

Topic: My Role Model

Abstract: Greatest and strongest woman I'll ever know, my grandmother. Always stood tall through the worst situations the family faced. Although she didn't have an easy life style, she always did everything she could to make it through...for and with her children and grandchildren.

Key Words: Hard Working, Life Style, Rights, and Traditions.

A Hardworking Wife, Mother, and Grandmother

Based on stories my mother has told me, and incidents I've actually experienced myself. I would say my maternal grandmother deserves an award of some sort; she is by far one of the strongest people I know. I truly admire my parents for being so strong and such amazing role models to my sister and me, but I feel like my grandmother has gone through such traumatic life events throughout her life, that simply cannot be ignored. There is so much to learn from her, in my essay I would like to tell my readers as much as I can to make them understand who she is and continues to be.

Life back in the day wasn't as easy as it is now, especially if you were in Mexico with a Mexican family. Things then were so much stricter than they are now. The most important things back then were; one: women being stay home mothers, cleaning, being in the kitchen making sure their husbands had their food ready by the time they were home. Two: the whole "what will people say" if something they considered bad or wrong was done or happened to them. Three: men had to be the only provider to their home by all means (making sure their families had all that they needed). Women had no saying at all in anything what so ever, it was the male that would make decisions, provide food, and protect their family. With all this going on, women had no choice but to do as they were told, they had no rights at all. If they

were to say no to any "command" they would get beat. They were being treated as slaves and not human beings. They were just old fashioned Mexicans. Many years ago "Mexicans" or as I'd like to call them "old fashioned Mexicans" had some very strange but strict "rules" as well as life style and traditions. For instance my grandmother was not allowed to date anyone of her choice; her parents had to either choose someone for her or any guy who "asked for her hand" in other words; proposed she would stay with. My mother told me how her mother once confessed to her how she had to marry my grandpa when she actually loved someone else. My grandmother not only married someone she didn't love, but she married him while she was still a little girl. She hadn't even gone through puberty. As soon as she started her monthly cycle, my grandpa wanted her pregnant all the time. My grandpa was a wealthy man, but didn't like to give my grandma money so while he practically did whatever he wanted and lived a fulfilled life style; while on the other hand my grandma had to be at home with her kids.

My grandma's life was never easy from the beginning. Giving up the love of her life to marry the man that had asked for her hand and that her parents had in a way approved or chosen for her was hard. She "gave up" having a better life, and the reason why I quote "gave up" is because she really didn't have a choice but to marry him. But the fact that she wasn't able to have a better life with another man was just harsh. My grandfather being the wealthy man that he was, would go out with other women, party, get drunk and sometimes not even go home till days after and excessively drunk. When he'd get home he would always just start beating my grandmother for no reason and would always threaten to kill her. He would get knives n tell her she was going to die, but once he would see his kids there he would stop. But that was an everyday thing, at least whenever he was drunk. If someone got my grandpa

mad he would take it all out on my grandma, everything was against her. He never hit his kids but if they got him mad, my grandma would pay for it. Back then, divorce wasn't even an option, they would rather die before going through a divorce just for the fact that people would start talking about them. It was always "what will the people say". That wasn't the only reason keeping my grandmother from leaving my grandpa, it was her kids too. Being a mom was hard for my grandma because as I mentioned earlier, my grandpa never gave her any money, so she worked to earn her own money. My grandma was great at sewing, so she made clothes, made food, or got candy to sell and get some money for her children. My grandma wanted all her children to have an education, but my grandpa didn't agree. According to him, women should never work; therefore they didn't need an education. Although my grandpa didn't want his daughters to go to school, my grandma still worked just as hard to send all her kids to private schools. Sometimes she had some of her kids help her sell the things she made on weekends. My grandma's first born son was in a private school in Mexico City, far from Puerto Vallarta, where they were from. On the day he graduated he went to Vallarta to celebrate, when he was with his friends he got in a car accident and most of them died, my uncle being one of them. This tragic event brought my grandma's life to a halt, her world was shattered. She was devastated and didn't want to know about anyone, not even life itself. It took her a couple of months to get back up on her feet again and keep working for the rest of her children.

Before my grandma could get back up on her feet after her son's death she just thought of dying. All she wanted was to be with her son again and if death was the only way to do so, she would do it. The only way she got out of that depression was thanks to my dead uncle...she had a dream, something so real it brought her back to life. In her dream my uncle

was talking to her asking her to stop crying because he couldn't rest in peace when he knew she was suffering because of him, he told her she had other children she had to look out for and be there for. My grandma's response was "I just want to be with you, I miss you and I can't get used to the fact that I won't ever see you again" so as my uncle was floating away on some endless stairs he told her "if you wish to come with me, you can but you have to keep up with me, I have to go" and as my grandma tried to keep up with him she couldn't, she asked him to wait for her and his response was "I can't" as he kept going up without stopping, so my grandma eventually stopped and said she couldn't that she would just stay and that she loved him...then she woke up. Such beautiful dream my uncle gave my grandma, helped her realize she needed to stay with her kids. After that dream my grandma kept working for the rest of her kids and was able to stay in peace because my uncle was able to let her know he was fine and she needed to stop crying for him. My grandma always did whatever she could for her kids, she not only worked to give them an education, but she worked to give them all they needed, she would even make them clothes herself. All my aunts and uncles have an education, are great people, great parents and live in great conditions. Everything my aunts and uncles have is all thanks to my grandma's hard work, which shows, has definitely paid off. Besides always doing a lot for her children, my grandma has always done a lot for her grandchildren. She always tries to help us out on whatever she can. She gives us great advice and is a great role model to all of us. I've had some serious problems with my mom before and my grandma has been there for me and with me on every single one of those serious events. I've also had several of my cousins either moving out or getting kicked out and my grandma always takes them in. She's so understanding, loving, sweet and always willing to do whatever to help us out. We all got lucky to have her in our lives as our grandma. Based

on all my grandmother's life events, I would say she's done a lot. Giving up the love of her life to marry a man her parents chose must've been hard on her; maybe if she would've married the love of her life she would've had a better life. The fact that her husband was a typical Mexican macho man and that she had to work to get herself some money to give her kids an education shows how strong she was, and still is. Having to go through her son's death was a life changing event that changed her whole life in many ways. Knowing these few stories about my grandmother have made me see her in a whole different way, I admire her and respect her for all the choices she has made.