

# Lotus in the Mud

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## THE JOURNEY TO BECOMING WHO I AM TODAY

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**S**he never could have imagined where she would find herself. As long as there was running water and a sturdy roof, any place would have been adequate. Yet she found her way to the United States, the nation of the people. My grandma, Rosa, was a young woman. She had not been raised in a contemporary or congested area. She was from Veracruz, Mexico, a more tender, smaller town where everyone knew one another.

Mexico didn't offer as many opportunities as the United States did to everyone. America provided a wider range of stable and safe work options. Rosa decided to immigrate to America when she was incredibly impressionable and young. She sought safety, a stable life, and most crucially, a fair income in America, the land of opportunity. But how wrong she was—injustice just has to exist in a world this harsh and unjust. How could she possibly think that her pay may be lower than that of other white workers? Everyone

should be treated equally after all, according to the Equal Pay Act. Making certain that no one is compensated more than another for doing the same work regardless of their ethnicity, sex, or disability. But this is just a coverup to give the impression that their salary is the same as everyone else's. To prevent anyone from comparing their earnings, the pay rate is kept secret and is not discussed by the employees.

Everyone wants equal pay, whether they are in the present or the future. Rosa worked hard, but she didn't receive the same compensation. She then learned that her coworker, who had been there for a lot less time, was earning nine dollars an hour while she was earning six dollars and twenty-five cents. Although it wasn't a great rate, it was still around 50% higher than Rosa's earnings. She only ever went home to sleep after working several jobs. She would go without food and do whatever it took to get by. Even though she gave it

her all, it wasn't enough. Conversely, those who did not work as hard as she did earned more money than she did despite putting in half her effort. Because of this wage inequality, I didn't settle down anywhere for an extended period and had to move around a lot as a child. This significantly impacted my financial views, forcing me to consider every penny of expenditure.

Like myself, Rosa was an aspirational woman who did not fear the unknown or what she might find. She is my hero. She has always tried to shape me into the person I want to be, but she didn't realize that she was the one I wanted to be the most.

Due to her sacrifices, I could follow my aspirations, seize the opportunity she provided for me, and develop into who I am today. I carry my name, Yordy, with pride because it represents how I grew up like *a lotus in the mud*.