

Message from Nevada about the American Dream

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I come from an immigrant family.

Nevada has always been the place to chase dreams.

(The smell of the fresh breeze

The sun hitting skin

The noises from a slot machine in a casino

The buildings that light up at night, seamlessly replacing the lack of stars)

The place to build the perfect picket fence.

The land of the free.

I heard this in my home.

Oddly, as I grew older I began to hate Nevada.

(The struggles my parents had to go through to be considered citizens

The discrimination I faced

The opportunities I thought Nevada took from my parents

The number of obstacles my family had to confront just to see their own parents back home in Mexico and Nicaragua

The lengths I would hear that people would go to enter Nevada, many times losing their lives)

But I learned to not be vain and stubborn.

I learned to appreciate my parents for risking so much of themselves

To give me a better life

To make something out of myself and succeed

To make them proud of the daughter they created.

All that made it possible to live here in Nevada.



Photograph by David McNew