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Grant Hilliard

Humanities-¾

18 Sept. 2013

**The Journey**

My family, through the entire struggle, through all of the hardship, through all of the name-calling and disrespect has been successful. My great aunt is a congresswoman, my grandfather is a retired dentist, and my dad is a doctor. Another great aunt has been the president of numerous universities, my great grandfather was a doctor, the other great grandfather was a lawyer and his father, my great great grandfather, was a fire chief. All of these professions required a college degree or graduate degree. The amount of work that they had to put into school was immense. My family is African American and throughout history they were not respected because the color of their skin was a color like dirt. My relatives broke down barriers for my family and for all African Americans.

 Education in my family is very important. It all started with my great great great grandfather Richard Holmes. He was a slave in Virginia and he ran away from slavery just before the Civil war. It took a few weeks before he found himself in Washington D.C. He wanted to become a minister and was my first family member to attend college at Howard University, in Washington D.C. During this time, it was one of the few colleges to accept African American students so this school is a very large part of my family history. Howard taught five generations of my family, my great great great grandfather, my great great grandfather, my great grandfathers, my grandfather, my grandmother, and my mother. My mother is encouraging my sister and me to go to Howard to keep the tradition alive but we are both considering other colleges. My mother recognizes that because she and my other family members graduated from Howard. She says, “Howard has taught

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most of my family, I hope you kids make the right decision.” My sister and I have the opportunity to attend the college of our choice perhaps even a more prestigious school.