

Personal Narrative About My Grandmother and Identity

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Childhood Identity and Family Background

My name is Taofeek Ibrahim, 19 years of age African kid. I grew up a single kid. I was likewise alone grandchild on the two sides. Familiar with being around grown-ups, I steadily developed for my age. Indeed, even my particular companions regularly irritated me during my young years. I had many individuals who put resources into me, and I exceeded expectations at the majority of my numerous and changed pastimes. When I was growing up, I would observe Big Ten football with my father each Saturday before we'd go outside and hurl the football around. I have adored it from that point onward. Above all, I miss one very important person in my life, my grandmother. She has always been there for me in my difficult and hard times. She makes us laugh when we are having a bad day. She is an all-around great person.

Memories of My Grandmother's Home

I really miss the time, my grandmother's home. On the table is efo, a type of spinach stew. I miss it. She is listening to the radio in her lay-z-boy. The station plays local music in Yoruba.

Grandmother's Hands and Life Experience

I remember holding her hands as a child, how delicate and soft they seemed, yet that never made them seem any less worn or sturdy. Her hands told stories of different times, of different worlds and hardships. She had grown up worlds away from me, in a different land, at a different time, in an era and a life that I would never know. This is a lady who has motivated me to be something incredible one day and to never surrender attempting. In spite of the fact that she might develop into her elderly years, she has carried on an extremely difficult, cheerful, adoring and fruitful life. She is a lady of awesome confidence and character. She is my grandma. It is astounding that she can keep her head up high and her spirits solid through everything. She just influenced me to continue onward and be effective in a similar way that she was. It just gives me some kind of inspiration and a feeling of more noteworthy information. (Erikson, 1968) Realizing that despite the fact that you experience a great deal of things, you can be extremely fruitful, simply like she was.

Lessons in Perseverance and Hope

She causes me to comprehend that I should never surrender. Regardless of whether it is in school or outside of school. On the other hand, it is just part of my everyday life. Simply look to the future, not the terrible circumstances that are going on at this moment. In any case, you should take a gander at the great circumstances that are to come. So, it is kind of the way that I carry on with my life. What's more, that is the way that I wish others would experience it. A man's most essential period in developing identity ranges from birth to six years. In that traverse, my most significant impact originated from my family. When I think about that time before kindergarten, the absolute most vital individual to my advancement was my grandma. She didn't move on from college, yet she had intelligence and delicacy, so few have. My folks worked, so every morning, my mom would drop me off at Grandma's home. I didn't understand it at that point yet; all things considered, this lady had driven a strike. She showed me how to walk and gave me my first piano lessons. Furthermore, throughout my life, I have created numerous diversions.

Emotional Support During Difficult Times

One day, I was extremely troubled and agonizing over returning home. When my grandma realized that I was back, she cooked some pastry for me. Yet, I would not like to eat anything. My grandma was extremely stressed over me, and she asked me what happened. I revealed to her that my instructor required me to pick one story for discourse in the classroom one week from now. I was agonizing over it since I was a modest kid, and I didn't trust that I could do it. After my grandma comprehended the reasons, she snickered at me. I felt so awkward. Hence, I settled on a choice for this discourse. Be that as it may, I generally felt extremely furious about my grandma's conduct, and I would not like to chat with her. For some time, my grandma did not giggle once more. She said this was a decent shot for me and I should attempt to do it. I generally did not have any desire to discuss anything with her. All things considered, my grandma still revealed one story to me. (McAdams, 2001) When she completed this story, she showed me who had the confidence and fortitude to take care of this issue. After that day, my grandma asked for me, who revealed one story to her consistently. Due to my grandma's preparation, I enhanced my discourse, and I ended up overcome. So, I was able to recount this story to my schoolmates in the classroom. In this issue, I realize that nothing is unimaginable. In the event that I need to do anything, at that point, I should be able to do it. On account of what my grandma showed me, I changed the timidity in my life, and I was extremely glad for this change. I didn't feel desolate once more.

Grandmother as Friend Teacher and Role Model

My grandma has had numerous parts throughout my life. In some cases my grandma resembles a closest companion, she would share most intriguing stories to me. Sometimes, my grandma

resembles a thorough educator. She passed much learning from her encounters to me, and she would ask me who must change awful conduct. Now and then, my grandma resembles a cook. She could cook the tastiest sustenance for me. As per my grandma, I understand that my folks work somewhere else in our lives, and they cherish me in particular. In this manner, I feel that my grandma is essential in my life. Moreover, I trust that I keep in mind her showing perpetually, and I feel exceptionally upbeat to have such an astounding grandma.

References

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