

2011

A Family Portrait

Amelia Salinas
Parkland College

Recommended Citation

Salinas, Amelia, "A Family Portrait" (2011). *A with Honors Projects*. 31.
<http://spark.parkland.edu/ah/31>

Open access to this Article is brought to you by Parkland College's institutional repository, [SPARK: Scholarship at Parkland](#). For more information, please contact spark@parkland.edu.

Amelia Salinas
Sociology 101-008

The decisions we make in our life may not seem significant at the time, but the after affects are always felt by future generations. My parents grew up in a different generation. I know that their generation has affected us on how we were raised and it is a complete domino effect on generations as a whole. I believe it is important for us to learn our family history so that we can have a better understanding of events in theirs and our life. Also it is important to remember where we came from and how we fit in today's society. I remember growing up in a family that seemed normal to me. I had five sisters and we all shared rooms, and had dinners together, went to church, had family outings, and family gatherings. Things seemed to be going well, but it seemed that in a matter of a split second the atmosphere would change drastically. It is funny how we remember things in a certain way, but when we grow up our memory and perspective changes and we have a better understanding of certain events in our life. I intend to use the Modified Attachment theory to look at the social structure of my family's different generation.

My mother was a hard working mom who took care of the house and us and made our dinner. She was always busy and very good at multitasking. My father was a hard working man and his great desire was that his daughters succeed in life. My mother grew up in a full household, and was the youngest of eleven children. Her father passed away from stomach cancer when she was twelve; it was devastating to her and she felt abandoned. According to the modified attachment theory, she would be on the left side.

My father also had a series of traumatic events in his childhood; he also lost his mother at

the young age of two and never had the opportunity to know her. When he was five years old, he suffered a dramatic trauma; he was molested. Therefore, he would also be considered on the left side of the attachment theory. My father had an intense desire to be in total control of everything and everyone in his life. At the young age of 18 he went into the service. He wanted to escape reality and his demons by consuming alcohol.

My mother fell into an abusive relationship and became submissive. She also had to cope with her helplessness after the transition of the divorce along with many other obstacles. She had to raise five children on her own and went through a financial struggle. I asked both parents of our family history. My mom was compliant and happy to tell me her life story, but my father was reluctant to talk and became very defensive and angry when I started asking questions about his childhood and his mom. He is obviously still hurt and saddened by the traumatic events of his life and never coped well. This helped me have a better understanding of him and why he is and who he is today. I also have a better sense on how my parents were raised reflects on how I was raised and how it affects me in my daily life.

My maternal grandfather, Nicholas Malacara, was born in Saltillo, Mexico. My grandmother, Margarita Paz, was born in Texas. Her parents came from Spain although not much is known about the details. At the age of 12 years old, my mom's dad crossed the border with his widowed mother and went to live with relatives in San Antonio, Texas. He began working odd jobs, such as shining shoes, and then as he grew into a teenager, got a job working as a gardener for a wealthy woman and her family in the richest neighborhood of San Antonio. He was paid only 25 cents a day, but he loved working outdoors. He was a quiet, unpretentious man. The woman he worked for was very kind to him and gave him extra food to take home with

him. My grandfather met my grandmother when they were 15 years old and they married when they were both eighteen years old. They lived in a small shack in San Antonio, known as the "West Side", this is where the Mexican poor people lived (and still live). At this time, it was around the early 1930's where there was no indoor plumbing or available healthcare. My grandma and her family were migrant workers who traveled every summer north to Wisconsin and Michigan. My mother was one of the 11 kids from this marriage.

The eldest brother, Esteban, went into the military at an early age. He died at the age of 22 when, his car was hit by a fast train, in Kenosha, Wisconsin. My mother was only 3 years old and does not remember too much of him. The next oldest brothers were twins – my uncle Epolito (Paul) and my uncle Ernesto (Ernie). When they were around 16 they decided that they did not want a future as migrant workers. They talked my grandparents into moving to Racine, Wisconsin.

