

Project05.docx

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Assignment: W01 Writing Project: Personal Narrative**Course: WRIT101.005 - Writing in Professional Contexts****Name: Abiodun Mamiyaa Fadipe****Meeting My Spouse**

I met my spouse during Christmas at one of his cousins' houses in Lagos. It was a warm Saturday evening, and the house was buzzing with excitement, with many people gathered for activities and games. I remember feeling a little awkward and unsure at first, surrounded by so many unfamiliar faces, because it was my first time visiting the family. His cousin's family was like family friends to my family.

Our first real interaction came on the eve of the new Christmas. We were both told to wash tomatoes and peppers. Through our chats, I noticed we had some things in common. On Christmas Day, we were assigned to the same group for a game. I was nervous. I'm not always the best at speaking up in group situations, but he spoke with such calmness and clarity that it put me at ease. As we started the game, I noticed how thoughtful he was in listening to others' ideas and how easily he encouraged those who felt unsure.

After the event of the celebration, we kept in touch. We started talking more regularly, and our friendship deepened. Slowly, our connection grew into something more meaningful. I began to realize how deeply I respected and admired him, not only for his kindness and intelligence but for his unwavering faith.

When he proposed, and I accepted his proposal, it felt like the most natural decision I'd ever made. Marrying him has been one of the greatest blessings of my life. Our journey from quiet strangers at a family's house to lifelong partners taught me that

love often begins in small, quiet moments of shared purpose and grows through mutual respect and faith.

The Day a Child Was Born

The day my first child was born is a day I will not forget. It was a mixture of anxious anticipation, overwhelming joy, and deep gratitude. My husband and I had waited nine months, preparing for that life-changing moment as a new parent to be. When the day finally arrived, I was the only one at home, so I rushed to the hospital, with pains and my heart racing with excitement and nerves. The labor process was long and but stress-free.

When I finally heard the soft, trembling cry of my newborn son, it felt as if time stood still. I was given my baby to carry, and there he was, small, fragile, and incredibly beautiful. Seeing him for the first time, wrapped in a white hospital blanket, was awesome. I gently held him in my arms, and he instinctively wrapped his tiny fingers around one of mine. That simple touch carried a world of meaning. I realized then that I was holding a miracle, someone who would rely on me for love, protection, and guidance.

In that moment, I was overwhelmed by a rush of emotions: relief that he was healthy. I called my husband to give him the good News; not quiet he arrived. He carried our son with care and joy in his heart. He showed me gratitude for my strength, and an enormous sense of responsibility. I was no longer just a woman or a wife, I was a mother. That realization changed something inside me. I started to see the world differently, not just through my own eyes but through the lens of someone entrusted with raising and nurturing a child.

Since that day, motherhood has brought me countless lessons. I've learned that love is shown through small, consistent actions, rocking him to sleep, changing diapers, and staying up during sleepless nights. Though the journey is not always easy, the rewards are immeasurable. The birth of my son gave me a deeper appreciation for life, for family, and the divine gift of parenthood.

Developing Talent

As a child, I loved engaging in handcrafts. While most kids play away, I found myself creating things from my imagination. Still, I never thought of myself as particularly talented; creating things with beads and sewing was something fun to do. I would often hide my some of the things I create, convinced that they weren't "good enough" to be shown to others. That self-doubt stayed with me well into my teenage years.

One evening, after much encouragement from one of my aunts, I decided to learn beading online. The first flower vase I made ² didn't come out the way I hoped. I compared myself constantly to others and felt frustrated. But my instructor noticed my efforts and gave me feedback that focused more on my progress than my mistakes.

She encouraged me to practice every day and not to fear imperfections. "Even some mistakes can become a design," She once said. Slowly but surely, I started improving. My craft grew more confident and refined. I started experimenting with different beads, designs, and objects like keyholders, etc. Eventually, I felt brave enough to post my work online. To my surprise, people responded with kindness and enthusiasm. Their feedback inspired me to keep going.

Developing my talent taught me more than how to create things, but it taught me patience, discipline, and the importance of pushing past self-doubt. I learned that talent is often not something you're born with fully formed, but something you cultivate through

effort and resilience. Today, crafting with beads is not just a hobby for me; it's a part of who I am.

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