Rehima Ahmed

Immigrant Stories Transcript

“Ethiopia: Guraga Family and Culture: Rehima’s Story”

My name is Rehima Ahmed. I born Ethiopia. I grow up to Adama (Nazret) is a city in central Ethiopia is the southeast of Addis Ababa (capital city). Nazret is beautiful. There are mountains all around. It is green in the winter and brown in the summer. I grow up in a house with my family. My brother live with his family next to us. We all live on the same property.

First I travel to Qatar 2007. I stay 4 years and I came to USA 2011. Ohio for 20 day after that I came to Dallas, Texas. I stay 2 years and 10 months. I am in Minnesota.

My family still live in Ethiopia. When I left Ethiopia I left them behind: my father, my mother, my brothers, and my sisters, and my friends.

My father name is Nasir Ahmed. My mother name is Shetu Mohammed. I close to my father. He told me some story about his family and he like joke. My family from Guraga ethnic. I am always remember our traditional foods, like kitfo, kocho, ayibe, gomen, bun beqiba (?), all my family gathering Together, eat, have fun. I miss that.

I remember the story my father told me about his sister, when she got married. In the Gurage culture, the boys breaking the news to his parents and entreats them to request the girls family for her hand, being so overjoyed. The first step for parents of the young man to send the older to call on those of the young lady to propose a marriage.

His sister very nosy. When she got married, her family asked more gift and money. In Amarharic call that tellosh [or telot?]. She got angry. “Don’t ask more gift and money. When I go home may be he don’t have money. I don’t want be poor.” In Gurage tradition, the lady no say anything.

I remember my aunt is very strong. My family is very close and we grow up like sisters and brothers. In our language call [hehet wendem ]. My aunt love us more then her children. She help me understand Gurage culture.