My mother, Maria Erlinda Malacara was born October 21st, 1945, in Racine Wisconsin. She was the only one born in a hospital of 11 children born to a migrant worker father and mother. Her six brothers and three sisters were all born at home with the help of a midwife. My mom, however, was the only one born in a hospital. My grandfather had car trouble, causing them to stay in Racine when they were supposed to go back to San Antonio in time after the harvest season was over. My grandmother had the misfortune of carrying my mom breach and that was why a doctor had to take my mom to the nearest hospital for medical assistance. Once my mom was able to travel, they returned to San Antonio. My mother's family continued to travel north for the next three years going from farm to farm picking tomatoes, potatoes, onions, and cabbage. In 1948, the oldest of the boys, my uncle Paul, and uncle Ernie were getting tired

of this type of work and dreamed of bigger things, and a better way of life. My grandma and grandpa agreed, and so the whole family moved to Racine, Wisconsin.

The brothers went on to get jobs in manufacturing plants in Racine, even though they only had a third grade education. They found work in Racine in major manufacturing companies at that time, JI Case Tractor Company and American Motors, a major automobile manufacturing company. By working hard, they blended in to middle class America. They were also activists and were instrumental in getting the Latino people the respect they deserved in the workplace and neighborhoods and the community at large. My Uncle Ernesto wrote a book called "From the Migrant Fields to Middle America". A copy of this has been put in the Library of Congress in Washington D.C., although it was never published.

My grandfather was able to get a job working with the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad as a maintenance worker. He always liked working outdoors and had no desire to seek a job in a factory or foundry. He also had no formal education, but could read and write in English, while my Grandma was also literate in English and could read and write it as well.

My mother's family had a fairly decent income. My grandpa was able to buy a house in a middle-income neighborhood in Racine. They lived there until 1958. My grandfather died of stomach cancer in 1958. He was only 52 years old. My mom was devastated. She was the youngest of the family and her childhood revolved around being with her father. Being the youngest, she was brought up differently. She never felt like she was poor, but the family was living below the poverty level. She remembered that there was always food on the table, even though it might be made of mush, hot water mixed with flour, sugar and milk. My mom remembers that her mom always seemed to be in the kitchen. When she was not in the kitchen

she was doing house chores. My mom also remembers that her mother always seemed to find money around the house so that she could buy treats to take to school for her birthday. I was customary for the birthday person to bring treats to school on their birthday.

My mom grew up speaking English and never learned how to speak Spanish fluently. She remembers asking grandma to read Spanish comic books to her, and my mom would ask her what the words meant. School was not my mom's favorite thing to do, but she did have good friends throughout the school years. She did excel in her academics and took pride in the knowledge she had. She managed to graduate in the top 10 percent of her class. Even though my mom was extremely shy, she always seemed to be voted captain of something or put in charge of a committee. This happened continually throughout her working career. In sixth grade she was elected captain of the crossing guard. In ninth grade, she was elected secretary of the graduating committee. She graduated number one when she received her associate's degree. During her years in junior college, she was elected to the College "Steering Committee" for the college to pass its accreditation for the state. During college, she was elected student representative to go to Washington, D. C. for a journalist conference. Of the eleven children, my mom and her closest brother were the only ones to graduate from high school. My mom was the only one to go to college. She received an associate's degree in secretarial science when she was 32 years old. She did this when she was married and had 2 small children at home.

My mother never felt like she fit in with her family. Her closest brother was two years older and the closest sister was 5 years older. And they paid hardly any attention to her. When they did, they teased her. When she was about six years old she was taking a bath in the basement in a metal galvanized round tub since there was no shower in the house. Someone

upstairs thought it would be funny to shut the light off on her. She lived in a house where the basement had very little windows and the walls were made of rough cement. They also had a furnace that had to be "fed" every little while to keep the house warm. Therefore, there was no direct sunlight coming in. When the light shut off, it became pitch black. My mom ran up the wooden stairs screaming. When she came up through the door, her siblings were all in the kitchen laughing and felt no compassion. This was very traumatizing and embarrassing for my mom.

My mom started to wear glasses when she was in second grade and, as she found out later, due to dislike of milk, her calcium level was low and she was extremely prone to cavities. For this, her brothers and sisters continually teased her about her teeth and glasses, and she was the only one that had to be taken to the dentist. Being teased continually by her peers and family about wearing glasses (four eyes, ugly, skinny, whiner, scaredy cat etc.) caused her great pain. These events contributed to her low self-esteem and lack of confidence.

My mom had very giving and thoughtful parents. They always had relatives living with them at some point or another. Her mother was always cooking and seemed to "live" in the kitchen. While her father was either working or watching television. On the weekends her father went out to the neighborhood bar and played pool and cards. If he won playing, then he would win candy, chips, and gum. My mom would know if he won when she would find goodies under her pillow the next day. She wanted to be a kind, thoughtful and giving parent with her children.

