

Theme: Mexican immigrant and their American dream.

Abstract: This is a story that had a lot of hard work put into. By losing a father at a young age and having a mother left to support the whole family. Bringing a stepfather into children's life is not always easy but possible. He worked hard to help out as the head of the family but later on he died. By losing him affected the family but they never gave up, remembering their roots and where they came from, they continued "the American Dream."

Key words: Immigration, American Dream, family, work hard.

Mexican Immigration and our American dream.

Mexican immigration is what defines that person who I am today. I was born and grew up in Mexico, I came here when I was fifteen years old, practically I had spend most of my life in Mexico that is why I do not consider myself as Mexican American even though I have my resident and I am in process my citizenship. Both of my parents are Mexican too, they also born and grew up in Mexico. When I was two days old my father died. My mom took care of my siblings and I. she work really hard until she got marry again when I was twelve years old and here is when I got my resident thanks to my stepfather that was Mexican American. The process of our residence last like two years and we all had the plan to come to the United States to being a better life that we can have in Mexico. We believed in the "sueno Americano." When my family and I had to present ourselves in the immigration's office in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, we got our residence but my stepfather became sick. He had a tumor in his head.

We came back from our appointment to the immigration's office, by that time my stepfather got sicker. My mom took him to see a specialist doctor for his disease but when they got back home we heard bad news, he had to have a surgery but my

stepfather said that the surgery can wait till my family would be here in California. We had to wait for him to come back to California and work for a while so he could bring us to the United States. A week later from the visit with the doctor my stepfather and my old

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brother left Mexico and came to California. They left alone because they both could work and join the money faster to bring us with them to California. My big sister, mom, little brother and I had to wait in Mexico so my brother and stepfather could bring us to the United States. We did not last too long. My stepfather got an emergency surgery because his tumor was growing up too fast and it was affecting his brain. After the surgery he went into a coma.

My mom and I came to California, my old sister and my little brother staid in Mexico. My mom was pregnant. She just told us about her pregnancy, before my stepfather went into coma. We did not bring anything. We came because of the emergency that my stepfather had. After a month that my mom and I came to California, my brother and I had to started school, second semester of tenth grade. School was hard. I was really nervous about it. I did not know any word in English; I had to look up every single word in the dictionary. We had to take classes for people that English is their second language. The good thing was that my brother and I had all classes together and that my English teacher was Mexican as we were. Also most people from that class were Mexicans too. They really helped us, to find our classrooms, to ask for food during lunch, everything from how school's environment was. Some of those people are now my best friends.

The time past, my mom and I had living four months in California already and my stepfather had not wake up from coma. My mom was worried about her husband, my siblings in Mexico and for us that we did not know anything from our new life that had started since we got to the United States. My mom by that time had to make a really

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hard decision. She had to decided if my stepfather would continuing connected with the oxygen or if she will let him disconnected and let him go. The tumor was growing up faster, he still in coma so he could not get another surgery because it would be the same as he had already. The doctor could not remove the whole tumor just part of it and whatever would rest will grow up faster and he will stay in coma till he die, so we did not had any hope he will be back from coma and recover. My mom decided to disconnect him.

My mom sent his body to Mexico, so he could rest there. My sister and little brother came here after they buried my stepfather. Than was time for us to continue my stepfather's plan. Work and study hard so we can have better life in the United States. My mom had my little brother. My older sister got marry and went to live to South Dakota, my brother and I finished high school and my mom dedicated to take care of us.

I started college right after high school; I also started to work part time. I got my license and now I was getting used to my new life. I miss all the time Mexico but I know that here in California I can have a better life and future. To continue with my culture and not forgot about it, when I got to the united states I got enrolled into a folk dance group, an activity that really passions me and makes me happy, also makes me feel like I still being part of culture and country even though I am not there. While dancing

folklorico I made and met really good friends. I also enrolled myself to different church activities and one of those is the folk dance group which I have not left since I started. Folk dance it is a safe way to have fun, meet other people and do exercises. Since I was in Mexico I dance folk dance, and it is something that makes connection with my culture,

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it helps me to take away the stress from school, work and also from home. Continue dancing folklorico it is one of my best decisions since I got here. I enjoy every time that I get ready to dance, feeling the music and see people watching us, enjoy the dance, which makes it more exciting for me. When we have a performance, we prepared for it and when it is the time to do it I love being in front of people and feel butterflies in my stomach because of the nervous, I cannot even smile when I am nervous even though we have to but when the music starts everything I feel goes I way and I just enjoy the dance, I dance with emotion, happiness and passion that I think makes me last till the last song; that is what motivate me on keep going and not stop.

Since my family and I got here to the United States, we have been working hard, trying to use to its culture and not fail in our American dream. My mom and siblings had been my big motivation to keep studying hard and make my goals become true. My mom since we were kids helped us to keep going and do well at school so that would help us to have a better future. As she always tells me, "School is the only thing I can give it to you," this words meant a lot to me and now that I am enjoying the role of being a mother I know that education is the most important thing we as parents can give to our springs. I started college right after high school; I also started to work part time. I got my license and now I was getting used to this my new life. I miss all the time Mexico

till today but I know that here in California I would have a better life with much more opportunities that also that will help me with my future and with my goals to meet them. As I mentioned before, education had been a very important activity in my life, I can say the most important thing before my daughter came, now she is the most important person

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in my life and my big motivation as my family and school my second most important thing in life, but even though at the beginning I did know any word in English when we got here to the United States now I can say that those nights that I went to sleep really late had worth it today because I know the basic English grammar, I can express myself better and even though I do not speak English very well I am still working on it to improve it and make me feel proud about myself.

While I was in high school I met my boyfriend. We live together and I can say that he and my baby are my family today. Whatever I do, I am thinking of my daughter first of giving her a better life that I had lived my mom and siblings. That was not a bad life but I want everything better for her. My boyfriend is Mexican too, he had passed bad times I had when I got here, everything was new for him too but the only difference was that he is immigrant without his residence. He works really hard to give us a better life every day. He came with the same American dream as most people came when they decided to migrate to the United States, work hard and give their families a better life and future. And now that we are parents we have the same idea as we parents do when they came here, thinking in our children before ourselves in giving them a most comfortable life. We are another example of families that come here seeking better opportunities and with the hope of prosperity for us and our family.

My identity is a Mexican immigrant in the United States because even though I am living in the united states I am a 100 percent Mexican and I do not feel like I am American because of my residence, I do form part of this country, I am happy living

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here and meet my goals that I had been made but something inside of me that is not make me feel American. Most immigrants came to the United States to have a better life with more opportunities that we do not have in our own counties and also bring our families to a better place with more amenities that we do not have in our original country and we do not have ways to purchase those as we do have here. I really would like to come back to Mexico because I miss my relatives and friends but now more than ever I have to think of a better future for me and my family, especially for my daughter, and this country is a good place with great opportunities to have it.