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### What my Charter School means to me

In order to explain what my charter school means to me , I need to explain why it means these things to me.

From the time I was 7 years old until I turned 18, my life was just one blow after another. At 7 years old I was taken away from my mother with my three other sisters due to family issues. It just went from bad to worse, from there I moved from one foster family to another until finally after my 4th foster family in a year...The state decided I was too much to handle and too much trouble and put me in the first placement of a eleven , I would be placed in over the next 9 yrs , they were horrible basically child's prisons.

When I turned twelve my great aunt learned I was in a placement called Wedgwood, her and her husband started visiting me and were allowed to take me on home visits. Over the next two years, they battled the courts to be giving permission to adopt me against the advisement of the state. They told them I would never be able to function in society and that they were making a mistake, however my mom and dad did not let that deter them, they were very determined to get me out and help me get a normal life this is one of the four events so far in my life that have changed my life for the better. I went through a lot of hard times after my mom and dad adopted me when I turned fourteen.. It was a very difficult adjustment to go from having that strict and ridged lifestyle very similar to a prison system to having a real family.

I was not always the most grateful to my mother and sometimes I gave her a hard time. Having so many unresolved issues from my horrible childhood and early teen's years caused a lot of mental disorders which I expressed it in the wrong way. From skipping school a lot, 5 major suicide attempts, I just could not handle stress. I was very shy, self-conscience, battled very low self-esteem and self-worth. I always thought people were thinking bad things about me, I dropped out of school in my sophomore year, with a 3.7 GPA, I just I could not handle the social environment at the time. Nobody understood and I was too ashamed to talk about it.

The next major good thing that happened to me at 17 was I reunited with my mother with the approval of my adopted family, for they felt and thought it was the next step towards me getting better and healing. It did help me heal a lot and work through some of my problems.

For the next two year I made leaps and bounds, striving and thriving towards healing, however it was like there was always something holding me back. I got involved with the wrong kind of friends, started drinking and doing small drugs, I was heading down a bad road with no safety net in sight , just when things were getting really bad , that summer I overdosed on sleeping pills ending up in the hospital. I had finally hit rock bottom, when I got out a couple months later, I found out I was pregnant with my oldest daughter that's when things took a turn for the better, this little human was depending on me. Knowing she needed me, made me stop going down that bad road, she completely turned my life around.

Over the next two years I started and stopped school 6 times , trying to earn my GED and realizing it wasn't good fit for me , I could not handle all the testing , the stress finally caught up to me , I quit again.

When my oldest daughter was four months old I found out I was pregnant with my youngest daughter, it really woke me up to the fact that I needed to turn my life around or my children were going to have the same kind of childhood I did. I did not want my children to suffer for my mistakes by this time I was already too old to be enrolled in a regular high school, I thought I was out of options until one day someone mentioned the Insight School of Michigan. I decided to join, it has been amazing and life changing, don't get me wrong it was not all sunshine and rainbows. For example I was doing my first semester while I was six months pregnant , my oldest daughter was 1 1/2 it was extremely hard , but I knew I could not afford to fail again and it was not an option. I was determined and committed to stick with it , staying up until 5 in the morning working on my school work.. Having an eight class course load on top of managing my own household, taking care of my daughter and helping out my grandparents for money, it was a lot of stress and pressure, however I powered through it.

I thought it could not get any worse, but another blow came, in the beginning of my semester of school on March 8th, with another eight class course, 8 1/2 months pregnant I went into labor with my youngest daughter, a month early she was born not breathing, they were not sure how long she'd been without oxygen or if she would even make it, it was touch and go she could either get better or take a turn for the worse. She was on a breathing machine for the first two weeks until she could finally breathe on her own, she had a surgical IV in her belly for her extremely low blood-sugar, plus two more IV's to deliver antibiotics for the ammonia she had in her pre-mature lungs, as well as being on a feeding-tube up until a week before she left NICU. She spent the next month fighting to live and getting better , there was no way she was going to do this alone , so I spent the most of month at the hospital, in special rooms for family members of long term patient. Except for the two days I traveled 2 hours away to spend some time with my oldest daughter. It was very stressful and time consuming I would go up to the NICU, try and get her to eat from a bottle then go sleep for two to three hours, walking to pump for milk, run it back up to her in NICU. I averaged an hour sleep, in between going up to see her, eating, showering and doing my school work.

I was so terrified I was going to fail my classes, absolutely stressed and terrified my daughter was not going to make it. I was so heartbroken being away from my oldest daughter for so long and what it was doing to her that it made it impossible to concentrate on my school work. I was so scared, I was going to fail my courses, but by some miracle, I didn't. In my second semester of school I went from having a one, 1 1/2 year old to having a newborn to take care of on top of everything else. It was extremely hard, I wanted to quit but I knew for my girls I had to get through it, so I powered through it... It was very hard but here I am with only have three classes left, set to be graduating this year.

I am so very proud of myself and I owe it to my charter school, this is what my charter school means to me without it I wouldn't have gotten a second chance at a new beginning that it has provided for me, I am able to complete school in less time, given me the opportunity to be a better mother for I am able to spend more time enjoying my children.

And spend the next few year going to collage enabling me to provide for my daughters and I...And its all due to all of you at The Insight School Of Michigan