Growing up, my mom did feel alone, even though she always had a full house. My mom's first niece was born when my mom was six years old. My mom's dad became a grandfather and was no longer my mother's own. My mom felt like she raised herself. She never

asked permission for anything, she would just tell her mom that she would not be coming home after school, or she would call from a friend's house saying she was having dinner and staying over. My grandmother did not tell her, or made her come home. My mom noticed that everyone seemed to be busy and involved with his or her own lives that she felt like the invisible child. She believes that her parents loved her, but never showed affection toward her as they did toward her nieces and nephews. My mom vowed to always be a loving parent, but then told herself that she did not want to have any children anyway. She did not like children. By the time she was twelve, her parents already had about seven grandchildren, and she became the convenient babysitter who did not get paid. My mom also worked in the fields picking tomatoes, potatoes, onions, and cherries since she was 10 –14 years old. At fifteen she worked at a dry cleaner for 50 cents an hour after school.

The summer when my mom was 14, after her father had passed away, she babysat for two children all summer to earn money for her school clothes. Her brothers and sisters had made a good life for themselves; they had cars, boats, and movie cameras in the 1950's. Seeing this further angered my mother and made my mom's resentment towards marriage and having children worse, since she did not have the attention or support, emotionally and physically by her family. She felt abandoned. She knew they were not obligated to take care of her, but they never acknowledged her presence. She had always felt alone, even though she had friends. She read a lot especially science fiction and she also daydreamed a lot about other worlds and planets.

She wanted to go to college after graduating high school, but being fatherless, and her mother not working outside the home, except for working in the fields, she never got the opportunity to go to school until after she got married. At sixteen, my mom had a few jobs such

as working for the manager in an outdoor theatre. Then she worked for a retail store as a cashier. In her senior year, her counselor got her a job as a secretary.

My mom married at the age of 21. She met my father through family. My mom believes that low-self confidence and low self-esteem is a good magnet for a person who likes to control people and dominate them. That was her husband and father of her five children, although she did not know this, until she married him. He was great at first, if things did not go exactly as he perceived they should be, she got a slap across the face, choked, belittled continually until she lost all self esteem and self worth. She was told constantly that she could not survive without the help of this man. Brainwashing is an art and dad had learned it hands down. My mom soon believed that he could read your mind and you dare not even think of freedom or going anywhere without his permission. But mom is a survivor and learned to cope. Creativity is not one of her greatest attributes but she learned how to be cunning and conniving (things that she is not proud of) but survival is a big motivation and goes beyond what you were taught as a catholic girl.

A non-family member had molested some of my older cousins when they were very young and therefore mom became extremely paranoid in the protection of her children. She would never let us stay at anyone's house and she freaked every time a strange man or any man approached us.

Mom was in charge of the finances and if everything was going ok, we had some good times and we went out to eat with the family. But dad was so controlling that the we couldn't even talk or joke at the table; we had to eat all the food they had on their plates or we were punished.

My sisters and I were subject to many traumatizing events. We witnessed dad choke

mom to the point that her feet were hanging off the ground and she was literally dying. She later found out that we had taken pans out of the cupboard and hit my dad with them until he let her go. Mom told us later that she had always thought when she saw a woman in a movie “freezing” when someone was coming at them with a knife that they were faking. She wouldn’t act like that, but it did happen to her. She literally froze and could not scream or talk when my dad broke into the house and attacked her with a butcher knife. Again we went to her rescue. I remember grabbing my dad’s leg to try to stop him from attacking my mother. Mom believes that God and his angels have been with us through the years we endured these horrible events because somehow Dad always stopped just before “finishing her off”. Mom says she feels guilty and will never be able to really forgive herself for putting us through what they had to endure. Everything was ok as long as everything went smoothly. Mom dared not say we did not have enough money for something that he wanted to do. He took to even belittling and brain washing his daughters.

In 1989 after the last attack on my mom’s life, Dad decided to divorce mom because he thought she was an “unfit” mother and wife. Although it was a blessing that he was finally leaving, mom became frightened that she was not going to be able to make it. Through the years, she really hadn’t made any decisions of her own unless it was with his blessing. After the divorce, she found out that she could not even buy or choose clothes for herself or for the children. He had totally taken away her identity. She had learned to be helpless. After the divorce Dad still stalked mom and would not leave her alone. He continued to come back and forth between his apartment and home. My family life began to deteriorate. My oldest sister got pregnant at 17, but still graduated from high school. Because she was pregnant when she

graduated, dad would not let us express any joy to them; she therefore felt abandoned. After the baby was born, she moved out and into her boyfriend's mother's house.

