

2016

Con La Música, Te Recuerdo

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Recommended Citation

Sanchez, Catherine (2016) "Con La Música, Te Recuerdo," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 1, Article 29.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol1/iss1/29>



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Con la Música, Te Recuerdo

Catherine Sánchez

As always, it comes back to my dad. On Friday nights, every Friday night in fact, I cannot recall any Friday night that my dad did not do this. It was like his ritual. Six-o'clock at night rolled-up and there he was. Getting off the couch, walking to the kitchen, grabbing his red cup (he always used the red cup), pouring his Seagrams 7 Whiskey, Pepsi, and ice (cubes, not crushed). He had a long skinny spoon that he used to mix the three ingredients together. He then headed off to enter his own space depending on where we lived at the time.

When we lived in Los Angeles, he would either head into the backyard into the wood-shacks he built himself, or simply go to the kitchen. When we lived in Fontana, he would simply go into the garage, open the doors, insert his favorite music into the radio -- Los Temerarios, Los Bukis, Marco Antonio Solis, and others like them. He would play the same music almost all the time so that even if I am not actually listening to it myself, I can sing to some of the songs.

I have subconsciously recorded the lyrics in my brain and I am so glad it occurred. It makes me somehow feel close to him, like I am singing to him or even singing with him. His music would often be so loud that in some (rare) cases the neighbors wouldn't know what else to do but to contact the police to come down and tell my dad to lower it down. While the music played, he would stand out in the dark, drinking and smoking his favorite kind of cigarettes -- Marlboro Lights (I'm sure these were his favorite...) -- enjoying the music that he so often played, enjoying the night, his night.

Sometimes I'd go out there with him, stand out there and also enjoy the dark night. I would go out because I wanted to be with him; it felt like we were just doing something together, though it happened so often.

Before he moved away to New Mexico, sometimes the Friday nights would be the only nights that I received some kind of father-daughter affection that I craved so badly. He would hug me, call me his mijita, his huesitos, and, even though he shouldn't have ever said this, he would tell me that I was his favorite and that he loved me so very much. There is so much more I wish I could write down, but it is difficult to sometimes think about him because his passing is still so very fresh, it has not been that long.

It is difficult to listen to his music, just hearing a little bit of it causes me to break-down. A couple of weeks ago I decided to download some of his music and listen to them because I wanted to feel that connection again, it felt good but I ended up breaking-down and just in so much pain. I closed my eyes and saw him there, standing with his red cup in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He's out there, enjoying his night.

Reflection

This prompt response discusses a descriptive memory with my dad. Choosing what to write about for this prompt came very easily to me. I knew that music was important to me, but I did not know that it had the power to impact my life in this way. When I listen to the music that I wrote about in my prompt response, I instantly feel a connection to my father who has passed away. I feel a lot of different things; sadness being the strongest one, at least at the moment. Music has the power to take you back to past events in your life and the power to feel what you felt that day. This prompt is incredibly important to me because it forced me to realize that even though the music would bring sadness, it would also take me back to the moments in my life that I never thought could bring such amazing memories shared with mi papá.