

**Topic:** A Diary for my daughter.

**Abstract:** A friend of mine passed away leaving a new born child. He never got to share anything with his baby because the baby was only 10 days old. Family and friends were left with the task of teaching and telling the baby everything that his dad did not get to share with him. At that time I was pregnant and became very afraid of dying. I want to be the one to tell my baby the stories and things I have learn in life. I began writing in a book of everything I want her to learn from me and the things I want to share with her. Some day she will own it and it will help her understand, learn and accept issues and people in both of our lives. You can consider it a dairy to my daughter.

**Keywords:** Personal and emotional connection of a mother to her child. A Family connection and its legacy. Fear of death and lack parental involvement.

### A Diary to my Daughter

When a friend of mine passed away after his wife had given birth to his son I became afraid of death because I did not want my baby to grow up without me. I started thinking about my mother and how I grew up without really having her around. There were many things I wish I had received from my mother and I wanted to be there and give those things my baby. I want my daughter to hear stories and facts from me. I want to share with her the good, the bad, the stupid and really stupid things I did. If something ever happens to me I want my daughter to understand me and things that are around her. I do not want other people to tell her lies or change things around for her. I started writing a dairy to my baby. It was supposed to be an everyday thing but it has turned into a whenever whatever thing. In this, I write what I think, what I do, what I know and what I want my daughter to someday know. My dream is to give it to my daughter at her Quincianera. If I die before that I hope that my stories and notes will help my daughter in her passage through life. Hopefully it answers any questions she might have. I will have left my legacy and my daughter will always have a piece of me and my love.

I want my daughter to know what was going on in our home when she first came. I wrote this for her. “Jasmine primero que nada I want you know that me and your dad love you more than you will ever understand. All the time you were in my belly me and your dad looked for the perfect name for you. We did not find one. While we were waiting for a room to be ready for me a nurse came out and called out “Jasmine”. Me and your dad looked at each other and we said “that one”. That is how you got your name. – November, 11 2006

“Jasmine I am looking at you sleep. You look so beautiful all in pink. Outside your grandpa is riding the horses and your dad is at work. I locked the door so your grandma won’t walk in and take you away. She is so nosy. Siempre quiere tenerte. Ayer me desperate y no te mire en la cuna. I got scare and when I found you she had you in her room. I do not like her doing things like that . Tu res mi hija y de nadie mas”.-October , 28 2009

“Hija today tu papa finished your room pero esta muy frio para que te duermas en el. I am starting to feel celos por que tu dad ya no me hace spoil como antes. He always wants to be holding you and sleep with you I want you to go into your room that way he can hold me. I am still hurt because he told me that you are the most beautiful one now. Is stupid I have never been jealous of any one with your dad”. – November 5 2006.

“Hoy vino tu otra abuela a visitarnos. I was really happy to see her. I started to cry because I wanted to tell her I feel lonely in this house. I do not know what she will say if I tell her I am not comfortable in this house”. – December 01, 2006

After many problems and arguments my marriage fell apart. It was sad because I decided leave the house a few months after my baby was born.

“Jasmine today we are going to sleep in the car. Your dad is probably going to go looking

for us at grandma's house and I do not want her to know how sad our life is. I promise that this is the beginning of something great and beautiful. I will find a new home for us where we will be happy. Tu papa nos quiere mucho pero right now he is not thinking right and may be when he does we will be able to be with him again. I want you to know that tu no tienes la culpa de nada. Papi y yo nos queremos mucho pero yo quiero otra vida para ti y tu papa no quiere lo mismo. Just because we are not together it does not mean that he is mean and that you should hate him. He is a wonderful man that stole my heart and gave me you. He loves you too". – December 20, 2006

Family is very important to me. I am extremely close to my brothers and I want my daughter to know a little of our family history.

Hija yo creci muy pobre junto con mis hermanos. I blame my mom for not thinking about the future and not preparing us for it. Quiero mucho a mi familia pero a lot of things could have been different if there were not so many of us. My mom trabajo mucho pero su dinero lo mandava a su familia en MX. My step dad would send his family his money and our family would get the left overs after he would buy his alcohol and drugs. My mom never had the nerve to leave him so we grew up with all their problems and garbage. Our only peace was playing together and reading books of happy stories. I never wanted to have a family because I did not want to repeat the story but when I met your dad I forgot about the promise of staying away from boys". –July, 2007

I want you to never forget that we are Mexican. We were born in America but we come from Mexico. Never forget Spanish or lose the customs that we have learned from los abuelos. I cant wait to buy your quincianera dress and see you dance con tu papi y tios. – October 12, 2008

Jasmine I love your tios even though I do not tell them. When we were growing up in the trailer in church street we became very close because your grandma did not let us out of the house. I am not supposed to have favorite brothers but I have to be honest with you. Your tio David is my favorite then Manolo and my least favorite is your tia. Me and David think and like the same things and we have been through the hard times together your other tios were too little to remember many things. When I would wake up crying he would stay up until I was asleep. When I talk of back in the days he knows exactly where I am coming from and where I want to go. Manolo is my second favorite because he was the first I had to raise. Your grandparents were always working so I had to stay behind and take care of all your tios. I made Manolo like me so we are now close. I do not like your tia because I will never forgive her for betraying our family for a man. He had all our love and went to trade it for a loser. I love my niece but I was not happy when I found out your tia was pregnant at 16 with her. – March 22, 2007

Jasmine when I was growing up I did not know much of my family other than my brothers and my tios. I want you to know what I know from my family and why we are so separated. From what I know my dad was not very good to my mom, from that marriage, me David and tu tia were born. My mom nos deixo en MX con mis abuelos y se vino para CA. Aqui conocio a mi step dad y nacieron tus otros tios. Mis great grandparents were Tito y Carmen. That is all I know about them. My grandparents are Amor y Gabina. I do not know much from my dad's family only my grandparents and tios. My mom had 10 brothers and sisters. My dad only had 4. I lost contact with them after my parents separated. If you ever want to look for your family they are in GTO. MX and I will not stop you from doing that. – May 02, 2007

I want my daughter to know little things that make me. I wrote things that I like and don't like so that she understand why I do a lot of things.

