

## *Born Different*

I am going to write about my life growing up and how it has made me become the person that I am today. I am also going to share the challenges I've gone through because of the family I was brought up in not because of who they are but because of people's opinions of a person of color being in an all white family.

When I was younger I had a lot of trouble understanding who I was, what I was and overall just why I was different from everyone else in my family. I also struggled with saying certain things that I wanted people to know. Because I struggled to pronounce words and have people understand what was on my mind, I got angry. I got angry a lot of the time. Sometimes I would run away and sometimes I would stand still. Basically I'd be like my dog when she doesn't want to keep walking. She just stops and won't budge until you pick her up. That's how I was. I would also just stand still and not budge until my dad came over and either picked me up or had to drag me just so I would move. Since I struggled with expressing how I felt and telling my parents what I was feeling, I felt like I couldn't talk to anyone. So over the years I kept my feelings in and didn't open up to anyone until years later when I told my brother. But before we go to that let's get into another reason why I was always acting out all the time. The other reason was because of my sister. When I was three my mom gave birth to my sister. It wasn't that I was mad because my mom gave birth to my sister it was that I felt like I was left behind. All of the attention went towards my sister when I was still struggling to figure out who I was and if I belonged. Back then I was jealous of my sister because I felt like she got all the attention and that my parents loved her and my brother more than me. Which was stupid because if that was true then why would they have adopted me.

For most of my life I felt like I had so much hatred towards my mom for making me feel like I wasn't cared for or loved. When she loved me so much, she was always trying to reach out to me asking if I wanted to talk about anything. But to me I was as blind as a bat and didn't see that she was trying to reach out to me until a couple years ago. I love my mom, sister, brother and dad. I love my whole family. I just had a lot of anger towards them because I was different. But as I have grown up I have managed to become more aware of the things I do. If I get into an argument with my mom or dad I won't try and find the words to upset them. As for when I was younger I would look for ways to upset my parents which would only get me in really big trouble. As I got older I understood more of my past. I understood the reason I was adopted. I understood why my birth mother gave me up for adoption, and I understood more of why people may stare at me for being in an all white family. I understood more of who I was and what I wanted people to see me as when I got older.

When I got older my brother and I got closer. We would talk more about my life and the struggles that I went through growing up. I talk with my brother about my life since we have a close connection. He likes to check up on me from time to time. My brother has helped me see that I am loved and was loved even when I was younger. I think because he showed me that love. That it showed me that I am not alone, that in addition to him, my whole family loves me - even if the color of their skin is different than mine.