

Learning To Rise Above

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It has been 6 years...for over half a decade, my family has risen above by picking and planting grapes, stripping leaves to help the bunch of grape appropriately grow, and packing the fruit to get shipped across America. Doing so has brought my family in despair moments several times, in one occasion it was life threatening. I have never experienced working under the sun but I believe my say counts due to the circumstances I lived. My hard working mother, father, an eldest sister work in the grape fields in and out of Bakersfield. Along with others they are making it happen, they are feeding our beautiful America.

Picking grapes for such a long time has had a consequence. My mother caught an illness... Valley Fever. The reason my mom caught it was because she inhaled a fungus in the air due to the humidity in the fields. The fungus is found in the blood, it does not have a cure at all. It is extremely hard to hear my mom say " Hija haste algo de comer, me siento muy mal , muy débil " or " Darling , cook yourself something to eat , I do not feel well and I am very weak." Something inside me breaks into several pieces because I cannot do anything to help her. My mother suffered a lot. She was put in an isolated and lonely room during her our visits because doctors had an unknown idea of what illness she caught. She was so ill she needed a nurse with her almost all the 24 hours of the day. Just a week after she was diagnosed she immediately returned to the fields. Being in recovery, my mother managed to return to the fields. Every day from 4am -3pm, my mom remained powerful and strong to provide food for our family and those around the country. A woman like that is what I gladly call a super woman.

I'd be lying if I said I am not afraid when my family goes to go work early in the morning. I worry about their safety because there are a variety of accidents happening everyday on freeways due to traffic. I would go crazy and insane if my family were to suffer one of those deadly accidents. There has been an awful amount of heat strokes and deaths due to field work. So every morning, when I awaken to set the alarm to our house when my parents leave for work, I pray that they come back healthy and safe. My family is my treasure and I have nothing

without them.

However, the fact that my parents work in the fields is not a bad thing. My parents use it to encourage my sisters' and me to do better. They have taught me that life is not handed to an individual; one has to work for their own dreams to come true. My dream and goal I will accomplish one day, is to work with the heart doing ultra sounds, heart mummies, and echoes. Thanks to my parents I am captivated to push harder! Their saying " si puedes solo ponte las pilas," is a motivation for me to do great things.

Being raised in a farm working family is a privilege. You learn to grow and succeed as an individual. Farmworkers should be thanked for feeding America. Our nation should be thankful to be having the most amazing people delivering food to their very own table. America's economy would not expand successfully without farmworkers, they make it happen. Farmworkers are and will always be united no matter what steps in front of them. Despite all the troubles, they are always working to feed America. As César Chavez once said, " Si se puede" and I know I could make my success happen.

