

my story in  
the fields  
growing my dreams



My name is Emily Camacho and my story began on May 28th, 2008. From the day I was born my trajectory would be marked by the farms and fields around me, my mom went back to thinning apple trees before I was 1 month old with my 11 year old and 8 year old sisters taking care of me either in an apple bin inside the orchard or in the back of our SUV. That summer I was in apple orchards, cherry orchards and blueberry fields. I wasn't just there that summer, I have since been there my entire life. I've worked with my parents and sisters in heat over 100 degrees and I've learned to pack very little, very quick because when you're moving so much you quickly learn what the essentials are. Some would say I have so little but I would say I have so much. I have strength, good work ethic, gratitude to appreciate my parents sacrifices, the beauty of the sunrise and a warm burrito in a thermos for lunch. I have perseverance to work hard and become someone in life. As I am working I imagine what it will be like to go to college, to be a doctor and to see my parents proud and smile because their sacrifices and work in the fields turned into their daughters degree. My parents have worked hard all their life and we have watched everything they have sacrificed, saying they aren't hungry so my sisters and I can have the food we have left, saying they aren't cold so us kids can have the blankets winter months when there's no work and our power shuts off. I once heard the words "we must go through pain and sacrifice to obtain freedom" and I can now say yes, my parents like many other immigrants sacrificed leaving their families and native countries to endure the pain of crossing the border in hopes of gaining freedom. As I work on accomplishing my dreams while working in the fields I daydream of the day I become a doctor and reach the freedom my parents have so long sacrificed for in the fields. I know the day will come where I will turn back in my white coat and admire the fields around me knowing I am a product of those fields.

