



"Brooklyn – Only the strong survive"

The phrase is meant to be cute and sell shirts, but the message could be true of many places.

The comments on my blog described a wide variety of early life circumstances, some happy, even idyllic, but many that were not at all.

The setting of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn was the early 1900s. Yet the message echoed in 1940s Brooklyn where not much had changed beyond a different cacophony of languages in the apartment buildings and row houses.

Later as a teenager in the 60s, a song related the same message. "There is a Rose in Spanish Harlem" (link at end)

That is a section of New York City with a large Latino population and a rich cultural heritage. This song is about a rose that grows through the concrete in the city, always shaded from the sun. The rose is a metaphor for the girl who thrives in those circumstances just like the girl on the fire escape.

Yesterday I read a blog by Mamadee16 which inspired my thoughts today.

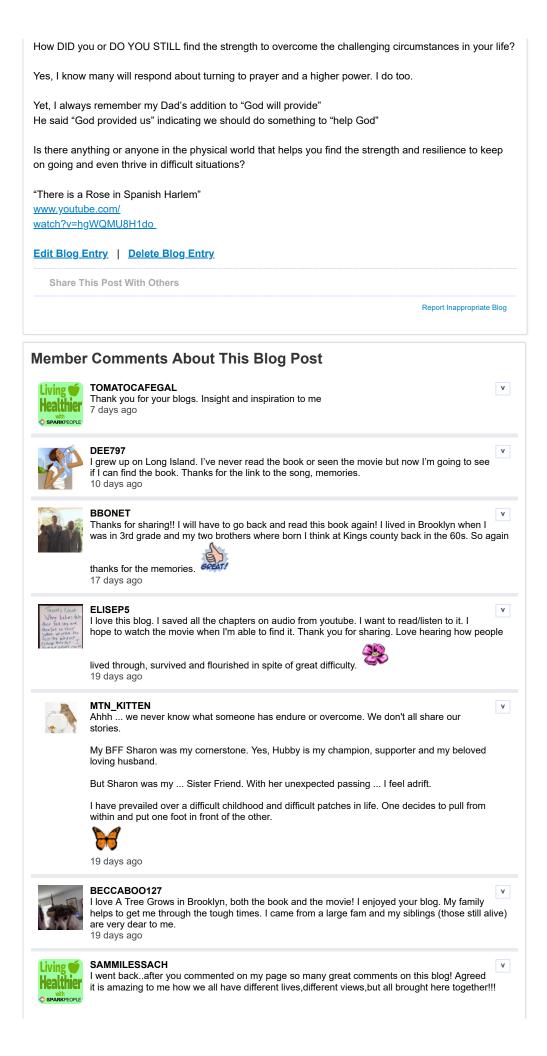
Work on being in love with the person in the mirror who has been through so much but is still standing.

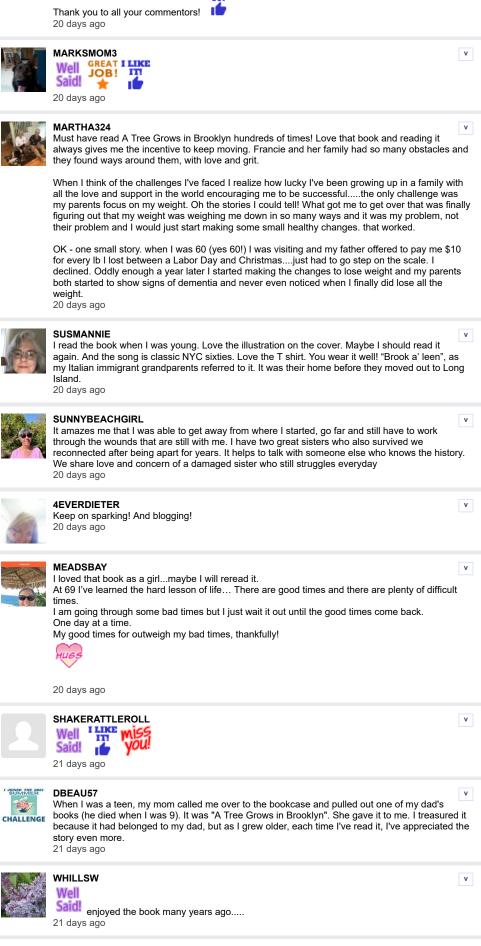


There are many kinds of challenges that we must strive to overcome. You can read her story here. <u>www.sparkpeople.</u> <u>com/mypage_public_journal_</u> <u>individual.asp?blog_id=6757673</u>

Sadly, not everyone in similar situations does survive let alone thrive. This past year has provided much time to think about that.

