Tesha Donald

ENG 1121 E106

Professor: Schmerler

Tesha’s Journey

Dear Professor,

What can I say my journey has been quite eventful and filled with a lot of ups and downs? It can feel like the downs are really down deep almost as if I am drowning. I keep trying to reach the surface and just as I am I am pulled in deeper. My journey begins about 20 years ago when I first started school I had graduated school early and I took one year off to try to plan what I exactly wanted to do. I am the last of five girl children and when you’re the last as my mother quite often refers to it “her wash belly” funds are depleted. It does not seem like your so luck when all your life your elder sisters say you are so lucky because you are spoiled.

 I went to school for a year and then met the guy I just knew in my heart of hearts we would ride out to the very end. We ended having our first child or so we thought. One child quickly turned into triplets, one birth, definitely quite the shock. Everyone keeps telling you it’s a blessing. Or people will say you are so lucky. These people little do they know I never felt that way all I could say is why me what did I do to deserve and who said that I could handle this. The roughest pregnancy of my life and then as they say three miracles are born. So there goes that plan, school is now on hold, a twenty year hold.

 After twenty long years and my daughter finally all grown up and ready to venture on their journey through school. I wanted to ensure them what my grandmother had instilled in me from since I was small growing up, till when I was rearing them up “the battle is not for the swift but for those whom endure”. She would always state this over and over and say your patience is a force to be reckoned with from small till now. This is what I took with me as I ventured to prove to my girls that nothing is impossible or too late. I never wanted the world all I have ever wanted was never to struggle too hard, to be happy, give love in abundance and receive love back.

 I restarted my journey right back to where it all began and I must say I told my husband a hundred times I give up it’s like there are too many stumbling blocks in my path. From my reinstatement back into New York City Technical College till now has been more difficult than me raising triplets. I had issues up the wazoo. They did not have my test results and wanted me to take remedial, every time I went to register for classes they would say I needed pre-requisites which I had taken. They said I was not a citizen, they also said I need immunizations, my high school diploma. I have lost countless days of work, time, and sleepless nights. I have had classes cancelled last minute and had to request emergency change of schedule at my job. Very often I say to myself everything is worth it if at the end I have my Associate’s degree. It may appear as though it is taking forever but I am in no rush.

 So here we are, I have arrived to my final lap here at NYC Technical College and it’s my final semester. They cancel two I my classes I end up having to speak to the dean to get course substitutions at the very last minute. How can you cancel classes the day before class starts? I guess this is the norm. This is just something I will never and can never get used to. I only need three classes but my love and passion for writing to express everything that is bottled up is what gives me relief. I decided to take English 2. I wanted to know just where I stand, can I write well and how can I make it better?

 My journey leads me right specifically to English 2, definitely not your average English class but nonetheless rewarding experience. It started off great but somewhere along the line I would say March and April to be exact my life took such a down-hill spiral. My day year to date has been in the hospital for 8 months he is currently recovering from blood clots which traveled to his lungs and his heart. He suffered heart failure and a collapsed lung. He has had spinal surgery and now may never walk again. People have said at the very least he is to be here, or they will say he is so strong after waking up from his coma the same day my dog of ten years dies. Just when I though my heart could take no more, here you have it. She is what they call a teacup Yorkshire terrier with a heart of a big dog. She was filled with spunk and personality and more so love. She has touched and warmed the hearts of many. As I write this I am breaking down because I whole heartedly miss everything about her. From her waking up to the time we go to sleep.

 My heart bleeds because I do not think anyone knows how much she means to me. Everything I see reminds me of her, but if it means I had to lose her to gain back my dad I will take it. My last epidemic in my journey is that I recently found I was pregnant a week later from losing my dog. Now my battle is between getting up, what seems like nausea all day and fighting with my dad to do his therapy. During all this ordeal my grades have suffered I have tried to apply myself accordingly and bounce back, but I feel still so broken. I only pray I make it through. This is not an excuse, or a pity party but it is my life and I own it all the pleasures and the pains, the failures and the wins.

*Dear Professor,*

*That brings me to unit one, can we say explosive? This unit gets down deep and is insightful. It places it barriers and releases them kind of leaving you to write and think outside of the norm. I learned from others, hearing their stories, what drives them and what ails them. The most powerful unit I believe as it is the cornerstone for building the entire piece of work. I have included some of my strongest writing as I put my heart and soul in my writing. Revision is not my strongest suit but I have made some corrections along the way.*

Fears- Fear of Loss of the Four

Loss is the hardest to deal with. Life without them, the fantastic four- children. Oh, how I adore. To think of all that I bore. It has never been of ease. How much it took, with all that shook within me, turned inside out, round and round, labor- the hardest task in life. No smiles, dramatic memories, missed time, endless tears, heartaches. All that is considered normal, accolades I hold dear inside, I reviewed our ride. What a loss that would be, never to see, hold, hear, loss is what I fear.

