

My name is Jacob, I was born in Saint Paul, Minnesota. As a child, I lived with my parents near the old Schmidt brewery on what is commonly known as the "West end". At the time, my family consisted of, My mom, dad, sister and I. Me being the second born. We lived with our grandfather, who is my dad's dad, across the street from Monroe elementary school. When I was three, my parents split up and my mom moved to her hometown in Grand Forks North Dakota. My dad moved to a town home in Apple Valley. My sister and I then moved with our grandmother, who is my dad's mom, on the west side of Saint Paul, where we grew up and spent the rest of our childhood. Eventually my mom moved back to Saint Paul to be closer to my sister and I. As my sister got older, we became distance and my sister moved with my mom. Part of the reason I did not want to live with my mom and decided to live with my grandma, while my sister moved away, was because I always felt like the odd one out. My mom's side is Mexican and her family speaks Spanish and has darker skin then us. On my mom's side of the family, I was always the lightest one. They called me guerro meaning whiteboy. Communicating was often hard, I was discouraged by my lighter tone and a lack of spanish that I spoke but for my sister who is a lot darker than me, she enjoyed seeing that side of the family of my mother. I however, did not. I felt as if I could never fit in, which made me very uncomfortable. I was around 13 when she moved and starting Junior High. We didn't talk much after she moved. Over time, with space from each other, our families relationships got slightly better. The energy became less negative when we were around each other and our bonds slightly tighter. As I grew up, I was no longer discouraged by my lack of knowledge of spanish language or my skin color compared to my cousins. It wasn't until after high school that my sister and I became close. Now we are each other's best friends.