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My Journey to America: A Life Story by Helen Shembo

My name is Helen Shembo, survivor, over comer; soft and intricate strands that make a web of my life stories of lives. Thus, my visit to America was much more than a physical migration; It was more of a psychosocial travel that altered I my personality as well as my dreams. Being born and raised in the Congo, I believe my childhood was cheery and filled with difficulties. That is the evaluation of five brothers and our family depends on farming. As if in invitable vices of politic instability, economic hardship my parents uphold me the virtues of hard work, education and integrity. School is home to me, a place where I can dream big, and it is not confined in our little village. Been able to succeed in my studies would easily have been an ambition fueled by the dream of one day transforming my society. This is a decision that was reached based on due course; the necessities of the occupation forced the decision to evacuate Congo. Although it already began to emerge back in 2002, it was the increasingly violent and insecure year of 2003 that made it plainly obvious that our future is not here. Seeing no other option to protect their lives, my parents had no choice but to flee to America and seek refugee status. This journey is one that is filled with challenges, with no guarantee of success and laden with the factors that humans usually refer to as fear. One departs everything, hoping that the United States of America shall afford him an opportunity to live a secure life. America in English is the title of one of the most significant works of the contemporary female postmodernist authors, we welcomed in the spring of 2011 with a terrifying and terrifying force. Although there were certain legal rights available to the refugees, once we moved into the refugee community in Texas, we encountered many challenges. Still, language remains a major challenge; With our limited English, even basic tasks of the day challenge us. But the generosity of people and the help from volunteer organization which is called Refugee Resettlement Service surpassed everything. I attested to joining high school bent on overcoming this huddle and creating a future for my family and I. It is inspiring to know that she managed to make the most out of the remaining time; hope and perseverance. From a humble giant in the Democratic Republic of Congo to a promising prospect overseas in America, the path was adorned with obstacles that shaped my resolve. It is a mosaic of inspiring and touching stories, so familiar and yet unlike any of the individual accounts.