The Cure

Curing, coping using inner reverence, seeing no way can we give up. Consuming can cause wrong, we aim, we see, we see a way, a way to be seen is rare. Can we spare a way?

[English Assignment 1](https://openlab.citytech.cuny.edu/schmerlereng1121e106spring2019/files/2019/02/English-Assignment-1.docx)

After reviewing the assigned articles they both covered rhetorical writing. They both outline the format and structures used to have what is to be considered good writing. The article “Teaching Rhetorical Analysis to Promote Transfer of Learning” spoke of how to evoke writers to be passionate about their writings in such a manner that there is extreme emphasis of this placed in their work. Traditional writings did not demand this of writers. Even though both writings outline structure it still leaves room for the writer to be free formed in their delivery.

Structuring keeps the reading easily able to follow and that it is clear and concise. Generally I believe writing should just flow at least when I am writing thought just over pour.

I am the type to write continuously and then go back and read my thoughts. Sure enough there will be tons of mistakes, hopefully not too much but sometimes there is just so much going on inside this head of mine. Writing has always been a way to release these thoughts.

Both articles touched the topics ethos, pathos and logos. I always thought that if your writing was good enough you would never have to specifically focus on how to convince or persuade the reader. If you writings are true, true to heart, desires, dreams or whatever inspires that everything else would fall into place. So taking a look at how these were defined I found that in my writings you will find these elements naturally. These writings both place emphasis of growth in writing no matter the style or format chosen.

I think the best works utilize bits and pieces of persuasion. Ultimately it states the conclusion the author wants the reader to arrive at, after reading their point of view. It is more than just a view point, it’s the visualization of seeing something through someone else’s eyes. It does not put less value if you disagree but it should have you think beyond and outside of the box. The articles place emphasis on how they grow the writer utilizing structure but in a different way. I think in relation to ethos, pathos and logos it speaks of the person’s character. In everyone’s writings there is a piece of them lying underneath and when the reader analyzes, looks over or tries to have an understanding they draw a conclusion based on their prior experiences and influences.

I am still here trying to piece them all together, to try to have a better understanding on how would you know how much to put in your writing, should you have balance? Is there dependency on the topic? Hopefully I can gain more insight as I grow through my writings to see where I am more aligned. Is it truly all about growth in your works or the underlying’s of who you are through your work?

Both articles very insightful, a little long but at the very end it shows you how writings can be broken down and where our thoughts are derived from.

 “Finding Me”

As a child, sibling, wife and often the most difficult duty there is “*mother*” you will find how easily you can lose your identity. It can be due to the most important part of being a nurturer that you will see this displayed. Often a defense mechanism and underlying duty to protect, provide stability, safety. There are people seeking guidance, reliance and you do not want it to go undone. So bits and pieces of you start to diminish. How is this reclaimed? How do you gather and put things in place? Who says that we have to be this perfect identity? Is this a process or a level of an obscure label we set in place for ourselves?

They say our experiences groom us and serve as learning experiences but if I told you my story, no amount of experience could have prepared me for what awaited me. I am the daughter of five girls of a single mother whom had prioritized work for the fear to provide. My mother Beryl had instilled the importance of school and the ability to be self-sufficient at such an early age. All we ever saw was how hard she worked and because of this all we ever gravitated to be resulted in making her proud. Being the last child it does not always play for the easiest and best of experience but from the top looking down they might presume otherwise.

She worked seven days a week, with hardly ever time for her children. Being of Caribbean descent you will find the women of this era tend to think as long as you are provided with the main necessities of life then you have everything. Here we are as the younger generation thinking well we did not ask to be here. Looking back at it now I laugh and think of all the possibilities had I just been able to see things in a different light. Then again, I was just a kid being a kid, doing what kids do. Everything is taboo and certain topics are just off the table.

The good part of being last was finally you would have your parent to yourself and would never have to face the certain hardships those prior to you had to face. When I stop to think of it there was always this nuance or assumption labeled being the last born. Being the “*wash belly”* came with its only stigmas and falsehoods. Perhaps mainly it had to do with the ability to be free because not only did I have my own father but my very own escape route. On the weekends, holidays, summer vacation to name a few.

Grandparents are known for spoiling and my grandmother was the spoiling type. I was the grandchild born into her hand and for that the most envied. My father would roam free and his mother, picked up his slack. She never worried him with trivial things such as rearing of children. “Men will be men” she would say “but mothers have to be mothers”. My mother was liberated as long as this lady was alive. She would seek the heavens and the earth for her little girl. I was her hearts treasure, despite how many other grandchildren she had. There was just this special connection. Now I realize how much of a role true love could play on the heart. Once you had this, you are truly free and you can ride that waive. It did not necessarily mean it would be pain free but it took into play all the parts that make you whole and shaped you for the future. Time truly passes by swiftly unbeknownst to you, until you are seeing your mother within you playing out.

