

Topic: Immigrant Worker

Abstract: My Father was raised in Tepic, Nayarit, Mexico. He grew up in a poor dysfunctional family and had it rough going up. He had to drop out of school to go to work for his family to get by. He ended up migrating to The United States in his early 20's to seek out a better life and raise a family. It was hard for single parent throughout the years, but he's been really successful in maintaining a family. My dad's long time experience on car body shop repairs has led him to be a provider for my family. With poor family relations, he has made it his goal to keep my family together during rough times.

Keywords: Single-Parent, Immigrant, Hard Worker, Education, Family provider

Immigrant worker

My Father has been in this country since the 1980's. Just like any other person who migrated to this country, he came to seek a better life. Dropping out of school at the age of 9, had only limited him in the work force, just like any other immigrant out of Mexico. Not knowing the language here wasn't any help, especially refusing to learn it throughout the years. Although, my father since his teenage years, has been working on fixing cars. A skill which; has lead him to a good job that helps support his family. Him being a single parent throughout the years made it a lot harder, but he did what he could to provide for his family. He grew up with poor families ties and made it so that his intermediate family wouldn't be in the same situation.

It's hard in Mexico, and growing in a poor family is hard on anyone. Out of 6 sisters, my dad was the only male. He would have had more siblings, but tragedy hit a few of my grandmother's kids at birth. Family financial problems left my dad work at an early age and it made him dropped out of school as a kid. My dad came out of a family that all members need to work, so they can all eat and get by financially. School wasn't a priority to his family than, but has made it a priority to his now. It's common for families in poor countries to dump education, for work. People have to do what they have to do to get by. All of my Aunts, including my father all worked in my grandmother's restaurant at a young age, no one else went to school. The restaurant was a struggling business, which would close down when my dad was a teen, but it did help the family function together.

His mother isn't the nicest of people in the world, but the bad life she had endured, probably made her a bitter old woman. She did what she could to raise all her children and did it all by herself. She had four different baby daddies, so she basically had no choice, but to do by herself because none of the men ever stayed to help. My Grandfather also wasn't the best of people. He owned a "Rancho", but he himself had many problems of his own, including drinking and gambling. He wasn't a very good father and wasn't there to father the three children he had with my grandmother. For the most part, he was irrelevant in my dad's life. I was fortunate enough to meet him once when I was five years old and seemed like a good person compared to my grandmother. He died shortly after my visit to Mexico, but my grandmother still lives. She's over 80, and looks to stay around a bit longer.

My father's family ties aren't the best in worlds. He doesn't talk to many members of his family. There's a lot of drama between himself and all his sisters, which all involve my grandmother. My grandmother for some apparent reason is the cause for the problem between all

of her kids. Gossip, being noisy and talking bad about another, is pretty foolish for elderly woman to do in my opinion. Knowing my dad, he likes to avoid problems, so he chooses to stay away from all his sisters. He keeps to himself and his family. He tries to keep stability in his family and not lead us to the same problem he had with his sisters. Family isn't one of his strongest points, but coming from a dysfunctional family is probably the cause.

As a Child my dad had a bad ear infection and because of his family was very poor, he couldn't get any medical treatment. My dad has been deaf from one ear since a child and just in the past year he has been able to get a hearing aid, but it's really no use since he doesn't use it. People from poor countries don't get medical help, and its not because of families don't care for it, it's a because of families not being able to pay for the treatment. The only disease that has ran in our family has been diabetes and it's something my dad has been fortunate enough not to have. My dad about 14 years ago got his front teeth knocked out on the steering wheel of his car in a car accident in Mexico. Other than his bad left ear and fake front teeth, my dad has been as healthy as an ox. He has a full net of hair and is in pretty good shape considering him being 52 now.

When my dad was in his teenage years, he finally stopped working at my grandmother's restaurant and got into fixing cars. My dad worked at a small car shop in his native home and it was something he fell in love doing. Whether it was fixing an engine or body work, he started up working on cars since. He ended up being very good on car body work repair. It led him to the profession he's in today and the job he really loves. Throughout the many years of working on cars he learned a lot and has made an honest living on doing so. I suppose working on something you love is always a win, win situation.

My dad in his early 20's ended up migrating to the United States. He moved in with one of my aunts in Gilroy, California. He came here to find work and seek out better life. Many immigrants from Mexico would go into back breaking labor like field working, but it was something he really didn't like to do. My dad repairing cars lead him to find jobs. He would do side jobs until he got actual job at an RV shop. He had 2 other jobs at car shops (one in Gilroy and one in San Jose on working on cars) until the one he currently has today in Palo Alto. It's been the job he's been doing for over 30 years. The commute maybe long, but the pay sure is nice.

