

## **The Way I Will Be Remembered To Be a poem**

by Ayesha Karim

We were each given a list of words and asked to circle the words we felt described us.  
The word that I circled was Self Aware.

Self-awareness takes me back to the first Just Friends/Becoming Friends Holiday Party,  
the first NAMI Mercer Holiday party I ever went to.

I remember a white male acquaintance I say that because I don't consider him a friend  
giving me his Bingo to fill something in and I wrote Swahili in the box that said  
"language associated with Kwanzaa", the African American Holiday.  
I remember looking back and how proud of myself I was that I knew the answer to that  
question.  
Here I was a Schizophrenic black young woman but I knew the answer and very  
excitedly filled "Swahili" into the young man's Bingo Sheet.

That was what I remember from the first Christmas I spent with my friends at NAMI  
Mercer.

I don't think I'd be writing this poem if I hadn't started to accept myself after turning  
thirty, five years ago.

I am so thankful to God for my positive self-image and that I really can say I like myself.

I'm not anybody's favorite person and I've never been popular or really fit in anywhere  
but I can say I really like myself.

There's hope for all of us!