

Immigrant Story

My name is Dominik Zieba. I was born in Krakow, Poland in 1983 but most of my childhood I lived in a village called Czarna Tarnowska. I was born into a very poor family and we did not have much. While I was growing up in Poland, most of my family had already moved to America and my mother was applying for a visa so our entire family could come to the United States.

While we were waiting for our approval or disapproval, we did what we could to manage. By “we” I mean my parents, they broke their backs to put food on the table every day. My dad walked two miles every morning to work because we did not have a car. Some people in our village owned a car, but we did not. While the economy and the corrupted Polish government were making it difficult for low income families to find jobs and food, Poland was still a beautiful place. There was no crime in the village; me, my friends and my 11 year old sister would play in the woods, our sandbox, or just simply walk around all hours in the night and no one minded. Poland at the time was still very safe, poor but safe. We were poor, but we were not unlucky because many children and families had it a lot worse so we felt blessed by God. When I turned nine years old our visa had finally been approved and my dad, mom, sister, and I jetted off to America. We lived in my grandma’s house for 2 years while my parents cleaned houses and offices to earn money for an apartment. Eventually we got an apartment and my family started saving for a townhouse. After we got our town house my family started saving up for a single family home. They climbed the ladder of the American Dream as they now live in a house with a fence and three cars. We went from a village in Poland where we didn’t even own a couch to me living on my own and my parents living on their own.

When I graduated high school and began to appreciate what this country had given me, I registered to vote. I took an active role in my community because I now have my own son and a family and I do not wish for me and my son, what my dad and my mom went through. I keep my

eyes on the news at all times and pay attention to the current events of this world, which will no doubt affect my son. America, this land, does not give out free handouts. My parents worked their butt off and they are the proof that hard work in this country does pay off.