Before my dad came to the United States, had a child in Mexico and he ended up leaving my half-brother behind. He wasn't there to father him, just like his dad had done to him. My half-brother however would come and live in Gilroy with my father in two separate occasions. My Half-bother always had a bit of grudge about my dad not being there for him. When my dad met my mother here in Gilroy, they ended up having three kids together. My mother also had one kid of her own, before she met my father. I think the fact my father wasn't there for my half-brother, he made it up by always being there for us. Not being there for one of his children is something he still regrets today.

My dad is far from a bad guy, but did have his run in with the law. In the late 80's to the early 90's, my father ended up having three DUI charges. My dad for many years had his problems with alcohol. Driving drunk was something that he would normally do when he was out with his buddies drinking. With all the DUI he still hadn't learned his lesson. He ended up doing some jail time overnight when he was arrested for the DUIs and had expensive lawyer fees. Ever since his last DUI charge, he has never driven drunk again. Just about 6 years ago, his best friend he grew up with ended up dying in a car accident. His best friend was intoxicated

during the incident. It was a sad moment for my father, but there was a lesson to be learned when using alcohol.

In 1999, my mother and father ended up separating. It really wasn't a surprise to any of us including them. They weren't getting along for years and it was pretty obvious that it was the kids that had them together for all of those years. There was a custody battle that took place and my father ended up taking all of us. My mother kept my half sister and my father just took his three kids. It was tough on him, but he took the responsibility to take care of his kids by himself. It's very rare to see a male win a custody battle and let alone taking care of them by himself and it was something he did for over 10 years.

Through out the years of being a single parent, he tried to give his kids all that he could. To parent alone it takes dedication to set his kids through the right path. My dad didn't get too much help from many people; he is a very proud person and never asks no one for anything. He has worked for everything he has today independently. He has never looked for a hand out on something; didn't put child support on my mother. He's been a hard worker his whole life. People want to knock immigrants for taking money and special services from this country, but my dad has always been one of those who never resorted to that. Over-generalizing a group of people as a whole is pretty foolish and ignorant because there are many immigrants that are positive to the communities in this country. There are Immigrants who pay taxes and follow laws, it doesn't take a citizen to do that.

His work at the shop is pretty interesting considering the fact that car body work is pretty hard. The working conditions are hard to go work through because of the heat. Car shops aren't the best of conditions to be around. Dealing with the strong fumes from the car paint is

hazardous to his health. My dad commutes to Palo Alto every day from Monday to Friday and sometimes on Saturday for side jobs. He puts in at least 12 to 15 hours daily. The pay maybe good, but at it's at a high cost considering his health and the little time he spends with the family.

It took my dad a while but in 2001, he finally became a permanent resident of the United States. It was a long process, but he has always been a bit lazy about it and it became the reason why it took him so long in doing so. He isn't a citizen even now because he chooses not to go through the proper steps to become one. His stubbornness from trying to learn the English language and also seeing it as a waste of his time is why he's chosen not to complete this process. My father becoming a resident gave him the feeling not to even try to become citizen because he has no worries about being sent back to Mexico.

My dad end up getting married for the first time in his life back in December of 2007. He was 50 at the time. He ended up merging his family with another. His wife has two other daughters and for the most part it's been pretty successful dealing with two families. His wife may not be giving to her children as my dad was to us, but she had to learn. Their parenting ways were far apart, but for the most part they have been successful raising kids who don't get in much trouble, well at least from our side. They've been happy ever since they met and there's hasn't been many problems in the time they've been together. It has looked like it's been the happiest time of his life because he has finally found a significant other he can grow old with. At this present time, it's probably the best time of my father's life considering he's had a pretty awful past.

My dad is an example of a great parent, hard worker and good person. He's done everything by himself without anyone's help. Working hard does pay off and it has brought him

to the best point in his life. Times were tough and he's been able to overcome such diversity with staying dedicated without losing his mind and dignity. He's has been my hero and has shown to be a very good role model. I look at my father as an inspiration in life. It's been an honor to be one of his children. He's a very good example of a single parent getting it done all by himself. My dad being able to set me to college, drive my sister with amazing grades in high school and put his youngest son in the sport of boxing. With my dad always at work and us not having another parent around for the most part, our family was able to function with us four with no serious problems.