



# THIS IS MY IMMIGRATION STORY

#SHAREYOURSTORY



NAME: ANONYMOUS

COUNTRY OF ORIGIN: MEXICO

STATE: CALIFORNIA

I grew up in an adobe house in a small pueblito in Michoacan, Mexico. My father was a tailor and also owned and sold livestock. My siblings and I grew up with traditional gender roles that gave the boys more freedom while heavily restricting the girls. The majority of my education growing up happened at church where the nuns were teachers. I began working as a seamstress from home making dresses and other clothing. When I married we rented a room in a city, I stopped being a seamstress and worked at a tortilladora earning the equivalent of \$20 per week.

We decided to migrate because we did not see any future with our current situation and work. Income was barely enough to cover our needs so we decided to migrate; this was in 1990. My husband had family in the North Bay of California so we decided that would be our destination. Initially our goal was to live and work in the US for a couple of years and then return to Mexico. However, our daughter was born with down syndrome and we decided it would be easier and better to find support in the United States than in Mexico. This was the primary reason we chose not to return to Mexico, and it also came with the struggle of living out of someone's garage to eventually owning a home two decades later.

I was able to become a citizen in 2008. I was able to attend community college credits in child development that allowed me to work for the office of education in our county, which led to my current job in the school district.

The American Dream, to me, means having a job and a place to live. I didn't have grand ambitions so being able to have a better paying job and living situation than in Mexico was enough for me. For those of you thinking of starting the immigration journey, "Que se vengán! Este es un país muy bonito. Si vienen a trabajar, aquí van a encontrar trabajo. Es mejor ser pobre aquí que ser pobre en su país natal."