Hard work and perseverance is something that I learned from my mother that is why she is the most important Hispanic woman in my life. You will probably read many stories about amazing moms but my mom is truly my hero. She taught me that no obstacle was too great when you truly want a better life for yourself and your family. When my mother decided to bring our family to America she knew it would be hard but I don’t think she knew it would be hard for as long as it was. We crossed the Rio Grande with just the clothes on our backs and a couple dollars from Matamoros, Tamaulipas Mexico to Brownsville Texas when I was only four years old. We expected our lives to change but little did we know that it would take incredible amounts of work and help from good people just to find a place to live.

We were homeless for months and we had to hide not just from the police but from the “migra” all the time. My mother, my sister, and I would sleep on park benches and outside the city courthouse many nights after we came to America. My mother had no way to feed us so she found work cooking in restaurants in exchange for food and sometimes a place to sleep. Thanks to a restaurant owner that my mom worked for we found a place to stay for a while but that was only temporary. My mom was too afraid to ask for help but we later found out about shelters that provided a place to stay and meals to people in our situation without asking about immigration status. My mom would say “dios esta con nosotros” because every time things got bad there would be a good person willing to lend a hand.

 During the time that we struggled the most my mother tried her best to normalize the situation for my sister and me as much as she could by telling us stories about her family back home and about her childhood and about her parents. Eventually we saved enough for a little apartment and mom worked day and night for very little money but she never complained. She would drop us off at school and head to work, she would pick us up only to drop us off home and head to her second and third jobs. My mother has had a very rough life, she dropped out of school in the 3rd grade after her parents died, each of a different type of cancer. She left my father who was abusive physically and mentally. My father died from drowning while intoxicated and although he was an alcoholic and abusive husband my mom always told us stories of when he was courting her as if he never hurt her in any way. Mom left her entire life behind, her family, and friends so that my sister and I could have more opportunities. My mother is the reason why I decided to become a nurse. She is full of love and compassion and she always told me if she dreamed of being a nurse. She taught me that no matter what life throws at you it is important to help others and be understanding.

 Mom always made sure that my sister and I knew that education is important and that we must work hard to achieve our goals and thanks to that when DACA was announced my sister and I met all the qualifications needed. Unfortunately, my mother continues in the shadows, hiding due to her immigration status. I am lucky to have DACA and my mother because thanks to them I am able to continue in search of the American dream. I am very grateful for all the opportunities I have but unfortunately higher education seems impossible due to my ineligibility for federal financial aid and many private loans but like my hero taught me “si se quiere se puede”. I have already earned my licensed practical nurse diploma working two jobs to help support my family while paying for college. I know that I am not the only immigrant in the world with big dreams but I do know that I love helping other immigrants and this scholarship would bring me closer to be able to help many more that like mother live in the shadows. Upon graduation I will become a community health nurse which will allow me to educate and advocate for the Latin community in my area while making the most important Hispanic woman my life proud.