

**Topic:** My father growing up in Mexico

**Abstract:** Life was tough for my father growing up. He lived under bridges when he was only 8 years old. And had to fight for survival to see who was the best. And once he proved himself by fighting one hundred people you became a Man as the streets would say. You wouldn't fight people just because you wanted to it was for respect towards your name.

**Keywords:** Father growing up in Mexico, living conditions, leaving to the united states, and having a family of his own.

### From Nothing To Something

My father was born in September 4, 1958. U could say my father never did really have a childhood. He was born and raised in Colima with one older brother and 3 younger siblings. My father was a quiet person but once u handed him a beer he could talk all night. Growing up in a poor home and not having enough food to eat. My father had to work from the age of 8 years old. He was just a young boy who had his whole childhood taken away from him. My father would see and understand what was going on at his own home. So he knew that his parents couldn't support them all so he decided to leave home. He would be able to find side jobs, but most places wouldn't give him any work because he was so young. Any money my father would make he would hand it to my grandmother and just keep enough money for himself to eat.

He would sleep under bridges and at such a young age he witnessed so much. From drugs to violence. My father would tell me that they would always offer him drugs but he always rejected them because he thought it was pointless and you would just end up killing yourself. It is sad to hear all the things my dad went true and how he had to live. It is sad to see boys at such a young age like that on the streets. But in Mexico it

happens a lot because a lot of families are poor. At the age of 14 he would have to fight people just to survive. The rules in the streets was that if u actually won 100 fights u were a true man and earned respect from them. My dad said he didn't fight kids he would fight men twice his age. Once people knew what my father was capable of people wouldn't want to fight him at all and had respect towards him or even fear. He would tell me he wasn't proud at times of what he did , but he had to do them for survival. He even had a gun pointed at his head. Like my father says " once you see how the real world is you don't fear nothing". when I myself think about my father it makes me feel proud to be his son because he gave us a home and always was here for us. My father didn't really know how to express himself. He never really had nobody to talk to or a shoulder to cry on. And when your that young you need your mother to hold you and love you. At the age of 18 my father and his friends headed to California. When they arrived to California they became residents right away. My father loved to travel and see new things. He told me his times being at Washington d.c. he just said there's some crazy people out there. My father and one of his friends were employed as taxi drivers. that's one of the reasons my father would know how to travel. He would actually drive to Mexico and back to California when people would request it because he was good at traveling. Even when we traveled he never use a map for nothing. My father would mostly send all his money to his parents and eventually he built them a home. My father always helped his parents out. Then a couple of years later my dad moved to Morgan hill and actually met my mom there. Like all men my dad always had a drink with his friends after work. I remember my dad telling me when he met my mom he knew he would marry her. And guess what?

He did! My dad was a gentlemen to my mom and that's one of the reasons she fell in love with him. And my mother also says she loved my fathers green eyes. They were going out for over two years. Then they got married. They rented a house in san martin for a while. Then a tragedy happened, I was born! They lived in san martin for over a year.

My father was one wild man. He owned a Camero year 69, candy red paint with two white racing stripes. My mother mentioned to me that I was in the back seat and my mother passenger. Then my father would speed thru san martin at 178mph. that's one reason my mother wouldn't get into that car with my father. Me and my father loved muscle cars and lifted trucks. One of our projects was to build up a camero 69 from scratch. Father and son. One time my mother mentioned to me that a cop pulled him over and he knew my father. The officer told him I am surprised you havent killed yourself in this beast. My dad just tells him what this is just a toy car to me. Me being my fathers first son was special for him. My mother always told me I followed him around. She said I looked like if I was his security. Later on my parents had three more children. My parents first home was in Hollister. They worked for it and purchased it. that's a good example of showing people when you work hard for it you could get what you want. And I am really proud of my father because he worked for what he wanted and never asked for favors. In a way you could say he was living the American dream. We had a normal childhood growing up and our parents didn't want us to go thru what they had to go thru.

Our family had ups and downs but we still were happy. We would always go out every weakened and have fun. Then one night my father received a call from his mother saying that his father had just died. When I looked at my father I just saw him staring at

the wall, he didnt know what to say. He loved his father but he didn't want us to see him vulnerable. I was only 12 at the time and was still wondering what was going on. Me and my father ended up driving to Mexico for my grandfathers funeral. I think this was one of the saddest moments of my fathers life. Once we arrived to Colima my father wouldn't even look at my grandfather. It seemed weird that my father didn't want to look at him. I even questioned myself why didn't my father look at him? Next day they buried my grandfather. I remember seeing my father being behind all the people and when I saw his face I just say one tear run down his cheek. My dad ate all his pain that day. Later on that night I asked him father why didnt you want to see my grandfather and he said " I would rather remember my father being alive and have good memories about him". Those words have always been in my mind till this day. once we arrived home my father didn't really talk a lot. He would wake up every morning and go to work after work I would see him drinking. I also remember seeing my father stare at my grandfathers sombrero and cry.

It really hurt my father when his father past away. After my father started drinking a lot he and my mother started to argue a lot. It was even started to be a frequent thing. But I know it wasn't him speaking it was the alcohol speaking. Then my father would leave to his friends house because they would keep on arguing. When my father left he started drinking more and more. He even got two dui in one day. When he got his second dui he was sent to prison. While he was in prison he would write us notes and apologizing to my mother. And my mother was really happy because she wanted my father to change.

Once he got out he sobered up, but it was just too hard for him. don't get me wrong he still helped my mom out and put a roof over our heads. Just that the alcohol was getting in the way of my parents marriage. Then later on my parents split up. My father would still come home and talk to us time to time. But my parents just became friends. We would all still go out and spend time together, but it still wasn't the same. I would see that my father still loved my mother a lot and he didn't want to let her go. My mother just told him that it would be better if they went their separate ways and they did. Until one day in January 9, 2009 my father calls my mother saying he felt pain in his chest and my mother tells him to go to the hospital, and my dad hated the hospital he never went. He would rather just deal with it. Later on that day we receive a call from my cousin saying my father had passed away. When I heard those words I did not know what to say. I would just want to go to sleep and wake up and say it was just a dream.

But it was no dream. In that moment I felt the pain of how it felt to lose somebody you really love. But now I realize that my father came to this country wanting the best for me and my sisters. He came to this country to progress and that's what he did. The only thing my dad had coming to this country was the pair of clothes he was wearing, and from hard work he climbed up the ladder and got his own home. My father set a great example to us showing us nothing is impossible in life. Me and my family will never give up on our dreams because we are my father's children. If we fail we'll just get back up and dust ourselves off and keep walking. "solo muere aquello que se olvida"