

Topic: Immigrated for a better life

Abstract: My father being self-motivated with a hard working background, strict father and low economy immigrated to the United States. He immigrated to the United States to accomplish his goals and have a better life. He reached his goals by working hard and gave us his family, a good economical position, teaching us the importance of accomplishing our goals and succeeding.

Key Words: Immigration, hard working, goals, family and success

My father is a self-motivated, punctual and lovable individual that has worked very hard to accomplish his goals. Self-motivated, because without his parents support he immigrated to the United States and didn't give up. Punctual, because he gave himself an amount of time to meet his goals and before that "due date" his goals were already met. Loveable, because no matter how far away he was, friends and other family members always remembered him with love.

My father was born on October 25, 1961 in Michoacán, Mexico. He is the third child of a family of six sisters and three brothers. My grandparents became parents at a young age and thus weren't economically set to adequately support their family. When they had their first child, they were eighteen and nineteen years old. Therefore, by the time my father was born, three years later, they were already facing many struggles. Yet, those struggles didn't stop them. They continued to have more children. My father, being the third oldest of the children, had to work and help sustain his family economically. Because times were hard, my father didn't have the opportunity to continue attending school. Without his parent's academic support and with the need to help support his family, my father attended school only up to the third grade. His sole role in his family was to keep up with the job that would help support his family. This consisted of milking the cattle every morning and helping his father grow crops.

By the age of seven, working like a grown adult made him decide that he was going to come to the United States when he turned eighteen. Stories he heard about family members that went to the United States lightened up and motivated his life. This would mean that he would have an opportunity for a better life. Specifically, he wouldn't have to deal with his father bossing him around and he wouldn't have to put up with his oldest brother. His father was very strict with him and whatever he ordered my father had to get done without so much as a complaint. Additionally, the eldest brother in my father's family consistently had health problems growing up and therefore he was not ordered by my grandfather to do any heavy labor. Instead, all he had to do was sell the milk at their house every morning. In the meantime, all the responsibilities that would normally be expected out of the eldest son were expected from my father.

Living with a strict father, an older brother that was always "sick" and a low economical situation had to change. My father wanted to better his life and begin owning things from his hard work. Even at such young age, he wanted to own his own house and own more clothes. This desire existed because throughout his childhood with his parents he didn't have more than five pairs of jeans, six shirts and two pairs of shoes. After many years of going through the same routine of working hard and seeing no progress, my father realized that migrating to the United States was the only solution that would change his life for the better and would also allow him to support his family.

In 1980, my father finally came to the United States for the first time, just as he had told himself he would. He came to St. Helena, California, located in Napa Valley, which is well known for its wine industry. In St. Helena he worked in a winery, and it was here where he

begun a new life and began to make his own decisions. He lived in St. Helena for over two years then moved to San Martin, California with three of his brother in laws.

During the time he lived in St. Helena he visited his family in Mexico. It was a special time of the year when he went. He usually visited in December, which was the season of the “fiestas”, Christmas celebrations that spanned throughout this time. Not only was it special because it was the season of the “fiestas”, but because it’s when he met my mother. He was there for only two weeks then came back to the U.S. to resume working, as he couldn’t afford to stop working. Living in San Martin he began working for a gardening company. He started off as a regular employee and later became a leader of a whole crew, which is a testimony to his motivation and hard work. He was responsible for driving the work truck and making sure that his crew was getting the job done. Although Spanish was his primarily language, this didn’t become an obstacle for him. He learned how to communicate and move along in every direction. A year after meeting my mother it became official, they were going to get married. He worked hard, saved up money and went back to Mexico to marry my mother. He spent approximately two weeks with her and then came back to the U.S. Two years later, he was offered a job with a higher pay in a different gardening company and took it. He had a bigger responsibility at work now, but his responsibilities grew in another aspect of his life as well. Now, he also had to supporting my mother in Mexico and they had a baby on the way.

My mother comes from a big family as well. She has six brothers and three sisters. Her parents were very supportive and helped her and my father in everything they could. Even though my dad was able to buy her a house in Mexico, she visited her parent’s everyday and spent most of the time over at their house. The day came when my brother, their first child, was born and my father wasn’t able to make it to Mexico until three days after he was born. To my

mother, this wasn't a problem. She was happy enough that he had gone to meet their first baby. It wasn't till two years later when my mother got pregnant again that the distance became an obstacle for my father. When my sister was born he wasn't able to go until four months later. Around that time my father was struggling with his job. It wasn't going well. But what upset him the most was that he couldn't meet his daughter until months later. He was beginning to complain a lot about his job but he couldn't quit. He had a family to support. Regardless of the struggles my father had with his job, he managed to visit my mother, my brother and my sister every year after my sister was born. A year later my mother found out she was pregnant with me. Once again, my parents were happy to be having another child and looked to the future with faith. Things with my dad's job were falling into place and getting better. Luckily, I was finally born a week after my father arrived in Mexico. I feel very lucky because he was there when I was born. Like usual, however, he was there only for about two weeks until he returned to the U.S. to work. It wasn't until a year later that I was born that he decided to submit documentation for my mother, brother, sister and I to come to the U.S. so our family could be together for more than two weeks at a time.

I was three years old when my mother and I were able to come to the U.S for the first time. For some reason my brother and sister weren't able to come until four months later. When they arrived the whole family was finally together. It was what my dad had always wanted. By the time my father had brought us to the U.S he had already quit his job and had started his own gardening company. He rented a house in San Martin where we lived for over eight years. During the time we lived there, my father struggled to give us everything he wanted but didn't complain. We had everything we needed to live a good life. He would buy us many toys and clothes, something that he had only dreamed of having himself when he was younger. Now, he

was able to not only offer this to his own family but he had a better life himself. Nonetheless, his first priority was always making sure that we had everything we needed. Every single day, he relentlessly worked hard with his family in mind and pretty soon this hard work was rewarded.

The struggle of bringing up a gardening company alone was finally showing good signs. He was getting offered to do yard services more often. Yet, working alone in his gardening company was becoming hard for him. He had many places to get through in one day while giving them all a great service. He would never give anything less than his best. Around this time, a new member to the family had arrived, as my mother had given birth to my little sister. Seven months later, however, my mother was able to help out my father. My mother, being a stay home mother, decided that she was going to go work in the gardening service with my father. It wasn't too long after they had been working when they decided to get a house of their own in 2002. By 2003 my mother decided to submit documentation to become a U.S citizen alongside my father. In November 2004 they both became U.S citizens. It's been over eleven years since my father started his own gardening service and eleven years since my mother started working with him. Thanks to my father's hard work, and then my mother for working with him, my brother, sisters, and I have had our education.

It was my father's hard work that got our family to the position we are now. His daily struggles with his father, coming to the U.S and bringing up a company is something our family will never forget. We deeply appreciate everything he has done for us. We look up to him and know that goals are important in life. He has reached his goals. He has a house of his own, has many different clothes and a good economic status. Thanks to him my brother got his major in business and now works for a prestigious winery in Modesto. My sister became a cosmetologist and owns her own beauty salon. I'm in the process of going from a CNA to an LVN and later

plan on becoming an RN. My little sister currently attends middle school and has the aspiration to obtain a higher education that will take her to reach her goals.

Everything my father did was for a reason. And because of those reasons and his hard work he has what he deserves and always dreamed of. He is a living testament that it's never late to begin a new life and it always a starting when you're trying to reach your goals.