Sociology

Name

Institution

**Intergenerational analysis**

This assignment is concerned with the exploration and description of the intergenerational sociological analysis of my educational experience. This type of analysis allows the individuals to contemplate their experiences based on the lives of their ancestors (parents or grandparents). This analysis enables us to analyze that where we stand? Do we live better lives than our previous generations? Did they spend comparatively more prosperous lives with respect to multifaceted aspects to experiences? If so, what are the areas where our lives require improvements? These questions are answered only when multidimensional experiences of individuals are contrasted and compared to their ancestors (Mannheim, 1992). In this assignment, I would analyze my father’s experiences in order to compare them with my own.

The first section will provide me with the opportunity to describe my brief family history. The next section will present in-depth family interview and troubles from the above section. Detailed educational experience of mine will be undertaken thorough contemplation in the next section followed by the profound discussion about above documented textual activity. In the end, conclusion section will act as an extractor; deducing meaningful inferences from the whole textual activity and wrapping it into single paragraph. In a nutshell, this paper will provide the reader with the opportunity to comprehend the meaning and significance of intergenerational analysis.

Eugene and Lorretta Pantaleon are my grandparents from my father side of the family. Their history is unknown. My father’s name is Schiller Pantaleonhe and he is 50 years old and is a culinary chief and my mother Cathy Pantaleon age 48; is a nurse. Both my parents and grandparents were born and raised in Haiti. I have four siblings Rustler 28 years of age; me aged 21; my younger brother age 20 and lastly my little brother who is 12 years old.

My family arrived in the U.S twenty years ago like every other immigrant we were just looking for a better life that provide us with more fiscal opportunity than our country. I kept working hard and continued to excel in my classes just to gain my father’s approval and acknowledgement but it never happened. Around the age of fourteen, I took an interest in sports mainly football; tried out for my high school team and easily made for it.

I started drinking and smoking and a few minor unlawful things under peer pressure. It was not until I got locked up for possession of narcotics, as I was sitting in that jail cell that is when I had an epiphany. Since I had a clean record and did not give the officers a hard time and cooperated with them, one of the officers noticed that I was different from the rest of the kids he had dealt with in the past. He told me something that stuck with me to this day “you are who you say you are” then followed it by asking me “who are you?” I was stump I did not know.

So I slowly started separating myself from those types of people because “that was not me” also I did not like the way my life was heading. I did not come to this country to be a menace to the society and embarrass my family. My family valued education, hard work, and having a very strong faith in god and the path I was heading negated all of that. So, I changed the type of people around and right now I am headed in a good path.

I conducted a detailed interview from Schiller Pantaleon at my home and he responded as follows: “My name is Schiller Pantaleon and I’m 50 years old. The earliest memories I had were when we first came to America and you were about 3 years old. You cried through the whole plane ride screaming that you want your mother, and I quote “I do not want to go to this stupid country I want my mommy”. I was born and raised in Puerto Principe Haiti; there were not too many decent jobs around at the time so my father Eugene worked in the United States as a real estate agent. My family and I were comfortable and we did not feel the need to move around looking for jobs.”

“The house that my family and I grew up in was pretty big and we had a pretty big family. It was a 2 storey building and each of my brothers and sisters had their own rooms. It was surrounded by three super- colossal coconut trees two in the front of the house and one in the backyard. The tree in the back was my favorite one because it provided us with the cool and soothing shade in the burning summer and it was close enough to the houses to the point, we could pluck out a coconut whenever we wanted to and just sit on the roof, used to listen to music and watch the sunset with my siblings.”

“My childhood was pretty decent my parents were hard on me and my siblings when it came to our education. My mother made sure we went to the best school which was pretty far from house. Sometimes I had to walk a mile because my mother would not give me cab money if I failed a test. Even though my family and I were more fortunate than the most but my mother made sure that we know the struggles other people go through and it always made me humble.”

“My first memory in middle school was when I failed my first test and the professor called my mom to inform her. When I got to home my mom beat me hard and did not give me money to take a cab to school and back. I had to wake up earlier than everyone just to reach school on time if I did not; that was another beating day. That day I made it on time for class and had an argument with my professor. Unlike in America in Haiti if you get into an argument with a professor, they are allowed to beat you. So yeah that was the most beating I had in a day.”

