

I Remember Indiana

START



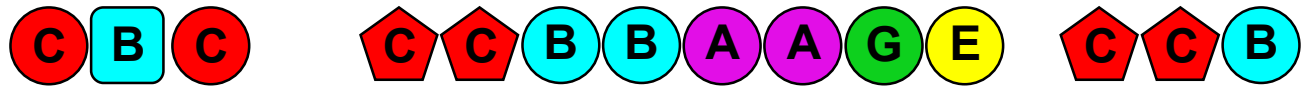
Gather around friends and listen to my song, About a



time and place to which we all belong. It was a time when we



were free. It was a place that used to be. But now it's just a



memory. I re - mem - ber In - di - an - a Splashing in



that old water hole The island with its one big oak tree growing



The bayou and my brother's fishing pole. The slamming of the



screen door A porch swing squeaking out each to and fro Nights lit up



by white gas lanterns glowing And a lawn so big it took three



days to mow.

Lyrics

Verse 1

Gather around friends and listen to my song,
About a time and place to which we all belong.
It was a time when we were free.
It was a place that used to be.
But now it's just a memory.

Chorus:

I remember Indiana
Splashing in that old water hole
The island with its one big oak tree growing
The bayou and my brother's fishing pole.

The slamming of the screen door
A porch swing a squeaking out each to and fro
Nights lit up by white gas lanterns glowing
And a lawn so big it took three days to mow.

Chorus

Verse 2

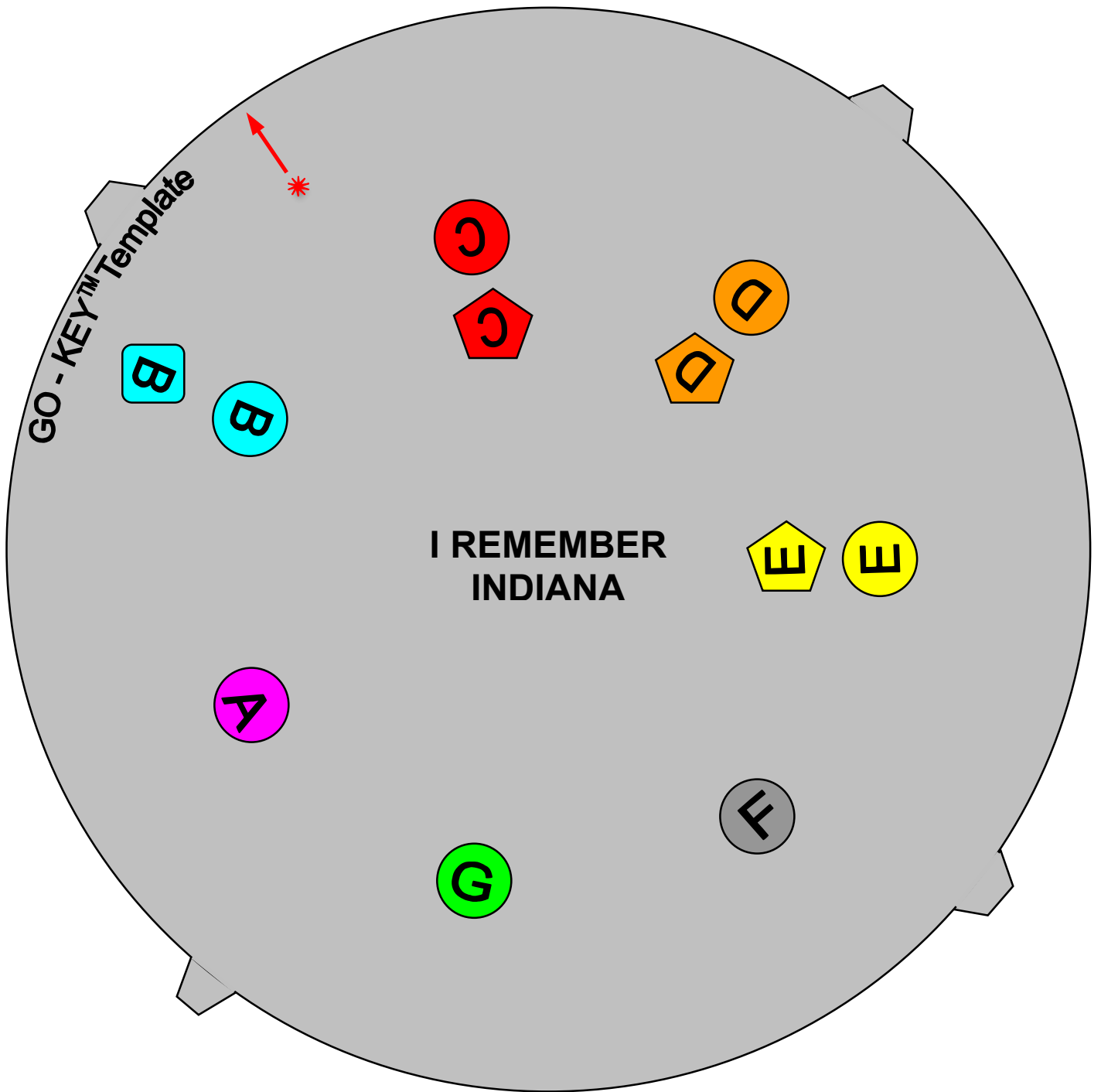
The baseball games there, they sure were fun.
The Uncles cheated, but they never won
And wading down the Kankakee
Still means an awful lot to me
Even though it's just a memory.

Chorus

Verse 3

Oh such memories, trapped here in my mind
Of that time and place that we left behind
And when I grow very old
Always there for me to hold
Memories made of purest gold.

Chorus



History and Origin

"I Remember Indiana" is a song written by Art Seymour in the 1990's for a family reunion. The family consisted mostly of the 13 children of Blanche and Albert Lemrise and their spouses, children, and relatives. The group was large and many skits were presented to entertain. This song was just one of those performances. It was never published and is in the public domain.

The song describes a place known as "Lost Acres" to the family because it was located at the end of a sand road that led to the Kankakee River. The Seymour family lived in the city of Chicago but their mother, Cecile (Lemrise) Seymour, would take all the children out to Lost Acres for the summer. In the beginning there was no electricity, no telephone, no television, and only a battery operated radio that was used sparingly. The only light at night time came from gas lanterns and candles. The days were spent swimming in a big man made pond that had an island with one big oak tree at one end and a sandy beach at the other end. Fishing in the pond or at the river also helped relieve the boredom. Even wading down the Kankakee river seemed like an adventure that needed to be taken. Then when there was nothing better to do, we could start the gas lawn mower and cut grass. The weeds eventually disappeared and the lawns became enormous. The weekends were fun because many aunts and uncles would bring their families out from Chicago and we would play games of all sorts.

And thus the simple life became the golden memories that lasted after the Lost Acres farm was sold and neglected. It is now just part of the forest with some old ruins scattered amongst the trees. But the song it carved onto Art Seymours soul is here for you to enjoy.