

A decorative border of palm trees surrounds the text. The border consists of a top row of 18 palm trees, a bottom row of 18 palm trees, and two vertical columns of 18 palm trees each on the left and right sides.

My Guyana

By: Cora Bollers-Watson

Guyana, my Guyana that I grew up in and remember, was a country of mixed nationalities, seven altogether. We were a friendly, fun loving people, where neighbours and even strangers looked out for each other.

Of course, as is customary among the human race, we as children and even adults had our disagreements, but nothing lasted forever, no weapons were used.


We were brought up to speak properly and respect our elders. We acquired so many aunts and uncles, friends of our parents that one never knew where real family ended, and the adopted ones began.

Doors were only locked at night on retiring. Burglar bars and grids were unheard of, those were for the prisoners. You only took drugs that were prescribed by a medical doctor, if you were ill. The cutlass was only used to cut grass (which by the way was not dope) weapons were a no, no. Real guns were for the armed forces, RACE was what we did on Sports Day and SEX, well as far as children knew it differentiated between male and female.

Georgetown was known as the 'Garden City'. The streets, avenues and sidewalks were clean and well maintained. Everyone took pride in their surroundings, dumping garbage was unheard of.

No matter how poor one was, we as children were always sure of a nourishing homecooked meal, junk food was not in our vocabulary. If it is true that 'cleanliness is next to Godliness', then the folks of my generation should be saints, as we were taught to keep ourselves clean and dress properly.

Self-respect was the key word and education was priority. We did not have computers, calculators, mobiles etc, but hey look

A decorative border of palm trees surrounds the text. The border consists of a top row of 15 palm trees, a bottom row of 15 palm trees, and two vertical columns of 15 palm trees each on the left and right sides.

at what scholars our country turned out, top lawyers, physicians, presidents, prime ministers to name but a few all without todays modern gadgets. Please don't think our lives were boring, we had fun, good clean fun and our parents has time for us.

Now! That was my Guyana, a country to be proud of, to boast about and love. Sadly, over the years things have changed. Many may disagree with me, but I've always maintained that I do not want to live anywhere where I am afraid of my own people and that is how today's Guyana makes me feel.

I lived abroad for many years and on retiring my first thoughts were "I am going back home". But, alas these dreams were soon squashed as I checked out my remaining years there.

Politics, guns, drugs and the bandits have all ruined my country and I am sorry to say "I have no desire to return there to live at present", a holiday? Maybe! I wish my children could have known the Guyana I grew up in. I bragged so much about it to them as they grew up.

Hopefully, maybe one day there will be change and life would be as it was before..... I know that won't happen in my lifetime.

But, GUYANA gave me birth, education and the confidence to face the outside world. For that I am ever grateful. She was and always will be my country, my love, My Guyana!

Cora Bollers-Watson