

The Language of English

Sasha Ortiz Bazan

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The Language of English

Sasha Ortiz Bazan

I always hated my parent's broken English, with stumbles upon stumbles. I remember eyes staring, whispers all around, pity in people's eyes. I HATED It! I never realized how much I hated it, until I started growing up and started noticing the judgmental stares.

All I remember as a 13-year-old teenager is only caring about friendships and makeup.

But even though my parents spoke broken English, they always communicated with such joyful pride. There was no shame about the way that their English came across to others. They didn't seem to care at all. I constantly questioned them, "Aren't you embarrassed? Aren't you scared about what others think?" They responded with pride:

"Y porque deberíamos avergonzarnos!"

But why did I never realize the beauty in their voice? The efforts they made to give me a better life? A life they never had, the one they always wished for us.

I realize now that I was ignorant and immature.

But I see it now, the beauty of my roots and how deep they grow. I now feel pride and am able to vigorously support my culture, their struggles and accomplishments.

So, Mama and Papa thank you for instilling pride about where I came from. Thank you for making me realize the worth of things that I took for granted. I know I have a lot of growing up to do, but at least I know I won't be alone, and no matter what we will always be connected. So, like you always tell me, "te amo hasta la luna y las estrellas."

Con mucho amor tu princesa y tu luz,

Sasha O