

Topics: Momma's Boy

Abstract: A young woman born and raised in Oaxaca, one of the poorest states of Mexico. After, a rough and neglected childhood she gets married and migrates to the U.S. In search for better future for her family and herself, little did she know it would be a new beginning full of obstacles! Her first child is born, which is an enormous joy for her, but sadly he can't hear. Like every obstacle thrown at her she's able to surpass it. Present day she's not the same woman that came from Oaxaca. She's the reason I thrive for success!

Key Words: Immigration, Oaxaca, Lifestyle, Work, Family, Obstacles, Strong, Citizenship

Honestly, I can say I love life; every aspect of it: nature, people, God, and especially my family. I'm hard working. I consider myself a very respectful person and mature for my age. I always get compliments about my personality, overall that I'm a great person. All this is due to a special person in my life, my mother. Both my parents have had a special impact in my life and who I am today, but my mother I is the main reason. She has thought me that everything is possible, no matter the challenge. Even if the situation looks devastating, this woman has found ways to get out of them, and become stronger woman each time. You may ask," What makes your mom so great?" Anyone can agree that a mother is willing to do anything for her child. The reason I admire her is not because she's been a great mother, but because what she has been through. Although she has surpassed every obstacle in her way, it amazes me how much love she has towards others, when that was something she didn't get enough of. The reason I'm here in the U.S., the reason I can hear, and for a successful future is her!

Mi mama was born in Ayoquezco, Oaxaca. Oaxaca is considered one of the poorest states in Mexico. Her little pueblito was also considered one of the lowest. Oaxaca is known for its people being really dark skin, but overall extremely short. It's the stereotype for Oaxaca, though

y mother is not dark skin at all. She's light skin, and she's five feet tall, so it's up to you if you consider that short. In Mexico, it's an insult to be called an indio, well a majority of Mexico think that all Oaxacans are Indians. An example of how insulting it is: could be how in the U.S. it's an insult to be called a red neck. The conditions in Ayoquezco were difficult. As soon as a child was able to walk, they were taken to help the family out with the crops and the cattle. The women stay home clean and make the food. This was a everyday routine that would never change so there was no way of improving their lifestyle, unless they chose to chase the American Dream. She grew in a family of just women; there was only one man in the house; who was her grandfather. Her father was never her life. Both lived in the same small town. They would see each other, but her father would always deny her in public. He was a cruel man, when there was no one around he would ask her, how are you? She never needed him and still doesn't. My grandmother played favorites; she loved my aunt, my mother's younger sister. My grandmother would blame my mother for the departure of her father, which make no sense. My aunt was spoiled, and still is. It was hard for my mother, the only love she had was from her grandparents, but that was enough for her. She considers them her actual parents. It was common for teenagers to get married at a young age. My mother was fifteen when she got married. Her and my father decided that if they were going to create a family, they wanted the best for them. So it was decided, their search for the American Dream. Crossing the border was another obstacle. It took time to finally cross and be in American territory. She was able to cross over on her second try, why was in 1990.

A year later she had her first child, her son was born in 1991. Her children were born American citizens. Her dream was coming true, a better lifestyle for her children. She didn't want the same thing she had, nothing. Happy as can be, she was to have her first child. Her son

was now her new motivation to work hard. Shortly after the doctors told her, I wasn't able to hear. She was devastated by the news. Like every other challenge she had gone through. She wasn't going to give up, especially not now. So it was surgery after surgery, ear drops after ear drops, it was a long process to try and fix my hearing problem. I remember nights, when my mother would insert those awful ear drops in my ear. The pain was unimaginable. I would cry for hours. My mother would hold me, until the pain went away and I fell asleep. Her heart would break in half to see me like that. I remember numerous trips to the ear doctor, and numerous hearing tests. I already had the routine memorized. Walk into a room the size of a closet, then the doctor would put head phones on me and leave the room. He would go to the next room and talk to me over the head set. He would ask me to raise my hand each time I heard a beeping noise. There was high and low pitch sounds that would increase or lower in volume. It would vary to really test my ears. They would test each one at a time. Medical attention wasn't the only way my mother was seeking help with. She would pray for me numerous times daily. She puts all her problems in the hands of god. Overall, I had four surgeries done to my ears over a five year period. The first five years of my life were hard. I was able to hear little by little, but the problem was since it took me a while to hear; it took me a while to learn how to speak. Due to all these problems I was behind compared to the other kids. That was the least of my mother's problems; she was glad that I was going to be able to hear. Yes, I was behind in school, but I'm grateful that I am able to hear. Now whenever I take the hearing test, I score at a 97% close to perfect hearing. It might not sound like a big deal, however to me it was. All those trips to San Jose on bus and later on in a car were tough years. The surgeries and the appointments, I'm sure they weren't free. At the time as a family we needed money, but my parents would invest in my hearing. Our way of living wasn't the best as you can say. Living in an apartment and an old

car to get us around, and both my parents working in the fields was how we were living at the moment. It was tough.

It was so different 14 years ago. The woman, my mother was when she had just gotten here to the woman she is today. My mother now a U.S. citizen owns two houses, and two cars. We live in one and the other one for rent. She's no longer working in the fields, now she has a stable job. My mother is a special ed. Assistant teacher. Her marriage stronger than ever and now with three children: myself, my sister that is a year and a half younger than I, and my little brother who was born when I was fourteen. She got more involved in church than ever. She goes every Thursdays to clean the church. Every Sunday she goes to church at 9:45A.M. She has much to be grateful for. She makes trips to Mexico every year to go visit her mother. She has accomplished so much from where she came from. Coming from nothing to having a beautiful family and a better lifestyle; her success wasn't easy there were plenty of obstacles in her way. For the longest time she was limited to the things she could do because she wasn't a U.S. citizen. Like any other immigrant she lived in fear of being caught and deported back to Mexico. She wasn't going to let that happen, so she decided she was going to become a citizen take classes and do anything possible to be an American. She finally became an American in 2003. She's not the proficient in English, but I'm amazed how much her English has improved over the years and because of her job. She now has a new goal that she wants to try. At the moment she doesn't have time; however when she gets then chance and has the time. She would like to go to college. I am proud to see how strong and dedicated she is to overcome anything that comes her way.

A child is a reflection of their parents. My mother has given me nothing, but great examples of how to live life. She has showed me anything is possible if I dedicate myself to it. I know I should never give up even if the odds are against me. The most outstanding thing about

everything is that she still remains humble and caring for others. She knows that she has done so much progress, but still she doesn't let that get to her head. Anyone can say my mother is one of the most giving and cheerful woman out there. With my mother being such a great example, how can I be something different? I am very similar to her. I love to fight for my loved ones and for what's best for me. I love to help others if I can. She's my hero! Knowing her story and how much she struggled, I have to be a successful person for my mother. So she knows that everything she did was worth it!