



The love for my children
through my grandmother's
eyes.

The beauties of my
family's homeland.





A single mother raising her children and her grandchildren.

1995, My entire family of three generations shared a one bedroom apartment in City Heights.





My support system, the values, morals, dreams, and aspirations were shared time and time again with this group.



The woman who took me in, saw potential in me, helped me heal, introduced me to God. My foster mother, we might not share the same blood; but she is my mother.

The most important role I play; a mother.
My identity has been shaped and adapted around
raising these two boys.

