
The Difficult Experiences of Moving In and Out with the Family

They crawl up your back when you least expect it. They make your rainbow into a stormy day; make you live hell on Earth every day. Always there when least expected. I'm talking about those difficult changes, that have caused stress, suffer, fright, and inconsolable. The problematic changes of the day cause loss of control and the felt of getting lost and never being found. One of the most difficult times of my life was as a child, a petrified child, moving from one life to a totally new world, and of course the change was difficult.

When I grow up, I will never put my children through any of the situations that I went through as a cub. It's surprising to look back at my life and think of all the times I wished to disappear, but I'm still here. It all started when I was in kinder in Belle Glade Elementary. I wasn't a perfect child but I was happy with the way life had gone for me, until it all came down in a flash of lightning. My parents had to decide that would make me suffer and dry my eyes dry of all the tears that rolled down my soft, pink cheeks. The decision changed my entire life as a whole different life style, one thousand four hundred fifty-eight point three miles away from the only home I knew, a whole different world was awaiting in ordinary Brownsville, Texas.

My life in Belle Glade, Florida was fascinating. Clean, white sand beaches, charming citizens on the streets, and something exciting to do every day, was my regular day at Belle Glade. Though, that wasn't enough for my parents. Their life was difficult. My father worked on a plantation and my mother acquired money from helping neighbors with their brats. They didn't see any future in their way of life, so they came down to Brownsville in search of a future. Of course, I couldn't believe that fact that I was leaving Belle Glade, I was not only leaving a state but I was also leaving a preposterous style of life. Only being five years old, I know the change was best for the family, so I felt obligated to move.

The day of the moving came, and I was not ready for such an impact in my short life. Leaving my friends was difficult, but it was the least of my worries. Changing to a new environment, a new culture, a whole new ethnicity from Florida, and not knowing what to expect, were just leading factors to my preoccupations. I knew the change would be difficult and harsh, but just thinking of how horrible my parents' lives were in Florida, gave me strength to survive another day.

After two days of travel, we had finally reached the "New World." The first occupation was to register me in elementary, I was going to start my first day as a first grader at Mariano Gonzalez Elementary. The first day was not easy, nor was the first month. My sad, scared tiny brown eyes flooded the school halls the first weeks of school. I cried for weeks on end. The principal eventually called my parents to her office. She had mistaken my situation for a case of domestic violence. With no hesitation, my parents explained the situation and the principle explained that if I did not stop crying so much I would be held back a year. But I was only an infant, I knew no other than sadness due to all the dramatic changes. No time after the principal meeting, a girl, with a similar situation arrived, later to become my best friend. Together, little by little, we confronted our change and fears, and started to see the world as a brighter place.

It's not unusual for people to experience difficult times. Some are easier to overcome than others some pierce the heart indefinitely and some pass by quickly. The most important key is surviving them, and grow smarter from each one. As Peter Marshall once said "God will not let any troubles to come upon us, unless He has a specific plan by which great blessing can come out of the difficulty."

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