

# This is my story



**Brandon**

I'm from Philadelphia. I don't have HIV, but HIV and AIDS have affected my life from the time I was seven until I turned 13. There was a lot of depression in my family. My dad was diagnosed with AIDS when I was five. He died. And my mom... even though she was there physically, it was like she wasn't there. Her drug use took years away from her. I raised myself until she changed her life around. I turned to the streets. I joke about death all the time. I guess I'm kind of morbid. For now, I have my eyes set on getting into design school.

**I have no fear** about HIV. I just don't care.  
**The worst thing** is that you get it.

I actually have a support system. My friends still associate with me, and they don't joke around about it. I was also involved in AIDS work when I was a teenager. I was a peer educator and I worked for Planned Parenthood. When I date now, I don't worry about getting HIV/AIDS.

For more stories go to [www.napwa.org](http://www.napwa.org)

National HIV Testing Day

**M**y brother was diagnosed with HIV when he was 13. I am the oldest of seven children; we were raised by our mother. I work in the HIV/AIDS field. So why was I the last to find out about his diagnosis? My mother called me one month after they found out. Maybe he was ashamed to tell me because I work in prevention. Everything was on a downward spiral. What could I have done to save him? Why is there such a gap in prevention? He died at 23...right before his 24<sup>th</sup> birthday.

## **How did I fail him?**

My brother did not have health insurance when he was diagnosed. While my brother was in school, he was covered under my mom's insurance. But when he dropped out of school because of his illness, his medical coverage ended.



**Donovan**

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25 years of positive leadership.

