busy. From grade school college, on to Medical School, Natasha never tends to amaze me, because I knew from an early age she was a Scholar, who would have an impact on the world. I saw a Writer, an Author in her since grade school, someone who had much to say who would capture a wide audience, in all aspects of life. Never had I imagine that she would become a Doctor, because she really did not like the healthcare field, although that was my career. She was more into journalism, and in high school she was selected to write for a teenager magazine, which certainly made me think that journalism would be her chosen field in college. As she reach her sophomore year in high school she decided

that Public Health would be her field of study in College, at first I really did not understand why she chose that field of study, eventually I was able to come to term with her decision. She wanted to combine journalism, while working in the public sector to provide protective measure on all areas of social and economical factors that affect us all, from teenage pregnancies, to poor eating habits. She was very concern with with issues and conditions that affects us all, and wanted to make a difference in the world, which of course lead her to pursue her Doctorate in medicine, straight after finishing college. Words alone is not enough to explain the joy and happiness that I felt in my entire being to be the proud mother of one of the most dedicated, determine, extraordinary woman I have ever met in my life, Doctor, Natasha Delia Ramsey. A blessings , precious gem who was created to make a difference in this world. Her hands will heal, and touch many lives who are trusted in her care, and I know that she will go beyond the call of her duties to ensure that those who seek services and care all their needs are met in the best way possible.

As I come near to the ending of my book, my purpose for writing this book came from a vision I received one night while I was resting in bed. People need to know about a young Doctor, who pursue her career at the age of 27, when many young women are mothers before they reach 27, raising one or more child on their own, which can affect them mentally and physically for the rest of their lives. I decided to share how Doctor Natasha Ramsey came out of a single parent home, she knew exactly wh6at she wanted out of life. Her focus was on pursuing her dreams and goals. Her education came first in her life, and there was nothing that was equal to her always striving to work up to her fullest potential in achieving what she set her mind on fulfilling. She had such drive and power embedded in her at such a young age, to always do her best which gave her a sense of satisfaction within her spirit and soul. She never gave up when difficulties arrived in her academic studies or other aspects of her life. Her determination, motivation, self worth,and dedication to always achieve to do her best allowed her to tap within the power and strength that she had within her to overcome the obstacles that show up in her path. She saw those obstacles in a positive way that eventually lead her to strive higher within her being to activate the power and strength that she knew she had that would allow her to be her true authentic self. A Brilliant mind indeed, that was always open to partake any obstacles that was put in her path, the courage, bravery , to be all that she can be to never give up, but to climb higher above her wildest imaginations. Phenomenal woman that is who she is , standing strong and tall letting nothing or no one stand in her path and journey as she travels along life's roads.

Doctor Natasha Delia Ramsey Earned Her Doctorate From New York University School Of Medicine In June 2016. Her chosen field of study was Obstetrician, she later changed to Pediatrician . She is currently doing her residency at Mount Sinai Hospital In Manhattan New York, and plan to return back to school two additional years to specialize in working with the teenage population in providing preventive and protective measures in their personal, economical and psychological way of life. Her objectives, goals and aims is to work with teenager in all areas and aspects of their lives as they approach adulthood. With her Masters In Public Health, and Doctorate in Medicine her objectives is to offer the best care and support to

those who are trusted in her care. I often asked my daughter why she chose to work with teenagers instead of pediatrics, her reply was that teenagers go through so much in their lives, from substance, and chemical abuse to unprotected sex, overweight, peer pressure, certainly the list goes on, as they try to find themselves, especially in these days, with the increase of drug use and chemical use among teens continue to increase at an alarm rate not to mention alcohol consumption with the mixing of different liquors which definitely affects the mind and body. The teenage years to me is one of the most difficult times in our lives, we are no longer a young child, as we approach the adolescent years which at times we are not ready or prepared for mentally, psychologically, emotionally, socially, to handle those issues and problems that find their way in our lives. Our childhood of course has a big influence on our teenage years, our upbringings, conditions and issues that we deal with as a child can resurface in our lives if we are not in awareness of them, nor receive the proper treatments to overcome them, can stem all the way into adulthood or for the rest of our lives. We are left in confusion as we try to figure out what are our purpose in life, why were we created, and what is it that we need to do to be the person we were created to be. As I reflect back on my own teenage years growing up, I must say those days were one of the most difficult moments in my life. To begin with losing my mother at an early year, I was raised by different family members, yet none of them replaced the longing for my mother's touch and care. My heart and soul yearn as a child for a mother that I know left me and was not coming back, and of course I carry those feelings into my teenage years. As I matured into womanhood and motherhood I learned that the vivid memories of my mother was all that I had, and those memories I cherish and treasure whenever my soul and spirit yearn for her nurturing touch. As I became a mother of three children I was able to give them all that I yearn from my mother, which helped me to ease the emptiness that I feel in my heart from childhood into the teenage years.

As I sit reflecting on my daughter Doctor. Delia Ramsey and her great accomplishments, the joy and happiness that fill my entire being gives me such a sense of peace that words alone cannot explain. She has made me very proud, and strong as a woman and a mother as I reflect on the extraordinary woman that she has become in fulfilling her dreams. From high school straight on to college, then Medical school she dedicated her time in achieving all that she envisioned for herself which has led her to become the Doctor that she is today. She did not let nothing, or no one stand in her way when it came to working to her fullest potentials in achieving her goals or dreams, she was very dedicated, motivated, and determined to be successful in her life. As a mother of a young Doctor, I could not have asked for such a blessing and gift that was bestowed upon me from the higher force that watches and guide over us all. Yes I am grateful and thankful for the blessings that I received, a precious gem that will make a difference in the world. Many lives, spirits, and souls will be touched, healed by the hands of Doctor Natasha Delia Ramsey, and each souls, spirits, and lives that she touch and heal will be felt by the entire world, because she is radiating love, compassion, empathy, which are given to her by the higher force the creator who gives us the blessings and gifts within our spirits and soul to spread our lights on to others who are in need.

