Beyond A Dream

Being a migrant myself has put me through various circumstances that others might have gone by in their life. As migrants we do work that other people have not experienced and still they can’t seem to understand the fact that what we do is not as simple as it seems to be.

My family has been migrating for the past eighteen years traveling from one place to another. I remember that each year around spring break my parents would withdraw us from school to go to Pasco, Washington. Leaving relatives and friends behind was hard, but getting used to other places was even harder. We did this for ten years until my grandmother from my dads side passed away. It took us two years to start heading up north, but this time we would only go in the summer. After these two years we would leave again during March and come back around November.

Migrating can be difficult at some point or another. Being on the road for hours can be tiring and dangerous. This was one of my fears of my parents driving because when my mother was single they lost a brother on their way home. No one knows when something can go wrong things just happen for no reason sometimes. Every time that we would leave a place I remembered to ask and pray to GOD that he be with us at all moments. We never had trouble getting a place to live in which was good. All we had to worry about was cleaning it. The contractor that we
have been going with for years has always provided us with a home. Working in the fields is not such a good experience, but this is my biggest reason why I want an education. No matter how bad the weather was we would always have to work. Having to work for minimum wage and under the sun was not good at all because I would get all burned. When it rained we got all soaked and there was no way we could change until we got home. Sometimes with the frequent weather changes that happened we would get sick and still have to go to work.

When I started high school was when things got tougher. All I would think about was to hurry up to get the credits I needed. It didn’t take much time for me to realize that one of the major problems was trying to finish as many classes as I could before migrating so that it would give me the time to work and at the same time get an education. Most of the time there was extra work that I had to make up in order to get a complete grade. There were always stacks of papers on my desk that needed to be finished. There was never a day that I gave up, but there were times when I couldn’t take it any longer and what kept me going was my parents’ encouragement towards education. This was leading me beyond a dream. They want for me to be and have what they never could.

Having a college degree is important because I not only want to be an example for my family, but to other migrant students who have been through almost the same life. My parents want what they were unable to
get and they have given me their encouragement to keep on studying. I want to be a migrant student who can let others know that we can be what we want not letting anything interfere with our education. Shooting for a bachelor's degree is what I want and I know that by working hard anything can be accomplished.

I truly admire a migrant who keeps going to higher educate themselves because now we need more than just a high school diploma. I'm thankful that we have teachers and programs like MET that help us migrant students towards getting educated, but most of all our parents who have taught us through hard labor work that there is nothing else better than getting educated. The day will come when I will have my own family and I would not like the children to go through the same experiences. I would like for them to get and education as I will thinking not of today, but always on the future. Education is a value to me that I won't regret ever having because this will be with you forever. All I can say as a migrant is that by getting educated I can make a difference.