A New Perspective

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Throughout my life, I never understood why my parents were always on me about everything that I did, whether it was good or bad. I always asked myself, why does everything I do have to be wrong? I just did not understand how and why I was always doing something wrong. Sometimes I would try to argue whatever I was doing was right, but they would always come back saying they were just trying to make me a better person. Even though they always said that they would never tell me something to hurt me but help me, I never listened to them until I got to my senior year of high school. Most of my life I could not understand why I was always doing wrong, but it was because I didn’t listen to what they had to say. Instead, I was focused on how I was right and why they did not see that.

All of my life, my mom and dad have been teaching me how to make the right choices, so that I could make the right choice on my own once I’m older. They taught me what was right and wrong by questioning me to see if I knew what I was getting myself into at the time. One day, my friends asked me if I wanted to go to a party on Saturday night. I told them I would have to ask my parents if I could go and I would get back to them with the answer. Knowing that the party was in a somewhat unacceptable area and that anyone could attend the party, I did not know what my parents’ answer would be. In the back of my mind, I knew that there was a 90% chance that they would say no, but I asked anyway, hoping to get shocked with a yes. I was wrong. They said no and proceeded to question me on why it wasn’t a good idea to go to the party. They asked me questions like: Do you think it good for someone your age to attend a party like that? Do you know specifically what neighborhood this party is being held? Being only somewhat familiar with this area was not good enough because my parents knew exactly where
it was and at the time it was not a good neighborhood at all. Being sixteen, I did not understand why they wouldn’t let me go when my friends’ parents let them go. I looked past the questions they asked me and focused on trying to understand the reason that they wouldn’t let me go. But the answer was right in front of me. It seemed like I didn’t want to agree with their real reason, which was in the questions they asked. It turned out that someone got seriously injured at the party, but even after finding that out, I still questioned my parents’ decision.

I was hardheaded at that age. I wasted my time questioning my parents, when the answers I was looking for were right in my face. Now that I understand why my parents always questioned me, my perspective about how parents treat their children has changed. Now that I have to make my own choices, I question myself every time, and such thoughtfulness helps because now I know right from wrong. I am still at an age when my parents are teaching me how to be a better person, and now I listen to them fully, because most likely every time, they will have something to say that will help me in the long run.