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My Origins

By Danny Mosco

It was a cool morning in Lima, Peru. The year was 1985. The warm sun brought life to the horizon, and the songs of all the birds was refreshing to all who heard, and gave a new hope for a better day. Sabrina heard the songs of nature, and felt a new strength come into her bones. A new smile was put on her face. She delighted in the simplicity of her joy. But it was only temporary. As she began to think about what awaited her in the day, she felt apprehension. Uncertainty began to replace her sense of security. Her father was preparing for another difficult day of work. Today was going to be the fifth consecutive day she would go look for her own work, with no guarantee of success. In the year 1985, the Peruvian economy was encountering some trouble. Sabrina thrust herself out of her bed, got in the shower, and got herself dressed. “Maybe God will have something special waiting for me today,” she thought. She was not aware of where her journey would take her.

The morning in Chicago, Illinois was entirely different. Alex awoke to the sound of many car horns honking, and the CTA trains making exaggerated amounts of noise. Alex rubbed his eyes, and took a look at his alarm clock. He then realized he was up fifteen minutes later than he
usually preferred. “Oh no!” he exclaimed. He quickly got himself dressed in his suit, and hurried out the door. He caught the first train he could to go downtown, and proceeded to walk two blocks from the train stop to the mercantile exchange.

There was no time for coffee this morning. He ran in to the office, got situated into his desk, and got to work right away. He kept track of order after order, without as much as a minute to spare for any distraction. Finally, it was time for his lunch break, which was only twenty-five minutes. Again, he was forced to run to a nearby place, waited in line for fifteen minutes, and finally paid for his sandwich. He was thankful just to have five minutes to eat it. At last the work day came to an end, and Alex felt as if he finally had a chance to breathe. He thanked God for it. He stopped at a restaurant two blocks away from the mercantile exchange, and had time to sit down for a meal. Since it happened to be a Friday, Alex figured he would indulge himself a little and order a strip steak. When it came, it was wonderfully tender, and brought satisfaction to him. “It’s too bad no one is with me to enjoy this too,” thought Alex.

Meanwhile, Sabrina’s day was long, and discouraging. She went as she had done before, going from business to business, hoping for some kind of opening to be available to her. Her father was a hardworking
man, but despite this, he did not make enough money to be able to afford for Sabrina to go to college.

Sabrina came home, feeling dismal and crushed. “What will become of me?” she wondered.

Suddenly, the phone rang, and Sabrina’s mother answered. It was her aunt. “She usually does not call us. What could be going on?” thought Sabrina.

Sabrina’s mother called her and told her the phone call was for her.

“How are you Sabrina?” said Aunt Janice.

“I am doing just fine thank you. What is going on?” asked Sabrina, as she twirled the phone cord around puzzled.

“Well Sabrina, I have a question for you. You know I recently moved to the United States and that I now live in Chicago.”

“Yes, I know, Aunt Janice.” Sabrina’s eyes were wide now, full of curiosity.

“I understand things have been more challenging as of late in Lima, and I wanted to extend an offer to you.”
“And what is that exactly?” said Sabrina, as an inquisitive expression overtook her face.

“Would you like to come to Chicago, and stay with me? I can send you to community college also. What do you think?”

“Well, yes, that would be great!” Sabrina could hardly believe what her ears were hearing. Is she merely being facetious, playing a cruel joke on me?

“Alright then!” responded Aunt Janice. “Pack your bags and be ready to leave on Friday.”

Sabrina immediately went and got her parents, and with a bright gleam in her eye told them about the conversation that had transpired. Her parents were as shocked as her, but agreed to the terms Aunt Janice proposed without hesitation. An astonishing opportunity had just presented itself to her, directly. Sabrina ran to her room and jumped on her bed, with a smile stretching from cheek to cheek. The next day would she would be waking up in America.

Alex scraped his way through another grueling work week at the mercantile exchange, and found himself alone, once again, on a Friday night. He was beginning to consider taking up a hobby, but after weighing it he realized he simply lacked the time to do so. The routine continued, week by week, until Alex got a job promotion. Alex delighted
in his new position, considering he was being paid more had and more manageable hours. Time continued to pass, until it was now 1986. Life was beginning to slow down for Alex, as he settled into a consistent routine that made him feel more at ease. Yet something felt like it was missing for him. He was a young professional, twenty-five years old, but with no family of his own. “Is this all that it is supposed to be?” wondered Alex.

