

## Memoir

I was born into a christian family and culture. Both sides of my family are hardcore cristians. I grew up attending church every sunday, attending sunday school, and going to choir on wednesdays. The cristian culture is different to everyone, my grandfather, who was very true to his word, humble, and forgiving was a cristian pastor for the majority of his life. One time I was over at my grandparents' house with my sibling. My grandparents would sometimes get lonely and other times my parents just wanted to get away from us but every other weekend my sibling and I would go to their house for a sleepover.

It was on one of those sleepovers where it happened. On this particular sleepover my grandpa decided it would be a good idea to have meetings to go over some sensitive topics and what to him and what his image of GOD would think. My whole life my grandparents have been trying to influence my thinking into their biblically correct image, this was no exception. We all sat down in the living room and my grandpa started off about how it is wrong to be dating someone of the same gender. He continued to list all these things off for a good while that he thought were wrong. This whole time i was getting a little mad because at the time I didn't understand why he was trying to get me to believe all of these things. I looked at my sibilings face and saw the same discomfort. Many of the things that he said were extremely wrong by today's standards. For example, he went in depth about if you are bisexual, or transgender that you are wrong, and that GOD will "change you" if you ask so you can go to heaven.

It was later that night when talking to my sibling, I realized how wrong some of the beliefs of that culture were forced on me. It took me so long to realize these things because I had grown up around them, and it had been the only thing I knew. My parents didn't agree with some of these beliefs but they also didn't actively speak up against them. They did talk to my grandparents about these topics and how they did not want us to attend the "meetings" when we expressed discomfort. I do not know the details of this conversation but when i went back for another sleepover, the topic was not discussed.

## Artist statement

The book inspired me to write this story because of how in the book Trevor Noah talked about most of the major parts of his past in order to allow the reader to better understand the present and the future. I wanted to do the same thing in my memoir and tell a story about a key part of my past so that the reader can better understand my past, so they know more about me right now. I think Noah's writing style inspired me to have a sort of humor in my writing, but I don't think I will include that in this piece, it would be hard to incorporate. I wanted my writing to generally be in the first person point of view. The culture I decided to write about was the Christian culture. This culture is different to everyone who is a part of it. There are many different extents to the culture. Because the culture is based on a religion, there are many variations depending on what you believe. In general these cultures are based on the Bible, and different people take on it.