

Topic: Parents coming to America from Mexico with nothing but hope.

Abstract: My parents came to America from America with nothing but hope. They were determined to provide education, a better life for their family, my father especially. One day my father finally found a job which made him put his family in the right path, my father also had the desire to learn English. My mother was a hard working woman with all her fears of getting deported from work she still went to help support her family. With both of my parents working and earning some money my parents after I was born decided to go back to their Native country Mexico to carry on our traditions. I came back to America when I was 15 years old to learn English and live the American Dream. My parents are my inspiration and role models and thanks to them I know there is no dream that it's impossible to achieve.

Key Words: Language, Family, Future, border, Mexico Determination, La Migra, Fear, Right Path, Illegal, Desperate, Economy, American Dream, Mexican Traditions, Positivism, Willingness, Inspiration.

### What Love Can Do For Your Family

For my parents it was not easy to raise a family. Without having the privileges of being seen as Americans, being poor, but out of everything not to be able to speak the language spoken in the country, My father and my mother have tried everything to give us a good future, a decent education but above all the values of a family.

My parents first came to United States when they were about twenty-two years old. Like other Mexican families, they were seeking a better future not just for them but for us, their family. The first time my parents crossed the Mexican-American border they did it illegally. They crossed over feeling nervous and afraid of getting caught and being deported back to Mexico. Their determination was enough to walk hours and hours without food, without water, and with the fear of dying at any moment. Walking in the desert for days not knowing if they were walking in the right path, the path that would lead them to United States, which was one of the scariest things that have ever happened to them. That time when they crossed the border, my

oldest sister was one year old; my parents were not just taking care of themselves, but also taking care of my sister and making sure that she was fine the entire time.

My parents were successful crossing the border but now they had new problems to face. They acknowledged that they were illegal in the country, and that it was not going to be easy to get a job. The first month being in America my father look for a job twenty-four hours a day, seven day a week, without success. My mom was not able to look for a job since they did not know anyone that could take care if my sister. The idea was, first my father to get a job, earn money to pay somebody to take care of my sister and following that my mom would be able to look for a job as well. My parents were getting desperate, the little money that they had was finishing little by little, they only had enough to eat once a day and feed my sister properly. Luckily my father finally found a job in a clothes factory, he was paid the minimum. He would work eighty hours a week. The manager of the factory was Asian but he could speak Spanish perfectly fine, which helped my dad a lot since he did not know any English.

My parents never thought it was going to be that hard to live in this country, they always thought that getting to America was going to be the end of their problems especially economic problems.

My parents did not receive education. My dad started working when he was seven years old, he had to drop out of school when he was ten because my grandparents did not let him go to school anymore, they would see school as a useless tool in life. My dad did not want to work hos whole life in a factory, where he had to work as a mule and getting the minimum wage but, at that time he had no options. My dad, to move his family forward in life he started to ask simple questions, he wanted to learn English, he did not study at home because he did not have time but

at work he would always ask something new, now my father speaks English fluently, he was never ashamed of other laughing at him when he would say something wrong he would rectify himself and say it again.

After a while my dad got my mother a job in the same factory, my mom would sew jeans for about nine hours a day, getting her hands pinched all the time, having accidents for not sleeping well but she never gave up, she kept working the entire time, my mother was fearful, in the factory *la migra* would go once in a while when nobody expected them and revise all the employees and the ones that were undocumented would get deported back to their native country which mostly were Mexicans. My mom always says that *La Virgen de Guadalupe* never abandoned her. One time migration went to the factory, my dad was not working as a regular employee he got promoted, he was a truck driver even though he was not able to have a valid license, but my mother was still working there, she heard someone yelling *La Migra, La Migra!* My mother had talked to others of where to hide if something like the occurred would happen, my mom saw her best friend, she was about to get caught when my mother grabbed her and started running to a sort of tunnel that existed in the factory, they waited there for about four hours until everything got calm. That time about thirty-five Mexican workers got deported, my mom knew most of them, when my mom got home she was in shock, her face seemed pail, she did not want to eat, and she said that she did not want to go back to that place that she was not going to risk herself and get deported and leave her daughter alone. The next day my mother full of bravery decided to go back to the factory, for her surprise about half of the employees did not show up, she was not the only one who was fearful of getting deported, but she decided to not renounce the American Dream, she knew that in order to succeed she had to be brave in every single step that she moved forward.

My parents were earning enough money to have a decent life but they were saving most of their money, they wanted to construct a house in Mexico in their hometown, they wanted to build their house, go back and raise their children with our Mexican traditions, my parents in 1986 faced a conflict that would lead them to the place where they are right now, and be the people who they are in this precise moment.

In 1986, the first amnesty was created; my parents heard about it, they knew that they could get a good opportunity of getting their migrant status changed, but also they had to pay a great amount to do so, all the money that my parents had saved for the house would be lost if they applied for their green card, they did not want to risk all the money that they had hardly work for. My mom did not want to apply, she refused, she would say that she was not going to give her money away; she would say things like, how about if we do not get the green card? Are we just going to lose that money? My dad has always been a positive person; he talked to my mother for weeks, trying to convince her that they had a great chance of getting their legal status changed, my dad would tell my mom that with hope and their sacrifices made, everything was going to be just fine and that everything was going to turn their way. Finally my father convinced my mother to apply, they paid with their money saved for the house, and they applied in 1986. Years passed and they never heard anything about the process, my mom would call once or twice a month to keep track but the only thing that they would say was, your application is in process, hopeless, after three years my mom stopped making the phone calls, she would blame my dad all the time, telling him that she knew that such thing as an amnesty was not going to happen, that it was impossible for them to change who they were just illegal Mexicans, after one more year of hard work my parents received a phone call. It was from the migration office, the secretary told my mom that they needed further information and that their case was being processed my parents

extremely happy, went to the office and took the information that they needed, after that time the process of my parents getting their green card lasted about two more months, both of my parents became legal residents of United States, after that my dad got promoted at work, he could speak English and Spanish, he got his license and he was able to do everything legally, my mother kept working in the factory since she did not learn English but everyday she felt the relief of not being scared of *la migra* getting to the factory and having to hide from them.

While residing in California my mom had two more daughters, they grew up here in California, in 1993 I was born, two years later my parents went back to Mexico, I grew up in Mexico, when I was fifteen years old, I decided to come back to America to learn English, now I'm here without my family but with good sense of what I want to do with my life and with my parents extraordinary example of willingness and ability to know that people can make their dreams come true.

My parents have taught me, values as family, and they always say that life is full of surprises and no matter what difficulties I may face I can always overcome any obstacles. My parents are and always will be my inspirations and role models to succeed in life.