My second oldest sister ran away when she was fourteen. Dad wouldn't do anything and said it was my fault that she left. Mom put her in a state hospital hoping that she would get the help she needed, but instead got pregnant. It is not against the law in the state of Wisconsin to run away so mom had to petition the court with the help of a lawyer to get Elizabeth into an environment away from her father's influence. In mom's mind she thought she was doing the right thing. The judge concurred and ordered Elizabeth be put in a home for unwed mothers in Milwaukee. Elizabeth suffers from major depression and she is a heavy drinker and delved in narcotics. She has remained in Milwaukee, but got her high school diploma in Racine through a program at Gateway Technical College. She is a customer service representative for AT & T, has her own house and is struggling as a single mother with two children. Her emotional personality is not as strong as Monika's or mine. She is easily influenced and therefore because stuck in an abusive relationship. She finally broke away a few years ago, but still struggles to find happiness and know the difference between a "normal" and "abusive" relationship.

Battered women are made to believe that love coincides with "Hitting" (you don't love me if you don't hit me."). It has taken many years of therapy and finding a good man who understands and has been very patient with mom to learn what a good and stable relationship is. Her older sister Monika on the other hand, married her boyfriend, had another child, got a job as a receptionist and worked her way up to a manager for a distributing company. We are all proud that she did this despite of all that she went through as the oldest child. Mom believes Monika hated her for many years due to the traumatic events that occurred in our lives. Today my mom

is currently happily married and lives in San Antonio, Texas. We all talk and stay in contact as much as possible.

My father, Pedro Salinas, Jr., was born May 8, 1940, in Crystal City, Texas. Crystal City is a small city near the border of Mexico best known in early years as the home of Popeye the sailorman because its main export product was spinach. He is the youngest of six (Donato, Raymond, Ignacio, Maria Elena, Amelia). His mother died at the young age of 38 from tuberculosis. Peter was only 2 years old. His grandfather was an uneducated man and worked as a migrant worker all his life traveling back and forth from Texas to the northern states including Wisconsin. At some point in time, the Malacara family met the Salinas family and befriended them. All the family stayed in Wisconsin and became part of the manufacturing industry. His sisters married young. Pedro quit school after the 7th grade because of continually missing so much school. Because of the depressed economy, he had a rough time finding a steady job. So he went back to Texas for a few years to live with his dad and work in the fields.

He returned to Racine, Wisconsin in the hopes of finding a job in a factory. Because of the depression at that time he could not find a job. At the age of 18, he went into the Army branch of military service. He stayed in the military for six years, believing that no one cared about him. He was stationed in Germany and never came home on leave; apparently none of his brothers and sisters kept in touch with him through the years; although there was a closeness with one of his brothers, Ignacio, who intermittently kept in touch with him.

In 1965 he "accidentally" shot himself in the chest with his rifle, due to depression and feeling abandoned. The bullet grazed his heart and went to his lung and exited through his back. He lost 80% of one lung and became "disabled". He left the army and came home in 1966. His

ranking was an E5 specialist, which is pretty high. His commanders thought highly of him and saw leadership qualities in him and offered him a career as an officer. But Pedro declined saying he did not want that much responsibility.

He always felt alone and not close to his family; was never very talkative. In 1967, he married my mother, Maria Malacara. He worked in a factory when he got out of the service, but with the encouragement of his wife, he took the postal service test to become a government employee. He passed the test and became a mail carrier. He started drinking and became violent after he had a few beers. He was a very jealous and paranoid man, due to the trauma he experienced at a young age; he also harbored a huge hatred of women and believed that all women were whores. He also believed that if a woman even said "hello" to a man or smiled that she was looking for a sexual encounter. My mom was shocked that she had married a man who was controlling, violent, possessive, and an alcoholic. Being a mailman gave him every opportunity to seduce women when delivering mail and he took advantage of this. He was a womanizer, which he did not see anything wrong with. Taking a cue from his military training he invoked his mind control games and brainwashing techniques with his wife and family. But in his strange sense of wanting to succeed in life, he helped put his wife through school and didn't have children until they were able to afford them. They had five children, all girls. There were some good times; I have to admit, which hopefully outweigh the horrifying events of a lifetime.

