

Family and childhood memories

[Family](#), [Children](#)



My childhood memories are mainly just bits and pieces. I do remember some events vividly. My memories are the only things that stay constant. I can pull them out like an old book and retrieve them while the world around me changes so rapidly. My favorite memories are my childhood memories. I was five years old and living in a small town in Mexico with my mother. My grandparents live in front of my house. They live in this two-story house made of adobe and brick tiles. The front of the house was fixed to be a half store and living room.

My grandparents earn their living with that store. I would go over their house every time I had a chance. I used to sit with my grandma and watch television in the store. People would come in the store and I would talk to them. I would ask the people that came in about their children or grandchildren. It was a small town and everyone knew everyone. I made many friends in my grandma store. My cousin Alma lived beside my house. We were born in the same year but I was three months older. My mother and aunt didn't get along but that didn't matter to us.

We spend a lot of time together despite our mother difference. We did almost everything together. We even got in trouble together. Every Sunday we would walk to church in our white-ironed dresses. We would go in church right behind my mother. As we walked in the church we would smell the fresh cut flowers that adorned the church. My mother would walk in the first row and sit living room for Alma and me. We would sit and listen for fifteen minutes and then we would start talking. My mother would always tell me to stop but I never did.

She old always end up sitting between the two of us. I love living in Mexico with myfamilyand friends. On my seventh Christmas my mother tells me she needs to talk to me. I felt my stomach drop. I had lost my gold ring and I did not tell her. She was going to ask for the ring I lost. I walked in the living room nervously. She sat in the sofa and sat next to her. Uniform father wants us to go live with him", she said. " Where is that? " I responded. Uniform father is working and living in Florida. He really likes it there and he thinks you will like it too", she explained. L do not want to move. I want to stay with grandma and Alma", I said. I knew my mother didn't want to move to Florida either. I could see it in her eyes. I also knew my mother did not like the fact my father was never around. She had agreed to move to Florida. The day we left day Mexico I cried and cried. I wanted to be with my father but I also wanted to stay in Mexico. On New years we started packing our clothes. My mom started to sale everything we owned the refrigerator, the washing machines, paintings, and sofas. She said we were not coming back to the house.

She said we would visit but we old stay in grandmas house. I loved this house and that made me sad. I tried thinking of the new house I was going to live in. I thought of being with father. It did make me feel better. By February we had everything packed. The house was ready to be on sale. I felt sad but anxious to finally see my father. I remember we left Mexico February the 20. My mom had planned this, so I could spend my eighth birthday with my father. When we arrive at Florida airport. I was shock to see so many people. I heard people talking but I couldn't make the words they were saying.

I soon learned the people were talking English. I looked around and I saw my father. He was holding flowers in his hand and a new doll. I ran to him and jump to his arms. I was over excited to see him. My mother eyes fill with Joy when she saw the two of us. Finally, my life change so much every year. I loved living in Mexico with my family and friends. I also love being with my father. I did not stay in Mexico but I am living with my father. I do visit my grandparents, my cousin Alma, and the endless friends I made in the store every time I go to Mexico.