

2017

What They Don't Know

Marissa Lisette Sánchez
Humboldt State University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos>

 Part of the [Bilingual, Multilingual, and Multicultural Education Commons](#), [Chicana/o Studies Commons](#), [Civic and Community Engagement Commons](#), [Community-Based Learning Commons](#), [Creative Writing Commons](#), [Curriculum and Instruction Commons](#), [Domestic and Intimate Partner Violence Commons](#), [Educational Sociology Commons](#), [Ethnic Studies Commons](#), [Feminist, Gender, and Sexuality Studies Commons](#), [Gender and Sexuality Commons](#), [History Commons](#), [Inequality and Stratification Commons](#), [Latin American Languages and Societies Commons](#), [Latina/o Studies Commons](#), [Modern Literature Commons](#), [Politics and Social Change Commons](#), [Race and Ethnicity Commons](#), [Reading and Language Commons](#), and the [Theory, Knowledge and Science Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Sánchez, Marissa Lisette (2017) "What They Don't Know," *CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives*: Vol. 2 , Article 53. Available at: <http://digitalcommons.humboldt.edu/courageouscuentos/vol2/iss1/53>



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial 4.0 License](#)

© 2016 Department of Critical Race, Gender & Sexuality Studies (CRGS) at Humboldt State University.

This Counternarratives and Reflections is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. It has been accepted for inclusion in CouRaGeouS Cuentos: A Journal of Counternarratives by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Humboldt State University. For more information, please contact kyle.morgan@humboldt.edu.

What They Don't Know

Marissa Lisette Sánchez

In a picture my abuelita is sitting at a table during what looks like a party. She is under a white tent and there are other tables and people in the background. My abuelita has a laptop in front of her.

When looking at this image others might assume that she is looking at a picture that is on a screen while attending a party.

Lo que no saben es lo especial que mi abuelita es para mí.

What people might not understand is that she was Skyping with me during her surprise birthday party that my family threw for her while I was at school. They don't know that this was the first time I wasn't with her to celebrate her birthday. They don't know that during that Skype session my entire family passed the laptop around because they all wanted to say hello. They do not know that my sister and cousin helped connect the call because no one else in my family knew how. They don't know that this gathering was the first time my entire family got together after my abuelito's passing in 2010, and I was not there.

No saben lo especial que mi abuelita es para mí.

People do not know that this moment was very significant to my life. They wouldn't know that after the video call ended, I cried in my dorm for 15 minutes. They don't know that this moment was the sole reason I wanted to drop out of college.

No saben lo especial que mi abuelita es para mí.

They don't know that she constantly asked me to go to a school closer to home. They don't know that leaving her to pursue my education was one of the most difficult things I have ever had to do. They don't know that every time, I find out that that she

slipped in the bathroom, tripped in the kitchen, or has a bad fever I want to pack my bags and go back home to just hold her in my arms and never let go. They do not know that my abuelita is the heart string that keeps my family together – that scares me. Most importantly, just by looking at the picture, people will never understand just how much I love my abuelita.

Mi abuelita es muy especial para mí.

REFLECTION

Going into this class I wasn't expecting for it to be as healing as it was. I was having a really difficult semester.

I was struggling with my identity, trying to juggle school and work, trying to stay informed with current events but not allowing them to overwhelm me, and above all I was trying to be healthy, both physically and mentally. The emotions I experienced while reading the stories of people I could identify with were cathartic, almost religious. As soon as my pen touched that paper, for those daily freewrites, all my anxiety melted away. I had been in a funk for a while, one which caused me to stop writing altogether.

This class reminded me why I love writing and reading so much. Thank you to all of my peers in the class who were courageous and shared their stories. I know from experience that it is extremely difficult to surrender and become vulnerable, especially in front of people you don't really know. So thank you, thank you for sharing a part of yourselves with me. Our stories deserve to be heard. Our struggles and our successes deserve to be shouted out loud into the ether. I will fight beside you to make sure our voices are heard, because tu lucha es mi lucha.