Topic: The Devastating Affects of a Stock Market Crash

Abstract: This essay is reflecting upon the current recession we are having here in the United States. It also goes into detail about the impact it has had on me and my family personally. It has changed many lives, just as the Great Depression did during the 1940s.

Keywords: Economy, Stock Market Crash, Foreclose, credit, recession, job, and depression.

Growing up through the 90’s was considered to most to be the decade of relief. There was good music, good economy, maybe the clothing not so well thought out, but most importantly the economy was booming. Transitioning in the 2000’s seemed to be promising, with the improvements of technology, and also the focus of global warming. Unfortunately due to the 2008 stock Market crash, millions had lost their jobs, and still today are trying to recover from it. Personally my family has been torn apart by this recession.

We started out as an upper class family, with no worries of whether or no we could afford something. All my sisters managed to move out around this time, obtain jobs, as well as cars. Little did I know, my future was not going to be as easy. By the time it was my turn to get a car; my mother was losing our first house. The house that we had all of my life, and memories were about to be gone forever. Each week we were living paycheck to paycheck, as necessities became more expensive. I remember the feeling very clear today. My whole entire world had seemed to be crashing down.

Of all the people in my neighborhood at the time, we seemed to have held on the longest. I remember watching people one by one slowly leaving the place. The foreclose signs shot up quickly after. The saddest part was watching my best friend leave that I had there. She was trying to hide the fact that she had to leave by not telling me anything.
about it. Not until that day, I had never seen Diana so sad. Her voice was hoarse and her face soaked with tears, while see told me. Shortly after this incident, I had a sick feeling form in my stomach. Though my mother had kept things from me till the biter end as well, my instinct told me I was soon to follow. When the day finally came, I believe apart of my heart was left at the house. Though it was just a house, it was my house; a safe haven that I thought would always be there.

Packing seemed like a vampire, slowly draining the energy from me with each time I placed something in a box. I definitely was not the only one upset after observing everyone’s faces throughout my household. I had never seen my mom’s face so panic stricken, I could tell she felt like a failure. Of course I had to tell her repeatedly it was not her fault, she would just keep shaking her head and asking me a million times if I had finished packing. I remember asking myself that night while lying on my roof for the last time, “Why me? I don’t understand, most people never stress out this much at sixteen years old!” Of course there was no reply. Just the black star filled sky starred back at me. Emotions spread throughout my body, and took it completely over, swallowing it. I had never felt so empty and lost before. Little did I know the suffering would continue, even after losing the house.

After the week of continuous packing, and cleaning of our house, we set sail into the Cinderella Hotel here in Hollister. It was a tight squeeze, but we had to deal with it for a month until we found a house to rent. Not only were we cramped into tight living spaces but so were our animals. My mother was completely frustrated with everything, as was I, but there was no hope for escape. Due do us having to pay for the
Hotel every night, and the monthly storage, money was becoming scarce. Thus we had to move with my grandmother in Bakersfield, three hours away from Hollister.

My Mom felt more shame when we did this. I must say the hardest thing about all of this mess was to see her so angry at herself. Every night she cried, there was nothing I could say to comfort her except what everybody else says, “That things will get better.” That never seemed to happen for us though. It made me question myself, “Why am I telling her this? I do not even believe it myself. Things always seem to get worse before they get better.” This thought haunted me for some time. Of course I was right on something, it did get worse.

When we finally found a few places to rent, it seemed impossible to actually to obtain them. Turns out my mother had been hiding something else as well, she had horrible credit, and with no one willing to cosign in such a horrible economy. Nothing seemed to be stable at all, not even my own sanity. Regardless, we continued to try, we went to each place up for rent, but it seemed as if each Land Lord would just look at the credit and say no. Of course that’s to be expected, but one may believe that there might be one god soul out there willing to trust someone. After a month of continuous search, we had found that one forgiving soul. Tammy Jasper was her name, and though my Mother had horrible credit, she was still willing to give us this one chance, thus we took it.

When we entered our new household, everything seemed great for a few months. All of our payments were on time; my animals were back living with us. The house was even bigger then our last, I felt I was safe again. Man, was that a horrible thought. My mother was always lucky enough to not get laid of her nursing job, but instead she got
fired. Turns out this whole time we did not have a house, she resorted to drinking her troubles away. One night she was out drinking with some friends, they then decided to go home, and she was not thinking clearly and decided to drive home rather then call a taxi. The Police did not pity her at all; they arrested her and gave her a DUI. Her nursing license was suspended, as well her driving license; she lost her job and also had to pay an enormous fine. When it all seemed to be going good, life once again lifted its fists and punched me square in the face.

After facing the dilemma, we were once again without a home. We were forced back into my grandmas again. Schooling, as well as staying in touch with friends became very difficult. I had begun to give up about this time, not really talking to people, or even eating. Nothing could distract me long enough from this problem to make me smile anymore. What was a recession for most was a depression for me. I never would have guessed I would end up like this. Constantly moving and packing, losing my stuff in storage a lot, it was all just very frustrating. It was self defeating to even try to understand anything anymore.

One day my grandmother pulled my aside while the depression I was in seemed to make it hard for me to think anymore.

“Hun, where there is bad, there shall be good as well. Don’t forget that, or you will lose every bit of yourself.” She said, then abruptly ended the lecture by walking away to attend to her garden.

“If only I could be as wise as she is.” I said to my sister, than I too walked away and took my dog for a walk.
The very next day seemed to have somewhat a glimmer of hope. We had once again started looking for places to live, and found one right of the bat. My mother also had received her nursing license back, than got a job as a travel nurse in which offered her more hours. Before I got to excited I had reminded myself to just adjust and to not get too excited. Luckily it has been a year at the house we live out now, and we still have it, and my mom still has a job. I still can not seem to believe it though.

Now I too have a job, and praying that the economy gets better soon so I can finally get my own place with no worries, of course a car would be nice too. Though this point in my life has been the hardest, I must say it has taught me so much, and I have never appreciated things so much. It is very difficult living through this intense time in history, with the war in Iraq, and Afghanistan; plus living with this horrible economy. We also have the threat of Global Warming shoved in our faces. We have the media consuming our lives with advertisements, etc. These recent generations, as well as I, have grown up in a very uncertain time. There is one thing that will always be for certain though, that what doesn’t kill us, makes us that much stronger. If we get through these times, I believe we will learn the value of family, money and love once again. I believe things really do happen for a reason, I also try not to see them as bad, but rather a chance to learn and improve. I can only imagine just how difficult it was to grow up during the Depression, maybe that’s why my grandmother knew why I was going to be okay. She had survived it, thus so can I along with the rest of the United States of America. History should be valued and remembered, so we can take the chance to learn for it, even though we seem to repeat what happens anyways. At least we have the chance I guess.