 It must have been the middle of winter approaching its peak, and I was in college. Life was simpler back then. The highlight of my day was school, work, and enjoying time with who would turn out to be the one. The person whom I would spend many days and nights with. It even appears as the one I will grow old with. Three years had passed and all was well. I had been feeling quite ill over the last few weeks and was late on my cycle. My cousin whom I spend quite a considerable amount of time took notice and began to ponder. Could it be possible that you’re expecting? At this rate anything may have been possible but I was sure we were always diligently cautious.

Here I was with triplets unbeknownst to me and all it took was a test to confirm. I was so guarded all my life and never taught how to love. Now I have arrived at the confirmation, I was being granted a gift. Finally the most heavenly gift was given as a blessing to me. Now I was free. I was free to start living, loving and breaking the generational curse of not being able to consume or display love.

*Dear Professor,*

*Unit two left me toward the end feeling like everything I thought I knew is far from the truth. What is genre? It is everything that surrounds me in my day to day life and then released in the way I speak, write, body language, and body language of others, things that others do and speak. It is in what we read and watch on social media, television perhaps even sitting in the train. Towards the end I got lost, for I could not understand writing in all these genres what exactly does it mean? Is this some kind of life experience to be delivered? I tried to push through and then my tragedies start to pile up in abundance. I did my best as I could but my focus towards the end begins to slip as I begin losing crucial time. It is not easy work full time, student full time, mom and wife full time. Children going through all sorts of discourse all the while I have a son lashing out. My bodies of work her I feel start of strong and fair out average. I included pieces like my response to Shi$%y First drafts because it spoke of my writing and confidence which begins to dwindle as this semester progresses.*

[English Sh@$%y First Drafts Response](https://openlab.citytech.cuny.edu/schmerlereng1121e106spring2019/files/2019/03/English-Sh%40y-First-Drafts-Response.docx)

Re: “S@#$$y First Drafts” Response
After completing Reading 1 please answer the following and post your responses in Open Lab.
1) How many drafts do you typically make of a paper/piece of writing? Do you write a “down draft,” an “up draft,” and a “dental draft” like Lamott says? Were you surprised at her chapter’s title? Do you think you will have to change the way you write a lot if you decide to write a “shitty first draft”?
Typically there may be a few drafts, sometimes maybe more than three. The title did not catch me off guard but I do not necessarily think that it’s a bad first draft I think it makes mention of not the best first draft. Writing sometimes take so much work and effort and for me when I write there is always a piece of me and so I just want my reader to be captivated by it all. When reading my work I want you to feel something and perhaps get to know me a little better. I feel in writings there is always a piece of me left with the reader. I do not think I have change a lot. My thoughts are I can definitely make adjustments to my writing after reviewing the first draft. Sometimes I find that even in the first draft there are things I just might not want to let go and by the final submission I would have tweaked it so much, it ‘s like why did I even need it in the first place? Writing is embedded within and for me if there is no intensity I do not want it.

[English Navigating Genres](https://openlab.citytech.cuny.edu/schmerlereng1121e106spring2019/files/2019/03/English-Navigating-Genres-1.docx)

1) This article (though somewhat old) mentions Facebook posts as a kind of genre. Can you briefly describe how comfortable you feel composing a piece of writing in this genre? Do you feel more comfortable than someone much older than you — your grandmother, for instance? Why do you think this older person might not write as well in Facebook as you do? What are some of the mistakes they might make? 2) Dirk gives a few examples of titles in *The Onion* (a newspaper that was founded in 1988 at a college, btw). What was your favorite title? 3) On page 258, Dirk describes the rules we carry around in our head before we start writing in a particular genre. What are some of the rules you carry around in your head? Is there a particular genre in which you struggle to write?

When you think of Facebook as a genre, it is not necessarily formatted or outlined in a particular way. Writing in this genre would be easy to write, most importantly because if your page is privatized then you generally know your audience as family, friends, coworkers and perhaps associates. You also know yourself, are you writing to get a response or are you writing to receive feedback or give a sneak peak in on your everyday life. In general everyone writes in a different way on their Facebook. When you speak of older generations, as someone who is younger I am a bit more tech savvy as it pertains to online social media so speaking to my audience might be easier for me versus my grandmother who will say she cannot see or she may need guidance. Even more interesting, my grandfather would say something along the lines of, “I do not have time for such nonsense” or “idle hands make fretful minds”. They would not know where to log in, how to submit or where to go. If they even could they would call for one of the grandchildren to type for them. More than likely they are not going online, they barely want to use a cell phone.

