

my community



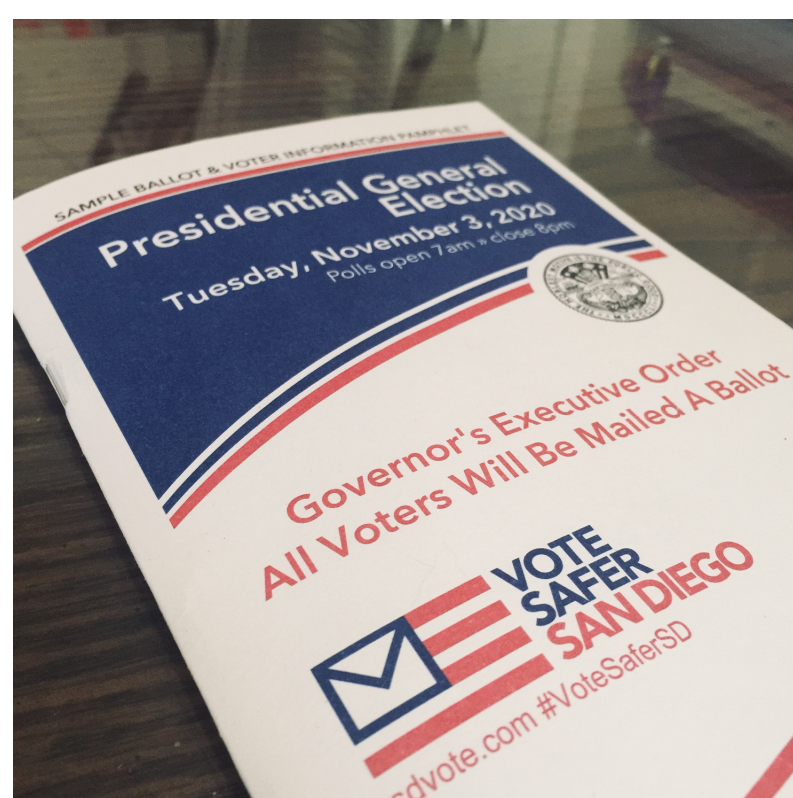
I am proud to be Vietnamese, but I'm not always proud of the common ideologies of this community. I think there's a lot of ignorance and prejudice that keeps us from understanding and supporting other BIPOC. I really want that to change.

It's not particularly uncommon to hear loud arguments and banging around my neighborhood. No matter how "normal" it becomes, I hope our neighborhood never gets desensitized to the point of accepting that this is just how things are and will be.



My mom was diagnosed with severe schizophrenia. Due to this, she has a hard time building relationships, communicating, and differentiating delusions from reality. Sometimes, I wonder if her life would be different if she received treatment sooner.

While this looks like, and is, just a regular neighborhood street, I've always had a hard time feeling safe here. Actually, I think I feel less safe now than I did as a child. I often deal with men catcalling, honking at, and even following me.



My dad never fails to vote. I had always thought of this as a good thing, but I recently realized how misinformed he is about topics and candidates. I worry about him and others not knowing the consequences of what they are voting for.