

## The Crossroads of Green

Growing up, my mother would always recall her days in Mexico where she would eat the fruit from my grandparents garden and raise the cattle in the ranch that they lived in. Her local school took a 2 hour ride and the nearest convenience store was miles away. Eventually, they moved to the city of San Luis Potosí, the capital of the state by the same name and started a new lifestyle where they no longer ate the fruit and produce that they harvested or walked miles to get to the places that they needed to be. When I asked my mother about a defining moment in her life, this was the past event that came to her mind. She describes moving into a new environment, at the age of 9, an experience that changed the way she saw the world. They went from living in an isolated area, where it took miles to reach the nearest corner store for hygienic products, to having to associate and communicate with neighbors and get used to the “city” life. My mother recalls her parents telling her to act less like a native of her ranch and more like a city local, including the way she dressed, talked, and acted. My mother at her young age did not understand why my grandparents were demanding her to change the mannerisms that her own parents had taught her. This led to a moment in her life where she did not feel like she belonged in her own family. One thing that kept my mother from dissociating herself completely from her culture and upbringing was the garden where she used to pick the fruit and eat it from. She grew the same crops that my grandmother once did and took care of the garden until she decided to migrate to the United States. Till this day , whenever we go back to Mexico to visit, she checks the garden that she cultivated at a young age and remembers her childhood and the place where

she was born.

