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Maria's Blog

Maria from Woodburn, Oregon and Guerrero, Mexico - (Dec. 2, 2005)

We never had this in high school and I don't know, but it feels like I don't have time to do anything. Maybe it's because I am too fractured, I don't know. This week is not a good week for me - Dead Week. I have meetings and some are during the same time as the other ones. I still have to deal with work and homework. It's hard work. But Dead Week is almost over and I am so glad--I can finally sleep eight hours.

The weekend is almost here and I will spend most of my time in the library finishing my final projects. But it's not so bad in the library because I've found I perfect spot to read. It's on the top floor, and I sit next to the window and I can see the view outside the library. From the top floor you can actually see a clover figure on the grass, it's so cute. I won't spend all day in the library though, at least not this one. I will go out with my friends; it's most likely that we'll go dancing. We love dancing so much! We will also go shopping. But, next week it will just be finals and relaxing a lot. Also, my friend Rocio and I will go swimming, well not really swimming. She will go swimming, but me, I will most likely be in the water just floating. I don't know if you have seen the frog swim, but I can do it. Well, at least I am trying to swim one way or another.

I can't wait to go home and be with my family and eat my mom's delicious food, and wake up late, and rest as much as I can. I also can't wait to go out with friends I haven't seen in two-and-a-half months. But, sadly, my family also has to face the consequences of other people's actions. My second oldest brother's car was stolen three weeks ago. The two guys that stole the car damaged not only my brother's car but also other property. Now, not just my brother, but also the owner of the other property are bringing charges against the two men. The car is unfixable, so my brother has to use the money that he has saved for school to buy a new car until those two men pay for the car. You know another sad thing about this is that I know these two guys. One of them was my friend and he even signed my year book, how sad huh?

Let's stop with sad things--I just want to go back home and be with my loved ones. I also want to go home because it's Christmas. I have been waiting forever and I bet you have too! It's when we are all together as a family and we share not only the food, but also our time. During the holiday we get close and don't argue as we normally do. It is a time when we sit at the table together and eat together--even my cats eat at the same time too. We wait for Jesus, our lord, to be in our home and our lives. Like the Priest in our town said, "It's not just the presents and the sales that we get, but our Lord in our home, lives, and table. We invite him to join us as we eat as a family."

We have three weeks to prepare ourselves for Christmas and for the New Year. In the New Year you can actually start again and hope it will be better than the previous year. I know I will. All I have to say is that this has been my first Dead Week, my first time away from my family, and I believe I am doing well.

Just remember that you are not alone, and you are not, because there are others just like you. Have a wonderful Christmas and a Happy New Year!



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Maria's Blog

Maria from Woodburn, Oregon and Guerrero, Mexico - (Jan. 5, 2006)

I was looking forward coming back to school. At home I was getting really bored and lazy. I didn't do anything the last week before coming back--besides going to a baby shower. It was alright, but it wasn't as much fun as others I have been to. We played games like the one that gives you a tinny mammilla and the women will take it away if you cross your legs or hands; they do that because when women are pregnant they can't cross their legs or hands. We also guessed the mother's weight and her size using a roll of toilet paper. I guessed that her weight was 160, but it was actually 124 lb; and I guessed her stomach was 9 squares, but it was actually 12. My toilet paper method was to measure my own stomach and add three more squares, but I guess I was wrong.

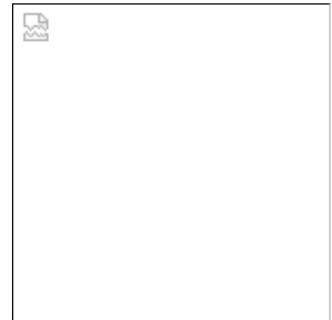
Something surprising happened over vacation: I finally asked my dad if I could have permission to go out with my boyfriend. I was so nervous I was shaking and I could hear my heart beat so hard that I wondered if anyone could hear it. At first I thought I was not going to ask him because I couldn't even say anything--not a word. We were in the living room with my parents, my little brother and I. Then I went to my room and told myself that if I loved him I would tell my parents. I decided it was time to do it, so I asked my parents if I could talk to them. I told them I wanted their permission to go out with my boyfriend, and my dad was like "WHAT?"

