## **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## **Benjamin Clavel: "Family Connection"**

Benjamin Clavel · Monday, April 11th, 2022

## **Family Connection**

by Benjamin Clavel

The connection we have with people is what makes us who we are. The relationships we build and maintain mean so much, but the importance of family connection holds a special place in our hearts, I will explain why the connection that family holds is so important. My family is my highest value because they stick with me, whether times are good or bad, I know they will always be by my side. I rank family as a value higher than everything and everyone because at the end of the day, they are all we have left.

My parents, brothers, and sister will always have a special place in my heart no matter what happens. But I do need to clarify, there are arguments arguments that have definitely gotten out of hand before. Sometimes to the point where it just becomes a part of you. I can recall one argument with my father about something that happened to my mom, to not get into much detail, that had us both screaming at each other to the point we did not have a proper conversation for weeks. Like I said, most of the arguments came from my father, everyone argued with him. My mother, my brothers, my sister had arguments with him that could span an hour or months. You would probably think that my father was a real jerk, to be fair he sometimes was, but he was still my dad. He will always be half of who I am, and I respect him for that.

My parents are immigrants, actually my whole family is. I was the only one to be born in the great states of America. One thing that I have come to appreciate as I got older was understanding the sacrifices that my parents made. Imagine leaving the only country you really know for the chance that it might get better. Now imagine doing that with your significant other plus 3 kids. Things became a whole lot more complicated. Somehow my parents did it, they came here and started their new lives with 3 kids. Two almost three years later, I was born and made the tally 6. This was not the only sacrifice that my parents made, they made so much to keep me and my siblings taken care of. Working bottom barrel jobs, buying us necessities, sacrificing their needs for ours. Now starting to become an adult has made me open my eyes to how much my parents cared for us.

Being the youngest can be great but can also be unfortunate. In my case, I was the little baby that everyone had to take care of but when I grew up things became distant between me and my siblings. My oldest brother is 14 years older than me; my other brother is 9 years older than me;

and my sister is 7 years older than me. It might not seem like a lot but when you experience something so late compared to them it starts to add up. For example, my oldest brother graduated high school in 2004, I graduated in 2020, completely different generations! The iPhone wasn't even a thing for him in high school and I grew up with one glued to my hand. Like I said before, they had experienced a huge section of their life before I was even in middle school. Though with all that, the times that they did include and be available for me in their lives were some of the happiest memories I will ever have. Being able to share moments together like a big happy family. These moments made me appreciate how much they cared for me and how much love there is to be shared with your family.

I am not particularly good at explaining emotions, especially my own. There are times where I feel like nothing matters and that nobody cares. If that is true, why should I care? Why should my life be worth living? To be honest, I have no idea. I am one person out of billions before me and billions after me on this planet. There are few to no people who will be recognized after thousands of years, but what makes our time special on our tiny green and blue planet? The people you share it with. Especially with the ones you didn't get to choose. They can get on your nerves, but you love them. You can get on their nerves, but they love you. Take everything from me, my job, my money, my possessions, I will always have my family and they will always have me.

\*

(Read all the pieces in This I Believe; featured image by rawpixel.com form PxHere)

This entry was posted on Monday, April 11th, 2022 at 6:10 am and is filed under Essay You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can leave a response, or trackback from your own site.