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University 101

17 November 2014

Cross Cultural Reflection

My cultural heritage is a very interesting one. My mother and father were both born in the Caribbean. My mother is from the island of Trinidad and my Father is from the Island of Barbados. I am very proud of the heritage I come from. I embrace not only the very warm weather and beautiful scenery of the Islands but also the history, music, festivals, and foods as well. My family always makes trips down to Trinidad and Barbados and when I go I am taken away by the people. Everything there is unique from the fact that they drive the opposite side of the road to the scenic palm trees and clear skies. Barbados was originally owned by the British, which is why they have adopted the same government. Barbados is known for the colors of their flag Blue and Yellow (like Pace) and their beautiful oceans. When I went to Barbados about 4 years ago I felt at peace with myself. Barbados has some of the clearest oceans i've ever seen and the water isn't choppy like here in the United States but calm. My dad took me all around the island to Harrisons Cave where many people used to dig for gold, to the Plantation which culminates Barbadian culture in the rhythms and roots of the island. My father went to one of the most prestigious secondary schools in Barbados, Harrison College. He took me to his old school and showed me around as I experienced the history of the school. The buildings rich with stories. Another thing that interested me about the Island was the fact that when it rained no one pulled out umbrellas. One day it was raining really hard and my family and I were running finding a place to stay dry. Meanwhile all the other people in town were walking going about their day like nothing was happening. My father explained to me how it didn't rain often in Barbados and when it did it wouldn't rain for long. So all the people who knew that eventually it would stop didnt bother to bring umbrellas, after all they do live in a tropical island. During that trip I reflected on the person I was. I learned so much about the country that I told myself that later in my life I would have to show my children and teach them about the island just as my father had taught me. Living in such a diverse country like America has helped because I know I am not the only one of Caribbean descent living here. Many people from the Caribbean live in Brooklyn, the town where I grew up in. The blend of cultures of the people whether they be from Trinidad, Barbados, Haiti, Jamaica, and Guyana we all share one common thing, to know what it is like to be from the Caribbean. All I hope is that my children get a chance to go “back to the homeland” as my father would say. It is literally a once in a lifetime experience that everyone should take part in. I'm sure everyone from my family whether it be my generation of 5 generations in the future will know what being in the “homeland” feels like.