



The foster life

Oregon Foster Youth Connection is a statewide, youth-led advocacy group of current and former foster youths ages 14 to 25. OFYC trains and empowers youths to actively participate in the development of policies, programs and practices that improve the lives of the thousands of kids in foster care. Today they've decided to share some of themselves with you.

By DeAnna

She was a diamond lost between the cracks of social norm. A young girl with no stability and no control. She never had a consistent home. Addictions were the only thing she was ever shown.

She's a disaster with an innocent smile. A storm ranging in a precious mind. A brain that had limitless secrets to hide. She was everything and anything but a naive child.

When she was drowning in doubts she learned drugs made life's problems disappear. She learned it made people's faces fuzzy, and the venomous words no longer hurt. She saw her body change but she wasn't fazed. The disgust on people's face when her problems came uncaged was nothing compared to self-hate locked in her brain.

She wasn't always this way. Growing up in the system, she was told she's just another kid in need of a new foster home. Sometimes she wished time could rewind and she could try life in a different time.

She deserved more. More than sleep that consisted of constant nightmares. More than parents that forgot her. More than the hurtful words of strangers taunting her. She deserved more. She deserved to know she could never be replaceable.

Empty Promises

By Glayz Welch

My entire life is fueled off of
The empty promises
"I promise this is a forever thing"
"I will never leave again"
"You will always be my baby girl"
"I swear you're the only one"
And that's only a few of them
The list goes on and on
It surely doesn't help when my Daddy
sometimes says,
"Try not to keep your hopes up
You'll just regret it in the end"
And then there goes my Mommy,
"I wish I'd never let you in
I truly don't want to see you,
Never again"
I mean,
I know my Daddy is a drunk

And my Momma's an addict, too
But I really thought
For once that
Their love had broken through
I know everybody says
My parents will always care
But if I'm being honest
I just want them to be there
If not for me,
Then most certainly
For the siblings that I love
Because in my mind
There is a list and they are most
certainly above
They're my little angels
No matter what bad they have done
I will always love them for being them
All four of them, not just one.

By DeAnna

I wake up in the morning and tell myself it's going to be OK. I walk out of my room and have to remind myself that this family isn't the same.

Every home is different, the rules always change. Stability is a luxury not a lot of us are given a chance to waste. Cultures are different, we're never raised one way. Growing up with strangers, sometimes it's hard to stay sane. Counseling is a given, we're all fucked up some way. Adults like to make our life seem like a game THEY can dictate.

Schools change and friends are hard to make. Moving from house to house messes with a young brain.

My parents are still in the picture much to some people's distaste. Adoption's a word that's always shoved in my face. My decision doesn't matter because of my age. I'm unlucky enough to fall in an awkward age frame. I'm too young to have a say but old enough to have a functioning brain. I know everything that's going on, whether people like it or not. Some people want to shelter me but what they're too blind to see, is growing up in the system, you're not given a chance to be naive.

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