I told my parents I was doing well in school and working. I also told them I had been a good girl, and that I should have the opportunity to have a boyfriend. I told my dad about my boyfriend: he is a nice guy who is in school and we have the same goals--to succeed in life.

My mom jumped in right away and said, "You're doing good *because* you don't have a boyfriend and there is no one to disturb you in your education. Later you are going to come home saying that you want to get married. And if it doesn't work out he will talk about you." I told them that my boyfriend is not like the other guys. Also, we don't want to get married yet, because I am too young to get married. I told my dad I wanted him to meet my boyfriend. My boyfriend told me that he would talk with my parents if they wanted. But my parents said, "He is not coming in this house!."

My parents have a rule that you only bring someone inside the house if you are going to marry him, but if you are not going to marry him you are not bringing him inside. My mom was yelling and my dad tried to be calm and listen to what I had to say. I tried to stay strong, but I wanted to cry. I could hear my voice cracking, but I kept talking and telling my dad about how nice my boyfriend is. My dad said this to me, "You have permission, but you can't go out by yourself with him. He can come to the house and see you, but outside not inside, and only for 30 minutes. You can talk to him on the phone. And you can have your brother or I chaperone you anywhere you want to go. Those are my conditions, take it or leave it." I took it, it's better than nothing. I told my boyfriend the next day and he said, "WHAT? YOU ARE NOT KIDDING?" He was so surprised and I was too. We can't believe that we have permission!

At the end of winter break I was glad to be going back to school. But, the only thing that made me sad was seeing my mom sad. She didn't want me to go. I understand that it's hard for her to let me go. I'm her baby girl. My four brothers and sisters live with my parents, the oldest one and his wife live there, my brother and sister that are going to college, and my little brother too. I am the first one of the five to move out and come back on the weekend. The last few days I was home she would hug me really hard and kiss me on my cheek



and say, "I don't want you to go...I want these days to go really slow...can't you just stay here." And I had to hold in the tears. I had to be strong and not cry in front of my mom. I do miss her, but I really wanted to go to a university and explore and see what it's like to be independent.

The first two days back to OSU were boring, but since Wednesday I have been busy. I went to kick boxing and later on I went to the theater. Thursday I was out the entire day going to classes, meetings, and appointments. I am glad I am going back home. I'm pretty sure it's going to be nice.

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Maria's Blog

Maria from Woodburn, Oregon and Guerrero, Mexico - (Feb. 13, 2006)

I'm very tired and worried about my grades. This week I was studying day and night for two mid-terms that are on the same day. I am very concerned because if I fail my Political Science mid-term I have to drop the class. I really don't want to because I really like the class, but I can't get a C for a grade because the class is for my major. But my eyes are tired and feel like they are burning inside. All I want to do is go into my room and watch TV, sleep, and have some peace and quiet. The other mid-term is for math and I really don't like math. I can't understand it. It's just too many formulas and math is just not my thing. But even though I don't like it, I still believe I am going to get a good grade.

This weekend was really exhausting because I was training for INROADS. INROADS will help me find a job with a company during the summer. On Friday the training was really mellow, they just explained the INROADS program. We just sat down and listened to employees from two companies who talked about what they were looking for in interns. On Saturday the "real" thing began. We learned about dressing professionally, doing a resume that will catch an employer's attention, and about what to do in an interview. We also did an interview in front of people and they critiqued us. It was good for me, although I was really nervous and tired. I've hardly slept for a week.



