

Topic: My mother who influenced my life in becoming a stronger and happy person who now sees life in many obstacles that we as people just have to get through and not give up.

Abstract: My mother, even though she was raised in Mexico and had many hardships for example; she loses her parents at a young age. She can stand strong today and not only be a happy person but make others around her happy also. I look up to her and all her qualities.

Key Words: Family, Mother, father, Hollister, Raised in Mexico, English, primary, grandparents, wealthiest, children, divorced, strong, obstacles, chances, loving, qualities, traits.

Everyone has a different life style, a different way of growing up and a different personality. But to every difference there was a cause something that made you the way you are whether it being involved with culture, background, heritage, or it being a person who changed you like your family, friends or a teacher. In my life I have had many people who have helped me become the person I am. Teachers who have helped me learn right from wrong and facts that are all around me, friends who have helped me learn about me and who I am and family who have taught me to love and be a caring person. But two people who have really influenced my life are my parents, the ones that have taught me a little bit of everything. But in this essay the one person I'm going to talk about is my mother. And how her life and ways of being have helped me become the person I am.

So you can understand me I'm going to tell you a little bit about my mother. My mother is thirty five years old. She is a Hispanic woman who was born in Hollister CA. She was born here but for part of her life she was raised in Mexico where her parents are originally from. Her first language was Spanish but as the years went on living here in Hollister she was taught English which ended up being her primary language up to this date. As a child my mother had a really rough life she was the baby out of seven children, five sisters and one brother. As the baby

like every other home she was picked on by her sisters but even though it just made her stronger. From all the stories that she has told me she had a big imagination. She loved to play outside when she was a child. There were times where my grandmother would have her very nicely dressed for church and for five minutes that she would be outside s he would come back full of mud, my grandparents hated it. To me it seemed as if she had a normal life as a child until the age of ten, that's when everything changed.

When my mother turned ten my grandmother was diagnosed with cancer witch lead to surgery but shortly after she passed away. My mother than had to care for herself and prepare meals for my grandfather. She learned at a young age how to cook clean and care for her parents because when my grandfather was out working in the fields my mother would have to care for my grandmother before she passed away.

Right now you may wonder where her older sisters where and her brother. Well her older brother wasn't the perfect person he was always out with friends, friends that were really bad influence so my grandparents wouldn't want him around. For her sisters they were all young and in the dating age so all they cared about at the time was friends, boys, and shopping. During this time they were in Mexico so while being in Mexico my mother's family was known as one of the wealthiest families. So my aunts just thought they were supposed to be out and having fun. Little did that they know that their mother was dyeing and she didn't have much time.

After my grandmother passed away my mother then would go out in the fields and help my grandfather work. Her being a little girl she had a lot of energy in her so she was a great help. She would then earn some money after working with my grandfather. But once again being the little one the older sisters would come and take her money and leave her with a little just enough

to buy a snack. She wouldn't tell my grandfather because she didn't want him to have any more problems especially after losing his wife and his daughters and son not being around.

Because of this my grandfather became an alcoholic , after a long day at work all he would do is drink and be sad, that's when he decided to come back to Hollister. Being in Hollister changed their life that's when my mom started learning English and started realizing she was going to help more because now they are living in a different home. A home that was a lot smaller than the previous one but the cost was much higher. So during the summer she would help her father as much as she can but during school time she would help once she was out of school.

At the age fourteen she meet my father, she meets my father because she was going to have a quincenera, and my dad was the boy she picked to be her main chambelan (her partner). After asking him if he wanted to be in it and him saying yes they started dating. At the age of fifteen my mother's father passes away. According to what they told her, he died because a vein popped in his brain. It was a very sad times for my mom especially her being so attached to him. From all the sisters she was the only one who still lived with him. But she knew she had to move on and keep her head up. She then lived at her sister's house, by that time her sisters were married or living with their boyfriends.

When she hit the age of sixteen my mother was pregnant of me. She had me at the age of seventeen. Once she had me she lived with my father. She knows has four children there's me, my two sisters and my brother, my brothers the youngest. She recently divorced this year with my father and is actually still going through the paper work. My father and her were together for twenty years and threw those years they had their ups and downs. A lot of the times they were

downs I can understand why; they got together at a very young age and had me very young. Especially because after having me that same year my father moved out of his parents and they had to do everything on their own some help from my father's parents but of course my mom didn't have her parents to go to get help from and for her sisters they all had their family so she didn't go bug them.