His mood would change in a heartbeat. A person never knew how to act or react when he started drinking or came home from work. If the food was not to his liking he would go into a rage and either throw the food at my mom or slap her and then storm out of the house; any

excuse to drink or be gone for the night. He had a plan that his wife would go to college and make a lot of money, but because of his violent behavior this goal did not materialize. Although I believe he knew what he was doing he couldn't help himself. Trauma does things to one's personality without that person even being aware. He tried to give his children the best of everything even at the cost of not having enough for home expenses. Once Dad took my mom to a lawyer when we were having financial problems. The lawyer told my dad that it seemed that my dad wanted "to live a champagne life but with a beer budget". In other words, he needed to wake up to reality and that he could not spend beyond his means. He never accepted this and always blamed his wife for not being a good financial planner. He bought everyone name brand cameras and then became upset with them when they didn't know how to use them. My sisters were 8, 10, and 12. Before I was born, my sisters were enrolled in swimming lessons, ballet lessons, ice skating lessons, and summer camp at the YMCA. It was extremely stressful to do all this because he was the only one working and mom was going to school trying to get a college degree. In 1974 she received an associate's degree in secretarial science, but Dad did not want to her to get a job. She had two children at the time and he wanted her to go on to college.

He even got a part time job to help pay the bills, mortgage, utility, car, etc. Mom made most of the everyday decisions, but made some major ones as well. She even went so far as to purchase the family cars. She learned how to forge his name on documents to purchase things and get money. If he found out that a bill was not paid, she would pay for it with a beating.

My father currently lives with his girlfriend. He has a 15-year-old daughter-my half sister from another women from his previous relationship. I still talk to my dad occasionally but I still find myself not able to express myself they way I can with my mom.

I am currently 28 years old and I feel that I have learned a lot about life through my own experiences, which made me become the person I am today and has helped me make better choices for my future. I believe that is how it is for everyone with their life story and how they react to it. I would be considered raised on the left side of the modified attachment theory. I have a need for control and structure in stability. I do this by, raising my children, with the help of their father, since I have a hard time trusting other people and having a neat and clean house. I also have to make plans and have to know what is going on ahead of time.

I am the youngest of five siblings, Monika, Elizabeth, Renate, and Lynn Marie. I also have a 15-year-old half sister. My dad started drinking when I was very young. When I was three I witnessed him trying to stab my mom with a knife. All I remember are the screams and my sisters jumping him trying to get him away from her. I grew up watching my mom and my siblings get physically abused as well as emotionally. I did not personally experience the abuse of my father as my sisters did. I do not fully understand why the hand of my father did not touch me, I feel my sisters noticed this and did not understand either. He was especially abusive to my sister Lynn who is five years older than me. (She currently does not speak to my father.) All I knew is that I did not like and was very scared of my father. I loved him, but was always tiptoeing around him. My mom was always there to comfort me and take care of me. My parents divorced when I was 6, and they had joint custody. By this time there were only 3 of us left in the house. I remember feeling sad when my father left. I now know that I was feeling abandoned by him. This is one of the major reasons why I have a strong belief and desire to choose other forms of discipline for my own children. I do not spank them.

I experienced a lot of abrupt shifts in my middle childhood. I was diagnosed with

depression and had low self-esteem when I was eight years old and was put on an antidepressant (until I took myself off the medication at age 23). At the time of my parents divorce, my two oldest sisters moved out of the house. One got pregnant at the age of 18, the other the age of 17. So it was just mom, my two other sisters, and I. My dad was in and out of our lives, and we were consistently moving. We moved at least nine times within Racine from the time I was five years old until I was fifteen years old. By the time I was fifteen, one sister moved out and went to college, the other closest to me got pregnant at the age of 17 and moved out of the house.

My mom also met someone and remarried 1998, nine years after her divorce. I remember that I was very happy for her for finally meeting someone that made her happy. My father lived with girlfriends and now has a 15-year-old daughter (my half-sister). He is now 71 years old. I remember feeling a sense of loss; I guess abandonment after the divorce and meeting my new little sister.

