

Topic: The Journey of a mother looking for a better future

Abstract: My Mother is from Celaya Guanajuato, Mexico born and raised. She grew up having a rough life, having to work at a young age. Migrating from Mexico at the age of 19, at the same time trying to be a mom, coming to the United States not knowing any english, and having to work right away. All my mother wanted is to find a better future she did not know all the obstacles she would face, but thanks to all those obstacles they have made her who she is today in life, a great person and mom.

Keywords: Struggles, responsibilities, family, jobs

My mother was born on September 18, 1967 in Celaya Guanajuato, Mexico. She was born into a family consisting of a mother and father, as well as 2 brothers and 1 sister. My mother grew up having a rough life, her family was really poor barely had enough money to eat and go to school. She began to work at a young age; she was 8 when she began to sell gums in the streets and clean car windows. My mother met my father at the age of 15 she dated him up until the age 19 then they got married. My mother migrated to the United States at the age of 19; her motivation was to find a better future. She is my inspiration, she is my bestfriends, shes the one that I admire, and she is my mother!

As my mom grew up she had a sad and rough life. She was forced to work at a young age, and the money she earned was to help buy food for her brothers and sister. There was many times were my mother did not receive enough money, so she would search behind stores dumpsters for search of food to eat. My mom's day began at 5 am to get ready for school, and then she had school from 8am to 3pm, after that she would eat then work at 4:30 to late 9pm. She hardly had time to enjoy her childhood, she had a few friends. My mom was hit many times as a child by her mom, there was a time where my mom was playing with the house cat which she wasn't allowed to because that cat was meant to eat the mice, so at the time when she was playing with it, the cat ran away. My

grandmother got home and seen that my mother had let the cat go, my grandma got furious and made my mom crawl on her knees all throughout the house searching for mice, knowing my mom is terrified of mice. My grandpa was a great dad to my mom he tried to buy her the things she wanted, he always told my mom to be patient with my grandma she loves her but sometimes it hard for her to say it. My mom loved my grandpa very much, she was devastated when he passed away of lung cancer. My mom suffered a lot from being physically abused by her mom, but even though my mom got hit a lot she now feels that she deserved it, because my mom said there was times where she was a troubling child. My grandma is not a bad person but the methods she used to teach her children morals and responsibility is not really good.

When my mom got into her teenage years she said she rebelled a lot. My mom and her sister began to hang out with the wrong people. The people they hanged out with began to do drugs such as cocaine, marijuana, and heroin. My mom says she never did any drugs but she did see when her friends did them. My grandma never knew my mom had the type of friends that did drugs, and if she found out my mom would be in big trouble. My mom found new friends in the neighborhood that where responsible. My mom met my father at a young age of 15 she started dating him at age 16. My father's mom never liked my mom, she would always be rude to my mom, and she felt like my dad could do better. At that time my mom and dad did not care what the rest of the people said. There was a day were my mom decided to tell her mother "I can't wait till I turn 18 to move out of this house" my mom was so mad then mom's oldest brother came out and told my mom "why wait till your 18 you can leave now" he packed my mom's clothes and put it outside the door and asked her to leave if she did not want to live there no more. My mom burst out in tears and said "I did not mean to yell at my mom and I am sorry" her brother warned her if she did it again

she was out. My mom's brother meant no harm to my mom he just felt he should take the part of the man of the house since their father was not there no more. My mom understood his point of view but she feels that he was a little rough with her. She was never claiming to seem as a victim, she just wanted to feel the warmth of love from her family. Yes I agree my grandma was rough on my mom but I think all she did was not from hatred but from the heart. Deep down my grandma was never shown love as a child so therefore she did not know how to show love to her on kids.

Getting married at a young age, brought on upon my mom a lot of responsibilities as a young 19 year old. My mom had to learn to cook, and learn to become a wife. She had my sister the same year she got married. She looked for help from my grandma to help her take care of my older sister but my grandma always answered her with the same answer "you decided to open your legs and get pregnant then now face the responsibilities". My mom had no time to go out with friends, no parties, and no time for herself. Around the time my older sister was born my dad had migrated to the United States in search for a job. My mom felt the most alone at that time because my sister got very sick and was in the hospital for several weeks, the doctors had told my mom that there was a little hope for my sister to survive, and already the cost of the hospital was expensive and my mom had little money. She had to go out in the streets and beg for money to be able to pay for the treatment my sister needed and to pay off the hospital. My sister survived thanks to god and the people who gave my mom money to pay everything off. Once my sister was all better my mom decided to migrate to the United States with my sister. It was difficult for my mom there was many times my mom had to run because the people migrating with her had claimed to see an immigration officers so therefore they would run but it was hard for my mom to run at the same time carrying my sister. Not only my mom took the risk of

migrating to America a long journey but, knowing she only had a certain time before she ran out of food for my sister and her , run out of money, and energy.

My mom came to Gilroy from Mexico not knowing English, not knowing anybody having no family here but my dad. She right away started working at Christopher Ranch. She said it was a very tough job but she was determined to work. My mom had my brother in 1991 and had me in 1993. After she had us she kept working but had to leave work in the year 1999, because my dad was diagnosed with blood cancer. When my dad was diagnosed with cancer my mom was with my dad through it all, every step of the way. My parents had to move to Stanford, CA because they had all the treatments my dad needed. While my mom lived in Stanford me and my brother and sister had to live at home still, we were practically raised by my older sister throughout the time my mom was with my dad. My dad sadly passed away on June 21, 2000 at the age of 29. My dad was the best dad ever and at the time I was only 6 years old, my brother 8, and sister 10. When my dad died it was like tornado passed by my family and me, and took my dad away in an instant. This was a devastating time for my mom; she had lost her best friend, her husband. The worst part is she doesn't have any of her family there for support .My mom had no money since she had stop working and my father's family had little money to help pay for the funeral. My mom had to ask for money from friends of the family. My dad's family all believed my mom was not capable to of moving on and able to support her children. My mom began to work again to be able to pay rent and pay all the bills. She is a very hardworking women, she has determination and is responsible. My mom later got lay off her job and began to go back to school to learn English. She went to school for almost 3 years, she worked really hard to pass all her classes and made a great effort to thrive to learn English. Although she had to leave school to be able to pay the bills. Soon then she started working in a Hollister wood

company; once she was working there a tragedy happen she got in to an accident, where the machine cut her hand and fingers. She lost a lot of blood and was transferred from the Hollister hospital to San Francisco hospital as emergency. She was in the hospital for 7 days and sadly she lost half of her middle finger of her right hand, and she does not have full movement in her hand but she is grateful that she did not loose her whole other fingers. My mom also suffered from trauma and had to go to a psychologist and psychiatric. She had frightning dreams about what had happened. Up until this day she does not have the courage to go back or any near the company were she worked at. She took several years to recover and barely started working 2 years ago.

My mom is my hero; she has had the hardest life I have ever heard of. She is the person I look up too, and admire. My mom motivates me to go to college and become a great mom and wife in the future. If it wasn't for her I might not even be here, her determination to have a better future for her and her family was a big motivation. Her life impacts me in the way I look at life. It makes me appreciate what I have, and be thankful I have her. In the future I want to give my mom all things she never could have, I want to give her a big house for her to live in without having to work but just relax. My mom dedicated her life to my brother and sister and I, why not give her something in return for all her hard work. From all the things my mom has gone through in her life. For example, having to work at low paying jobs, getting screamed at by her managers, and getting into a work accident . Once again she is my inspiration, she is my best friend, and she is my mom. I love her so much only god knows how much I do.