

Topic: The reason behind my conversion to Christianity

Abstract: An immigrant boy from Mexico came to the United States with his step father and his mother. His life began abundantly. He had a beautiful childhood. When he was a younger kid, his whole family gave him all the love in the world. This child played happily all the time with his toys and dogs. Everything started out like a picture perfect life. Until he was ten years old and his grandparents had passed away. His world got twisted. He never got to see them after he moved from Mexico and so his life saw a drastic change. His family was torn, his hope was gone, his mother got depressed and father became a drunk. School was a waste of time, his relationship with his sister was bruised and his future looked dim. The child got in a lot of trouble. And after an argument with his father, the family decided to go to church. There they found comfort and joy. Mother was out of her depression and father soon left alcohol. He barely got in trouble and got back on track. Jesus Christ fixed his life up and church made him a better man.

Key words: Mexico, United States, Grandparent's Death, Depression, Alcohol, School, Jail, Jesus Christ, Hope.

Narrative:

I was born in 1992; it all began in a little hospital in Mexico. My mother had delivered a smart and beautiful child that she soon named after her grandfather. The family was ecstatic, they have been waiting for his arrival for about 9 months and now he is here. In the delivery room, his dad couldn't stop smiling and his mother, still sweating the pain away, could not believe the being that was in front of her. As a child I was greatly loved by my family. Around this time my grandparents were very old and all their grandchildren were grown up, so the gift of a baby in the house brought great joy to their hearts. My aunts all had to fight over who would be babysitting me and my mom would only have me for herself at night. It was a love fest, and I had nothing to be worried about, I was just a baby.

In my first year of age my mother and father had separated, and so the idea of my father living blocks away was normal. My mother had to raise me alongside of my loving grandparents. She worked day in and day out for about a year until she found a towering, charming, handsome man. He took her out to walks along the little *pueblo*. Bought her flowers and smothered her with

kisses. My mother thought that the gentlemen might as well get used to the fact that she had a child, and that if he was to commit to her, he might as well commit to the little one as well. That didn't stop him, they brought me alongside to every little walk, trip or get together. Surprisingly, he started to fall in love more with the little runt more than the mother. I called him *Tio*, knowing that I already had a biological father, and he agreed to the nick name. Soon after, my *Tio* had great plans for his new family. Those plans were to run away to the United States and commence a new and happier life. My mother was intrigued, but knew that her father would not approve. So daringly they decided to run away, child and all.

The United States wasn't such a big deal to me. In my eyes it was all the same. There were the same cars, same people, same buildings, so the fact that I would have to fit in did not bother me. At age three my mother married my *Tio*, so I figured I would have to change his name. I changed it to *Papi*. I moved into a farm where I remember I had my new best friend, a dog. He always played with me and vice versa. And because I didn't go to school yet, my time was all directed to him. My memory of this place is dim; all I remember about this house was the very first time I got my *pipi* caught in my zipper. Not a fun memory. Soon after my dog's death, we moved into a new place, next to my aunt. Actually it was right next to my aunt in a little laundry room. It had a stove, a bed, a tub and a toilet all in the same room. The toilet was the only thing covered. My dad was hardly home at this time, he was at work mostly every hour I was awake. I remember him leaving every morning, kissing me in the forehead and then my mom in the lips. I was always marveled at the kisses he gave my mom. It reminded me of *novelas*. One morning we had a phone call, my dad was in jail. We visited him every other day. We took the bus, a fun experience by the way, and only got to talk to him over a phone. I hated how I had to look at my dad through a glass window. I believe it was three days after my fifth

birthday that my dad returned home. My mom hurtled at him, drowning him in kisses, but I, caught up in the television set, ignored them. They didn't let me hear the cartoons that Saturday morning.

After my dad had come home from jail everything changed. We moved into a new house, we somehow got more money to buy things, and we even got to go on trips. Our new house was a mess. The yard was full of dried grass, no shade, in the middle of a tractor parking lot. The house was a dirty white color, the carpet was old and grey. It was heaven! I had my own room had a restroom that had a door. I had a playing area called the living room. It was amazing. The day we moved in was a fright to me. I remember opening a door to the yard and seeing a huge Rottweiler sitting in front of me. I slammed the door and looked out the window. There my dad was heroically driving them out with a broom. Oh how I idled my dad that day. I think around this time I started school. It was hard for me because I had to learn a different language and dress differently. I went from cowboy boots to sneakers. I went from liking soccer to liking basketball. Michael Jordan was my favorite player so much that I remember I tried shaving my head with my mom's razors to try to look like him. I didn't get too far. I only got to shaving a cross until my mom caught me, spanked me and shaved of my head with some clippers. I went to school bald saying I was Michael Jordan.

