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Hispanic Heritage Essay

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A Hispanic Tale From a Couple's Point of View

When someone says they are of Hispanic origin, what is the first thing that comes to mind? It could anything from mouthwatering tacos to colorful sombreros or simply the Spanish language. Although the culture is all that and much more, my story isn't only made of patriotic ingredients.

I am the oldest in a first-generation Hispanic household. I most definitely was not raised with cable, a quiet household, or kind words or looks from strangers. My parents immigrated to the United States at a young age; a few weeks before their wedding, my dad's tiny trailer, which he shared with his nine other siblings burned to the ground. Inside it were all his belongings. His high school diploma, letterman that he earned for his welding talent, and his savings. *Everything*.

My mother told him, "Don't worry! We do this together! We will start from scratch and start a family with the little that we have."

That is exactly what they did. Our first home was a tiny trailer in La Porte, Texas. My mom stayed at home to take care of mini me and my dad worked as a mechanic for an unfavorable businessman. He barely made enough to pay the bills, and the rest was used to pay for rice and beans. In other words, our everyday meal.

When I began Pre-K, my mom had free time and was able to find a job in a dry cleaner's. There was now a little more income, nothing revolutionary, but a little goes a long way. We could now afford to make fajitas! After four years, my mom's belly began to grow with my little sister, and my dad's last straw gave when he was practically doing unpaid labor. It was almost my mom's due date when my dad announced he was going to be a self-employed mechanic. The look on my mom's face was enough to make us think she was going into labor right in the middle of our compact kitchen. In all honesty, we thought that would never work, but lord were we wrong.

Years later, my sister began Pre-School, and my dad was successful with his self-employment. We were able to afford to move into a bigger home, one that was suited for a family and not just a couple. I remember the first night we stayed inside the empty home that echoed anything we told it. We didn't even own a bed frame for us girls at the time, only the one twin mattress we moved with us. My sister and I managed to huddle together in it; I vividly remember my mom extending a thin flower-patterned sheet onto the scratchy carpet.

“How long do you think it is going to take for me to fill our home with beautiful decorations?” she asked my dad.

They saw my closed eyes and inferred I was dancing with unicorns, but they did not notice my open ears.

“Who knows how long it will take? All I know is that the only direction to go is up. We will work hard for everything we own. One day, we will even be able to give our daughters a room or their own!”

I could hear his smile and ambition.

Everyone has gone through certain hardships in life, yet strangers pity my family and I for what unfortunate disasters and obstacles we had to endure. My family is not better than others simply because we have defeated any inconvenience. My family is not worse than others for wanting to achieve a better lifestyle. Mi Familia is what keeps me motivated, and I know that they will always be there for me. As yours will be there for you. At the end of the day, they are always going to support you. No matter what drama and problems your situation holds. Go to them. Tell them you love them because unfortunately, all this, everything you see around you, it's all temporary. The only certain thing is death. Enjoy tu Familia while you can.