

A Home for Everyone

About seventy years ago, there was a fifteen-year-old living in Hong Kong while it was under British rule. He always considered his home to be Hong Kong until one day, this boy got some shocking news. He was to be sent on a freight ship to America without any of his family.

Now this was a freight ship - not a passenger boat. It was not fancy, just an old boat. In America, he was to become a doctor and make a foothold for his younger brothers and sisters and parents to later come. On this voyage, there was no room for fear. He could not bring anything with him except the essential items.

The journey took twenty-three days. Finally, he saw the Golden Gate Bridge as he stood on the deck of the ship with the crew. He had made it to America.

After arriving in San Francisco, he was welcomed by some of his parents' friends. He stayed at their house for a few days. A while later, he went to college in Texas. He made friends with others from Hong Kong as well as his American classmates, who made him feel at home by being friendly.

After that, he went to medical school where he met a classmate named Lily who had also immigrated from Hong Kong. Eventually, the two fell in love and got married. The young man finally had a home. That young man who came from Hong Kong and immigrated to America all by himself while he was only fifteen is my Yair Yair, my grandfather on my father's side.

He was a very courageous man because he was sent away by himself on that freight ship and he didn't complain or try to sneak his way out of doing it. Additionally, he was leaving behind his family which must have been hard. When he came to the USA, I am glad that some of his classmates and friends were kind to him which probably made him feel like he fitted in.

I am Asian, European, and American. My dad's parents both came from Hong Kong and my mom is Portuguese and French. I am American because I was born and I have grown up living in the United States. Being Asian, American, and European is great because I can celebrate Thanksgiving and Chinese New Year and enjoy food such as dumplings and cheeseburgers.

To me, home is a place you can go back to at the end of the day, where you can relax. You should feel welcome at your home and feel part of your community. My Yair Yair was welcomed and treated kindly when he came here and I strongly believe that this should be the case for everyone who comes to America. But some people are rude and unkind to immigrants. If you see this happening, stand up to those bullies. Do something to make a change. No one deserves to be excluded because of their backgrounds.