

1989, room to  
ourselves and we no  
longer



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

1989, the year my parents stepped off the soil from the roots that were already exposed into the air, and into a new one where water and nutrients were hard to obtain. Coming to the United States with little money, no english, and no education, they arrived with a strong fidelity to the work ethic and establishing solid family values. Together both of my parents built a new life and a family in San Diego. I am the youngest of four, I have two older brothers and one older sister.

Both of my parents struggled to make ends meet, they worked in hard labor jobs that any american wouldn't consider working for. Both of my parents never finished elementary. being bilingual, spanish being spoken at home and english at school it was challenging for us as children. My parents always tried to encourage us as kids, that if we want something in life we must work for it. By the age of 5 my parents had saved up money to buy house in Thomas Street. Finally, my sister and i had a room to ourselves and we no longer had to share with our brothers. I spent most of my childhood at Thomas Street. I learned how to ride my first bike, i had a backyard where i was able to run freely and make as much noise as possible.

Then at the age of 11 i had to leave Thomas Street, my parents were no longer able to afford the house that we had to go back living into a two room apartment. Financially, my parents struggled as we grew older due to the loss of the house but they still managed to establish a foundation of family values. As my brothers grew into adults they each decided what they wanted to do in life.

My older brother Eduardo built a family of his own and is working at Nordson Corporation. My brother Eric has always wanted to discover new places, so he joined the Air Force. My parents were struggling financially that we had to move to Santa Maria where work was wanted in the fields. Both of my parents currently work in the strawberries. Life was different in Santa Maria compared to San Diego. In San Diego my parents only worked for 5 days a week. In the weekends my parents always had time for us. Movie night was the best, my family and I would all sit on our big couch and watch action films till dawn.

Since we moved to Santa Maria movie nights no longer existed. Both of my parents worked the whole seven days. They would leave from sunrise and come back till sunset, tired and hungry.

All they wanted to do is come home take a shower, eat and go to sleep. I forgot how good food tasted like, in San Diego my mother loved the kitchen, every day she would make something new for us, such as tacos, lasagna, and Hawaiian BBQ. My mother no longer had time to cook when we moved to Santa Maria, the easiest food she could make was rice and beans and my sister and I would eat it for the next three days. School was different compared to San Diego. San Diego is known for having the best schools whereas Santa Maria was known for committing crimes. San Diego was extremely diverse whereas Santa Maria had 90 percent of Mexicans living. Living for four years and eight months I have learned to love that I was Mexican. Living in San Diego I was ashamed that of my Mexican parents' low social status.

I was embarrassed that they spoke Spanish and not English. I was even more embarrassed when they spoke the Mixteco language. But living in Santa Maria I have learned to love my culture and embrace it. My parents have lived in the United States longer than where their roots have grown. My parents are now entering their fifties.

And as long as I could remember my parents have worked for long hours. They came with deep commitment to the work ethic. I have never seen hardworking people like my parents who left their home country to start a new one. I am currently 18 years old, if I were told that I would be leaving another country that spoke a different language, I'd tell them that they are crazy. Despite the struggles my parents faced they built a good life here in America not just for themselves but for my three siblings and myself as well.

Not only did they provide a roof over our heads, a vehicle but an opportunity to pursue a higher education. My parents never complained about things that they had to give up and the hard work but instead they raised two boys and two girls who are willing to work hard like them. Throughout the years, my parents have provided me with many valuable life lessons. Respect, my parents showed deep respect to many individuals despite their ethnicities, age, and gender. They taught me to respect my elders, family, friends and myself in order to gain the same respect from others. Patience, my parents taught me that patience is worth waiting. It took patience for my parents to buy their own car.

With years of saving they were able to buy a car of their own. Determination, my parents were determined to make things work despite of the challenges

they faced. Simply, they kept pushing through and not give up. As a student, during finals week i go on ends without sleep, there's days when i have no energy. And my parents would always encourage me to finish.

Now that i am an adult, i can fully understand the sacrifices my parents have gone through. Because of them i have proper education and graduate high school. And because of them i would be the second in the family to attend a four-year institution.

I have a strive to excel to reach excellence and push past my limits. It's the endeavor that has me to stay up late hours of the night to finish a project for a class. My goal is to be a physicians assistant. Therefore, I plan to major in biochemistry and earn a bachelor's degree at a four year institution. After I want to earn a masters by attending a two year physician assistant program.

I've always loved science, because it deals with discovering and it deals with the unknown. I care for the well being in my community, I enjoy serving my time to help others. I want to be able to perform the same work of a doctor to my patients as a PA.

I want to be able to exceed their needs by caring and helping them through their illnesses. My dream to become a physician assistant first begins with college. By majoring in biochemistry I will be fulfilling my lifelong dream of becoming a Physician Assistant.