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English

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About Me

Both of my parents are uneducated field workers who I believe have taught me more life lessons then all of my teachers combined. They believe that I should have more than one option just in case school doesn’t work out for me. From a very young age, they would take my brother and me to work in the fields with them on weekends, summer, Thanks Giving and Christmas break.  They would use that as an example for me to work hard in school and tell me that if I didn’t I would end up in the fields with them or at a job that only paid minimum wage.  Being a first generation Mexican-American of two immigrant parents, I saw what my parents went through to give my two siblings and me everything we needed to succeed.  
  I have always tried my hardest in school to get the best scores in school up until my 8th grade year. Starting my freshman year everything just started getting harder and I had to work two times harder. My sophomore year I failed algebra too. That’s when I figured maybe math wasn’t my thing my junior year I took it again and passed it but I didn’t take another math class. I got my first job junior year and stop caring about school as much still put in a good effort but my goal was just to pass. I went from a person with perfect attendance to thinking of what excuse I would give my mom to stay home. I was basically done with school.  My mom just told me that if I was really done with school to work hard and graduate my junior year. I knew it wasn’t going to happen, but I tried I finished all my classes except for my pathway class and English 12 and now I only come to school when I have those classes. I have to attend community college in order to get my absences excused. Right now I’m taking a math class and not stressing about senior year because I only need two classes to be done. My mom pushed me and if it weren’t for her constant nagging to get my stuff done. I wouldn’t be on track to finish school early or at all. College wasn’t always in my plans because I was tired of school, but where I come from if I don’t go to college, I would end up flipping burgers at McDonalds or picking oranges in the fields with my parents.  
 Lindsay, CA is a small town of a little over ten thousand residents, which is prominent for high school dropouts and teen pregnancies. In most cases, those who don’t drop out of high school and get there diploma end up going to work instead of perusing an education. The small rural area that I come from is heavily populated by Hispanics who failed to get educated, but work from sunrise to sunset to provide their family with everyday necessities. Growing up in this small town and seeing how hard my family and a large portion of my community struggle to get by motivated me to stay in school to help my family.  I have a job so I help my parents out as much as I can; when I’m not at work or school I help baby sit my two year old brother. I don’t want to add to the failure of my city I want to get a higher education and become something greater. Growing up in the fields I have grown to love agriculture it has inspired me to go in to the field of agriculture.