

Topic: Memorias De Mi Infancia/Memories Of My Childhood

Abstract: I was born in the city of Celaya, Guanajuato , a place where people are very religious and also very traditional. My family always celebrates every holiday together and I have a lot of memories since I was little kid . Christmas , New year's and El Dia De Los Muertos are the most important holidays for our family. I used be really happy in Celaya but since my parents got divorced we moved to California for a better life. Memories would never fade away and I know I have a future that awaits for me. My kids will grow up with the same traditions and beliefs because its important for a family to follow the same traditions that once made us so happy.

Key Words: Family , Party , Christmas, Dia De Los Muertos, New year's eve, Traditions , Beliefs , Memories , Future, Guanajuato,Cajeta.

Ethnic Designation: Mexicano

Cultural Category: Social Practice: Informal Information Exchange

Memorias De Mi Infancia/Memories Of My Childhood

I was born in the city of Celaya, Guanajuato known as the city of the Cajeta. Cajeta is a thickened syrup usually made of sweetened caramelized milk. It is a popularity of Celaya and mostly everybody in our town makes it. My grandmother used to make it all the time it is part of our tradition. As I grew up in Celaya, my family was always together for Christmas and new years. I was really close to my family since I never had a brother or a sister, my cousins were always the people I would hang out the

most. I have a lot of family we would always throw a big party and the party was not over until the next day. For Christmas My tios and tias would always bring presents for the kids and food for everybody. My tias would always make tamales, pozole , pasta, champurrado and mole.

While my tios would always bring cerveza and tequila. After the party was over everybody was there for el “Recalentado“, which means everybody had to finish all the food that was left. For new years my family would always get together as usual and would always have dinner first when arrived, then at midnight when it was time to celebrate we would eat Las Doce Uvas De la suerte, which means the twelve grapes of luck , everybody had to make a wish for every grape they would eat it is a tradition that our family would use to make our wishes come true. On January 6, we would always Celebrate El dia de los Reyes Magos , when I was a kid I used to write a letter and put that letter in a shoe so the next day I woke up I had my presents ready on the couch. The other holiday we celebrated was El dia De Los Muertos, it is a Mexican holiday celebrated throughout Mexico and all around the world in other cultures. My family used to pray for the people that had died and always go to the cemetery to put flowers for their loved ones. I feel really proud of my culture. I miss my family, my traditions, My people. Every time I think about it I want to go back in time because I knew I was happy kid. I’m still happy with the things I do today but I wish I did the same of what I used to do back in Mexico. I used to go to school all the time. My mom walked me from home to school everyday always waiting for the “combi“, which means the bus. We always stopped for breakfast and we used to buy gelatinas and jugos de naranja in bags. The place were I live we didn’t used plastic bottles or cans like we do here so we put

everything in little bags with a popote (straws) . I have a lot of memories. Every time I got out of school I used to go to the puestos and bought candy or little toys. Every weekend me and my family always used to get together and watch the soccer games on tv. Our favorite team was America one of the best teams of the Mexican soccer league. I used to play soccer with my friend all the time in the park when I was bored. Soccer was my life when I was kid. My religion is Catholic, since childhood my family always taught me how to pray and give thanks to God for life. Every Sunday my family gathered to pray in temples. My grandmother taught me that before and after eating, I had to pray to thank God for giving me food. Before and after sleep also had to pray. My family always prayed to La virgencita De Guadalupe. My mom used to pray for San Judas Tadeo and el nino de atocha as well. When I moved to California things changed, I did not longer pray . I still believe in god but I never go to church anymore. Now I have different beliefs. I know im not a bad person so god should not be mad at me because I'm not a bad person. My mother who is the only person that lives here with me also forgot about the things we used to do before, she doesn't go to church but still prays for the family. We don't celebrate Christmas anymore, my mother rather stay in the house and watch tv all day . I prefer to be out with my friends and get wasted or just spent time with my girlfriend. At night sometimes I get together with my mom and make some food. Like we make tamales or we just eat pastas. From now on, life has become very difficult for me . My life is all about working and going to school, but I know one day I would have the chance to go back and spent time with the people that I love. I miss my country I wish things never happened. But we moved to California seeking for a better opportunity because after my mother and dad got divorced. I knew I couldn't leave my mother. Hopefully

things get back to normal. Right now I might now follow my religion or my costumbres, but later in life I wish I could do the same with my kids, I want them to follow my culture and beliefs so they can be better in life and not be upset like me.