My mother was born and raised in Tamaulipas, Mexico. She had raised my older brothers in that state too. She was a hardworking woman that wanted to provide everything she could for her children, the children that depended on her for most of their life. Then came me, her last kid, 13 years after her second child, and born in the United States. There came a change, a change of life. Now she moved into the United States to raise me and provide a better future than what she could provide if she were to have stayed in Mexico.

My mother crossed with a tourist visa while pregnant with me, she overstayed her visa and gave birth to me in Brownsville, Texas. By having me in another country she sacrificed being with her other children in Mexico, giving birth in this country meant that she had to stay a certain amount of time to gain strength. She also had to wait until I was at least a month to go to Mexico and see her children. My mother could not go a that long period of time without seeing her other children so my father brought my siblings across the border to be alongside my mother.

Once they were on the American side of the border they too had to adjust to life in another country and learn the English language, because there was no going back after crossing, the language that they would learn in high school. Leaving their country was hard specially to for my mother because her roots were there everything that she knew was there. Her home was back in Mexico she could not feel at home in a place she had no connection to. After having her other children brought to her, she now had motivation to establish a new home here with all her children by her side.

Then there came the process to become legal residents of the United States. My mother, father, and siblings applied together and together they gained residentship. After gaining their legal status they would migrate back and forth from Texas to Michigan to work agriculture jobs. This has been going on since I was only a year old, I am now 18 years old. Thanks to my mother's sacrifice I was able to be raised in the United States and get an education here. Now I am a first year college student reminiscing my mothers journey and sacrifices to give me a better life.

I appreciate her more now than ever.