

Recipient of Florida Chapter's Scholarship



Esther Coley

My name is Esther Coley, a graduate of Camperdown High School. I was born on August 29 1992. I attended Greenwich All Age School where I sat the Grade Six Achievement Test (GSAT) in the year 2004 and was granted a place at Camperdown High School based on my performance on the examination. While at Camperdown High School I obtained satisfactory grades. I adhered to the rules of the school and displayed exemplary conduct. I have always aimed at being a role model to my peers.

In my fourth year at Camperdown High, the teachers realised that I exhibited wonderful leadership qualities and gave me the responsibility of a Prefect. I am still a Prefect and based on my performance in this domain, my duties were extended. In fifth form I sat seven (7) subjects in the CSEC examination and was successful in all of them, obtaining two distinctions, four credits and a pass. I am

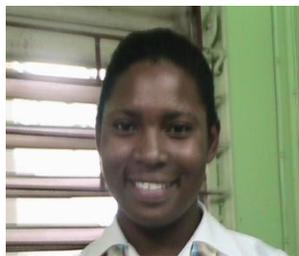
presently at the sixth form level where I am doing four (4) C.A.P.E. subjects

My great determination and focus on my goals, exemplary conduct, and humility in seeking assistance from more than willing teachers have helped to mold and inspire me to work hard. I was also chosen to be a part of the Camperdown netball team, drama club and literary and debating society. In addition my success in the external exams (CSEC), my participation in co-curricular activities such as steel band, karate club and volleyball have made me an eligible candidate for Camperdown High School's Sixth Form Program, where I am currently pursuing further studies in the Social Sciences.

At the end of this course I have every intention of pursuing higher education at the university level in order to achieve my career dream of becoming a Chartered Accountant.

Solum Optima Petenda Sunt - "Only The Best Is Good Enough"

Recipient of Michelle Morrell-Edwards Scholarship



Keneisha Lee Byfield

Waking up and going to bed every day is always hell, for I always fear that someone will come into the house and kill me, or even worse rape me, because I live alone now due to my mother's death. My older sister moved out a couple months ago claiming that mom was haunting her, but I say it's probably her conscience. She dropped out of university two months after mom's death due to her pregnancy. However, for me I'm focused on my studies. I hope I do my best in my studies and make my mom proud.

All this thinking came about after mom's funeral when persons (mom friends) came over trying to comfort me and telling me of my mother's life and my existence.

It was mid-February when mom found out that she was pregnant and when she told my dad he out rightly said he wanted nothing to do with this child. Being insistent to have a father in her child's life, she annoyed him every day that she wanted her child to have a father. I was told of the abuses, humiliation and embarrassments she suffered at his hands. Later she learnt that another woman was pregnant by him. Seven months later my brother and I were born and due to her prolonged efforts, he agreed to take care of me but not to play a role in my life (brother died at age 1 due to a severe case of pneumonia). I guess she gave up and agreed.

At eleven years old, I still did not know my father but my curiosity grew; I was insistent to meet my dad. On my next birthday I met him and learnt that all my life he had lived next door to me and I was never informed of the deal that was made. However, we hardly spoke after our little introduction. I didn't care, I just wanted to know that I knew my dad but this bothered me. I saw him one Thursday and went over for a hug but was silenced by a push. Stunned, I went crying to mom who eventually calmed me down and comforted me but then

said my dad really loved me, and that he didn't mean it. She never once spoke badly of him but I wanted to know why this loving, caring man and my mother weren't together. Why I didn't know him until I asked? But none of my questions were answered.

Two days later on my way home from school a man stopped me and told me that someone had just killed my father, he was shot 26 times. I cried so hard, feeling like something was being ripped out of me. I didn't cry because of his death (I could not have cared less) but rather that we left off on a wrong page and that I hardly knew him.

Mom was there for me, giving me everything and anything I ever wanted. She now, more than ever, played the role of mommy and daddy. She was a simple girl from Clarendon who lived in poverty and struggled all throughout her life. She took care of her mother at the age of 17, worked hard to send herself to school and assisted her younger brothers and sisters. She slept on the ground in an old building but worked to earn enough to rent her own place when her older brother put her out when she became pregnant with my brother and later my sister. On the contrary, when I was born none of this mattered; I was the centre of her life, the joy of her days and everything worth living for.

Three years after dad's death, mom was diagnosed with breast cancer but out of fear she never saw a doctor. So in 2008 it got worse so she eventually had to seek medical attention. Things got worse by the time I was doing my CXC's, I had to be absent from school to accompany her to the hospital for appointments or leave school immediately to care for her at the hospital. My sister stepped in to allow me to study but the emotional and physical trauma was still there and on May 23, 2009 she died at home gazing in my eyes and my sister's. I didn't cry (I don't know why) but

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when they came to take her body, the tears came like a raging river in a storm. I felt like something left me that day and hasn't returned even now.

The teachers of Camperdown High were there for me, some were there at the funeral to give moral support. Throughout my exams they were geared at helping me pass but most of all the moral support and comfort from the Camperdown family aided in my healing. I was

grateful and at the end I was able to pass all nine subjects.

The Principal at the time, Mrs. Cynthia Cooke along with Spragga Benz got NCB to pay my tuition for the first year of sixth form. I have now resolved to work even harder in my studies and later pursue a career in Nursing. The firm knowledge of my mother's sacrifices and love has taken me this far, and with the addition of the warm love and support of the Camperdown family will continue to take me further.

*Scholarship Recipients for
"Academic Year 2009-2010"*



Rockelle Allen



Duane Brown



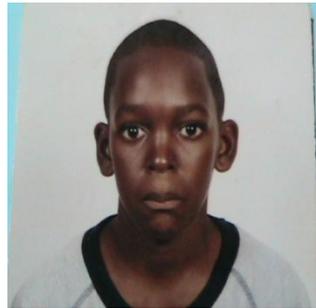
Shannon Cooper



Ricardo Daley



Najir Ellington



Shane Falconer



Avery Gayle



Peta-Gaye Gray



Natasha Griffiths



Lynch Henry



Nicole Henry



Falon Jacobs



Faithanne Johnson



Janika Malcolm



Shaquille Martin



Shanice McGowan

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Shakeyra Millington



Chrissancia Morrison



Kevin Morrison



Nakia Morrison



Dorado Phipps



Janell Powell



Kerry-Ann Shirley



Daniella Smith



Shallana Smith



Samoya Thomas



Tafari Tulloch



Ramoir Williams



Romario Williams

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