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Maria's Blog

Maria from Woodburn, Oregon and Guerrero, Mexico - (Mar. 1, 2006)

I just received news that I didn't really like much, a call from one of my bosses who told me that I couldn't work at my work-study job anymore because financial aid had taken my work study away because I don't qualify any longer because I have a scholarship and make money at my other jobs. My boss tried to help me keep my work-study job which made me happy. I'm glad my boss likes me and tried to help me get my job back. Now I am sad and worried about what am I going to do with the time that I spent doing work study. I am not so worried about the money, but I'm going to be bored with the extra time. I told my boyfriend that I don't know what I am going to do now. He told me that I still have the other jobs and I could use the time to do all my class work, and if not, he would help me do something so I wouldn't be that bored.

Right now I'm actually studying more for my mid-terms. But now I am tired of studying so much and trying to finish all my assignments.



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Maria's Blog

Maria from Woodburn, Oregon and Guerrero, Mexico - (Mar. 28, 2006)

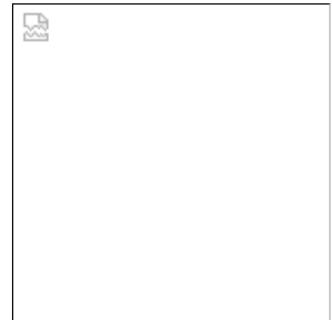
This term is finally over. I studied very hard for my finals, but I am concerned about my Political Science class. I just hope to get a good grade.

At the end of finals week I went to Arizona for a MECHA Conference. We had different workshops everyday. We talked about issues in the USA that effect immigrants. We learned about the Aztecs. We were really tired because it started at 9:00am and ended at 12:00 midnight, but it was worth it. I learned so much.

Arizona's weather was not too hot but not too cold. It was so quiet there and the town seemed boring. But one thing that surprised me was the amount of cops. There was at least one cop on each block.

The last day we were there they took us to see the Grand Canyon. It was beautiful. The air was fresh and pure without any contaminations. The trees were a different texture. They were beautiful because the leaves were green and their trunks were skinny and seemed dry. The rocks looked like the ones that are inside the ocean because they were a shiny bright color and seemed like they had crystals in them. The red and light brown colors of the canyon looked like they were alive. They didn't look sad, but like they had secrets to keep. If you threw a rock from the top to the bottom of a cliff you would lose sight of the rock because it was so deep. The animals in the Grand Canyon don't run away from you when you get close to them. There was a squirrel that looked like it was modeling for us because every time we called to it, it would come to us and stand there for us to take a picture. Finally, we had to go back to Oregon, but I was really excited to return.

It was a beautiful trip, but now I have to start my Spring Vacation in Oregon. I have a week. I hope I get some fun and rest.



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Maria's Blog

Maria from Woodburn, Oregon and Guerrero, Mexico - (Apr. 11, 2006)

This term is finally over. I studied very hard for my finals, but I am concerned about my Political Science class. I just hope to get a good grade.

Coming back to school was nice. My first day was boring, and I already had homework. I decided not to do it because it was only the first day of school.

The second day of school was different. I went to my classes and after I was done I went to do homework because I wanted to get ahead. But, I was interrupted because in the afternoon I had to go to my meeting about the Festivalito that Kalmekak is doing. I am in charge of the soccer tournament. I used to play soccer and I was good, but I don't play anymore. I used to have my own soccer team. I was a little behind in preparation for the Festivalito, so I showed my poster to everyone to see if I needed to make any changes. Then after the meeting I had to find the phone number of the school in my hometown because they play a lot of soccer there and I was looking for some teams.

However, my plans were delayed because I found out that I needed to ask permission of the school district to put the posters in the schools. I was waiting and waiting and it took a long time--days. While I was waiting I called the OSU Dixon Rec. Center to get a soccer field to play on.

On Thursday (my fourth day of class), I went to the Cesar Chavez memorial activity to honor him. We were in front of MU and each person lit up a candle. After that we were just listening to a person speak about Cesar Chavez's life. Then we walked from the MU to the Cesar Chavez Cultural Center to be together and to eat pan dulce (sweet bread).

