Looking back at my family photos before the 2000s

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When I moved and lived in Trinidad & Tobago,it was hard for me to adjust to the culture. My culture because of the time I spent living in New York. It was a decision made by my mother, looking back now to instill certain virtues and values that have helped me grow into the person I am now. My older brother and sister were given the same opportunity but rejected it and moved back. I stayed, went to school and grew.  It was a humbling experience because I got to understand my family, friends, town and village. The way they lived, the way we lived was nothing short of love. Often on hot days which was everyday the rule was if you weren't in a tree somewhere catching shade, you come outside when the sun cools often in the evening time. My mother and I would walk around town to the fields with my step dad (Rasta) watching other kids play sports. It was either soccer or cricket. I enjoyed both but cricket stood out to me more. It wasn't baseball but the concept was similar. Score as much as you can with your teammate. The ball was hit and it landed in front me , picked it and threw it back. The next one I caught. The next day I asked to play and learn. It was the best time I had and it helped me acclimate easier.  I ran home and said they let me play, they let me pay !!!

My step dad sat me down and gave me a history lesson on cricket. Helped me understand the West Indies at that time were a very powerful club. Mixed with star players from around the Caribbean, *Challenging White Giants* (English & Australian & South African) and also India and Pakistan. I enjoyed the game even more because our small islands conquered them all. We watched all the games together. In 2004 *Brian Lara* Trinidad's very own and captain of *West Indies Cricket Club* made it to the finals. *The Champions Trophy.* It was amazing he was the last one left. It took them days to out him , he scored 400 runs against England going on to win the cup. Greatest display of perseverance I saw as a youth teaching to never give up. He came back to Trinidad for his victory tour , he is not too far from where I lived. I ran to the store and bought a bat with allowance and some help. Our family friend worked in the police force and he was on security detail and plus the town and village knew us. I met him, He signed it and hugged him. I took the bat back to the savanna to play. We wrapped his signature with tape and played one game. It was a trophy for us in that community for those who knew about it. Perseverance in physical form.