

Topic: Families Journey

Abstract: On January, 1990 I was born in Tulare, California. As a kid, I moved back and forth from Mexico and U.S. and at times, it became frustrating because it would interfere with my school. But in the long run, it was a hell of an adventure. My parents were young when they had me and they worked hard to keep the family secure financially. Eventually my parents settled in the U.S. with me and my little sister.

Key Words: California, Mexico, Parents, Spanish, English, Coyote, Marijuana, Archaeology, Graves, Artifacts, Pilot, Migration, School.

It was a cold winter morning on January 27, 1990 when my parents were in the hospital in Tulare California waiting for their first baby. At 1:27am on that cold winter night, I was born. My parents were very excited when I was born I was the first kid they ever had and from what I hear, they loved me. My mom was 19 and my dad was 23 at the time, this was my dad's second time in the United States and my mom's first. They had moved here to find a better life, better jobs, and better opportunities. They migrated Two years before I was born into the United States and it was the first of many to come.

My parents lived happy here in the U.S. for the first year or two after I was born. My dad worked and my mom was a stay come mom just like in almost every Mexican family. We lived with two of my mom's brothers in a small farm house a few miles away from Tipton Ca. when I was about two years old, my mom and dad decided that they wanted to move back to Colima, Mexico. They seemed to be missing the Mexico life where all you need worry about is farming your own house, growing crops, and hunting. After talking about it, they decided to move back to Mexico. Mexico is the place where I can remember my first memories. My early memory is when I was about three years old. My dad had a white pick truck and I would always be playing inside of it, one day I was alone playing inside the truck and for some reason, I thought that I would be fun to play with the cigarette burner. After a few minutes of playing with it I figure out

how to make it hot enough to the point that it burned my hand, I dropped it into the seat! After a few seconds the seat next to me caught on fire, I had no idea what was going on besides the fact that the fire was pretty and smoky. My dad came running from a distance and grabbed me out as soon as he got there. When he pulled me out, the spot where I was sitting caught on fire a few seconds after. Besides this incident that I had, life was really fun in Mexico; I would play in the rain when it rained, swam in the rivers, pick mangos and bananas straight from the trees, and run around with my friends. When I was about five years old, my parents decided to move back to the United States, since all of my dad's family had moved here, to Hollister, Ca. and settled down a few years before. So off we were, into another great adventure.

We flew over to Tijuana where my aunt picked me up and where my parents had to swim across the border since they were not U.S. citizens. When we arrived to Hollister they put me in R.O. Harden, a kinder garden school. I remember that I had no clue what the teachers were saying since I only spoke Spanish. But I remember that it was really fun, I loved going to the library and picking up books to read. I made a few friends that spoke Spanish and we would play together during our recess. After a month or so that we were living at my grandmother's house, my mom became pregnant! My parents loved the idea that they were going to have another baby and that I would not be an only child. When my mom was about four months pregnant, for some reason we moved back to Mexico! Until this day, I do not know the exact reason why they moved back. Every time I ask my mom, she says that we moved back because my dad was tired of working to only use the money for rent. When I ask my dad the same question, he says that we moved back because my mom was craving "Camotes". Camotes are some type of starchy vegetable that grow on trees and are cooked before we can eat them. Until this day, they have the same answers.

On the way back to Mexico in 1996, we took a bus instead of a plane. I loved it. It was a fun two day drive to Guadalajara, Jalisco where they picked us up by car. When we got back to our town, my mom's mom had a surprise party waiting for us. There was a lot of people, music, and food. And we continued on living our regular ways in Mexico. A few days after we got back, I found out that my dad had crops of "marijuana" I had no clue what it was for a long time. Now, I believe that this must have been the reason we moved back, since it was the time of year when marijuana grows its best. My dad made a living from growing and selling marijuana by the pounds. Besides this I have always thought that my dad is one of the coolest persons in the world. A year or so after my sister was born in August 27, 1996 my dad decided to try a different type of work, he became a coyote. I remember that my mom was angry because she did not want him to do all of these bad things. I was about seven years old when my dad left to do coyote work. As a coyote, he took help about 300 immigrants to cross the border in a period of a month. This job was really dangerous and after about two months of this work, he returned home with a good amount of money. We went to a lot of fun places after he got back like parks, beaches, etc. and moved to the U.S.A. once more where I enrolled in R.O. Harden again but this time, I was a third grader. Six months after living in Hollister, we moved back to Colima, Mexico.

Throughout my life, my dad has always been interested in one thing "archaeology". Though my dad is not certified, I consider him a professional archeologist. I was about eight years old when my dad took me on my first digging to find artifacts and graves. It was one of the best times in my life. We excavated for about two days until we found some ancient artifacts. This expedition lasted about two weeks. This area was not so far from our little town, it's about a three hour horse ride away. My dad knows exactly where these ancient graves are by the

formations of the rocks. A few days after we found some artifacts that included flutes, pots, and miniature god figures, we finally got to the bodies in the graves. I remember that as soon as my dad picked up a skull, it started falling apart with the wind because it was so old. My dad never sold the artifacts he kept them or gave some away. (Until this day he continues doing this and I'm planning on joining him again very soon, but this time we are going to make some money out of it). In this grave we also found some old looking coins, about 30 of them. My dad never thought much about them.

When I was in fourth grade something happened that would make our final move to the United States. I flunked! As soon as I found this out, I begged and begged my parents to move to the U.S. with my grandma. After a month or so of begging, they said "okay", with one condition. I had to move here first because they were a little sure on money, my answer was "yes, yes, yes"! I did not want to repeat a grade. They send me off with my uncle from Guadalajara, Jalisco in a huge jumbo plane. This flight made me really interested in becoming a pilot one day. (I did not want to stop flying, and I have not. Ever since this flight I had flown a few times around the world). After I arrived in Hollister, my grandmother enrolled me at R.O. harden, not as a fourth grader but as a fifth grader. This made me really happy. Six month after my parents collected enough money to come to the U.S. ever since my mom, my sister have not gone back to Mexico. My parents and sister were flying from Guadalajara to Tijuana. My dad decided to bring the coins with him. They stopped him at the security check because of the coins. They cleaned them and after a few layers of rust, they got to gold! They turned out to be golden coins from the 1400s-1500s! The police are so corrupted in Mexico that they did not returned the coins back to him. They let him go after they took the coins and they flew over to Tijuana. My little sister was

picked up by my aunt and my mom and dad cross the border. After a few days we were finally reunited and finally settled her in the U.S.A.