“I want to tell you things that make me happy. My favorite color is black. I love music especially cumbias because my mom made me listen to them. My favorite food is enchiladas y posole. I like being around my family. I like to read books and watch Mexican movies. Me gusta stand up comedy and Mexican American art. My favorite artist is Simon Silva and my favorite comedian is Gabriel Iguesias. I love the rain and the smell of wet dirt. It reminds me when I was growing up in MX with my abuelo. I like to drink coke a lot because I learned it from my family but at times will choose Pepsi. I love to dance. I like school a lot because I want to learn things to teach you. My favorite animal is the butter fly. I am a crazy dreamer and love to stare at the moon and wait for shooting stars. I like spanish music and thanks to your dad corridos. Things that I hate are violence and alcoholics. I hate people that take advantages of others and people who depend on others. I do not like gold or expensive things. I buy things because they get the job done but because of a brand or price. I love yard sales and pulgas. Those were my malls when I was growing up. I hate the summer por el calor. I do not like rap music or ninas fresas. After I had you, the color pink makes me sick.

Whenever I asked my mom to tell me stories she was either too busy or tired. I want my Jasmine to get those stories without me turning her down.

Jasmine I did really stupid things growing up I have to say that the most stupid was skipping school when I was in high school. I was so scare of my mom finding out that I threw up all over the car. I spent all day washing it for my friend and when I got home my mom knew all the details of my day. She saw how sick I looked so decided to not hit me until the next day. –  
August, 2007

One day I pierce my nose without asking my mom for permission. When I walked into

the house and she saw it she slapped me so hard it potted out of my nose and even thought I used a magnet to find it I never did. – July, 2007

“One day me and your tio David decided we wanted to be scientist and got all kinds of jars and collected all the spiders around the house. The plan was to dissect them but my mom came home early from work and kicked our butts when she saw our collection. After watching The Discovery Channel we were sure there were dinosaurs in our back yard. We convinced all your tios to help in the digging. We never found anything but a big problem with our step dad”.-  
September , 3 2009

I never knew what dreams or plans my parents had. My mother once told me that she had given up her happiness because we were born. It really hurt me and I do not want my daughter of future kids to think they were not wanted or loved.

“Nina mia, tu eres lo mas bonito que tengo. When you were born you painted my world in many different colors. I became brave because I want to defend you. My dreams and goals only became bigger because I had to fit you in. I took break from school when you were born because I wanted to be with you your first year of life. Pero I plan to go back and finish I promise you I will. I now have more plans and goals that I want to accomplish because of you”.-  
– February 2008

Sometimes when my daughter does or says something that I do not want to forget I write it down. Many times its silly but they mean a lot to me I want my daughter to always know that I think of her every day and that I pay attention to her and the things that are around her.

I saw a turtle today and I thought of you. It had big round eyes and It reminded me of how you look at me.

“Mami today you wanted to put make up on. I did not know what to say por que solo tienes 2 anos. You gave me that little face and I said ok. You act like me. I do not want you to think you have to be like me I want you to be you. – July 2008

Jasmine we call you Jazz por que tus tios are too lazy to say your entire name. I call you mamasite por que you look like me and my mom. You became gorda because of your chbby legs.-February, 2009

“Hoy fuiste con tu papa. He let you run in the field to pick tomatoes. I noticed that you like to be in the field a lot and it makes me happy because my grandpa loved to work in his fields and a lot of my favorite memories are in those lands”.-March 30,2008

“I am mad because you cut al the flowers from my garden. I am sorry que te grite pero me enoje mucho. Now I have to wait and see if they will bloom again. I wish I knew what you were thinking”.- April 10, 2008

Jasmine you made my cry today because I saw you staring at the moon. It made me remember when I was a little girl and would stare at the moon. Eres igual que yo. If you turn out to be a dreamer I want to support you in all your dreams and goals. – April, 22 2008

I never really sat with my mom to talk I want Jasmine to know that just because I am not talking is does not mean that I do not care about her choices or problems. I wrote a letter for her.

“Jasmine I want you to know that I am your mom but also your friend and defender. If you are ever confused and scare I will do everything in my power to help you. Many times I only had me to talk to. I want you to talk to me. I will try not to get mad and support your decisions. Love and the future are complicated things that I want to help you through. I cannot change the

world for you but I can be there to help you understand and accept. If I am not around you can run to tio David he loves you just as much as I do.

I want my daughter to have all the positive things in this world. I do not have money or treasures to give her. Currently this diary is the only thing I have to pass on to her. Hopefully when she reads it she will understand all the love and pride I have for and towards her. She will always be my Mamasita and mi vieja fea. My thoughts and dedications will be the only legacy that I see leaving behind. If for any reason life seperates me from my daughter and family this diary will give them a piece of me to keep.