

Many children have elders in their family who help guide their lives. I come from a vibrant indigenous community in Guatemala. Our family was involved in agriculture. We used our bodies to work hard and for that reason, education was not valued because it didn't create commerce in our village. Growing up, my father never sent me to school, and in fact, he told me that going to school was a waste of time. I watched other children going to school and I became very sad because I had a deep desire to have that opportunity for myself. I had a dream that I would be an adult that was wise and educated.

When I was 17 years old, I decided to come to the United States to fulfill my dream of being educated and to pursue a career. I arrived here in 2005. I imagined that I would immediately begin school and be successful, but upon my arrival, I found that the United States was not as easy as I imagined. I had to pay for rent, utilities, and other necessities. Instead of going straight to school, I looked for a job.

After sometime, I was able to begin classes and begin learning English. I felt very encouraged and hopeful. But in 2011, all of my dreams disappeared. I had a car accident that changed my life. I became a paraplegic. When I learned my fate, I felt that my life no longer had worth. I fell into a deep depression that lasted over three years. I was a young man, but my life had ended.

Over one year ago, I woke up from my depression, remembering that I have a dream to study and become a wise and educated adult. Last year I started to study at PCC and I have been very successful. Although I can no longer do the physical jobs that were valuable in my community in Guatemala, I can be educated and find jobs that those who are differently-abled can do effectively. My life has worth and that's why I'm here at PCC.