

2017

Beautiful Home And Family

Guadalupe Reynosa
Humboldt State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos>

 Part of the [Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons](#), [Chicana/o Studies Commons](#), [Civic and Community Engagement Commons](#), [Community-Based Learning Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Curriculum and Instruction Commons](#), [Domestic and Intimate Partner Violence Commons](#), [Educational Sociology Commons](#), [Ethnic Studies Commons](#), [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Gender and Sexuality Commons](#), [History Commons](#), [Inequality and Stratification Commons](#), [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](#), [Latina/o Studies Commons](#), [Modern Literature Commons](#), [Politics and Social Change Commons](#), [Race and Ethnicity Commons](#), [Reading and Language Commons](#), and the [Theory, Knowledge and Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Reynosa, Guadalupe (2017) "Beautiful Home And Family," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 2 , Article 47. Available at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol2/iss1/47>



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 4.0 License](#)

© 2016 Department of Critical Race, Gender & Sexuality Studies (CRGS) at Humboldt State University.

This Counternarratives and Reflections is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

Beautiful Home and Family

Guadalupe Reynosa

When I was five years old, I lived in a beautiful home full of happiness and peace. No internet connection, barely a signal to watch TV and barely a signal to make a phone call. It was a home in which I felt healthy, free, and open minded, and especially, loved. I considered myself lucky until one day, when my father came home from work, and he was really excited that he had gotten a job offer in a different town, maybe a half-hour away. At that time, my home made me feel like I could be all myself and joyful, it was one where, by other people's standards, we didn't have much.

We shared beds. The "little" ones got to sleep with my parents, including myself. My oldest brother slept in the living room with barely any space. I still think that my father wanted us to move into a new house, a new community, because he wanted us to have other children to be social with, play sports, and get involved with our community. When we were living in our first home, we didn't go out much, nor did we associate with people on a daily basis. We lived in the middle of nowhere, 45 minutes away from town and from school; behind some mountains, in a little trailer.

On Sundays, my family went into town to grab groceries for the week, get some burgers and my two uncles who lived with us and who watched me grow up came along too. I remember my uncles helping my parents take care of me while they went into town or to work sometimes. These two super uncles, who I continue to love, are the uncles who chased after me when I didn't let them braid my hair. Sometimes I wonder what my life would be like, if we stayed where we were.

Now that we live in Fortuna, I no longer live with my two uncles or see them every day. One of them lives with my aunt within a five-minute drive from our home. The other... he was deported

and sent back to Mexico even though he was in the legal process of “getting his papers.” My uncle is beautiful and genuine; he has a kind soul and is a father of two beautiful boys. My uncle has been separated from his family, he no longer has the opportunity to parent his own children and teach them all that he knows. He will not be by their side while they grow up. His family spends half a year in the U.S. so his wife can work and save enough money to go to México and spend the other half of the year with him.

One of his sons has autism, but in my opinion he is the most intelligent one. My uncle’s wife came to the United States back in 2009, pregnant with a beautiful baby girl who died in utero the week before her due date. She was forced to go through “a normal labor” without getting the chance to hear her baby cry. My uncle was not there for his wife nor was he given the opportunity to see nor hold his baby girl, the child he already loved so much.

Very few people truly know what the life of an “illegal immigrant” is like, what their families go through, and how much they are affected by federal anti-immigration policies.

I still drive by my old home. I do so because I love to replay the memories in my head. I re-create the images of the happy times with my family. I will never know what would’ve happened if we had stayed there. Would my uncle who got deported, still be with us or would I be where I am today. I now have the academic opportunity to learn about the history of my people and about People of Color. Today, I am thankful. I wish for the people who are oppressed the opportunity to be with their families, to be together forever. This writing piece is an unfinished story. I say this because the fight continues. I will not give up until I have my uncle back with us, the day I see him with his family and his autistic son.

REFLECTION

I have never really sat down to write. I have never thought to myself that writing is a great source of expressing yourself. I never really knew how many words you can actually write in fifteen minutes, without being distracted or uncomfortable of writing your own stories. Reflecting on the outcome of the freewrites during this semester, I have grown as a writer, but also more of a wiser individual. I thank our professor for giving us the space to write and for giving us the opportunity to learn more about ourselves. She has always said that our stories should not be judged, that they should be heard. We all have stories. Stories that I believe we need to analyze and write about. You may end up like me and realize what you have gone through in your life. I have realized I have been both oppressed and resilient; that I have never stood up for myself.

These freewrites have helped me grow my self-esteem because I know that I am important and thus what I write is important as well. While writing my freewrite, "from a different point of view," I really didn't know where I was going with it during class time. After a while when I went back to look at them, it all made sense and I knew I had to continue writing. I know that we all have people in our lives that try to bring us down, but those people are people you don't need. The reality is that you should never have someone who brings negativity to your life affect your life's decisions. I wrote about this specific moment because it is one that I believe is important in my life. I also wrote about "Beautiful Home and Family."

A family is what makes a home and my family is the most important thing in my life, which is why I decided to write my story about them and what made my home so precious. I also wrote about what I know. "Yo sí sé-Yes I know." It is important to remind ourselves what we are capable of and consider ourselves valuable because of who we are and what we do. This Ethnic Studies course has truly opened my eyes to what writing is all about, and especially to what it takes to be a great writer.