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Why Class Doesn’t Matter

This narrative’s purpose is to explore a moment in which I realized those events had helped me become who I am today. This narrative is not so much about a specific moment, and an accompanying this who I am. The most influential moment I have took place over the course of almost four years, only to have a eureka moment at the end of all it.

For a long time, I thought I lived a standard life, at least standard today. Looking back at everything that happened, now I realize not so much. My dad owned and operated an automotive shop that worked almost exclusively on Porches and Audis. At the beginning of the recession in 2008 the shop was starting to slow down since people couldn’t afford to have their cars managed by my dad’s company and subsequently he ended up losing it. In addition, my mom at the same time decided that she didn’t want to be with my dad anymore and they got divorced. My dad ended up losing everything, and moved into an apartment with my brother and I which is where any of this starts to matter, for this paper at least. I was around nine at the time and unfortunately, probably, could comprehend the situation and everything that was going on because of my parents splitting. The first thing my dad did after losing his company and wife was going out and trying to get a job in a market that didn’t have any. He ended up working in sales at ADP, but not before considering jobs working on telephone poles, or being a trash man. He ended up quickly moving out of the apartments and back into a house, he’s since told me that he barely had enough for the apartment and placed an offer on the house before he was sure that he would be accepted at ADP. This house was kind a bit of a pile looking back on it. It was a simple white split level house way south, with almost about half an acre of land. He made president’s club his first year at ADP and every year he’s worked there since. The real eureka moment of how this all affected me was the day we left that original house and moved into the one we’re in currently, right after the moving trucks left. It was kind of a gloomy day, overcast, it’d been sprinkling a bit, and just cold enough you noticed. I realized that class really does not mean anything when you get right down into it. Some of the best memories I have were when we had the least. As a result of everything that happened I am a very humble person now, I understand the value of hard work and the eventual pay off. I whole heartedly think that on the off chance that my dad kept the company I’d be a rich little prick. However just because of the unfortunate circumstances that my dad had to deal with, the times at the white house were some of my favorite memories. Regardless of the monetary value that house held, or how much my dad made I am more content living there instead of some big fancy house.

**Analysis:**

The analysis was not really a memory that happened to me so much as a series of events that’s allowed to see things in a way that couldn’t be possible if my dad hadn’t gone through that. doing an analysis on a subject like this is hard for me, because I try to be humble and most things that would be associate with being upper-middle class I try to either stay out of, or if that’s not possible try to ignore. In the relatively short seven days I’ve had this class it’s all but forced me to think about subjects and ideas that on my own were either too uncomfortable for whatever reason or just something that doesn’t come up in daily life.

This paper is extremely difficult to write because I’ve tried to be so humble about where I come from, what my parents do, what I do, and other related information. Because of that I searched for some stereotypes of my class and was surprised to see I fit into a lot more then I originally thought. And luckily at least in my head most of these stereotypes don’t apply to me, at least as far as I’m concerned. As an example, one of the pages I was looking at suggests being in middle class you go out and buy new clothes every season to keep up with the trends, I’ve worn the same pair of shoes for almost two years straight, and had the same pair of pants since the end of junior year in high school. However, there was a website that had a list of middle class advantages and one of the items on the list mentioned being able to participate in sports, and extracurricular activities such as field trips. This topic made me realize that no amount of humbleness would change that fact that because my parents have money I would have opportunities that other would not. While this point may not be as valid as most of the field trips I took as a kid were before my dad’s company going under it still made me realize that some people aren’t fortunate enough to even be able to do that. With all of this in mind doing this assignment has made me realize that no matter how humble or how little I try to exclude myself from the stereotypes of my class there’s little everyday things that I take for granted or do without thinking about that are a result of my class.

Another thing that working on this paper has made me realize, is that your stereotypical birthdays such as turning sixteen and getting a car can’t doesn’t happen to a good amount of people. One of the few things that I’ve indulged in is my car. It’s a 2003 20Th Anniversary Volkswagen GTI, and I absolutely love it. Even when my dad was living in that apartment he bought some POS Porsche and over the years worked on it eventually bringing it up to an acceptable level, in his eyes at least. When he would go to potential jobs while he was trying to get back on his feet, people would always assume that because he had a Porsche he was in a higher social class and therefor more desirable for some reason. When people initially see me with my car they assume that I’m just another spoiled Johnson county brat who parents bought them a car they were begging for. This is a pet peeve of mine because I had to work to get this car, because of insurance and gas everything associated patience wise I had to work thirty-hour weeks at a grocery store to make enough money to pay for it, while also maintaining a 4.0 GPA. On the same note paying for my car, because of me having a job my parents make me pay for everything except rent and food essentially.

So, regarding the narrative and why that all matters in understanding why class really does not matter to me. Class in my eyes is not necessarily something that forces someone to conform to other ideals or ways of life. While it may be easier to do things, or there may be other opportunities that come because of being in a higher class. And for those that are in higher classes there’s no reason those people can’t be humble about who they are, and what they’ve got in terms of physical possessions. Some of my favorite memories with my dad and mom were when both of them were out of a job, and had the least. Class is not important because things like that can affect you if you choose, but It’s your prerogative to choose whether or not you take on the stereotypes of it.