

My Great grandmother's Diary

“Dear Diary,

I haven't written for a long time. Before the last months, I would never have thought I could live an adventure like it. Now, I want to tell it. That's why I'm writing today. I'm in some place that I would never imagine to be before. Now, I feel that I live again.”

At the beginning, this presentation on our origins was just a work like another for me, but when I found this old dusty diary, in my attic, and since I started to read it, I am really interested about the story of my family. This is my great grandmother's diary, to read it has really been a moving experience for me. I noted with astonishment that my origins are not in New York, as I thought. This passage of the book states everything. I was so moved when I read it. It was written in 1851, she was 11.

“We didn't have to eat anymore in Ireland. My parents didn't get much money even if they were working all the day. People fought to have a little slice of bread, and there was everyday persons who starved. We couldn't stand our lives anymore, but we didn't have any choice.

“One day, entering home, my father told us something that gave us hope, although we knew that it would be impossible, although we knew that we were destined to live as that forever.

“We can't live here anymore, he said. I know one ship that stops here every three months to take some people to New York in exchange of a little money. It passed this morning. If we save money, in three months, we will be able to go.”

“The next three months, each one of us worked as hard as possible. We finally collected the necessary money. One morning, we put provisions in boxes, and we waited for the ship on the port.

“The most difficult was the time on board of the ship. It was too long, and we were so excited to arrive. There were so many migrants on the boat, they had so many projects in the USA. But

each one just wanted to have a better life than in Ireland. There were tempests that were hard. Finally, one morning, I saw a great statue, that we call "statue of liberty". It was so beautiful. A large smile was on my face and I was so happy. I would like to have a better life and I knew that the hardest was behind me. We were in Ellis Island. My dream was realized."

I have found a last paragraph on the next page. This one was written years later, in 1866.

“Today, when I was ordering some cases, I found this book, and I noted that I stopped writing when I arrived in New York. So, I decided to write a last time to tell my life since I am in this town. Two months after we arrived in New York, my parents had a job and we lived in a house. My brother and I went to school. We worked as we could. In 1961, I went to a college to study journalism. In 1965, I started to work for an important newspaper, the “New York Tribune”. I still work for this newspaper, I write important articles and I’m famous, like I have ever dreamed to be. All that is thanks to my parents. They are my model.”