

**Topic:** My parent's motivation to come to the United States.

**Abstract:** My parents had me here in America; after I was born we went back to Mexico and after some years my brother was born over there. Things got harder as there was no jobs and very little money to provide for a family of three. All those struggles made my parents come back to America and find a better future. And so it happened, with all their hard work and commitment of achieving their goal. They owned their own land and home and lost it due to the economy fallout. All their hard earned money went down the drain and they were devastated. And now as I am a lot older it is my duty to pay them back and help them gain all that they have lost.

**Key Words:** Immigrant, Mexican, Puerto Rican, Opportunity, Struggle, Respect, Thankful

### Narrative Essay

Nineteen years ago I was born here in San Jose, California to immigrant parents from Mexico. My mother having a full Mexican background and my father having both Mexican and Puerto Rican heritage. Right after my birth, a couple months later my parents decided to go back to Mexico so my grandparents could meet me. After spending a couple years there, my younger brother was born in Mexico. Times were hard for my parents, trying to raise two children in Mexico and having to work little hours for little money. Having to provide for rent, food, clothes, and gas. My parents decided it was time for us to move to the United States again. And come for what everyone called the "America Dream". The ideals of freedom, equality and opportunity traditionally held to be available to every American. A dream to provide a house for family, to provide a better future for your children. All that was taking place my parents head when they were thinking about coming over.

Like most immigrants, my parents both crossed the border and hired Coyotes. Coyotes are people that smuggle you in to the country. While my parents were crossing over to America. My brother and I were taken by some trusted friends at the border. We were taken to East Los Angeles and were to wait for our parents to arrive, and thank god we did. We were reunited. We

were in America now, In hopes of a better life and in search for that American Dream. While in L.A., my parents found jobs and a place to live. We had an old family friend from Mexico living in Morgan Hill, California. She was well established here in the United States. She has been here since she was a Teenager. By the time my parents got a hold of her she was an elderly lady, who welcomed us to come and stay at her house until we got well established to this new country we came to. I thank this lady a lot for letting my family have that opportunity for letting us more north and showing us the way to being successful In this country. I could only imagine the hardships that my family had go through, and I don't wish those hardships towards no one. In general having to deal with a completely new language, new set of laws, discrimination because they were different than other people.

After a couple years of living there we moved to Gilroy, California just a couple miles south of Morgan Hill, California to live with an uncle. By this time my dad a good stable job as a mechanic and my mom worked at Christopher Ranch a garlic producing factory located between Hollister, California and Gilroy, California. My dad brought in most of the income to the family. So did my mom but she also had to worry and care for my brother and I at the same time while having to worry about work. She didn't know too many people in the city to hire a babysitter. So she did both worked and care for us at the same time. I clearly remember us, riding the bus everywhere. Mainly when we would have to go to the doctors all the way in San Martin which was about 10 to 15 miles away from where we resided. My mom struggled while trying to communicate with other people. Because of the fact that English was a total new language to her. She decided to enroll into some English classes that the community was offering at a local school. My mom took advantage of the opportunity to take those classes and learn some English.

Learning English opened a lot more doors for her, than when she did not speak it at all. Things were a lot easier than before.

Things kept getting better and better for my parents, all their hard work was paying off. My parents decided that it was time for them to move on and own their own place, and so it happened. My parent's hard work and dream since they first came to America finally came true. My parents owned their own land and their own house. My father kept his job as a mechanic and eventually ended up owning and managing his own business. My mother with the English that she developed over the years a new job and became assistant store manager at a local store in town. But the only really down fall was that my parents were not US citizens. Not only for them but for anyone who is not a US citizen things were unfair. Non US citizens did not have the same rights as regular US citizens. For people like us transportation was a problem, legal paperwork was a pain in the ass, and there was and still are many things that we cannot do that US citizens can. For my parents, their rights were very limited.

By that time my brother and I were a lot older. A couple years passed and we were still living in my parent's house until the economy hit us hard. The economy all over the country was down and out, and budget cuts hit everyone hard all over the state. House payments went up and my parents just couldn't afford it anymore and lost everything that they had worked so hard for. All their hopes and dreams and hard work from the moment they arrived in the United States to the day they lost the house had died out. It was sent down the drain, like water on a thunderous rainy day. I remember the look on my parents face when they knew that they couldn't do anything about it. All the money invested in the house was lost. We moved out and rented my uncles wife's house and been living there ever since. Both my parents are still working their jobs

as before. I am in college, my brother just graduated high school, and my sister is in elementary school.

Now that my parents have done their best in raising my brother, sister and I, it's time for us to pay them back. Coming from a strong Mexican background we were thought about respect, and show respect if want to get it back. We were thought that nothing is given for granted we have to work hard, for it if we really want it. They strongly encouraged us to continue our education, because at the end of the day when it is all set and done, your education will be what will bring you a home, a place in society. Most importantly it would get you a good career job. It will open all the doors there is. And now that I am at that point in my life, of almost finishing my education I plan to pay my parents back. Pay them back for all they have done for my brother, sister and I.

They have greatly influenced me in various different ways. First by raising me the way they did and showing from good and bad. Thanks to them I view the world a different way, I've learned to be humble and love and respect everyone around me. They have influenced me to one day raise my children the way that I have been raised. Another way that they have influenced me is in hard work ethics. I was thought that nothing was given to you, it was earned. I want to pay them back with love and respect that they have deeply earned from me. I want to give them back that land and house that they once lost and worked so hard for. That's my goal right there; everyday that goes by, that goal is in the back of my head. I need to keep moving forward and meet this goal. Before I settle myself I want to make sure I have a place where they can settle. Is that not the dream of every proud child?

All and all I am very thankful for all that my parents have done for my brother, my sister, and I. I am extremely grateful for the decisions that they made while in Mexico, of

coming over to the United States of America due to the economic and social crisis in Mexico. Crossing the border for the first time before I was born, then crossing it again while coming back from Mexico for the second time. Being temporarily away from my parents and reuniting with them. From struggling get around find work to my father owning his own business and my mother being assistant manager of a local store in town. From being landowners and owning a house to losing it all due to economy failure to bouncing right up from where they first started and continuing to provide for their family. Without them and without god I wouldn't be here writing this right now. My parents greatly influenced me in what I want to do in the future and I want to pay them back with gratitude. I am sure that I am one in millions that are living im my situation of being first generation children if immigrant parents. I am sure all these people want to pay everything back to their parents just like I do.