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A House In México

Judith Domínguez
Humboldt State University

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A House in México

Judith Domínguez

He lived the majority of his life in a pueblo that was poverty stricken, living on a day-to-day basis, working in the fields. How much does a campesino, a farm worker, make? A campesino's pay would be based on the amount of work completed per day, the wages are determined by the employer. After a hard day at work he would go home to his wife and children, they were his pride and joy. His children loved going to school and couldn't wait to go home to enjoy their mom's cooking and watch T.V. before bedtime.

Suddenly, the Mexican economy crashed and rash decisions were made. The children were between the ages of nine and twelve years old. The older ones had to drop out of school before 4th grade to help around the house and to work. This man was never ashamed of his job. This man was my grandpa Alfonso. Every day he would wake up around 4 a.m. to start his day; my grandpa did his best to make sure there was food on the table. There were times when my father and his siblings would go to bed hungry or would share one box of cookies, among eight children, for dinner.

As the head of the family, my grandpa made sure his kids had their basic needs met, such as a roof over their heads and clothing, even if they were hand-me-downs. Because he worked as hard as he did, he made all of his children wise and taught them the value of working. This man was an inspiration to the people who interacted with him. Day and night he would work, and occasionally echarse unas cervezas after a long day.

Eventually, all of his children grew up and left their home. Some came to the States searching for opportunities. They made sure to take care of their parents by sending money to México whenever their parents needed it. Always happy in their little home, my

grandpa lived to be ninety and my grandma died at eighty-nine. Orphaned, my father now is the family's inspiration to work hard. My parents taught us to live moral and wise in lives.

I am thankful to my grandparents and to my parents for giving us the best life they could especially when times were rough. Every day that passes by, I make sure to work just as hard as my parents did when they were growing up. I see a lot of my grandpa and grandma in my dad. Through him I still feel their presence. Just like my grandpa, my dad always taught my siblings and I the value of hard work and a good work ethic.

I met my grandparents for the first time was when I was about five or six years old. It feels like it was just yesterday, their house was full of life and I woke up to the smell of coffee at seven in the morning. My grandparents, sat on their chairs by the door and stared at the sky as if the clouds were telling them a story. They greeted us when they heard our laughter. How could I know, at that moment, that anything was going to happen to them? But something did. My grandparents' teachings were passed down and because of them our family is strong. Although my dad did not finish grade school, he continued to work hard.

I know my grandparents, from Heaven, look down at their son and smile, proud for his many achievements in being a good brother, father, and grandfather.

REFLECTION

Writing about personal information on paper as an assignment meant a lot to me because I do not usually talk about my family or about myself. I feel very private about talking about my family and myself because others do not need an explanation of who I am. Most of the freewrites I wrote about, at the beginning of the semester, were semi-personal and vague. I did not focus on a certain person and did not mention names or relationships to me.

Once I became more comfortable with the class and got to know the students better, I started to share information with them. All of the topics were interesting but the idea of writing in the moment was difficult because I have writer's anxiety and my mind does not flow. At times, against the instructions, I stopped "moving the pen" and drew on my freewrite instead.

For the topics that really did stand out, I talked about people I know and incorporated them without revealing their identity. Writing a freewrite on topics that related to me was actually awesome because I treated the freewrite as if they were my personal journal. It is not every day that I get asked questions about my family and about myself. At times, I actually planned on sharing personal information because in doing so I liberated myself.

Not everybody has the opportunity to hear my personal stories and I needed the courage to write or talk about them. Since family is such a sacred and private topic for me, I do not like sharing our stories with others. As a reader of the freewrites I chose to turn in, you can see which ones were really personal. I hope you enjoy reading them.