

Analyze the coming to america essay

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Coming to America Narrative Essay College Writing I My name is Angela S. Baez, and you can call me Angela. I am from the Dominican Republic. In this essay I would like to tell you a story about my experience in coming to the USA. I was very happy when I found out my daughter and I received full residency status from the USA. We would be moving to New York City. Sometimes, I felt nervous, because it was my first time to go to another country, which used a different language than my country. I also had to leave my family for a long time. However, I tried to keep strong and calm.

I knew it was a good choice to move to the U. S. We departed from my hometown (Montecristi) to Santo Domingo on April 12, 1993 at 7: 00 a. m. I went by and got there four hours later. In the airport, we went to the American Airlines counter and checked in for my daughter and me. We went through security. It was really empty because it was very early. After that we went to our gate. We walked around the airport and took a seat to wait for a while. I took my daughter to a cafeteria to eat some food and a soda. We were very early so we had time to walk. Two hours later, we went back to the gate to board the plane.

I am sure that my daughter had no idea what was going on, and luckily she was a very quiet child, so I was not nervous. On the plane, I found our seats and sat down and buckled our seat belts. I had never been on a plane before. When I realized that in a few moments we were going to be on the air, I was nervous. But I had to look calm, for my daughter, and for everyone else. The pilot introduced himself and said that the flight from Santo Domingo to New York was going to take 4 hours. The flight attendants stood at the front of

the isles and demonstrated the safety precautions as the plane began to get speed.

I began to pray, because that's what I do when I get nervous. When the plane took off, I was relieved, that nothing bad happened. Soon after that my daughter fell asleep. She was tired and cranky from being awake since so early in the morning. I could not fall asleep because I was still very nervous. Those had been the longest 4 hours of my life. When the plane finally landed in New York, I remember everyone cheering and clapping. We had made it to America. I looked through the window and saw a place completely different than what I had ever known. I immediately started to feel the chilly weather of New York.

I had never experienced cold temperature, but I came prepared with a light jacket and sweater for my daughter and me. When we got off of the plane, it was a brand new experience for me. I was now in a country that I had never been to before, and where I did not know the language spoken. I was nervous that I would not be able to communicate with anyone. After going through customs, I found my husband. He hugged us cheerfully because he had not seen us in two years, since our daughter was born. He had moved to the United States in the 80's in search for a better future, for better opportunities for his family.

After he hugged us, he took us outside the airport to the car. It was really cold. The airport was about half an hour away from what was going to be our new home in the Bronx. I looked at the city through the window and did not like what I saw. The city. It looked brown and ugly, and the trees had no leaves yet. That April was especially cold for me. Moving to the United States

was a difficult experience for me. At first I felt like I had no family. I only had my daughter and my husband. But things have changed for the better, and if I were not living here, I would not think that my family has a bright future waiting for it.