Yet here we all are - "Still Standing"





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PATRICIAAK 'Work on being in love with the person in the mirror who has been through so much but is still standing' I would add 'and continues to grow in kindness and love.' 21 davs ado SUNNYCALIGIRL It is prayer and studying my faith--and connecting with other people. Gentle, kind, compassionate people who nurture. Once in a while, I like to believe that in return I mentor or nurture others as well. Thank you for sharing this. 21 davs ado JUDYD207 Well Said! 21 days ago WATERMELLEN I did read this book when I was a little girl -- never saw the movie -- and absolutely it inspired me. I tried to imagine what kind of tree it was -- decided that it must have been like a Manitoba maple because there were several of these in my childhood neighbourhoods and I loved to climb them!! That little Francie may have grown up in greater poverty than I did and of course in a much more urban environment: but she experienced so much love and caring. I quite envied her!!! 21 days ago AZMOMXTWO this is a great blog 21 days ado JUNETTA2002 Thanks for sharing. 21 days ago WEDDWT Yesterday we had our asphalt driveway seal coated, so the day before I pulled the weeds that popped thru the imperceptible cracks where teeny tiny seeds found openings to enter, sprout, and reach toward the light. Similarly, most humans do the same, right? Instead of assuming "I can't", we stand and look up, towards the Light, and start moving in that direction. When you're in the darkness, and hope is waning, the faintest light is pretty easy to see. 21 days ago **KITTYHAWK1949** I have been blessed or lucky not to have very many challenges or at least I don't feel that I did until late in life. My biggest challenge was adopting my younger son (I was in late 50s). A challenge that I don't feel I did very well but after 9 or 10 years he has changed so much. The anger isn't so bad and he doesn't act out like he did and I feel we even have a fairly good relationship now but except for the fact that I lived through it, I'm not sure that I did that much to cause the positive change in him. But on the other hand if I hadn't adopted him and kept him, I doubt he'd have ever changed and most likely would be in lots of trouble. He drove me crazy and I acted crazy a lot of those 9+ years but even crazy, it was a better environment than what he had most of the 9 years before I adopted him. Loved the song. I remember listening to it a lot in my teens as had it on an album. 21 days ago

JPPERSELL

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My life hasn't been so easy. Mind you it is getting easier now that I am getting older with my sons grown but I have had a hard time. Been up and down with life. Almost took my life one time. That was a very bad time for me. I am glad that I have come to the realization that life can be good if you look for things to be able to enjoy it. My husband through all of this has been my rock and pillar of strength. We have been married for 32 years and will probably be married for the rest of our lives. That has been something I am very proud of and it keeps me going. 21 days ago

