Yesica Varela

My name is Yesica Varela. I was born December 16, 1994. My parents are Luis Rodolfo Varela and Olga Munoz. I was born Cuauhtémoc, Chihuahua Mexico. I was brought to the United States when I was 6 months old July 26, 1995 we arrived to Las Vegas, Nevada.

 My childhood in Las Vegas is very vague; I don’t really remember my childhood besides a lot of screaming, yelling and arguing. There is one night I do remember when my mom and dad were arguing and my sister woke up and started crying. I stood up and just hugged her until she fell back asleep. A few days later I was coloring in the living room while my dad was lying down and I heard hard knocking on the door and they opened the door with force. They grabbed my dad and they arrested him in front of me. I did not see my dad for a year. From there I do not remember much about living in Las Vegas.

When I was about 5 or 6 we moved with my dad to Colorado. I started in kindergarten in Rifle Wamsly elementary. I went to middle school at Rifle middle school. I would always have a hard time in school trying to concentrate. At home was the same as in Las Vegas. There was always screaming and arguing. At night when my dad would get home he would grab my mom and take her down stairs and I would sit at the top of the steps and watch my dad beat my mom. Until she would lay there motionless on the floor. It would mess up my consideration at school. I lost motivation and interest in school it influenced me to be very isolated and very rebelish. I started ditching school, and not care very much. Life was so confusing because my dad would get home and be so caring and loving. He would read to me and play with us. Then he would get ready and leave. He would get ready and leave. He would get home like around midnight or even later sometimes. I would see his eyes and they would be so red and I could tell there was something wrong with him.

I was around 8 when this would happen. There was a certain night I remember when I was on the top of the steps and had a phone and a shoe in my hands. I was frozen and did not know what to do. I still remember my dad telling my mom “ I am going to kill you! “ But yet I could not move. It would make me feel sorry and scared for my mom. I still remember seeing my dad do drugs. Smoking weed, snorting cocaine and not even injecting him self. He would not be ashamed to do it in front of me his own daughter. I still remember one time holding the band around his arm while he shot up that entire drug. I remember asking him “ why do you do all those drugs?” He told me “ Yesica, do not ever do them they are really bad for you.” “ So why do you do them?” I asked him and he told me “ they take my problems away and make me feel like a better person.” Those words have stayed with me until this day.

When I was around 9 my mom was going to social services to apply for something and all of a sudden they put me inside of a room and kept me there for a couple of hours until some cops came to talk to me. They started asking me questions about my mom and my dad and there relationship, and if my dad would hit my mom. I had a hard time answering that but I finally told them yes. That same day they took us to our house and made us get just a couple pairs of clothes. When the fridge saying he loved us and he was sorry for everything that was happening. Then they took us all the way to Eagle to a safe house. We stayed there for about 3 to 4 months. We could not have contacts with anybody or go anywhere without saying something or permission from someone. When we were allowed to go back home all of my dad’s stuff was gone. We did not hear about him for a while until we found out he was in Grand Junction and we went to go see him every two weeks. Until sometime in August we heard that he got arrested no one would tell me why. I had been pretty certain that it had something to do with drugs. We would talk to him on the phone every now and then. My dad got deported a week before my birthday and a week later I got a birthday card from him. That day I smoked weed for the first time. I sat in our basement and cried to myself. That’s when things started going really bad my grades started dropping and had really bad attendance. That is around the time of the incident. After the incident I became way more isolated from people, my relationship and the communication with my mom. Things just kept getting worse.

 Then in 2007 I met Moises Carrillo we would hang out and would help me out a lot. On August 8, 2008 we started dating I thought he was my soul mate he meant the world to me. He helped me out so much with what had happened to me. I felt like I could tell him everything. When I would run away from home I would go straight to his house. We dated for about a year until I found out on September 4, 2009 that I was pregnant. I told my mom the news but she was not so happy. Who would blame her I was only 14 years old a little girl still. Right away I dropped out of coal ridge and went to go sign up to Yamaha Mountain High school an alternative school in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. Right away I started school and loved it. I fit right in and got alone great with the teachers. They always helped me with what I needed from help on my work to getting to my doctor appointments.

 Moises was living with me at my house. On March 5, 2010 at 1am my water broke as I was lying in bed. Moises, my mom and I rushed to the Glenwood Springs Hospital. We were really worried because it was to early to be going through labor I was only 29 weeks. I was nowhere close to my due date. They gave me a lot of shots ran a bunch of test on me and decided they would send me to Denver because they did not have everything they needed because of how early I was. That same day the transportation team got they’re to fly me to Denver. Moises joined me and from Glenwood they took us to rifle airport and from there we went in a jet to Denver. When we got to the Denver airport they took me in a helicopter to the Presbyterian st Luke’s. March 6 they induced me because I had an infection that could put the baby’s life at risk because of how small he was. So March 6, 2010 at 3:50 my son was born Moises Eli Carrillo. He stayed in the hospital for about 6 weeks. While Moises and I stayed at the Ronald Charity house not to far from the house. When we got back to Rifle we were living with my mom. Moises was working with his dad and we were both still going to Yampah Mountain High school. At the moment i am still going to school here I am working towards graduation for 2013. I am also preparing for collage I want to go to collage and learn for a nurse and hopefully get doctors degree. I want to give my son a better future and I want to start by setting a good example and doing everything the right way.