



JADE DAVIS

My name on my birth certificate is Jade Davis. Jade is a beautiful mineral. The color, so kind. Just like my name. My name welcomes you with warm arms. I like writing very much. I have six siblings—three younger and three older. Three live in Dacula, Georgia, and three live in Savannah. I am 11 years old, almost the youngest in the class. I am the funny/lact-slow one in the class. Act-slow doesn't mean a bad thing. Act-slow actually makes people happy and makes them laugh, just like I do. My name's Jade Davis. Call me Jade.

THE TIMELINE OF JADE DAVIS

Chapter 1: A Treacherous Start

My life started the day my mom got pregnant with me. One day, my daddy was talking to some friends, and my mom called him for something, some random thing I don't quite know. My dad talks a lot, so it was going to take him a while. He talks so much even the birds say, "Shhh!"

Because he was talking too much and too long, my mom got his gun and shot my dad. She's bipolar. One minute she's happy as a lamb, the next, she's crazy as a bull.

My dad's friends started running. They hopped in the car so fast, the car bounced all the way to heaven.

A few minutes later, my dad's mom came over to my mom's house. My dad was wrapped up in the covers and sweating like a bull.

My grandma asked, "Haniff, what's wrong?"

My dad replied, "Ma, I don't feel good."

My grandma said, "Okay." She sounded a little lost and thought everything seemed suspicious, but she left. Later, one of my dad's friends told my grandmother he had been shot.

That was just one of the treacherous events that started my life.

On January 19, 2005, the second and most treacherous event occurred. I was only six months old. My dad was picking up my cousin from night school. A white SUV pulled up and someone inside shot my dad in the head. The man's name was Reginald Lynch, and that's all I want to say about that.

After the shooting, my grandma was screaming at the police to let her see her son. He was dead. Everyone was depressed to find out that he died in this way. He was a proud man, and he went to church regularly. At his funeral, people packed the house. The church didn't have any seats left. Some people at the funeral were dressed in church clothes, and some people were wearing pants sagging around their knees.

And that was the treacherous event that started my life. My father was really the only one at that time who took care of my siblings and me. Eventually, we would get taken away from our mom.

Chapter 2: My Worst Day

My worst day is the day I went to foster care. I found out a lot of things that day. I always wondered where my dad went. I came to realize he was dead, and I was really sad. I heard he was a proud father. I heard he used to carry me in a baby sling everywhere he went like a mama kangaroo carrying its joey. He always took care of me, and he risked his life for me.

They told me my mom was coming back the next day. I was as happy as SpongeBob when I heard that. I later found out they just said that to make me feel better, because she wasn't coming back.

On that day, I felt as depressed as a bear with no honey. So did my siblings. We ran around the parking lot until they caught us. I didn't drop a sweat. We ran like those people on the TV show *Cops*. The workers were the cops, and we were the criminals.

I cried the whole way to my new foster home. When we got to the house, I cried some more. A baby just being born cries a lot, but I cried more. I got to a brick house. I felt lost when I got into the house, but I was still crying.

That brick house was my new home. Nothing was ever good in there. Some of the people were nice; the others were mean. There were seven kids!

That's how I started coming to Isle of Hope. I was four at the time and had behavior issues. If someone did something I didn't like, I would yell like a hunter being chased by a tiger.

There are seven of us brothers and sisters, and we're separated. Three of my siblings are in Dacula, and three are in Savannah. We are separated like earth and heaven.

That was the worst day ever in my life.

Chapter 3: Hope

I live with my grandmother now. I call her Mama when I want something. She gives me everything I need—food, water, clothing, and housing. She even gives me things I can't touch—the things that some kids in the world today don't even get from their parents. She gives me love, affection, and protection. Even though these are all things you can't touch, it makes me feel appreciated. My grandmother is the light in my life that never stops glowing.

I still go to Isle of Hope K-8. This is my sixth year. I go to church regularly on a daily basis. This is my first year in Deep, and I love my instructors. They encourage my writing and make me so happy—happy as any mom when they find out their child has all 100s, all Es, and got invited to the White House. I love my life!