My favorite example in the titles would have to be “Amazon.com Recommendations Understand Area Woman Better than Husband”. The slight ridicule is implying that married men have a hard time understanding their wives. I thought that was little funny and dramatic. Some rules I utilize in my writing is minimizing starting sentences with I. Writing should have structure start point such as an introduction and end point. Definitely the rule about not beginning a sentence with a coordinating conjunction. These are all good rules I use in everyday writing. Believe it or not I even use this when writing my work emails. I have done a lot of writing in my time and never particular struggle until I arrived to this class. I think writing with restrictions is a little difficult for me. I like writing free form and then going back to see the end result. In the case of writing with a word cap limit that would pose the most difficulty.

Assignment 1: Genre -Recipe

Patience \*\*\*\*

1. Take a soft, serene deep breath
2. Think only *Happy* thoughts
3. Listen attentively, focus and closely especially if dealing with others.
4. Think before you speak (respond)
5. When you do speak, speak at a normal tone, not too loud, not too soft and not in a hurried tone.
6. Finally before you realize the rush or that overwhelming moment would have come to pass

Serving Size: 1 Helping of Patience

Patience: Genre- Spoken Word

Loads of talk, Lots of bark

Breathe nice and easy, sweet & soft

Thinking only happy thoughts

Ensure you’re giving your undivided attention, especially when dealing with others

Let’s think before we speak

Remember, treat how you want to be treated

Respond with just the right tone

Just before it’s known, all is done, its complete and through

You have exuded poise, humility and cool.

**Recipe about how to sustain a relationship**

**Ingredients**

Yourself

1 or more loved ones

**Additional Ingredients**

1 Load Patience

1 Exuberant Heaping of Honesty

1 Heart full of Openness

1 Load of Integrity

1 Deepening amount of Trust

1 Extra-Large Helping of Love

**Procedure**

Mix all ingredients well and to thorough completion.

**Serving size**

1 – Plenty of Loved ones

*Dear Professor,*

*Here comes Unit three with a bang like now I am really lost I know how to do research but research my skill or the last genre. This was hilarious on top of all the mishaps and craziness here I am trying to figure this Unit out. I still do not have it quite all together but this is where I have to apply myself , make an attempt and leave it in the most high’s hands. Unit Three took me way longer than expected and I cannot imagine that I still do not have it correct. However I decided to combine as I did not want to lose my insight and all the research I did on both topics. So I guess I combined them and I am not sure how it will play out but hopefully it will end well*.

Tesha Donald

Eng 1121 E106

Professor: Schmerler

Research on Patience & Spoken Word

Spoken Word as it relates to patience was my course of research. Spoken word on its own can be used to incite all forms of oppressions and inequalities that people may face. I chose Maya Angelou’s poem “Still I Rise” as my example because she speaks of overcoming and the constant battles you face and the patience you must endure because not every day will be a loss but one day will be a win. The issue that may arise is that very often spoken word as it often has to do with patience indirectly can incite negative criticisms and have negative impact even though it is trying to exhibit awareness.

Spoken word has always been a way to tell a story from origins till now Native Americans, Africans, and many cultures have used it. As of most recently it has taken on a new shape and form and contributed into people having a platform to recite issues with having the most effective way of touching its audience. Since conception spoken word has always taken on the platform of the oppressed making headway by having determination and patience to push through.

People will say ignites hatred to be spewed because as much as we would like to say we only talk about injustices there are those who use spoken word to recite and spread hate. Nazi supremacy groups, Klu Klux Klan members etc. have all used this platform and then comes in to play how leaders like Martin Luther King, Marcus Garvey, James Baldwin, Maya Angelou and even musical artist such as Jay Z have used their platform to alter the negativity with positivity and counter their actions. They have stated time and time and what is to be evident that patience is the key. Everyone’s story is different yet they are somewhat the same. They look to reach the masses utilizing spoken word and invoking or awakening their spirit. Generally this requires some sort of patience and exuberance.

Throughout my research I have found spoken word is incited by religious leaders and even have listened to different sort of works. Interpretation plays a big role in spoken word and when used for overall good can lead others to see things that perhaps they were partial or impartial to prior. People of the world wear a blind eye sometime to the several issues or state that they are overplayed, but in rare form we see that it can be used to sprout hate.

Works Cited:

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*Dear Professor,*

*Finally, we have arrived at Unit four the tricky unit as I like to call it. This definitely was the one that threw me over the edge when I had to commence to turning wordplay into some form of media communication. Far more difficult to implement once you have an overall idea. For me it required creativity and fun. I had my idea but did not play out into fruition as I would have liked.*

Link to follow: https://youtu.be/PFxiEy-79Hc

*Overall the journey to here and now has had its points where I honestly thought I would have made it. I have gained a lot but required more attention and should have had better understanding of the units in order to fully capitalize on them fully. Perhaps the time lost from class and the fact due to my rigorous schedule prohibits me from gaining the best experience I could have had possibly.*