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Lessons Shaping Responsibility

Imagine a young girl growing up without the loving touch which only a mother can give. Growing up on the small island of Trinidad & Tobago I learned to value the smallest things in life. It was a tightknit community where everyone not only knew one another, but also helped in times of trouble. We all grew up practically raised by grandparents. I grew up with my grandmother whom I referred to as my super mom for, as long as, I could remember. My mother had left, my brother and I, at a young age for a better life in the United States. She left for her family and didn't think about her children or what would happen to them. People say that it is tough to live without a mother and I would definitely agree to that notion. However, having my grandmother as my super mom wasn't all that bad. My grandmother took care of my brother and me for a decade. She would ensure that we both attend school, have proper shelter, and had food to eat every day. She raised us to be responsible and respectful young adults

After 16 years of living with my grandmother and developing a strong connection and unbreakable bond, my mother returned to Trinidad. When she returned to Trinidad it was only for a two week vacation. My mother explained to my grandmother and I that she will be taking me to America to live with her to further my education. I had the option to stay in Trinidad and with my grandmother's advice/motivation, I looked at it as a great opportunity. I knew it would take hard work & determination to take me far in the future, but I made up my mind to go for it. I wanted to go not only for myself, but also to make my grandmother proud after all she had done for me. I wanted her to see that her work did not go to waste.

In 2014, I moved to America where it was hard for me adapting to the new lifestyle because it was nothing close to what I thought as normal. Getting to know my mother was a big challenge in my life. I was

so used to my grandmother knowing me inside out. For example, my grandmother would know what I like to eat, what my allergies are, and things I like to do. However, it was hard for my mother to know me the way my grandmother did. As the days passed by, our relationship got better because we started doing mother/daughter activities together which made us develop a small bond. We have managed to develop something which was not perfect, but it was somewhere along the line where we had no choice in dealing with one another. My mother and I have had a lot of disagreements than agreement, but I have learned to live with her.

This transitional experience taught me how to handle a lot on my own. It also forced me to be a young adult sooner than I was expecting. I always got what I wanted growing up, but my mother decided that it would change. She made me work for everything I wanted, saving every dime I got in order to get what I wanted. She took me to the bank in order to open up a savings account which really opened up my eyes and taught me to be more responsible when it comes to spending, as well as, balancing money. Sometimes she did help, but I believe it was a lesson I had to learn. Now I have a head start in becoming an adult. I think it will now be easier for me to go to college and deal with different people, as well as, help people in situations similar to mines.

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