

## Grandmother

#### Mother

## Daughter

Being a mother, for me, is tied to my own life's experience.

Cannot be any other way.

And so sometimes it gets complicated and it is difficult to keep separate one's own emotions and the emotions of the relationship.

A child is part of oneself, physically, morally, spiritually. In all senses.

Isabella and Ricardo keep growing and their necesities and circumstances are very different. So a mother's role is always changing, it is never the same.

We were the only ones left of ten babies that my mom had.

That's the only thing I remember. That my mom said "the greatest pain of a mother is to lose a child"

If my daughters are well, if my daughters are okay, I am okay.

Like feelings, like you sense something and it happens.

If my daughters are well, if my daughters are okay, I am okay.

It's the hardest also. For me it has been the hardest relationship, at the same time that it has been the most pleasurable, and the most consoling, and the most joyful. It has also been the one that has given me the most challenges. Because I as a mother, I give everything I am, I give everything I am and all my past baggage and my past experiences and my fears and joys.

The love of a mother, and my love to Isabella and Ricardo are infinite.

Thanks mom.

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#### Grandmother

## He would say "My mom is from that little island and she's a small indigenous woman." And he couldn't remember her. His mom. I thought that was hard to believe, that he couldn't remember his mom.

I saw him as a responsible man, very hard working. I saw the good qualities, along with the defects.

I even told him "I don't know. How have you taken all my guy friends away. Why did you do that? Ah! That was his response, Ah! Nothing more.

He didn't want me to work, he wanted me to raise my daughters.

I used to tell your grandfather "I only have one month left," of the time that they gave for maternity leave. "There's fifteen days left" "Did you hear me? No, right? because you weren't here" That's how your grandfather was, as if he couldn't hear me! "I have to see"

He wouldn't say no or yes.

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He helped me and he still does, to relax, to enjoy and to see life in a simpler way.

So then he told me, "I was offered a job" and so I let go and started crying and I said "You're leaving."

I was in a cafe in a plaza and I start crying, and your dad was very worried because everyone was looking at us. So he said "No, no, don't worry. We can get married and leave." So I said "Ah okay."

And I wasn't going to leave just like that. In that time it wasn't like you could just leave without marrying. I had to leave married or else your grandfather would have wanted to let me go even less.

Loving, funny

# Sol, ella y yo (Sol, her and I) By Isabella Cruz-Chong



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My mom, before telling my husband, I told her: "guess what linda?" (because we called her linda). "Guess what linda?" "What is it daughter?" "Another baby is coming" "Ah, how wonderful! Ah there's a reason why" "I was thinking that with two already..." "No, daughter, there's a reason why"

I remember my mom, Sol, since I was a girl, she took care of us, she was attentive. Knowing that you have someone, that

loves you very much.

My mom was, she wasn't a pamperer, but she had a way of being that with her own face and her own eyes, she would tell you that she liked you.

What I loved about my mom, the best memory I have, was how she liked to sing and dance and the music. So it was with her that I learned to dance.

And well, a lot of times I didn't agree with her because she was very strict with the homework. Everything had to be good.

Sometimes it wouldn't work for me, or I didn't agree; but I never doubted her love, I always knew.

There was always the understanding that we needed to adapt to what our parents could give us.

I used to feel and I remember myself very, very happy.

My memories, they're beautiful memories of Sol.