Rigoberto Padilla

Period 4

Sometimes, it takes a kid a while for them to realize how much of a significant impact an event has had on them and to be able to reflect on it. At the same time, it takes the kid a bit to realize why this event happened in the first place. I was about 13 years old at the time when I was attending Hutchinson Middle School for my second year. I was generally a good student and child, I got decent grades and was also a part of the high school band.

I took relatively advanced courses for my grade level and got good markings in my classes. Mostly, every teacher I had would have a good thing to say about me. I was respectful, responsible and efficient in my studies. Everything was going good for me, all my life I was told that I’d be going to a university so that’s what I was preparing for through every year of school.

Progressively through the first half of my seventh grade year, but clearly through the second half of the year, it was apparent that I was beginning to fall behind in my classes and the classes which I usually had no trouble in, was starting to get lower and lower markings in.

“What is this?,” my mom would ask me as she held my report card in her hand. “How could you have such low grades? This isn’t like you Rigo.”

I would brush it off and act like it was alright and I could easily bring my grades up if I wanted to. Not only would my mother give me a hard time about my report cards but also my oldest brother, Danny, would get frustrated with me.

“School is always first no matter what,” I remember him saying that as we were driving around in his car.

My grades were falling and if this was the same attitude I would have in high school, I would not be going to any university any time soon after high school. Along with my low markings, I would often leave my house in the evening after school and hang out with my friends until I’d get home around 10 p.m. I would begin to not be very obeying to my mom or even my older siblings, I was getting out of control.

“Aplacate! Comportarse!” There wasn’t a day that went by where me and my mom wouldn’t argue if I can recall correctly.

Eventually, my siblings and mother, most influentially my sister, Gloria, grew more and more tired of it throughout time. It appeared to them that the last resort was to move to somewhere in the central valley, where nearly every weekend my family would visit my relatives who lived in Porterville.

Before long, my mother decided that after my 7th grade year at Hutchinson that we would move to Lindsay. I was extremely enraged and sad simultaneously in regards to the fact that I’d have to leave behind my friends and plans that I had come up with for only the years I had come up with up to that point.

About a few weeks after my school year of 7th grade ended, I was already in Lindsay. The house was a mess but that’s where I’d be living for the following year. You might be confused as to why I say only for the following year as I am still here in Lindsay Unified School District schools about 4 years later. Well in those times, I had this idea in my head that for my high school years I’d return to La Mirada, where my previous home was located, and attend the high school there with my old middle school friends

“Just wait until next year, I’m moving back to LM with my sister.” I’d always tell this to my mom and planned for it.

The only reason I would be able to return back is because my 3 older siblings stayed at my old house and paid the bills amongst themselves. Before I realized it, my 8th grade year, potentially the best year in school I’ve ever had, was basically over and I was planning to attend Lindsay High School. I imagine what changed my mind and viewpoint drastically in just one year was the environment and culture that was here in Lindsay. It seemed as though everyone knew everyone, or at times, that everyone was related to everyone here. Everyone was surprisingly polite and considerate to me and before I realized it, I fell in love with this place.

I looked forward to finishing school with my friends and living the remainder of my life up until the point of me graduating high school and going to a 4-year university. Moving here changed my life for the better and in a manner more than I think I could measure myself on how much of an impact there was on me. I went from being a disobedient, rebellious and failure of a son to a kid who was respectful and had a potential future to go to a good college and maybe make his family proud of him one day.