Creative Nonfiction Paper:

This I No Longer Believe

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Abstract:

In this paper I am going to speak about my experiences about what happened, when and how I found out the truth about my families citizenship. I learned that my I always believed my parents could travel on vacations with me as a kid, but then I get told the truth. I give examples of situations I was in. Most importantly I speak about the hardest times I went, my relationship with my brother and how we never got along when I was a kid. Overall, this essay will give you an experience of a girl who is a citizen as her family is not, and how it could be scary and hard at times but one can overcome those obstacles and continue on with life.

If there's something that has changed the most for me as I continue to get older, are my beliefs. Throughout my lifetime I continue to gain more knowledge about so many different things and I begin to question everything I see. I guess after all, being curious isn’t bad. It has helped me realize that half of the stuff I believed in growing up isn’t true. One of the biggest and most impacting “no longer beliefs” for me was finding out that my parents were immigrants. This had an effect on me in various ways.

As a child I was a very social kid and I still am as I meet new people, but my friends and I would always talk about our parents until something changed. My friends would always tell me about going on vacation with their parents and having a great time, but I noticed something different about me. I never told them I went on vacation to different countries with my family, but it was because I couldn’t. One day when I got back from school, I asked my parents why we haven’t gone on a vacation together. They explained to me that they couldn’t travel with me and why, something I never realized as a child. They came here so I can be born in this country and have better opportunities to life. They finally told me their truth, they said they weren’t born in this country along wit my brother. After hearing that, I didn’t really understand how big of a deal it was until I asked my brother. When I asked my brother, as a kid I never felt so much hate towards me and jealousy. He complained to me as if I was the reason why he wasn’t born here, why he was an immigrant, and why he couldn’t travel anywhere. I never felt so guilty and so much pain before as a child. I had no words and I realized that what I always believed in was a lie the whole time. A lie that I created for never asking or realizing that my family couldn’t travel with me. I felt guilty, as if it was my fault since I was the only one born here and could travel places unlike my brother.

After that day I never spoke about trips with my parents or brother. I felt as if I couldn’t. I first thought I was doing it to protect my family, but then I realized that I was ashamed and embarrassed. I always felt guilty for being the “lucky one” as my brother would say. I always wished I could give him my place so he wouldn’t make me feel so culpable. When my peers would talk about going out with family, I was always the quiet one. I couldn’t believe that I never noticed that my belief was so untrue for so long, and I never realized the truth when it was always right in front of me. Another reason why this disbelief was so hard on me was because it affected me mentally and emotionally. I felt as if I couldn’t be myself around my only brother, and as if I never had an existing brother since I began to think he hated me so much. I know many would say “hate” is a strong word but in this case it was something present in my childhood and something I was forced upon since I couldn’t change the fact that I was born here and could travel the world if I could.

Once I got older and attended high school, my belief of my parents not being able to travel with me was no longer a belief I lost, but a reality. When I was in high school, many of my peers shared the same experiences of shame, but when we all spoke about it, things were different. I felt no shame, no embarrassment, I more so felt pride. I felt as though it was no longer disbelief, it was a lesson to people like me, a fact, and a lifestyle. Once I started high school, my brother was way older and he was a lot more mature, that he even apologized for all the hate he gave me. My brother realized that I wasn’t one to blame, it is life, and neither one of us picked for things to be as they were. At this age of 15, I began to accept the truth and I wasn’t embarrassed of my own family. I felt proud to say my parents came here and made a better future of me and my brother. I know many immigrants say this but, for my brother and I it’s true. My brother graduated college and now has a great job, and I am currently in college as a student athlete and hope to accomplish my goals.

Overall, I believe this had to be one of my toughest disbeliefs as a child. Growing up my brother always told me I had a perfect life which sucked because he was too blind to notice I was hurting so much for feeling culpable. It wasn’t until my freshman year of high school when my brother apologized for all those years, and I finally knew what it felt like having a brother. This is my disbelief, my experience, many may not think finding out the truth about something you’ve believed in your whole life can cause much change, but I know. I experienced change after the truth. Change is good and I'm glad I found out the truth so young because it helped me be more cautious, meaning I now know not to show shame or embarrassment of my family or judge others like me because I know the feelings of other immigrants, or of others like me. It Helped me hustle more and help others more. The truth can hurt sometimes but it can also help, yes I sometimes go through the sadness and fear of one day losing my family, but as of now my family and I are better than ever and my brother and I are just trying to achieve our goals to make my parents proud.