

Immigrant Lessons – I Remember

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Artist: Immigrant Lessons

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Tegvaran Singh 0:05

I, I remember not being able to wait until the clock hits seven o'clock. So that I could go to my grandparents house.

Hayden Pereira 0:21

I remember bits and fragments. I remember my grandfather taking me early in the morning to the bakery.

Joshua Cameron 0:31

I remember being 10 years old. My dad was having a good day. He sat me down. He told me about my great-grandfather for the first time. How he had this pet crow that could say his name. He would go, "Hey, Charlie." "Hey, Charlie." And I remember sitting there in silence wondering. Thinking to myself, wouldn't it be so cool if he could say my name? And I knew all the names of all my Black relatives?

Sophia Gamboa 1:01

I remember Nanay raising all seven grandkids because our mothers were working abroad.

Sevrin Emnacen-Boyd 1:13

I remember my Lola telling me a story about when she was young.

A lost stolen childhood. Japanese occupation of Manila.

Simran Sachar 1:35

I remember always being the [Indiscernible] Everybody always judging me for it except my mother. Who always loved me. In fact, she, she encouraged me. I remember she told me this story from back in India when she had just turned 18. And how her mother, my Nana waited for all the men to leave the house.

Hayden Pereira 2:20

I remember him telling me the names of all the dogs. I remember my grandfather sitting with me and all of my family because they live so close. That sense of togetherness.

Joshua Cameron 2:40

I mean, they live so close. Across towns. Not across the oceans. Real people. Flesh and blood. My closest relatives interacted with a new personally. More than just an index finger landing on a location on a globe to connect me to where I'm really from.

Sophia Gamboa 3:00

I remember hearing stories about our fathers but never really seeing them. I remember hearing names but never able to put a face to them. I remember it was always stories about drugs. Hallucinations. Drunken nights. Disobedience of her daughters for wasted love that birthed children fatherless.

Simran Sachar 3:30

I remember how she told me how her mother had poured her a shot of vodka, gin, rum, tequila, whiskey, beer, wine. And she even lit her a cigarette.

Tegvaran Singh 3:57

We would watch these Hindi tv shows about Hindu gods and mythology. And we would watch 'em until I would hear my grandpa's snoring. And I'll slowly sneak out the room.

Sevrin Emnacen-Boyd 4:23

You know she was so young. She couldn't really remember anything concrete. But she did recall a lot of sensations. Like whirling. Helicopter spotlights scanning the jungle over the marches. The marches of soldiers speaking in a foreign tongue.

Hayden Pereira 4:51

But I also remember... [Fade out]