

The Search to Find a Dream

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Before I ever entered college, my mother and step-father would always tell me to live out *their* dream. Their vision of me becoming a registered nurse, making a lot of money, supporting them, and buying a house of my own, yet I only thought of pursuing a goal that was initially not truly mine. I remember graduating high school, passing with A's and B's, a few friends from high school going to the same community college as I. I was not the most social, and I came out of high school thinking that it should be my only goal since a goal has been stated. I did not realize how wrong I was in feeling that way.

I suppose the journey that I had taken was for my parents and not for myself. *What did I want?* This thought would always cross my mind, and I brushed it aside as if it never existed. My mind was set, but was my heart ready? Was I committed to becoming a nurse? Of course not. The journey is not for everyone, but not many people know that they can just wait until they realize what they want to do. *I was just stuck.* I aimed at nursing because it was the quickest way to make a lot of money, but it takes years and practice to become a great nurse, just as it would take the same amount of time when going down any career path. As humans, greed is innate within our souls. As much as we want to say we are not greedy, it doesn't just pertain to money as we could always greed over knowledge, power, and love.

My issue was that I wanted the money more than anything. It was the thought of making a lot that made me forget about what my heart truly desires and if I wanted to be a nurse at all. By the time I hit my third year in community college, I had noticed that the classes required to get into the nursing program were biology and chemistry classes. I was scared and excited, but that didn't stop me. Alongside my general education courses, I took a dancing class offered at the school. I stuck with the class and, in doing so, changed my whole perspective of things. In fact, I kept going to the dance class every Friday, which always started around 6 PM *or 20 minutes later because our dance instructor was late a couple of times.*

In contrast, getting to have a temporary primary discourse community, such as the dance sessions alongside great friends, kept me out of the realms of reality and into the realms of creativity. Indeed, these sessions would leave me suppressed by the constant reminder of the science courses, but it was my only form of escape from a world that demanded much out of me. I kept going to the dance class for 2-3 years and along going to my course, helped other students in learning Ballroom dancing. *I can kind of say that I was a teacher's assistant, but I did not hold that title.* In my times of despair, I looked with positivity towards a

couple dancing together in a logo and the books that I've read in my English courses. It was my form of happiness. I cherish helping students during dance sessions.

Moreover, though I didn't hold such a title, I was always helping alongside my dance instructor, who I consider a great friend. These classes that I took that I didn't need to take was something that kept me from falling apart. When the science classes began, I couldn't keep up with the level of the assignments; the courses stressed me out, and it led me to meet up with my High school English teacher, who had become a professor at the college that I attended. English was always my favorite subject, but because I lacked the motivation and confidence to become an English major, it was hard for me to decide. Ryan Rivas is my professor's name, and he was someone I was inspired to be. Due to helping students in the dance class, I truly enjoyed teaching and leading students to learn. My only issue was my family's reaction to my decision, and I was scared I would disappoint them. *I mean, yeah, I sort of did, but I have to realize that I'm not living to make them happy. I'm living to make myself happy.* I only noticed this after four years of being in community college, and yeah, it should not have taken that long, but when you are faced with dilemmas of deciding your life, *you kind of have to take your time to find what you love.*

After coming forward to my parents about my future career, though they did not enjoy the choice of my future career, they supported me in my endeavors. I did not plan on their support after disappointing them, but I was happy that I was able to state my goal to them. Perhaps the process may have been one that was long. Still, the experiences in meeting various professors, understanding new subjects, and making new friends allowed me to transpire into a state where I don't need to focus on someone else's goal but find one of my own. My hard work, search for a dream, and efforts paid off when I was accepted to the California State University of Los Angeles. I was thrilled that I, who had been previously lost for some time, was able to be taken into a well-known university. Despite my indecision of a goal, they accepted everything that came along with my person. I now have two semesters left, excluding this coming Fall semester in 2021, of school to obtain my BA in English.

Even though we are only human, we are only capable of so much. Allow me to be the example that you can take your time in striving for your goals. You can make your dreams turn into reality, and if you need to take time, do it. You'll get there eventually. It is the little steps that really count. It's a scary thought to change careers or a career in the making, but the first step is necessary for undergoing the process of change. It may be a goal that everyone opposes but hold steadfast and strive for the things you want to become. Our own fears lead us not to make that first step, and it is what prevents us from changing. Move

forward, think of your life but enjoy your time. Your enjoyment of certain classes or subjects may lead you to find your true goal.