Then, on Friday I gave up and went to the schools and dropped off the posters at the schools' offices. I told them that as soon as the school district says "yes" they could hang the posters.

This week (the second week of school) I tried not to get behind in my readings, unlike last term. I will be going to the library at least two to three hours on Mondays and Wednesdays, but the other days only one or two hours. This weekend I went to the library with my boyfriend to study. I hardly see him during the weekends, but he knows I have to study, so we study together. That is why I love him, because he understands me.



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Maria's Blog

Maria from Woodburn, Oregon and Guerrero, Mexico - (May 10, 2006)

This week has been stressing me out and I had wanted to go home, but then I felt terrible...because I had a quiz coming up. I just wanted to cry in my room. I was thinking that instead of going home and I should study. In the end I decided to stay in my room and study for my midterm. The weekends at OSU are very quiet so I knew I was not going to get distracted. I ended up spending a whole day in the library and I also went swimming. My boyfriend is helping me to learn how to swim and I have improved. We also played soccer to see who was best, him or me. He ended up beating me by one goal, 9 to 10.

I am excited because Festivalito is this coming weekend and I am also nervous. I have the soccer tournament all ready. I just hope everything is going to be fine. I can't wait for it. I am also excited because people will get to see how beautiful OSU is this Spring. The trees are really green and they look so alive. The sun is coming more often and the flowers are so beautiful in pink, white, red, purple and yellow. The best part is that you can always hear the birds singing, I really like that. I just hope that people get to see how beautiful it is on Saturday. You never know, it might rain. This is Oregon and Oregon has weird weather, or as we say in my house, "Oregon has a crazy weather."



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Maria's Blog

Maria from Woodburn, Oregon and Guerrero, Mexico - (May 16, 2006)

This week was really frustrating because I had to finish planning the soccer tournament. I just needed to finish the small details. But I also needed to finish my homework and catch up on my reading because I am a slow reader. But it is okay as long as I finish my reading assignments. The only bad thing happened when I was trying to finish with the soccer tournament planning and some teams that were registered ended up telling me at the last minute that they were not coming. This is why it took me longer to finish, because they ended up telling me one or two days before Festivilito, so I had to start all over again.

What really frustrated me was that on the day of the event, things didn't go as I was planning. Some people didn't show up to help me out. The only help I got was from a friend of mine, my boyfriend, my sister and brothers, and four other guys. Those people that did show up to help me really helped me a lot and they stayed until the finish. They saved my butt. I don't know what I would've done without them. I had to change everything because the older kids got mad because they said they didn't have enough time to play. I told them 15-20 minutes, but they wanted 25 min per quarter. I couldn't argue with them because they ganged up on me, so I was like, "Okay, have your time."

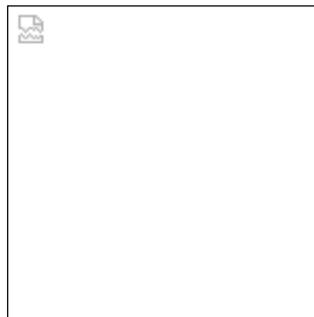
I ended up redoing everything I did in one week in just 5 minutes. But those people were still unsatisfied. Even one of the referees told me, "Those people are really mean." The event went longer than what it was supposed to be and I was really tired and frustrated. I was also sun burnt and my feet felt like I had sprinted 15 miles. One of the coaches also got angry with me, but now he's going to have to deal with my boss. But I am still really mad with him for lying to me and making me change everything.

If I do this event next year things are going to change. I am going to be very severe and probably have some security. I just wanted to have fun and I wanted for those people that came to play and have fun. The only thing that makes me happy is that the other categories (not the older kids) were having fun and I don't think they noticed what happened with the older kids. At least other people enjoyed coming here to play.



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