So as you can see my mother had a rough life maybe not as much as some people but I believe she still had it pretty rough. The reason I say my mom has influenced me a lot is because I see my mother as a very strong woman. She has gone through so many obstacles in her life and is still standing strong, teaching me right from wrong. Showing me how to be a strong person and no matter what happens in my life weather it being very sad, the main thing I have to do is keep my head up.

There was a time when she proved to me that this is the time I need to keep going forward and not giving up, while in high school I was a good student my first two years I would always be on time and do well. Well my last two years just went horrible I started slacking off being late to class missing class. But somehow I caught up towards the end and started doing everything once again. Except for one class that killed me Government class, so instead of really trying I ignored it. It wasn't such a good idea; due to my bad doing I was not able to walk the ceremony. I graduated with a diploma but I was taken out of the ceremony. I was so sad and expected my parents to be mad at me especially my mom because she had taught me better than that and had always tried to back me up on anything. I felt as if I had failed her but when I got out and called her to tell her she just told me. "Its okay mija you have done great, you put your full effort into it and I am very proud of you". She then told me that it was all going to be okay that I still have college to graduate from and walk that I still have more chances for what I

missed out on. So after all that my mom taught me to keep being strong, to move forward that life is obstacles and you just got to get threw them as they come at you and if you fail you will always have other opportunities to make them up.

Something's that I love about my mom is that she is a very loving person, she has taught me to never be selfish no matter what. A way my mom shows that she is not selfish is she enjoys helping homeless people. She says she feels so good inside; I see that she's telling the truth because when I watch her do it she has a big smile that shows that f she's happy for what she has done. There are times that were walking together and there's a poor man sitting in the street. Even if we only have a couple dollars, shell gives it to them, or if she just bought a warm meal shell hand it over to them she loves helping them. It puts a smile on my face every time I see her doing that. So now every time I see a homeless person I do the same and realize that she was correct with the fact that you feel so good inside.

Another occasion was that there was a time in our life where my father was not the best father he would always be mad and he needed his space so he left us for a while. At the time my mother didn't work she had such a hard time making ends meet. Bu that didn't stop her from giving up she looked for a job, but because of our economy it was hard for her to get one so she would do side jobs, like cleaned houses, yards , babysit, she was a hair stylist so she would do haircuts at home anything she can t o make some money for our family. And even though she knew we were having a rough time she would always try harder and harder to get more money to get my little brothers what they needed and wanted. I would see her sad at times but as I walked in the room she would look at me and smile and tell me everything's going t o be ok we can do it, she was right we did. After this little experience it made me open up my eyes even more and realize that you can do it you just got to really put your mind to it.

Not just the part that she has been there for me a lot but my mother has a wonderful personality in my eyes. She is very kind and loving. Yes of course he can get moody but she is always willing to forgive. She loves to help people and put a smile on their face. She's the type of person that everyone wants around, even at party's she's always the one to come and everyone starts to feel more happy and conferrable to do whatever they want, dance, sing, drink, just have fun. She has great communication skills, and is not shy to use them. She loves to talk and take lead in a lot of things. She hates when a jobs not done, she's the type of person that if you're tired she get you up and say come on you can do it and help as she says it so the other person can once again feel encouraged. Even my friends ask for my mom and go visit her because whenever she talks to them they have a great time.

My mother has always been there for me threw my ups and downs. Threw my schooling threw my problems, boyfriends, friends or just having a bad day. She has always been there to tell me its going to be okay. Will get through this together, she would always include herself in any of my problems as if they were hers. But it's because she would say that whatever happened to me would be as if it happened to her or is happening. She hated seeing me down. There were times that I was mad at the world and she would come in and just make me smile or laugh and that would bring up my day. I am very thankful for everything she has done for me. I look up to my mother, she is a wonderful person and I hope that when I grow up I can have many of the same traits she has. And I now there is no way to repay everything that she's done for me but she knows that whenever she needs a shoulder she has me!