

**Topic:** My Family's Immigration

**Abstract:** My family's migration story goes back to Europe, where my great great grandpa migrated to Mexico, in hopes for a better life. After somewhat settling in he met my great great grandpa in a rather interesting way, being chased by an angry mob. Once my dad was born, as a young man he decided to try luck in USA since there was little work, and pay in Mexico and as grandpa became sick they were in need of money. His first job was in Monrovia, he was well paid. Once he moved back to Mexico he met my mom, they got married and formed a family. Now with two kids my dad was in need of money to be able to feed them, and so my dad decided he was going to leave his small children and wife, to go to USA for a job and better life. Once he was settled in he decided to bring his family over to USA and start a new life. After living in Watsonville my family and I moved to Hollister, so my dad and uncles could start their own business. Since the new business didn't work out, we moved into town, and after the economy hit us, we had to sell our house and move out. As of now we live in a better and bigger house, and we are happy where we are and how we got here.

**Key Words:** Migrated, Mexico, Family, USA, Europe, Home, Better life.

The stories I will be talking about are about my family, my grandparents through my dad's side of the family. These stories go as far back to my great great grandfather. They are about how my family migrated from one country to another. These stories were told to me by my father, who was who I interviewed for my paper.

My family's migration story starts off in Europe where my great great grandfather was born and raised. The reason as to why he came to Mexico is not very clear or certain. The time in which he came to Mexico is around the time Mexico was in a war with Spain. When Mexico was trying to gain its independence from Spain. It was said that he moved to Mexico to gain land and to work it, and since there were Spaniards moving to Mexico claiming land he thought he could do it. So as a young and somewhat wealthy man he moved to Mexico hoping for the best.

Upon arrival he was not treated well since he was a Spaniard. He was mistreated, and many hated him. He was not there long when a group of Mexican soldiers were after him trying to lynch him. Since he was Spaniard they figured he was an enemy. My dad said that he was being chased around the country side of town, when he came across a young lady who helped him by hiding him from the group of Mexican soldiers. This young lady misleads the group of soldiers and told them that she had not seen a man go by. Lucky for him he was never found or lynched. He was very thankful to this lady who helped him, so from then on he would go to her house and take her flower or food for her and her family to eat. Soon enough after much visiting and talking they ended up falling in love and they soon married. My great great grandpa after getting married wanted to move back to his home in Spain, but my great great grandma didn't because she wanted to stay to help her ill parents. So they stayed and made a home in Mexico. He made a living of the land. He cultivated vegetables, and he grew flowers to sell. He and my grandma had a comfortable life in Mexico.

After my great grandpa and grandpa my dad was born, on April 19, 1958. My grandparents weren't very rich, so my dad and six other brothers and sisters had to work to help them out. Since they had to work they did not have time for school, they would go but never really finished it. Their job for my dad and his brothers was to go and help grandpa plant and cultivate food in other peoples land, in other words they worked for someone else. My dad's sister's job was to help grandma in the house, cooking, cleaning, etc. My dad's education level as well as my aunts and uncles were not high, so all they knew to do was work the land. Since little my dad and brothers became very hard working, and appreciated everything they owed, which wasn't very much.

My dad after working too much in the fields with my grandpa became very tired and wanted more for him and family. They all worked very hard and long hours in the field and get very little out of it to feed the whole family. So when he was only 17 he and his older brother 21 decided they would come and try luck in USA. They didn't know a lot about USA only that most of their friends that move over made good money. Crossing over was very difficult and traumatizing for my dad, he doesn't like to talk much about how he crossed over. It's a subject that's very hard for him to talk about and something we don't bring up. But after crossing over, my dad and uncle settled in Monrovia in LA, with some cousins that had lived there for a while now. Here he worked in a production line making cabinets. He stayed in USA for about half a year then moved back to Mexico to check up on his parents whom he missed.

When in Mexico he met my mom, so he decided to stay there and settle in. With the money he made in USA he was able to build a house for my mom and him to marry to raise a family. After the house was done my parents got married and shortly after had their first born. My dad's job was to work his land and his father's land (who is now old to work), and with the vegetation he was able to feed his family, and with the flowers he was able to get money out of them when he sold them. This went on for about three years now with two kids my dad wanted something better for his family and he decided to come to the USA to work. He came to Watsonville where he had cousins working in a flower company. These cousins also had a place for him to stay. Here he was able to get a job with his cousins at the flower company. He was the one who would ride the tractors.

After working at the company for a few months he was able to get a place of his own, and he knew was able to bring this family over from Mexico. He sent out for his family to live with him hoping they would have a better life. My dad's life would be better for them here, he thought

he and his family would have a better life. My older siblings went to a school nearby, my dad continued working in the flower company, and my mom would stay home to take care of the house chores. My siblings grew up in Watsonville and now were learning a second language. More family members decided to move to USA and try their luck here, those who liked it (mostly all) moved the rest of their family's with them. Mostly all who moved would get a job at the flower company my dad and other family members worked in.

My dad and family lived in Watsonville for a few years, two years after I was born my family moved out here to Hollister. The reason for the move to Hollister, was because my dad and three other brothers bought a ranch off of Union Rd. and they decided that out of this ranch they were going to make their own flower company. It was a good size ranch forty acres, and this ranch had two houses. Since one of the houses had only one room, one family stayed there, and the rest of us had to share the other house with three other families. This wasn't tough for me since I grew up with cousins, but I'm sure for the adults it was hard since we had to share bathrooms and kitchens. The parents each had their own room, and us smaller ones had to share a small room, which for us was fun.

I and along with six other cousins grew up in this ranch, and have really nice memories from our childhood, but my dad's and uncles company eventually came to be bankrupt and were not able to keep the company so it closed down. After two years that the ranch had been bought one of my uncles decided to move with his family back to Mexico. This uncle saw no future for himself or his family, and he opened up his own flower shop which was very successful. His move made it a bit better for some of us since it gave us more room, not only for us, but for two cousins of mine who were sleeping in the living room and they now had a room to sleep in. They like my dad wanted a better life since there was no future for them in Mexico. We continued

living in the ranch and we continued working off the land. My dad and his brothers continued planting flowers, but they were being owned by some cousins of my dad. They were able to open up a company of their own and were able to rent land in our ranch, and my parents started working for them. This is now the company where my mom works. My dad eventually became tired of working off the land, he had worked off land since he was a kid in Mexico, and wanted something better for himself and he got a job here at Milgard Widows.

As I came into sixth grade everyone but decided to move out of the house and ranch since it was too much to pay for the mortgage. We then move into town which was very different for us since I grew up in the 'country side' I felt like I had no privacy living in town. This time around we came to live with my mom's sister, and I was able to share my room with my cousin. We were both so excited to be living together since we really wanted to move in since we were little. We lived here for about five years. Things weren't going so well between my family and my aunts, which led to them moving out and leaving the house payments only to my parents which was a lot for just them two. As house prices started coming down, my parents lost the house. The house loss caused us to move out, and my older siblings were able to buy a house and it is where we all live right now. It's a big house with five rooms, and we each get our own room. We now visit family in Mexico from time to time. My dad is now thinking of seriously moving back. He has sent money to Mexico so his house can be reconstructed, for him and my mom to move in. I enjoy visiting Mexico a lot, but I will not be moving to Mexico with my parents. The only thing that is holding them back is my little sister, they want her to finish her education here. So they think that after she graduates they might be moving back. Now that they are getting old they miss the land they were born and raised in.