I remember we always moved, I had a hard time trying to settle down after we moved. My mom and step dad moved to Texas after I graduated from high school. Two weeks before I moved I met David, who would later become the father of my children. It was love at first sight. But that didn't stop me from moving to pursue my career goal. Over the next two years in Texas, I attended college, worked, and did a lot of partying and binge drinking. Throughout those two years, David and I stayed in contact and just stayed friends. He moved to Colorado and I visited him several times. He also came to Texas to visit me. After I graduated from college, my social clock told me it was time to move and start a new chapter in my life. I was in control of my life and wanted to it to go a certain way. David and I decided we were ready to try to be together even though we had only been around each other less than two months over a

period of two years. I moved to Boulder, Colorado, one of the most beautiful places.

It was a tough transitioning from being single to cohabitating with someone I didn't know very well. It was tough on both of us. I found that being older and in a new environment, it was much harder making new friends than it had been when I was younger. David and I got to know each other and enjoyed spending time just talking for hours or doing activities such as hiking. We both had the same thoughts and beliefs about marriage since both of our parents were divorced at an early age in our lives. He also felt abandoned by his father. We both worked at our jobs, he was starting his own business and I was enjoying being a vet tech. We were thinking about marriage when I found out I was pregnant with our daughter. We were very excited, happy, and scared about becoming parents. We were worried about being on our own with no family around. David was very supportive during my pregnancy. He went with me to all of my doctor's appointments and birthing classes.

As the due date was approaching, I began reflecting on my own life and deciding what kind of parent I wanted to be. I thought of my parents and the kind of parents my sisters were. I wanted to learn how to be the best parent I can be and bought a lot of parenting books. I was also worried about becoming depressed after the baby was born. I have been off antidepressants for a while and felt great since then. Fortunately, I was very lucky with the support system I had after she was born. Instead of having the baby blues, she was my sunshine. My life completely revolved around her. It was a difficult time to juggle becoming a significant other, working parent, and mother. David and I became engaged when Eva was 11 months old. We were trying to decide on a wedding date when I found out I was pregnant with our son. That was when we decided I should be a stay at home mom and we will get married later, since I wanted a wedding.

We didn't want to pay someone else to raise our children. I wanted to take charge and be in control in raising our children. At that time, David was moving along with his own construction business. As a stay at home mom, I would be available to help him with his business.

It has been great to be fortunate enough to be a stay at home mom. The best thing that happened to me was the birth of my two children; it was very life changing and a spiritual event of my life. I have been able to form a strong bond with both of my children and develop an authoritative parenting style. I love playing with them. I try hard not to be too much of a controlling parent. I want to be the best parent I can be. I want to enrich their lives and love them. I am constantly trying to be in control of my behavior so that I can be a positive influence to my children's needs. According to the modified attachment theory, I have a strong desire to always be in control. In doing this, my children have an increased risk of having an avoidant adapted personality if I smother them too much. I try to recognize when I am being too controlling and avoid acting out, by taking a step back and collect my thoughts during stressful situations. If my children are at risk for having a smothering parent, they in turn might raise their children completely opposite with a low social structure environment. This could cause a domino effect on future generations, due to our influential parenting styles and growing up within the family environment.

Unfortunately, as a couple we were rarely able to do any activities or have time for each other. We lived in an area with a high cost of living and were constantly struggling financially. David would work from early in the morning to late at night. I felt isolated and without emotional support. We argued a lot about our finances. I felt the need for control and I wanted to help us grow as a family. I also felt that I wanted to contribute financially so David wouldn't

have to bare the burden of being the sole supporter of our family. After talking it over about the different options we have to put less strain on us, I decided to go back to school into a field that offered a better income than Veterinary Technology.

Knowing that it would be difficult to do that without family support, David and I decided to move back to Illinois and live with family for a period of time. It was both wonderful and stressful at the same time. It was a little more difficult for David because we moved back to the town he grew up in. But on the other hand it feels like a weight has been lifted because we have family around and emotional support. My kids are able to get to know their aunts, uncles, cousins, and grandparents. They wouldn't have had this opportunity if we were still living in Colorado.

I am currently focused on my goals and constantly thinking about my family's future. I have learned that I do well when I feel in control and always have a need for structure and stability. I have to make plans and stick to them. According to the modified attachment theory I think that what we have gone through or experienced in our childhood reflects on who I am and how I react in certain situations today. I've learned a wide range of information that helps me understand myself better, other people, and society as a whole.

If David and I remain consistent with our parenting style and ensure that our children feel a good sense of security and learn self confidence and self esteem, they will carry these values onto future generations.