

A Unique Rhythm for a Stunning Harvest

The alarm goes off at 5 a.m. The birds start their song, and dad and I get up. To get rid of drowsiness, a nice warm shower awaits us. The splashing droplets of water and the sensation that a new day has arrived startles both of us. Excitement fills up at dawn, and we change our clothes. There is an enormous thought in common between *mi papi'* (my daddy) and I. That is, to have a better future for both my family now and my future family. We get up every morning thinking of how our hard work will pay off *algún día* (some day). By lifting our heads high, we symbolize preparation for any challenges. Papa knows what diligent means and so do I. We know what hardworking is, but in different aspects. We have our goals set; we know why, how, and what, increases our effort. A rhythm is in every day for me and my dad. A rhythm that's so constant like a heartbeat. The rhythm of our harvest is set goals, labor, delight in what we get, and finally start from zero again.

Our goal for *algún día* is to get a valuable education that can help me succeed. For *papa* it is to instruct me to be authentic. I work not only to earn money, but to gain incomparable knowledge that will direct me to be like *mi papa*. My dad works really hard to get my every day supplies. As for me, I work hard to initiate building what will be *la cosecha* (harvest). Papi and I set goals that we know we're going to complete some way or another. For instance, my papa and I planned to visit my great grandfather in Spain, but we were broke. We didn't give up though, we worked harder than ever to cancel our debt and get our flight tickets. That's how I know that the Velasquez family never surrenders. I look forward to qualify for a scholarship and see tears in my parents' eyes showing pride! This is the motor that keeps me moving daily even when movement seems impossible. Like my papa says, "my goals are mine to be fulfilled!"

As Dad picks up his chain saw case, I pick up my book bag. He takes his hand saw, and I grab my pencil. We leave the house waiting for a daily challenge. My dad works at Asplundh, a company where he cuts down trees. He fights every day with the intense heat of the sun. With me it's the same problem, although, I fight against the warmth of my head. I try to ignore things that make me frustrated at school and could cause a fight. I do this to preserve my good qualities and maintain my conscience clean. My dad gets tired, but I get exhausted. By the end of the school days, my head feels like a bomb that could explode. *Mi papi* sometimes works 48 hours straight or longer. In comparison to me, I only do 12 hours of school work. As I get home, I go straight to my homework; therefore, I'm busy trying to alter my work into perfection.

Instead of summer vacations, I have to work with *mi papi* to learn industrious things. His job requires strength, intelligence, speed and a man like my *papa*. While working with my dad, he taught me various life lessons. He mastered me on appreciating my belongings. *Papi* also made me realize that life is not as easy for a field worker as it is for a student or teacher. Dad once almost lost his

pinky while working. The pain in his brownish eyes and the red blood covered fingers were the effects that made me come to my senses. Plus, it was way too dangerous; it surely was not made for me.

Thanks to my hero, now I enjoy the way I live. My daily reminder of my goals is found in my parents' facial expressions, which is always an exultant one. For me the rhythm of the harvest is always continuous where the factors of the endless cycle are making plans, working hard, suffering, enjoying, and begin again!