



# Maria Pacheco

## Translated from Portuguese/English Mix

*Interviewer: You can start speaking. When did you move here?*

I came here to New Bedford. I am in New Bedford. First day. I went to live in my sister's home, my sister's. I stayed with my sister for a month. I think a week—no, three days—I have a friend, that said come with me. You want to come with me, I am getting my check and I didn't know where it was. When we got there, she explained she was picking up her payroll check and her shop supervisor said: "Ah, there you are." She met me then. You are here. And I said: "Yeah, I arrived a few days ago." I had arrived two days prior thereto. She then said: "You are here. You want a job?" I answered her: "I still don't have my paper from Social Security—I don't have it yet." And she said like this: "Even so, you can come without it. And I did go to work the next day—sewing, in a sewing machine. Ladies' skirts. "And your husband, does he have a job?" I said: "No, also, we just came, and we brought a daughter, a little girl, 11 years old." She would go to school and I would go to work. My husband too. And my husband too. She said: "He can come and work here too." And we both went. We would walk to work—it was close to my sister's home. And I ended up working there. It was good. I liked it. Of course, it was different, a machine to work with. I knew how to sew, I was a seamstress there. But, it was all so different a machine to work with. I learned. A machine to sew on. I ended up learning to run the machine, but it is different. The machine runs fast. (laugh) But, I did it, so there. I started working and my husband started working at the same time, in the same factory. We would walk to work together, the two of us, and would return on foot back to my sister's house. After we found a home on that street, the other street beyond my sister's residence. On the upper side, close to the Renda (sic) factory. And we found a house, on the second floor, and we moved there at the end of the month. My brother-in-law helped and other folks also helped with the move. And that's how it was and we are still here. And I like to be here. Whomever does not work has nothing. I used to work abroad. There, in St. Michael. I am from St. Michael, Azores. I also worked there. I worked at a school too. Worked in the school and my husband worked in a café-restaurant. That's the way we earned our living. Because my family was here, I wanted to come here to be near them. My husband didn't want to. And we came. And we are here. The worse thing was: I had, 16 years ago, my daughter died. You understand? Died at 36 years of age—all of sudden. At such a time. And she was such a good girl. Everything was good with her. Everything good. Those that are good Jesus takes for himself. That's the way it is. It's finished. That's it, today we are here, and I have my husband, I can't work anymore, but I worked a lot. I worked in many jobs, I worked 13 hours per day, in my time, so we could have something. You know? Yeah. That's good. ...[inaudible]...