Sabrina had now been in the United States for nearly a year. She was overflowing with thankfulness for the generosity of her aunt. Community college was a tremendous blessing, but presented its challenges. Not being natively an English speaker made it difficult for Sabrina to keep up with her classes. She managed to stay just on pace to meet requirements. Sabrina was facing uncertainty of her own. She had no specific academic direction she was heading towards, and she had not yet thought about plans beyond her current year. Sabrina lay awake one night, and prayed for God to help find someone to help her.

The next morning was a typical day of winter in Chicago: cold, windy, and nearly subzero temperatures with wind chill. Alex finished work, and was moving at a brisk walk to try to get to the CTA train station as quickly as he could, so as to get out of the cold. He finally made it to the platform, got onto the train, and was waiting for the doors to close. As the doors were about to close, he noticed a woman running
towards the train trying to make it on before the doors shut. Alex stuck his hand in the door until she got on, and then the doors quickly closed.

“Oh thank you! I thought I would not make it,” said Sabrina as she was panting.

“You are absolutely welcome,” said Alex, looking intrigued.

“My name is Sabrina. What is your name? Where are you from?”

“My name is Alex, and I am from here in Chicago. And what exactly is it that you do here? It sounds like you might be from somewhere else.” Alex was looking intently directly into her vibrant brown eyes, awed by what he saw.

“I am originally from Lima, but I’m living with my Aunt and am going to community college.”

In what seemed to be a short few minutes in a realm of surreal enchantment were nearly twenty minutes of real time. The conversation just flowed between the two of them, as if they already had some familiarity with each other. As Alex was nearing his station, he asked Sabrina if he could have her phone number, crossing his fingers. Sabrina hesitated, not fully trusting his motives. The train finally made it to the station, and Sabrina quickly wrote down her phone number and slipped it to Alex as he was walking out, causing him to sprout a smile.
For the rest of the week, all Alex could fix his mind and thoughts on was his encounter with Sabrina. Friday could not come soon enough. Alex arrived right at seven, well-groomed and well-dressed, ready for the night ahead of him. At last he greeted Sabrina and they took off.

The party went unusually well for being their first time out together, and Sabrina began to meet some of the people who Alex was friendly with. Alex and Sabrina sat with each other towards the end of the night and enjoyed a terrific meal. Alex felt warmth in his heart that he had never experienced before. When he asked for a second date, Sabrina immediately responded with a “yes.”

Several months now passed, and Alex and Sabrina found themselves engaged to be married, just weeks before the wedding. The planning was consuming most of their spare time, yet they were full excitement. The days were cold, but the new love they had found with one another was more than enough to keep them warm. One week, passed, then two, and then suddenly it was a matter of days before the wedding. The marriage counseling they had been getting had been excellent in strengthening their relationship.

The day had finally arrived. It was a day that Alex had only dreamed about, and Sabrina felt as if heaven had planned the day for her. The dress was gorgeous, and Sabrina’s bridesmaids were giggling and sharing in the joy with her. The time had come for the ceremony,
and Alex patiently awaited his bride. Finally, as the crowd was rising, Alex made eye contact with Sabrina. She was being ushered in by her uncle who stood in for her father. Vows were exchanged, and the matrimony sealed by the kiss.

Several years later, in 1992, Sabrina became pregnant, and was expecting her second child. The anticipation grew and grew, as they together entered into a fateful day in March of 1993. It was the eighth day, and a heavy blizzard hit Chicago. But the hope Sabrina experienced was greater than the pain of being in labor, or the hazardous conditions outside. After many hours of labor, it was time to deliver, and the child came naturally and smoothly. Sabrina held the child in her arms, as Alex watched her. The child would be called Daniel Alex. All the future hopes of Alex and Sabrina were now going to be invested in this child, all for the sake of love. Sabrina cuddled her new son, and comforted him as he cried. “Where I end is where my two children will begin!” exclaimed Sabrina. She was in one of the happiest moments of her life.