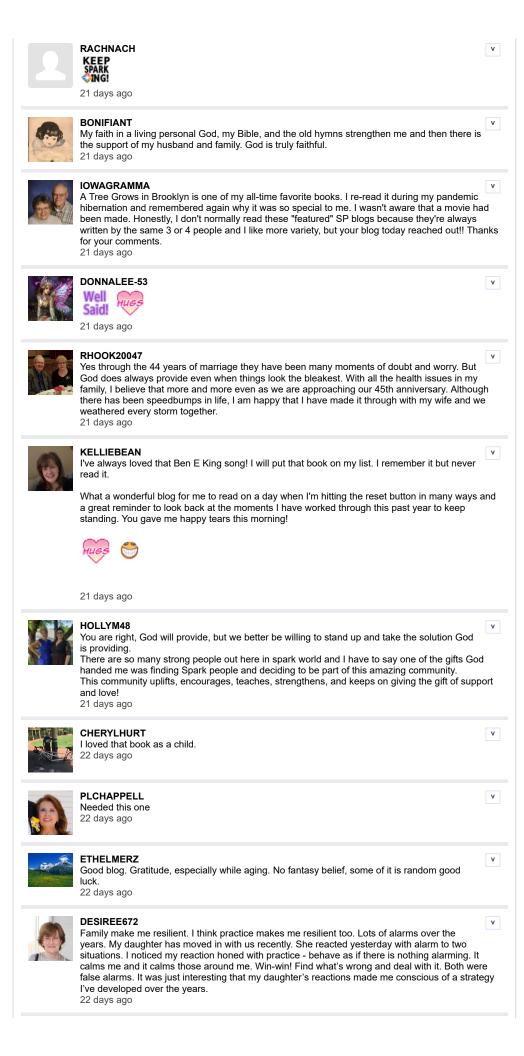


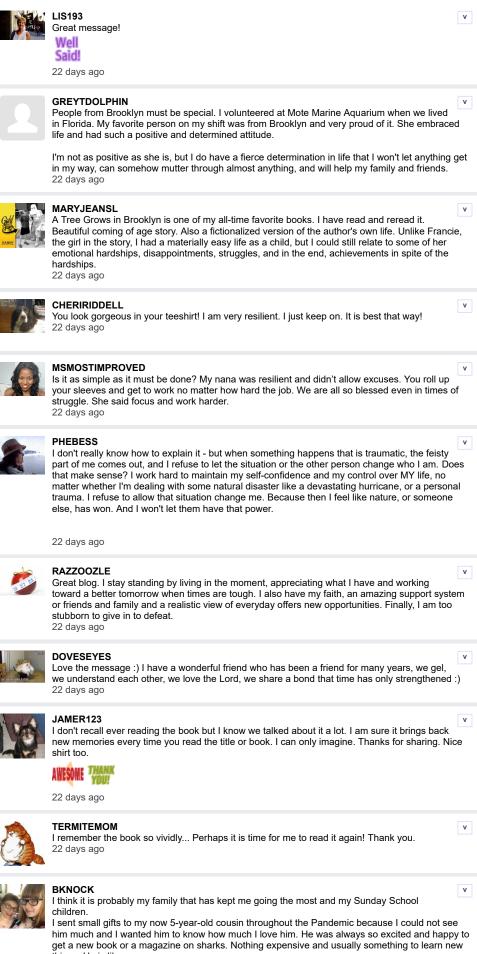
WALKINTOFIT

i found my faith in God sitting in a tree out front of the house I grew up in.... loved that tree, spent many hours sitting up in the lofty branches... I still want to b in a tree, but mine aren't big enough to climb yet ... I will c if i can find that book to read.

I had a birthday on the 10th and thought about "Yes I made it to 63 and living takes skill! U got this!

through the grace of God 21 days ago





I also sent my Sunday School kids notes and cards to help them through this time. To let them



things. He is like a sponge.

know that they are loved. Some of them live in tough situations and not going to school has been hard on them

My Mom always needs me and my teenager and they have brought me great joy. I am so happy that I have been able to work from home to help my Mom out when she needs it. My teenager and I have gotten closer again,

I am one of the lucky ones because I have kept my job (work my butt off) and none of us have had the virus.

My Mom was also born in Brooklyn in a German area and has shared many stories about growing up.

I always found it interesting because my Aunt always talked about how poor they were and how she hated growing up that way but my Mom was always content and never complained she said that they always had enough food and she was friends with twins and got their hand me downs and was happy to have two of everything. We all have different outlooks on life and I am glad that I am more like my Mom and I can find contentment staying at home. We love to watch our backyard birds!

22 days ago



HAYBURNER1969

v I read "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" several years ago (checked it out from the library, as I recall). I might just have to download it to my e-reader now. I have always felt very lucky that I was able to bloom in some pretty nice locations. I often remember my ancestors who were not as fortunate and still managed to thrive. That gives me strength to get through anything that might seem unbearable in my own life. I sometimes think, "Well, I'm not picking coal. That was a lot harder." 22 days ago

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