“As you already now college was never an option so I had to go. Mathematics was my major; I ended up graduating and became a math professor for a while. When I came to the United States, I wanted to try something new and ended up taking a culinary school. My first job was a math tutor when I was about 21; I wanted my own income because I felt I was too old to rely on my father to send me money.”

“I’m a culinary chef, I always loved to cook because it was probably the only thing my mom and I had in common and in a way, it helped us get closer and form a stronger bond because I used to help her out in the kitchen. Being a culinary chef, I supervised other workers and make sure the kitchen is running as smooth as possible.”

“My favorite job was being a math tutor because that was how I meet your mother. When I found out your mother was pregnant with your older brother, I did not have a choice but to grow up and become an adult and take care of my responsibilities.”

“My biggest concern right now is making sure that you and your brother finish college and get a degree that actually matters when you graduate. I identify myself as a god fearing, Haitian of African descent, father of four young men and a husband.”

My past education experience had its ups and downs. But it helped shape the type of student I am today. I attended a small elementary school so everybody knew each other. At a young age my elementary school used to test our reading level and I was a higher-level reader then most of my peers.

Every Friday we were assigned a book for reading and writing short summary. I usually would lose because I was a weaker writer than my peers. But it only motivated me to try even harder. At elementary school, Mrs. Sanon improved my reading and writing skills and made me passionate about it. Reading held a lot of value for me because it helped me improve my vocabulary.

At high school, it was the first big school I went to. My attitude towards reading and writing changed drastically; I was going through puberty and started noticing girls. After that, my focus was shifted to football which kept me on track; out of trouble and helped me graduate on time because in order to play I needed to pass all my classes.

High school taught me a lot especially on racism. One day coach kept us a little longer than usual in order to watch film for our first playoff game we had few minutes before our student metro cards stop working. As we were running up the stairs; some white police officers started chasing us and tackled us to the floor. We were black and terrified; we did not know what was going on. They started saying racist slurs and continued to beating us; they were just *Halloween* police officers. I end up with a fractured shin a busted lip my friend had a broken eye socket.

I was originally accepted to Delaware State University; and aimed for furthering my football career and eventually getting a free college education; but my parents do not agree as it is very far. I plan on getting my two-year degree and eventually getting my bachelor in criminal justice from BMCC.

I somewhere heard; life is not the name of monotony but of diversity; enriched with ebbs and flows and irresistible tumultuous times that improvise our learning about the realities of life and direct future orientations (Erickson et. al., 2002). The teleological principle of philosophy states that human being is the product of his past experiences; both of personal and others’. This principle strikingly illuminated my mind because my past experiences had a substantial impact on my personality. Along with my own experiences, my teachers’ and parents’ teachings, preferences, orientations, attitudes, moral codes and expectations directed my life in the most unimaginable way.

This life offered me to be an excellent reader, a brilliant football player, a miniature gambler, an *innocent* prisoner, a harmless racist, a competitive student and an insightful human eventually. Each and every memory had a substantial impact on me and I was becoming a more refined product of my experiences and societal expectations. Comparing my life to my father’s, he was having a hard time from his mother with reference to his studies but I had no. He started working and felt reluctant to ask his parents for money at the age of 21 but I had not. This is the point where I feel myself failing; deteriorated self esteem and procrastination are the two exclusive reasons behind my perceived failure as a student. Racism is what haunts me and develops a sense of losing control over situations because of unpredictability of hard times that I might encounter because of color. This is my *trouble* and an issue for the society. Intergenerational analysis, in a nutshell, can be reported as “my father lived a better life than me.” Because he had less *troubles* and more *issues* but I am having a constant battle against my state of mind with more *troubles.*

**References**

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Mannheim, K. (1952). The Problem of Generations. In Kecskemeti, Paul (ed.). *Essays on the Sociology of Knowledge: Collected Works, 5*. New York: Routledge. 276–322.