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Ms. Muller

Ch English

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Thanksgiving Celebration

I am thankful for being to connect with my heritage and my artistic talent. Being able to sway my skirt, the way my ancestor has, able to draw my wildest dreams; and being able to capture in one page. I can show off my skills happily, and for that, I am thankful.

Not being connected to your heritage is difficult. For all my life, I have tried to learn a language just to be able to understand my mother. I try to learn more about my culture but even when I do, I still feel distant with the one thing that makes me, me. Last summer, I was forced to join a dance group called Spirito Folklorico. It teaches young kids how to dance Folklorico Mexican dance to keep the tradition going. I am able to twirl, spin and smile with glee that I can show off my culture to thousands at parades. Even, at times where I feel disconnected with my heritage; I can remember that I can show to others that I could dance traditional Mexican dances. I could finally fit in the shoes of my identity. I am finally thankful for once, that my mother forced me to join a group for extracurricular.

I am thankful for my five-year-old self, that copied my older sister’s drawings. Without context, it is going to sound weird; but my older sister was my biggest inspiration. To copying her movements to her hobbies, but one thing that caught my attention was her drawings. They looked so pretty, and she did it with so much ease. Whenever she went to work, and I pretended to be sick; I would look at her sketchbook and try to copy her drawings. Obviously, they looked terrible, but I started to draw whenever I had time, and without copying her drawings. After time, I hated this saying before, but it is right. "Practice makes Perfect”. Now, I am fourteen years old, and I am a first-year student at Saunders. Two classes in my class are just scribbling. I can flow my paint brush coordinated to the beat of my headphones and sketch whatever I want to. I can show to others my hard work that I have practiced for years on a singular paper. I am thankful that my sister put up with my pestering, about teaching me how to draw.

In the past, I was insecure about my identity. My whole life, I have felt that I can live up to my heritage. Everyone in my family has made fun of the way, I dress talk and act.

Even if my whole identity is based off my culture, I feel as if I am not related to it. Now I can confidently tell others about how I have learned more Spanish, more about my culture and be much more social. I could tell others I dance Mexican Folklorico. I also can show others my artistic talent. Drawing whatever and whenever. I hope to make a career out of it and that’s why I practice any chance I get. No matter, if I am upset, cheery, or calm I can express it in art expression. I am thankful that I can do these skills with others supporting me. Without my family, either forcing me or teaching me, they’ve always been there by my side. So, the next time your family forces you to do something, it could lead to something much more. Since I told you the talents, I am thankful for; What are you thankful for?