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Hispanic Heritage Month

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### Hardships and Celebrations: How My Parents Gave Me a Chance at the Good Life

I am part of the Hispanic community and my inspiration for my essay is my family. Watching their hard work up close is one of the bendiciones I am proud of having. I was raised in Huimilpan, a small pueblo about two hours from Mexico. When I was three, my family obtained immigration documentation, and we moved to the United States. Here, my parents had more of an opportunity than back home. Yet, I saw my parents work low-waged, physical labor day and night while raising three kids. I saw their bodies slowly deteriorating. My siblings are now grown up, and when we look back at the hard times we went through as a family, we recognize they are the reasons that keep us going in life.

But the struggle brought us closer.

Growing up, I saw my sister more than my parents and brother because they had work to go to. I remember my sister waking me up on Saturdays. She would prepare my breakfast while I waited for my favorite show to air. Now I look back and recognize my sister had part in raising me.

The most memorable days I had with my sister were when she took care of me while the rest of our family was at work. We had fun watching TV, coloring, and doing the activities in the coloring book before she cooked for the two of us. My sister and I

might have had days when we fought, but I will always be grateful to her for stepping up to raise her younger sister while dealing with her own life since she was seven years older than me.

Today, my sister has her own family. I saw her family being formed in front of my eyes. From being at her wedding to now being an aunt to my niece, and I hope to continue making memories with my sister, brother-in-law, and my niece.

Like my sister, my brother also helped raise me when my parents were at work but being older than my sister created a bigger gap in our bonding as I grew up. Nevertheless, I will always remember eating pizza with my brother while watching our favorite show.

Still, my parents will always be part of my motivation especially after knowing all the hardships they had growing up and the sacrifices they had to make so their kids could have a better life. This meant working in their jobs so that they could lessen the work required of my siblings and me.

I could not think of a better personal story about witnessing Hispanic families in action than my own family; we are immigrants from Mexico that managed life in a foreign country that eventually became our home. My family has been in action by working through the difficulties with laughter in the kitchen and as I write this essay, I remember past memories and that brings tears to my eyes, but tears are incomparable to the pain my family has gone through to be here.