

Topic: Family time

Abstract: Since I was a kid it has been a cultural custom for my family to be involved in soccer, by watching and cheering, or playing in the games. It became our passion and we enjoyed spending weekends traveling to new cities for our games my soccer skills developed but after a bit of time I stopped playing. Now my brother has taken over the role of playing soccer and as how my parents once did for me they cheer him on. Over those years that my parents cheered me on they were trying to show us that we could always count on family.

Key words: Soccer, weekends, travel parents, passion, cheering, connection

Ethnic Designation: Mexican American

Cultural category: Family practices and traditions

Busy Weekends

Growing up as a kid it has been a cultural custom in my family to be involved in soccer. This either meant watching it or playing it. I started playing soccer at young age of 7 and since then I have enjoyed playing it. The best part of playing soccer on the weekends was that my parents would travel with my team to go watch me play. As a child there is no better feeling than the feeling you get when your parents are there for you to support you. I got this feeling when I went with my family to play soccer. Together we visited many new and different places throughout California. Most of the time we would travel at an average of three hours, just to watch me play for one hour. To most people this would sound like a waste of time and money but not to our family. As time went on and my parents got used to being busy on the weekends. Therefor it soon became a family custom to go watch me play soccer on the weekends.

As a young kid I was always full of energy many times I had so much energy I would end up getting in trouble with my parents. So my parents had to come up with a way for me to burn all my energy on something productive. Then one day they came up with the idea of signing me up to play soccer that way I would waste all my energy running around after a ball. At first it was a bit hard for me to get used to the rules of the game but, after a few months of going to soccer practice twice a week I started to get the hang of it and started to enjoy more and more of the game. Soon after my life started to turn around I would behave better with my parents at school I made new friends because just like me they also played soccer.

As I grew up and developed my soccer skills I got better and better at the game. Soon it wasn't just a past time it became my passion. I enjoyed traveling to new cities and meeting new people, but what really drove my ambition was the feeling of winning. Soon after I had been playing for about 4 years my parents started to enjoy watching me play on the weekends. While I was playing I would often catch them screaming and cheering for my team and of course this sometimes was a bit embarrassing, but the feeling of having someone to motivate you was an even better feeling. Often times my parents would ask for the weekends off at work just so they could have the chance to go watch me play soccer.

Like every good tale my story soon came to an end, but the busy weekends didn't stop. After I stopped playing soccer my younger brother started to play soccer just as I once did. As you can guess once again my parents started to be busy on the weekends just as how they did with me. The only difference this time was that instead of cheering for me they were rooting for my brother younger brother. Since I didn't play any longer and I was now on the side line watching now I could finally see how passionate and devoted my parents were to cheer for us.

The message they were trying to show us as a family was that no matter what that our biggest fans were going to be our own parents.

Soccer had always been an important part of my life. With soccer playing a big role in my development I learned how to become a leader and someone that my fellow team mates could trust. For a while soccer became my whole life and it took up most of my time. I had practice on Tuesdays, Wednesday and Thursdays as well as games on Saturdays and Sundays but I realized that soccer wasn't just a sport to me and my family it was a way that it connected our family together. Sure I had a good time winning and playing on the weekends but, I had an even better time packing up the car with my family and traveling towards my games. I enjoyed going to different towns and trying new restaurants as well as the new cultures. All these family customs soon became more enjoyable then the games them self's.

Soon after I graduated high school and went to college I noticed the big picture my parents were trying to show us. This was that we could always count on them being there for us. In life there are many things that make us happy and make us become successful at what we do. Having people you love to support you is always a positive thing that will help you become a better person. That is what my parents had been trying to show me. Just like all things in life things come to a stop, and soon my brother will stop playing soccer as well but the story will not end there because I have a younger sister who is in the process of becoming a soccer star herself. Just like me and my brother played and had the enjoyment and pleasure having our parents cheer us on my sister will have the same pleasure.

So as you can tell my family has a strong connection with this great sport. Soccer wasn't just a sport to us it was a way that our family connected with one another. As of now our family

continues to go watch my sister play on the weekends just like how they once did for me and my brother. The day will come when my sister will stop playing the sport and our family will no longer take those family trips. Even though this will be sad I one day plan to have a family of my own and just like how my parents cheered for me at every soccer game I will do the same for my sons and daughters. This way our family tradition and custom will never end.