







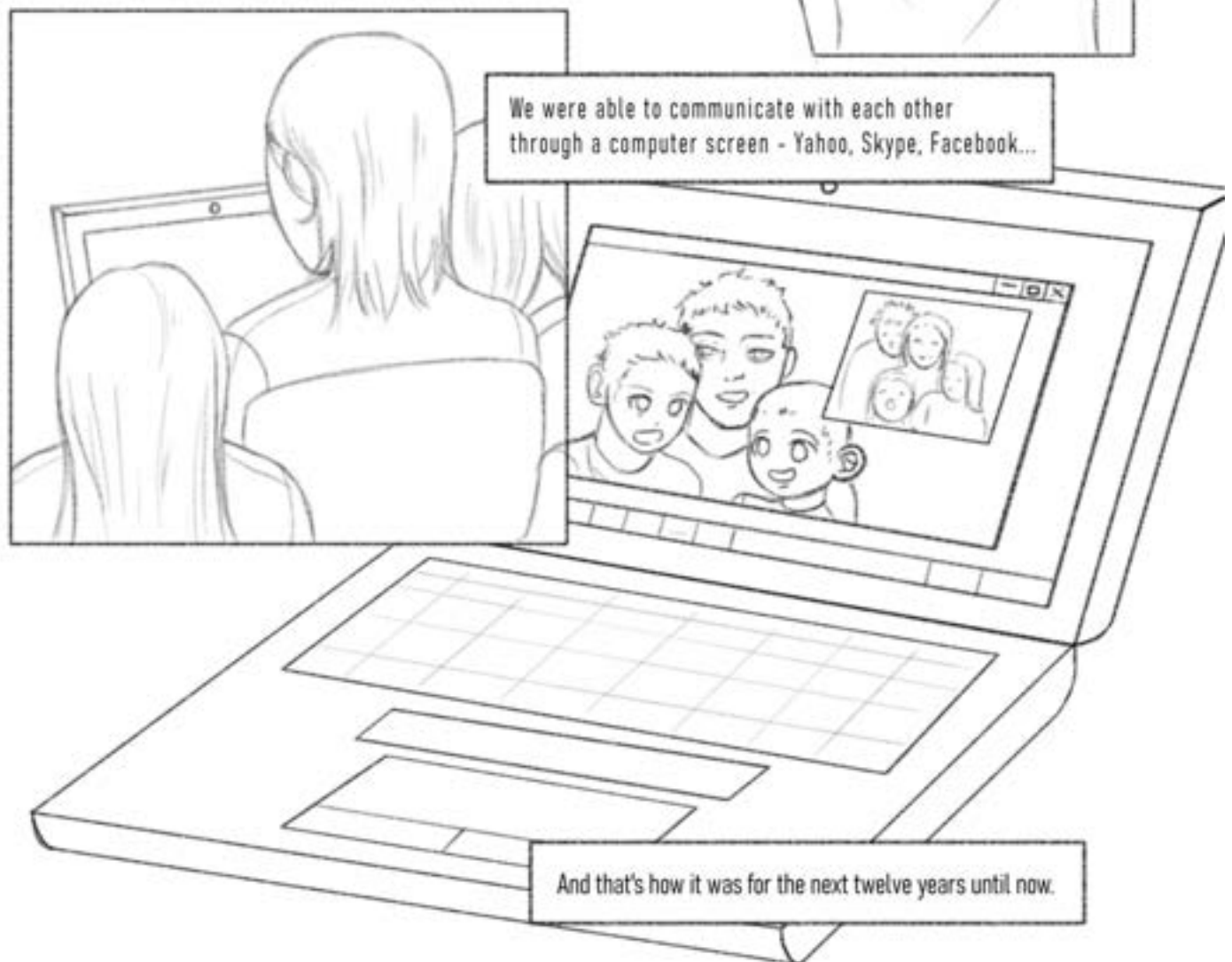


And in a blink of an eye, mama and her five children left papa and her home to go to the foreign country of wonders - the United States of America.





With working full time, mama wasn't able to take care of my few months old and two year old brothers. Eventually, mama sent them back to live with papa in the Philippines.



We were able to communicate with each other through a computer screen - Yahoo, Skype, Facebook...

And that's how it was for the next twelve years until now.





Thinking back now as I'm older, I noticed mama, despite being tired after work, she would make time to spend with us.





Not growing in a community of people who share the same heritage as me, my family was all I had and all I know I can fall back to. They were all I knew about my heritage.



Most of what I hear was from mama. I love to listen to stories of mama's family back home and when she was young.



Or learn what being Asian or should look like on TV or online media.



Noticing I don't look like them, act like them, I started to doubt my identity. What did it mean to be Asian? What did it mean to be Filipino?



Traversing through a foundation of rich waters...

...like my ancestors

...like lolo

...like mama and papa

I will find my purpose.