School was tough for me. I didn't read that well, never had good social skills, and worst of all I couldn't afford Pokémon cards. I was a Mexican little boy who ate ants, and grossed out girls, thinking they liked to be kissed. My only advantage over all this was that I was really good in math and did well with my teachers. At age seven I could have a full on English conversation with anyone. I probably made up some words here and there, but I got my point across. I think it was second grade where my parents told me I was going to have a little sister. I honestly knew

what that meant. They were going to go to the pet store and buy one there. My hypothesis was right up until my mom's belly had expanded into a huge ball. She told me babies come from mommies. So I asked them if instead I could get a dog instead. Nine months later I slept over at my aunt's house. It was unexpected, and so I didn't really look forward into doing anything special that day. I guess my little sister was one her way. So I went to sleep early so I could be nice and rested, so all of tomorrow I could play with my little sister.

The hospital was a cold place; nobody talked out loud, all the TV's had boring channels on, and the only food came from machines. There my baby sister was born. She was tiny and had no hair at all. I guess all girls look like boys when they are born. I spent four days visiting the hospital until we got to take my sister home. She didn't play much all she did was stare off to space. So I gave her room and went back to playing with my toys. After my sister was born all started changing. Every one visited my house. All my cousins where over and BBQ's seemed to go on every week. It didn't bother me one bit, I was having the time of my life. It was a good way to forget about school. I remember having my first communion classes the same time I was going to school. That was some of the most boring times of my life. I guess first communion classes weren't as important as school, because they didn't care that I skipped communion classes. In school they gave us a choice to play any instrument. I guess they were forming a band and so I chose to play the trumpet. That was a fun experience; I got to meet new kids from different schools and my trumpet skills weren't so bad either. I guess this was the last good memory I remember before some very sad times began.

In my youth I started to experience new things. At age 10 my grandparents passed way. My family all left to Mexico leaving me behind with my aunt. I grew up pretty quickly around that time; I self-governed myself and learned to take care of myself and those around me in just

three months. I missed the chance to see my grandparents for the last time in years, but I know I'll see them in heaven someday. I remember watching the news and seeing the twin towers fall that very same year. I didn't get what was going on so I just turned off the TV. When my parent came back I started behaving differently. I started to hangout with the wrong crowd, I started experimenting with weed and I was caught stealing everything that seemed amusing. I guess I liked doing the stuff I did, it brought me closer to my friends and I got to be more popular as I did it. I wasn't the only one affected by my grandparent's death. My mom was severely depressed and my dad thought it had something to do with him so he went off looking for alcohol. Honestly the only one that was sane at this moment was my adorable little sister. The environment she grew up in wasn't at all appealing to a little girl, but somehow she got through it. My mom started taking pills to relieve her of her depression but they all made her even worse. My dad came home drunk every other night and he didn't care anymore. He'd fight my mom and yell at us. At one point I got so angry with my dad I picked a fight with him and he laid arms on me. I didn't care. It made me stronger than he at the moment. An aunt from my dad's side suggested we go to church. She said it helped her life; maybe it could help ours as well.

The next week we found a small church to go to. I have to say it made me uncomfortable. I remember they were asking me tons of questions. I didn't care, so I gave them the answers they were looking for. Weeks went by when I started going more and more and seeing changes. Changes like my mom would be happy, my sister and I would fight a lot less, and my dad took notice of us. I went to church trying to find answers and I actually found what I was looking for... a purpose. I started playing drums for the church and my talent exploded after that. I found an artistic side of me I never thought existed. I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Savior and soon after everything had changed for the better. Temptation started to play a role in my life. Girls

were on me 24/7. I didn't know what they liked about me; I was just a church boy. I have to say that's what made high school such a fun place to be. Don't worry; I still continued to guard my heart for the Lord. I slipped a couple of times, but dusted my shoes and kept walking. In my junior year everyone was thinking about college, while I was thinking about what lake to hit up the next weekend. Sadly I never looked at the future and what I would have to do to get there. It wasn't until I found my current girlfriend. She was top in her class and didn't accept no for an answer. She is beautiful and full of dreams. This girl actually got me back on track. I knew if I had a chance with her I would have to get a degree and a stable job in able to support her. My mind was set, but my chances were dim.

Now I regret not trying in high school. I regret many choices I took as opposed to what I could have taken. Honestly if I could change one thing about my past it would be my school work. Now I'm stuck at Gavilan Collage trying to work myself up again. It's hard at times, but if I got through my last nineteen years with a breeze my future will be just as easy with Christ Jesus by my side.