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January 29, 2019

A Microsystem is like the inner circle of a person's life. It is the immediate interactions with the people they see and talk to the most. At the age of 11, my microsystem consisted of a ritualistic viewing of the Power Rangers after school, reading tutors, and squabbles with my siblings. I am part of a family of 5: Mom, Dad, Catie and Patrick. My brother and I are only one year apart, while my sister and I are 4. I was the middle child, and often felt alone. My parents were starting to have marital problems. By the 5th grade, I walked to and from school alone. At school I felt isolated and stupid a lot, because I would have to get taken out of class to read with a reading specialist, because I had dyslexia. I was terrified of someone finding out, and people discovering I couldn't read. My main teacher, Mrs. Russell, was a saint to me. She made me feel welcomed and ok, and helped me always. I loved joking around with the people in my class. I was friends with most of the kids, and always had something to do at recess. The only teacher I ever disliked, even to this day, was Ms. McFarren. I have a clear memory of her giving a class and informal spelling bee, and asking me to spell the word knife. She was the reason I changed to a private school specializing and teaching kids with learning disabilities.

The most prominent example of the Mesosystem in my 5th grade year, was when my parents went to pack to school night. We always left something for them to see, work we had done, on our desks the day of. My parents always said my teachers said I was doing good, and they like the poem I wrote. I always wanted more, I wanted to know exactly what they said, exactly what they like. When my mom would meet my friends, she was always so sweet. I think all my friends liked my mom. They definitely didn't dislike her, but she was always sweet like

honey, and we would always have the best snacks at my house for playdates. I think she also wanted to leave a good impression on my friends for me because she knew I struggled with feeling alone because of my fear. My dad was there more for the summer season. A three of his children were on the swim team, and he volunteered his time to record the times and make the spreadsheets. I always felt important among my swimming peers because of this. I was allowed to go under the tent where the computers were located and talk to the other volunteers, because they all knew me because of my dad. To everyone else, our family was functioning and happy, sometimes even to me.

My parents were both lawyers when I was younger. We lived in an antique looking house, filled with antique looking things. My parents were different types of lawyers, but I only ever saw where my mom worked. On bring-your-child-to-work-day, they would stick us in a big board room with spinning chairs, and try to get us to play Monopoly, but that never entertained us for long. When I was 11, the only vacation we took was to Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. This was an annual trip, and we went with my dad's entire family. This always seemed to stress out my mom, because she didn't like my aunt Stephanie. I didn't like her either. She would call my Aunt Chris for back up (she's not really my aunt, but one of my mom's friends), and she would come over and make all us kids chicken nuggets. This was like a breath of fresh air from all the adults little side comments. I think one of the reasons my mom and dad fought was because she didn't like how he handled his side of the family, which almost like not handling them. I didn't realize this then.

I'm a little scared to describe my Macrosystem. I am proud of who I am and what my parents do, but I'm always worried I will say something that might come off as ignorant. I am

Irish, Polish, and Scottish. My whole family burns in the summer time like crazy. My father is Roman Catholic, so all three of his children are also Roman Catholic. I'm not sure what I believe now, or if I ever believed everything they told me at church. My siblings and I went for Sunday School class every Sunday for 10 years of our lives. I know the prayers and I know the songs. I believe there is something holy in them, but I want to be able to find what it is for myself, not because a lady in a class said it was. I definitely lived in an urban setting. Arlington, Virginia is right outside DC, which acted as my backyard almost. I'm more than thankful now for growing up so close to all that history, diversity, and news. I feel it made me who I am, because I was so informed and close to the day to day. I would say my class was definitely upper middle class. I didn't understand what this meant until I got to high school. Most people in NOVA (which is North Virginia) has a reputation for being upper middle class. I know we get some hate for it. I try to be as aware of everyone and their situations so I'm not insensitive.

For the Chronosystem, the only thing I remember is Obama being re-elected. I also remember in the 2nd grade we had a mock election, and I proudly voted for Obama. I was excited when he won again when I was 11. My family was always very open to ideas and opinions, to discuss anything. We watched the news. A lot. My mom is a democrat, and my dad is a republican, so I felt educated on both fronts. My sister was also always throwing in her two sense as well. It was a mixing pot of ideas and arguing and debating. I know other things were happening in the world, like wars and shootings, but I either didn't understand or didn't hear about it. And that is my life at the age of 11 in the scope of Urie Bronfenbrenner's model.