

Día de los Muertos: Mi abuelo

My grandfather was a nice, great, loving, son, brother, husband, father, and a grandfather. He was also a rich man who help poor people. He helped everybody in need he was a caring man. He wasn't a selfish man during his lifetime. He cared about everyone and loved everyone equally. He was a hardworking man. I been told that from his young age up he had big dreams. He wouldn't stop working till he got what he wanted. He was from a small village in Burkina Faso. He wasn't poor but he did not want to lived in the village because he knew that he wouldn't have achieve his dreams there. So he moved to the big city with his young siblings to their oldest brother house. There he knew that for sure he would get what he wanted and that he did need it. He did not depend on his big brother to give him anything but food and pay for his education.

He wanted nothing more than that. He worked, built his house got married and he had 7 adorable children. He also took in orphan kids to raise as his own. That is part of the reason why I am here today. My grandfather took in my dad in his family like his own son. He also gave his daughter hand in marriage to my father. I decided to create my sugar skull in the remembrance of my grandfather because he meant the world to me. He was my mother's father. I lived in his house after my dad moved to the USA. He had done everything for me and my brothers when we were still in Burkina Faso. He gave me everything that I need it and that I wanted it. My sugar skull reflect my grandfather because it as sign that represent something he loved. My grandfather was a great and big hunter. He hunted with white and chinese people. I was told that people from paris and china will come to our house back in the day to see my grandfather for hunting when I wasn't born. Still when I grow up I will see white that came just to visit and they would bring me clothing and dolls. My grandfather was a great hunter it was part of his life growing up in his village.

I don't really celebrate Día de los Muertos. But I do celebrate somthing in remembrance of love ones. In my family commemorate means to celebrate the memory of someone's death. We commemorate the passing of loved ones the day of their death anniversary. We celebrates this by giving rice, sorghum, and corn to everyone we know asking them to prayer and remember him or her. It has opened my mind up to celebrating the passing of loved ones because every year now I try to give out rice to my fellow worshipers and friend and ask them to pray and bless them. It is not every year that I remember my love ones but everyday in my daily prayers. In conclusion we have to be happy for him because he is now in a better place and resting in peace. Still our prayers still goes to him in heaven.

panegírico

Mi nombre es Radiatou Diarra. Yo soy una chica de 15 años. Yo soy, hija, hermana, y la única chica de mi familia. Mohamed era mi abuelo. Mi abuelo era un hombre simpático. También era un hombre rico, que ayuda a las personas pobres. Mi abuelo era de Burkina Faso. Mi abuelo era alto, deportista, y él era un cazador. Mi abuelo era el tercer hijo de quince niños. Yo vivo en los Estados Unidos de América. Mi familia entera están tristes que murió mi abuelo. En conclusión tenemos que estar felices para él porque está en un mejor lugar.





The link to my video

<https://www.wevideo.com/hub#media/ci/510496590>

