I often like to joke around and say that English is not my first language. Though it is the only language I can read, write, and understand. The reason I say this is because English is not my mother’s first language. She was born and raised in Nigeria, primary speaking Yoruba. When I was young, she would speak to us in her native tongue, until she was told bad advise not to, for fear she would “mess up" our development. From there on out my mother would only talk to us in English. Small issue, she wasn’t 100% fluent. She could only teach us so much. Mixed with the switch between languages, it led to a speech impediment from attempting to unlearn certain dialects and sounds used in Yoruba.

This trademark became the butt end of many of the jokes made throughout school. It was an extremely isolating time in my education. I feared asking questions even when I was struggling. I would have rather been confused than be seen as incompetent or stupid. Driven by the harmful mindset that not knowing is never acceptable. But thankfully this cancerous outlook on my education was killed by the aid and support of family, friends and of course speech therapy.

Speech therapy presented a new perspective of what education can be to me. That it is only through trial and error that we have truly gained. Whether that is experience, knowledge, or even insights on ourselves. Knowing that perfection is not a prerequisite that deems someone “worthy" of knowledge. But rather the desire to know more and become more. By filling yourself with knowledge, it leaves no room for ignorance and self pity.

Through this and like experiences, I had found a drive within myself that yearns for the next adventure to tackle. That next adventure being college. There is so much more out there for me to learn, both in my intended major and about myself. Its not that I found pleasure in failing but I found comfort in knowing that, to fail is to learn.