The day my dad left was remember as a pain of being a child of man with serve mental illness, I always thought was a bad day for sure. In reality it wasn’t day to remember it was like any day other in my life but I remember crying in my mom’s legs as a little boy, thinking I lost him forever, in truth I did. The life of my father wasn’t easy but he was a hard working man but he had a lot of challenges in life. The challenge of life , he faced were the lost of his father though suicide , being a illegal alien of the United States of America at a young age and learning the culture of which was vastly different then Mexico. The fact that life for him wasn’t easy was a point of emphasis that he always addressed directly and indirectly. The point that I believe he was making was that people hated me because of being Hispanic. Never less he had issues but with every belief had been reinforced by experiences he had in America. The experience he had mention to me and my brothers were that he was in California, living in the Pasadena area where as a young boy in the 1970s which could have been a fearful and optimistic experience for all Hispanics and Latinos in America. To sustain a living in America with his mother was to find any work that was favorable to lesser beings as cleaning up yards and selling homemade cigarettes. Of course my father was a eager young boy to have that extra change in his pocket for fun. Of course the positive of hard work and determination was apparent later in his life but at the moment it was necessary and not of want perhaps.