

My Grandfather

By

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This is the history of my grandfather that I didn't have the opportunity to meet. Though I didn't meet him, I feel like I know him very well from all of the stories my dad tells me about him.

My grandfather, Jose Armenta Ayala was born in February 28, 1928 in the city of El Fuerte Sinaloa, Mexico. He had a very poor childhood. Just to survive he had to cut down firewood in the mountains to sell in the city. He carried all of the firewood to the city with a wagon pulled by two donkeys.

My grandfather never went to school because he had to work to be the man in the household and because they were poor. He got married to my grandma at the age of twenty-two. They had to migrate to the coast because the government was going to build a dam where they were living.

They arrived in the town where I was born. My grandpa was the hardest worker in town. He learned how to read and write, he opened a store of food and he also raised pigs, cows and chickens. He also grew corn and wheat.

My grandpa and my grandma had eight children, seven boys and one girl. From what my dad tells me.