

Lupita Garcia
LS-391
7/9/19

Biography

My story begins with the migration of my parents from Mexico in the 80's. My mom was born and raised in Mexico City. Meanwhile my dad was born and raised in Michoacan. My mother and her sister came to the US together to visit my uncle in Madera, Ca, but after a few months they decided to stay in the US. In 1990, my mom met my dad at a concert and they got married in 1991. They welcomed my brother in 1992, she continued to work as a babysitter until 1993 when she began working at Taylor Farms and continues to work there up to this day. My parents bought their first home in 1996, my mom's dream of owning her own home was coming true. Two years later, I was born however the happiness of my birth was obstructed by my dad's infidelity and his plans to run away with a woman. My mom build up her strength to work out her issues with my dad and forgave him for what he did.

I remember my childhood filled with laughter, fun, and a lot of trouble. I began to go to preschool with my cousin in 2003, right from the beginning we got into a lot of trouble with the other students. My elementary education was filled with a lot of problems that caused my teachers to believe that I would continue to be a troubled girl in middle school and high school, and that I might not even graduate high school due to my 'behavior issues'. Something that I truly hated in elementary was that the students were tested and then put into separate class for one hour everyday according to their english level. Unfortunately, I was always put in the lowest group which made me feel stupid and dumb cause I knew I shouldn't be in that group. Every time I took state tests, I would receive 'Basic' as my score which only made me feel worse. My

only choice was to continue to do my best and work hard to prove to myself that I was smart like any other student and those scores or english classes don't define my intelligence.

I attended Alisal High School, which is labeled by ignorant people as the high school filled with gang members, incompetent students, student fights. I remember that throughout my freshman year, all the "cholos" would stand against the wall and just stare at the people passing by, every time I had to pass by them, I would get annoyed because they would just stand there looking like idiots. I did see a few fights throughout my high school years, but overall I had an amazing time in high school. I played basketball my freshman year, I joined the cross country and track n field teams my junior year, and my senior year I only did track n field. Cross country was the hardest sport I've ever done, since I was not used to running soo many miles and making sure I ran as fast as I could. I am happy I attended this amazing high school, where I made great friends and fun memories.

In 2010, my mom was diagnosed with severe anxiety and depression, this was the beginning of a long journey to come. She had to go all the way to Mexicali, Baja California, to be diagnosed because all the doctors in Salinas were not able to give her an accurate diagnosis. She stayed over with my uncle for about a month, to make sure she was taken to the best doctors in the city and finally help her deal with her problem. I had a hard time being away from her for so long, we've always been so close, even though we sometimes we do argue. After a month, she came back feeling much better which made me happy, afterwards she had to visit her doctors Mexicali every 6 months, then once a year. She's been dealing with these health issues ever since, once in a while she still has moments where she will feel very depressed, but with the help of her medication she feels better.

My dad has been an alcoholic for a few years now, which is something that totally affects my mom and everyone else. The main problem is that he won't admit that he has a problem and needs help before it is too late. This is one of the reasons why my parents almost got divorced a few years ago, my mom was just tired of dealing with him. All I know is that if he doesn't stop drinking, he will eventually get sick and we may not be there to help him.

Growing up in Salinas, specifically East Salinas, was a little tough due to all the shootings, violence, and gangs. My parents were definitely more strict with my brother when he began to go to middle school. Since I can remember, I would hear gunshots, the police and the ambulance almost everyday. Honestly, sometimes I did feel unsafe even going to the park which is right in front of my house or even just being outside in the front yard. When my brother graduated and went off to college in Florida my mom was happy and sad, because she wanted him safe from all the violence but he would also be so far away for the next four years.

After graduating from high school, I had to attend Hartnell College after being denied from CSU Long Beach, Fullerton, and Northridge. I did really stupid decisions in high school that affected my gpa which caused this unfortunate result. However, I was accepted to Northern Arizona State University and Johnson & Wales, the university my brother had previously attended. I had the choice to attend either one but due to previous problems with my brother, my mom did not allow me to go anywhere but to Hartnell. After working hard at Hartnell for two years, I was finally admitted to CSU Long Beach, the opportunity I had been waiting for so long. I was all ready to begin my real college journey and once again I was forced to stay home and give up my dream of finally going away for college. Sometimes I do think I made the right decision of staying because a few months later my brother had to move away to Washington

State, which means my mom would have been all alone if I would've left. I guess everything happens for a reason and we simply have to learn to live with it.

If I had the opportunity to go back and change something about my life, I don't think I would change anything because I feel that everything I've gone through has somehow shaped the person that I am now.