

From Jamaica to America
By Michelle Blunt-Curry

When I was in Jamaica, I had a hard life, living in the ghetto. In life, everyone has their 'ups and downs'. In life, it's important not to forget 'where you came from'!

In Jamaica, life in the ghetto is like being in prison, "Who feels it...knows it."

One day, in Jamaica, my daughter asked me, "Mommy, can you help me with my homework?" I told her, "I cannot read." She told me, "You are a big woman, Mommy, so how come you cannot read?" I told her, "That is why I am sending you to school, to get what I did not achieve."

America is my opportunity to go back to school.

I am telling all children and adults, "Take education more seriously!"



My mother had a rough time supporting ten children, without a father. My dream is to buy a house for my mother. Sometimes I dream about it. Also, my dream was to become a model.

Don't scatter roses when your Mother is gone.
Scatter roses while she is still alive!

My tutor told me that it is OK to make mistakes while I am learning to read and write, as long as I am trying my best! That is what learning is all about!