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Who is my Haitian Hero and why?

They say the weight of the world rests on Atlas shoulders, a burden of myth and legend. But I know a different kind of hero, one who carries a weight far more profound, etched not in stone, but in the resilient spirit of my mother. She did not hold up the sky, but she held my childhood together- balancing two jobs, sleepless nights, and the weight of dreams too heavy for one person to carry alone. Her love was never loud; it was in the extra hours she worked so I could have a warm meal, in the lullabies she hummed even when her voice was hoarse, in the way she never let me see how much she struggled. While others look to gods and titans, I see a quiet heroism in the silver threads of her hair, a testament to the future she bled into existence for me. And so, I realize she is not just my mother, but the quiet epic of my life, the Hero whose love song echoes in every beat of my heart.

Growing up "home" wasn't just a place; it was the embodiment of my mother's unwavering spirit. I was the sole fruit of her womb, and she was the sun around which my world revolved. I witnessed the relentless dance between providing for my needs and nurturing my dreams. From youth's first light, I understood that every meal on the table, every school trip, every book was a testament to her tireless efforts. I remember the early morning, the smell of coffee permeating the air as she prepared for her first job. Then after a respite, she would head out again, her energy boundless. There were times when I would fall asleep waiting for her, only to wake up and find her gone, a note on the table and a kiss on my forehead. These moments, tinged with a child's longing, instilled in me a profound respect for her dedication.

There were times when I saw the exhaustion in her eyes, the weariness in her steps. But she never complained, never faltered. She carried her burdens with dignity, always my needs

before her. Her strength became my inspiration, her resilience my guiding light. I knew that I had to make her sacrifices worthwhile, that I had to strive for excellence in everything I did.

Education became my way of repaying her sacrifices, my way of proving that every sleepless night, every aching muscle, every missed moment of rest was not in vain. My mother never had the opportunity to earn a master's degree, but she planted within me the belief that knowledge was the key to breaking cycles, to building a life beyond survival. She worked endlessly so that I could dream freely, without the constraints of financial insecurity dictating my future. Therefore, the arc of my academic journey is shaped by the quiet strength of my mother's unwavering faith—a testament merely to achievement, and to love that long before the world did.

"Behind every fulfilled dream stands a silent hero, whose sacrifices shape the path to greatness" My mother is that hero, she is the embodiment of strength, love and resilience. She is the reason I dare to dream—the foundation upon which I build my future. As I move forward, I carry her lesson with me in my pursuit of education and in the way I approach life. She taught me that true strength lies in selflessness, that love is often woven into unseen sacrifices, and the greatest heroes are sometimes the ones who move through life quietly, shaping the world not with grand gestures but with unwavering devotion.

Therefore, this journey is not mine, it is hers too. It is a love letter to the woman who gave everything so that I could have something more. A tribute to the silent hero who, without a word, taught me the most powerful lessons of all: that resilience and sacrifices can build a future far greater than the one we were given. Her story is not one of myth, but of the quiet strength of a single mother who defied the odds and created a better life for her child. And for that I will always admire her.