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Next Time

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Next Time

Sarah Guevara

Background Info: I lived with my grandma for about five or six years. Unfortunately, my mom was a single teen parent. My father passed away when I was only about one year old, the same day my mom was in labor with my younger sister. She was a 19-year-old single mom with no help from her partner. My mom was very depressed from my dad's passing. She turned to alcohol and drugs.

My grandmother was my caretaker for most of my childhood. Back then, I didn't understand why I couldn't see my mom, but I am grateful I didn't see her and she is also grateful that my grandma didn't let her see me. I love and appreciate my mom so much. She has gotten through a lot in her life and I am proud of the woman she is today.

I wake up to the smell of cinnamon pancakes and the loud sounds from the T.V. It's 6:30 a.m. I look over at my cousins sleeping on the couch, and then at my aunts sleeping in the dining room on their bed. There were beds everywhere in that house. I lived in a two-bedroom house, my grandma's house. Twelve to fifteen people lived in it at any one time. Sunday mornings are what I remember most, eating breakfast on the couch and watching my favorite childhood show, "Lazy Town."

I was having too much fun with all my cousins to notice that my mom and dad were not around. I always remembered when my mom did come and visit. That day, my grandma suddenly came running from the kitchen and turned off the T.V, told me and my sisters and everyone else who lived there, "Shh! Be Quiet!" I wondered why. My big cousin said to me, "Your mom is here."

The moment I heard the word mom I got excited and start shouting, "Where? Where?" My grandma got my attention and shut me up quick. It was then that I heard a knock at the door and then my mom's voice. Everything went dead silent, only the loud

pounding was heard. Nobody answered the door. I didn't know why. I hadn't seen my mom in a month or so. I wanted to yell out "Mom, come inside, I miss you!" but I couldn't, I didn't because my grandma was giving me the deadliest glare, and it scared the crap out of me. Soon, I could no longer hear my mom's voice and the pounding was gone. "I won't see my mom today," I thought. I'll wait for her. Until next time.

REFLECTION

Ever since kindergarten I have had trouble with my grammar and forming sentences. I'm not bilingual so that couldn't be the reason why I was "below average" in my grammar skills. It wasn't until my senior year of high school that I got an A+ on an essay I wrote. I was very proud of myself. I learned a lot from Mrs. Fischer, my senior English teacher, she was helpful. She had me meet with her and she helped me with my grammar instead of just putting an "F" on my essay.

One thing I learned from her English class that I didn't learn in any of the other English classes I had taken before is that in order to write your first draft it's okay to not know everything you need. First drafts are like practicing for the final draft – the one that matters. I would always put everything I got into my first draft and Mrs. Fischer told me that that's not what it's all about.

Coming into this Ethnic Studies class, I didn't know what to expect. I had taken a different Ethnic Studies class with the same instructor before and I honestly loved it. It was always a mystery what we were going to learn in class in addition to our reading assignments. I was shocked by the new information we learned, but I loved it and I am grateful I had the chance to take that class. I wanted to learn more so that is one reason I enrolled in Ethnic Studies 107 Chican@/Latin@ Lives class this semester. Like I said before, my grammar was not great at all, so coming into this class which required students to freewrite daily and provided the opportunity to share with others in the class, I was a nervous wreck. I didn't feel confident about my writings at all.

I have written, seen and read the progress I made throughout the twelve weeks of writing. After re-reading my freewrites I thought, "Wow! I wrote that!" It amazes me that I can write something so powerful. Especially because it is hard for me to express my emotions and feelings using only words. I have learned that it is a big stress reliever for me to write things out like this.

The prompts of the freewrites were relevant to my life experience and I found myself easily writing out everything. For a nineteen year-old woman, I've been through a lot. Most of the things I've been through have not been discussed with anybody. Writing on paper I feel like I was talking with someone, possibly to myself, but it helped me 100%. I am very grateful for this class. I think every student needs to take a class like this, one based on freewrites, uncensored, and powerful writings.