

Narrative essay

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



My coming to America Leaving your country is always a difficult decision, and whoever has experienced it understands the sacrifice it entails. When I left Poland at 18, I thought I was going to be in paradise, but to my disappointment it was far from that. I had to learn a new language and work hard to provide for myself. What kept me motivated was the hope for a better future and an independent life. Independence is something that I've worked hard to achieve. My mom always said that ever since young age I have been very strong minded and did not like to rely on anyone for help. In the summer of 1994 my parents divorced and in the search of a better life, my father and I moved to United States. I was 18 years old. The decision took me by surprise because I was anchored deeply into Polish society and moving to another country was a big pill to swallow. I had no vote in the outcome and had to abide by my parents decision. I did not rebel against my father but instead, I embraced the decision with courage and curiosity. I was sad for the many family members and friends left behind however, I knew that moving to the US would give me more opportunities to be myself even though, I did not know how life was going to be. I arrived in America with a lot of hope and resolve. My father never explained his plan to me as to where we were going. During the flight with excitement on his face he murmured in my ear, the same way he used to do when he put me to sleep, that we were going to New York. I had a vague idea of NYC with its skyscrapers and envisioned having the life of Alice in Wonderland. We were received at the airport by some of my father's friends and drove straight to Stamford, Connecticut. When I woke up the next day I looked out the window and to my big disappointment I saw no skyscrapers, just plain looking

houses. But my mind continue to swirl around the idea that New York was different until I realized that Stamford was not NYC. I started to think a lot about my life in Poland, the people I had left behind and most of all, my mother who has always been the pillar of my life. Instead of letting all my thoughts and bad dreams haunt my life I went inside of myself to find strength and to convince myself that I could change all that and be in control of my own destiny. The first step was to learn English. With the help of my father's friends I enrolled in an ESL program during the day. The second step was to find a job to be able to sustain myself financially. I was hired as an attendant at a Dunkin Donuts store and worked there in the evening. The days were long and exhausting but I knew that was the price to pay for my independence. With time I have managed to get a better job and move in to my own apartment. Coming to America and leaving everything behind, learning a new language and working long hours were the factors that determined who I am today. All those life experiences helped me have a clear idea of how difficult it is to start a new life in the unfamiliar country; I became more resilient to hardship.