

Young Dreams of the Farmworkers Son



My experience as a migrant student begin like this. I don't like to see my parents wake up at four in the morning to go to work, it is still dark out when they leave. When they come back from work they are dirty, exhausted, sweaty, and with bloodshot eyes. Their hands are calloused and bruised, their bodies are broken and sore. Field work is not tiring, it is exhausting and arduous, it is not meant for white folks, we do jobs they do not want. My parents work ten hours or more. I understand why they go to sleep when there is still light out.

Some of the challenges that my family and I face is always money, we never have enough to get by, we have enough to survive. When I was little I thought my parents had a lot of money. Now that I am older I know how hard it is to get what little money they earn. I have gone to the fields before with them. The first time I went, I could not believe how hard people worked for the little pay they received. When we got there I thought it was going to be easy. When we finished, I was so tired that when I got home, I passed out from exhaustion. I slept until the next day. The following day when I woke up I was so sore that I could not even get up from my bed and then sat in the sofa, I struggled to sit up. Yet, my parents do it everyday, from dusk till dawn. They never complain, they just do it. Nike should have a commercial for farmworkers.

If someone says that working in the fields is easy, then they are wrong because they don't know how hellishly hot it is in the summers, and how violently cold it is in the winters. They don't know how being exposed to nature can take a toll on your body. They don't know how hard and hurt you can get. Sometimes, when I feel down, I remember, I have my family there to help me and bring me

