

Raising 100,000 Voices

Stories in Me, By Me and About Me: "I Am From....."

1. Think about the home(s) you grew up in or are growing up in and list some of the items in and around your home:

2. List some of the food items that were/are typically in your refrigerator or cupboards.

3. List the types of trees, plants or other outdoor things that surround your childhood home.

4. Who are the people you consider family?

5. What are some things the adults in your life say to guide you? Or, is there a family saying or story you remember? _____

6. Describe a special pet you have or had. _____

7. What are some special foods or traditions you/your family enjoy for special occasions? _____

8. Where is your family originally from? _____

9. Describe a special family picture or treasure that you keep and describe where you keep it. _____

I am from.....

A poem by _____

I am from (add items from #1 here)

I am from (add items from #2 here)

I am from (add items from #3 here)

I am from (add items from #4 here)

I am from (add items from #5 here)

I am from (add items from #6 here)

I am from (add items from #7 here)

I am from (add items from #8 here)

I am from (add items from #9 here)

Examples of “I Am From...” Poems

I Am From Love, by Oretha Storey

I am from bobby pins, doo-wrags
and wide toothed combs.
I am from tall grass, basketballs and
Slimy slugs in front of my home.
I am from prayer plants that lift
Their stems and rejoice every night.

I am from chocolate cakes and deviled eggs
That made afternoon snacks just right.
I am from older cousins and hand me downs
To “shut ups” and “sit downs”.

I am from Genesis to Exodus
Leviticus too.
Church to church, pew to pew.

I am from a huge family tree
That begins and ends with me.

In the back of my mind there lies a dream
Of good “soul food” and money trees.
In this dream I see me on top makin
Ham hocks, fried chicken and smothered pork chops.
I am from family roots and blood.
Oh. I forgot about love.

I Am From....., by Candace Broadnax

I am from the
little brown house
among the city streets.
I am from a street
that is now much,
much too tough.

I am from
a neighborhood
where all the
crackheads roam free.
The police never
seem to harass them,
but they always
seem to harass me.
Sometimes I wonder why
But that is where I am from
and I hope to change it
SOMEDAY.

I Am From Sopa and Frijoles, by Lurdes Sandoval

I am from old pictures,
hand sewn quilts and
special thoughts.

I am from Yerba-Buena
to the old walnut tree
that is no more.

I am from carne con chile
to queso con tortillas.

I am from “Do your best.”,
and “Don’t quit.”,
to “Don’t ever let anyone put you down”.

I am from farmers and ancient
Indian warriors to the sopa and
frijoles they used to eat,
from the sweat my father perspired
working in the fields
To the many hours of labor my mother endured.

Hidden deep in my room
is a book that holds my thoughts
and hopes, dreams and disappointments.

I am this old Family Tree,
a new beginning just
starting to bloom
among the leaves
and flowers already there.
