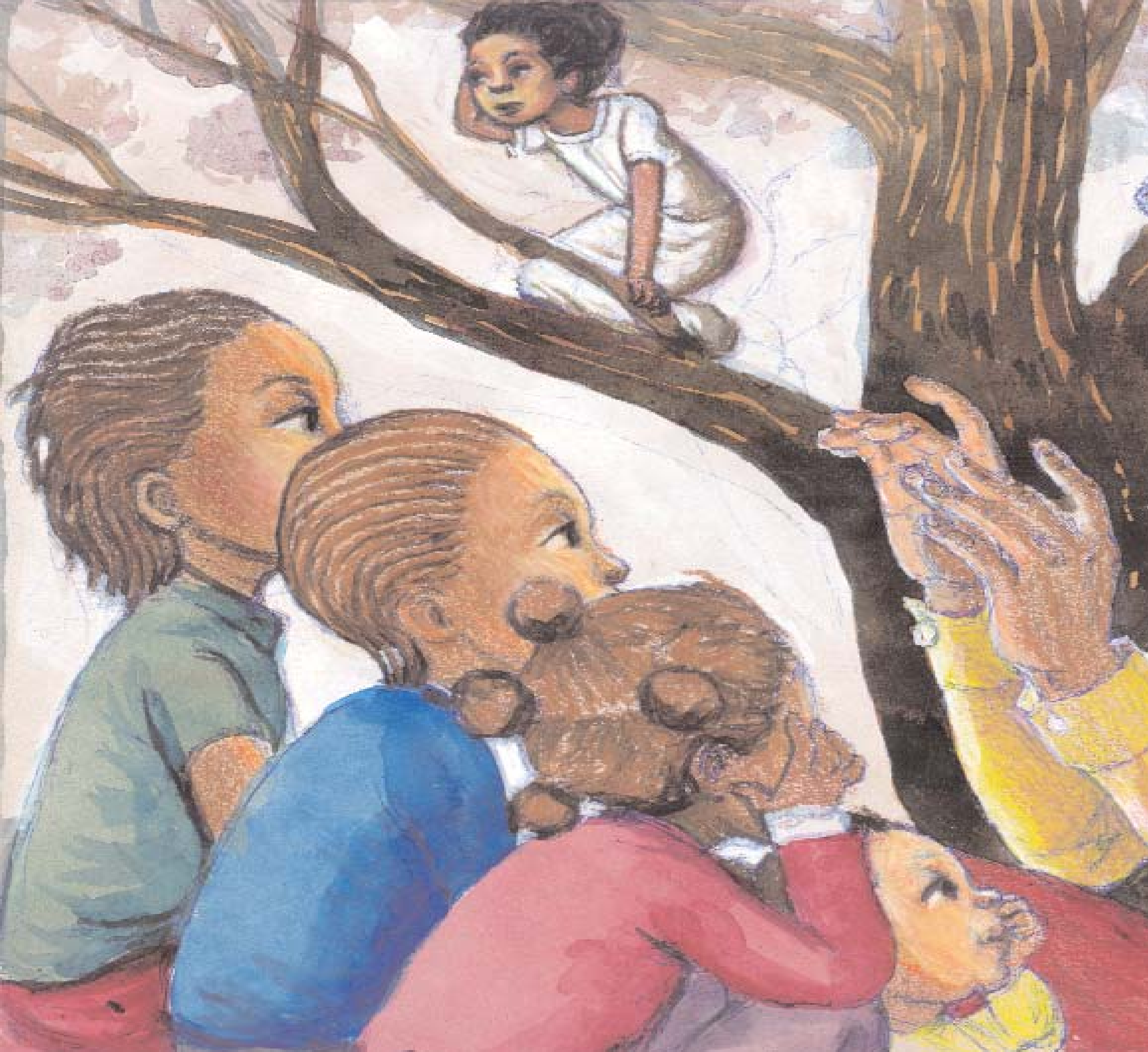




Ever since I was a baby, my parents told me stories about my grandparents and relatives who lived in a time long before I was born. Many of them are no longer alive.

Some people say they died. But I like to think that, even though their bodies rest deep inside earth, they now LIVE in the spirit world.





I love to hear and share those family stories because it brings the spirit of my ancestors to life. They live through the words.

I can almost see my Great, Great Grandmother as a little girl climbing that old apple tree, or smell my Great Aunt's hair that some people say smelled like wild jasmine flowers. I also try to imagine how loud Grandpa's laughter had to be to make the whole house rumble.