

For a lifetime of treasures and the effort it took. – I've been doing a little Fall cleaning at Mom's house these past few weeks, and to say she has collected a lifetime of treasures is an understatement. Original family photographs, certificates, awards, greeting cards, mementos going back to the early 1920's. Impressive, to say the least. Growing up at home, Mom showed me and told me stories about some of these old photos and items she was able to salvage and bring across an ocean; most of it with the help of family and friends making their journey to the States years after us. But I really had no idea the extent of it. In an attempt to preserve memories (the very thing that escapes her now, ironically), Mom managed to compile and hold onto an impressive collection of remarkable and touching material that not only chronicles our family history, but that also speaks to the heart. The last few weeks, I've sat on the floor of my garage sifting through countless envelopes and boxes, and I must say that I have time traveled. Yes, time traveled. I've spent hours in total awe, admiring this assortment of love that long ago captured those moments from time immemorial and that now re-tells their stories. What a blessing!

For my Mother's heroic efforts and gift of a lifetime of treasures, today and always, I am thankful.

My sentiments exactly as I've sat studying it all:

"Because I've always felt a wonder at old photographs not easy to explain. Maybe I don't need to explain; maybe you'll recognize what I mean. I mean the sense of wonder, staring at the strange clothes and vanished backgrounds, at knowing that what you're seeing was once real. That light really did reflect into a lens from these lost faces and objects. That these people were really there once, smiling into a camera. You could have walked into the scene then, touched those people, and spoken to them. You could actually have gone into that strange outmoded old building and seen what now you never can – what was just inside the door….The feeling that the tantalizing reality of the vanished moment might somehow be seized – that if you watch long enough you might detect that first nearly imperceptible movement – is the answer to the question: "How can you sit there so long–you hardly move!

– staring endlessly at the very same picture?”
– *Jack Finney*

“One does not cease to treasure a gem simply because one owns another that is larger.”
– *M. Brennan*

“Memories are those endless treasures, which we can keep exploring till eternity and bask in their glory like a slow swinging hammock!”
– *B. Singh*

Just a sampling of the treasures:

Pictured is my maternal grandfather, Lizardo. He dedicated the photo to his father, Rafael, dated October 20, 1921.



A hand-made greeting card made by my grandfather, Lizardo, dedicated to my grandmother, Consuelo, dated August 20, 1923.



The message card that came with the flowers Dad gave Mom the day I was born.



A greeting card from Dad to Mom, dated December 19, 1949.



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