My family immigrated to the United States.

The immigration to the United States in my family started in the 1960s some came here for no reason, they were just curious about what was in this side of the border. Others come because they needed money and they never went back. Finally my brothers and I are here because my mother passed away and my grandparents brought us with them in 2008.

Key Words: Immigration, Family, Money, Economy, Disease, Freedom, Opportunities

Year 1960, my family started immigrating to the United States; I am talking about my uncles, grandfather’s brothers. They didn’t have any reason to come to the United States, they were a wealthy family and they had a huge farm in Mexico. They didn’t come looking for money or opportunities they just wanted to know the United States and they ended up staying here, but still visiting Mexico.

In the 1970s my grandfather came for first time to the United States, he didn’t have any reason either. He just stayed here for half a year and he went back to Mexico because he didn’t like United States. He said that he was doing well in Mexico, he had a big farm and by that time he was married and he had kids already. In Mexico he felt free and he had everything there, he didn’t have anything to do here.

He decided to have a big family twelve to be exact; he liked big families and he had enough to support them. In his farm he had many pigs, cows, and sheep so he was making good money out of it. However, one bad day one of his daughters got sick and the doctors found that her heart wasn’t working well, so she had many surgeries. They were almost out of money, so two of his sons came to the United States to start working and to help. The rest of the family stayed in the farm taking care of it because my grandparents were with their daughter in the
capital of Mexico (Mexico City), but that wasn’t enough. They ran out of money and my grandfather had to start getting loans. When my aunt was better they went back to the farm but by that time he owed lot money. He tried to get out of the debt by working as hard as possible but that didn’t work, he only was able to pay the interest. They lived like that for a few years because he didn’t want to sell or lose the farm.

In 1991 my Mother (his daughter) got married with my Father and she went to live with him in a town where I was born in the same year. We were living as a normal family, my father was a farmer too, he had goats and cows, but he ended up selling all the goats because those animals are annoying. That’s what he says, but so far he was doing good enough to support us.

In 1994 my first brother was born, I wasn’t happy at all, because I was the only one. I was happy like that, I had all my parents’ attention, and when he was born he had more attention than me. I was so jealous of him, my mother tried to convince me by saying that having a brother was very good and that he was going to grow up to play with me, and gradually she convinced me. Everything in my little family was good and I was doing very well in school, I was the best in my class I had straight “A’s” my mother was proud of me. I was so happy because my life was perfect for me; anyways I was a kid I just had to worry about school and play.

Year 1997, another person came to the family, I had two brothers already and we were happy, but my grandparents were still having economic problems so they decided to come to the United States, they said that they were going to work for a year to pay everything and after that they will be back in Mexico, to continue with their life there. When they got here they started working in the fields and some of them went to night school to learn English and get a better job.
When they paid the debt none of them wanted to go back because they were barely making new friends and learning new things, so they never went back to Mexico. Only my grandparents went back for only a few weeks every single year, because they have workers over there so they had to check how are they doing and also to visit us, their only daughter that they had in Mexico and me and brothers.

In 2000, my last brother was born and I wasn’t so happy because I wanted to him be a girl, but he was a boy. I already had two brothers and I wanted a sister, mother wanted a daughter too, anyways she was so happy with her new baby. Everything was normal after 2000 me and my brothers were going to school. My little brother started kinder garden and when that happened me and my brothers started attending to a private school because public schools in Mexico are horrible. The teachers are always making protests and the kids don’t learn anything so my parents decided that we had to go to a private school, it was really close to my house and it was really nice, but expensive too.

In 2006, I graduated from middle school and I stared my high school in a public school because in the private one they didn’t had high school education, and my me school was “awesome” we were like in vacation all the time. We always were skipping classes. My friends and I skip the class to go to the beach because I had a truck so all my friends could go wherever we want. Obviously, I had bad grades and my parents got mad because they said that they were giving me everything and the only thing that I have to do was do well in school, they decided that I have to find a job to buy my own stuff and also I have to go to school. I found a job and it was awesome, I started working in a bar, basically my job was to prepare drinks. I learned how to prepare about one hundred kinds of different drinks, but I only worked for like a half of the
year because I didn’t have time to do my homework, so my parents start to give money again and I was back in my regular and happy life having fun in the school.

Year 2007, the worst year in my life. We started the year normally as a regular year, that was going to be my junior year in high school and I was planning to attend to the University of Colima. Which is a good university in Mexico and I wanted to be a lawyer. My parents told me that they were going to pay everything. I don’t have to worry for anything.

By the middle of the year my mother started experiencing some issues, she started with some bruises, we ask her that why she had those bruises. She told us that she didn’t know which was so weird for us and we ask her to go to the hospital. She went to make some blood test and they found out that she had leukemia. We didn’t know what to do; we started giving the news to all her family. Her parents and her brothers quickly went to Mexico to see what they can help on. They all thought that she was going to need a blood transfusion, and because there all brothers they thought that they were going to be compatible.

We took her to the hospital at Colima City, were she started her treatment. The doctors said that she didn’t need a blood transfusion. So my uncles came back to the United States, but my grandparents stayed. They stayed to take care of my brothers and I because we had to continue going to school and also because they weren’t going to come and leave their daughter sick. When my mother got her first chemotherapy her hair started to fall off, but she was starting to feel better. We were all real happy that she was feeling better. We all found out through the phone because we were not allowed to see her or be with her.

When the doctors gave us permission to go see her, we were all so happy and also she was happy. She had a huge smile on her face. We were together for only two days because she
had to get the chemotherapy again. She began her treatment again and every day she would call us to tell us how she was feeling. Sometimes she would tell us that she felt tired, but that it was normal because the medicine was too strong. When she finished that treatment we were able to see her again for about two weeks. She looked way better from last time and she told us that she felt much better, but the doctors told her that she needed one last treatment. We were running out of money, all the savings were gone. We still had the cows, ranch, and a house. So my father started to sell the cows for the last treatment.

When she left for her last treatment we all thought that she was going to return completely healthy, unfortunately we were completely wrong and she wasn’t going to be fine. One night we received a call from my father, he was with her in the hospital, and he just asked what we were doing, he sounded weird, and we told him that we were dining. He said that he will call us again once we finish eating.

When he called us again I picked up the phone, and he asked me for my brothers and my grandparents, I told him they were fine and I asked him for my mom, he just said your mom passed away. My whole world came down, that was the worst thing that had happened to me. Now I had to be strong, I had to get strength to support the biggest loss in my life I have to be strong because all my brothers are younger than me, and I have to tell them the horrible news, also I had to tell my grandparents. I held my tears for a while and calm myself before I got out of my room and talked to everyone. My grandparents were in the kitchen and my brothers in the living room watching TV, for any reason I start telling it to my brothers, as I was expecting all of them to start crying, but they were fine. When I tell my grandparents my grandmother was about to collapse, I get the truck and I went to find a doctor because she needed a tranquilizer.
The same night we started the funeral, most of the family was with us which was good. Without her I wanted to die too because my mother was a great person and at that time she was everything to me.

After, I was always getting in trouble in the street and also in the school, with my father too because we don’t agree in most of the things so I was having a really hard time.

My grandparents noticed that we don’t have any future over there and they ask us to come with them to the United States, I didn’t want to come because I have my friends and my memories, bad memories and good memories, and also I didn’t want to start taking life seriously again, like getting a job and going to school. I just wanted to live for the day and see what happened tomorrow. I didn’t have any hope, but I was only sixteen years old so I could not make my own decisions. The adults decided that we have to come and here we are, first when we got here it was hard because I didn’t know English, and my first goal to achieve was to learn English. I learned English and I introduced myself into a new world.