

I Am From...

By Mrs. Devora

I am from growing up on the Yakama Reservation, in a house on Loudon Lane.

I am from nighttimes of listening to howling coyotes, chirping crickets and croaking frogs.

I am from summer mornings, running barefoot outside to chase the fast Killdeers as they tried to lure me away from their nests.

I am from the smell of dirt, grass, sagebrush, and hop fields.

I am from being a girl who loved playing in the mud, riding motorcycles and horses and only coming inside when the sun started to go down and my mom hollered, "Lynn, it's time to come inside now!"

I am from parents who divorced when I was 5 and not being old enough to understand why.

I am from a single mom who worked hard and cried in the shower so my sister and I didn't know she was worried about not having enough money to pay the bills.

I am from a German grandmother who lived next door, wanted me to eat her sausage and sauerkraut dinners and got angry at me when I said, "Yuck!"

I am from a Mexican grandmother who I only saw on holidays but always tried teaching me to make tortillas as I stood on a chair next to her in her kitchen.

I am from all of my life experiences combined and knowing that I am a person who makes a difference in the lives of others!