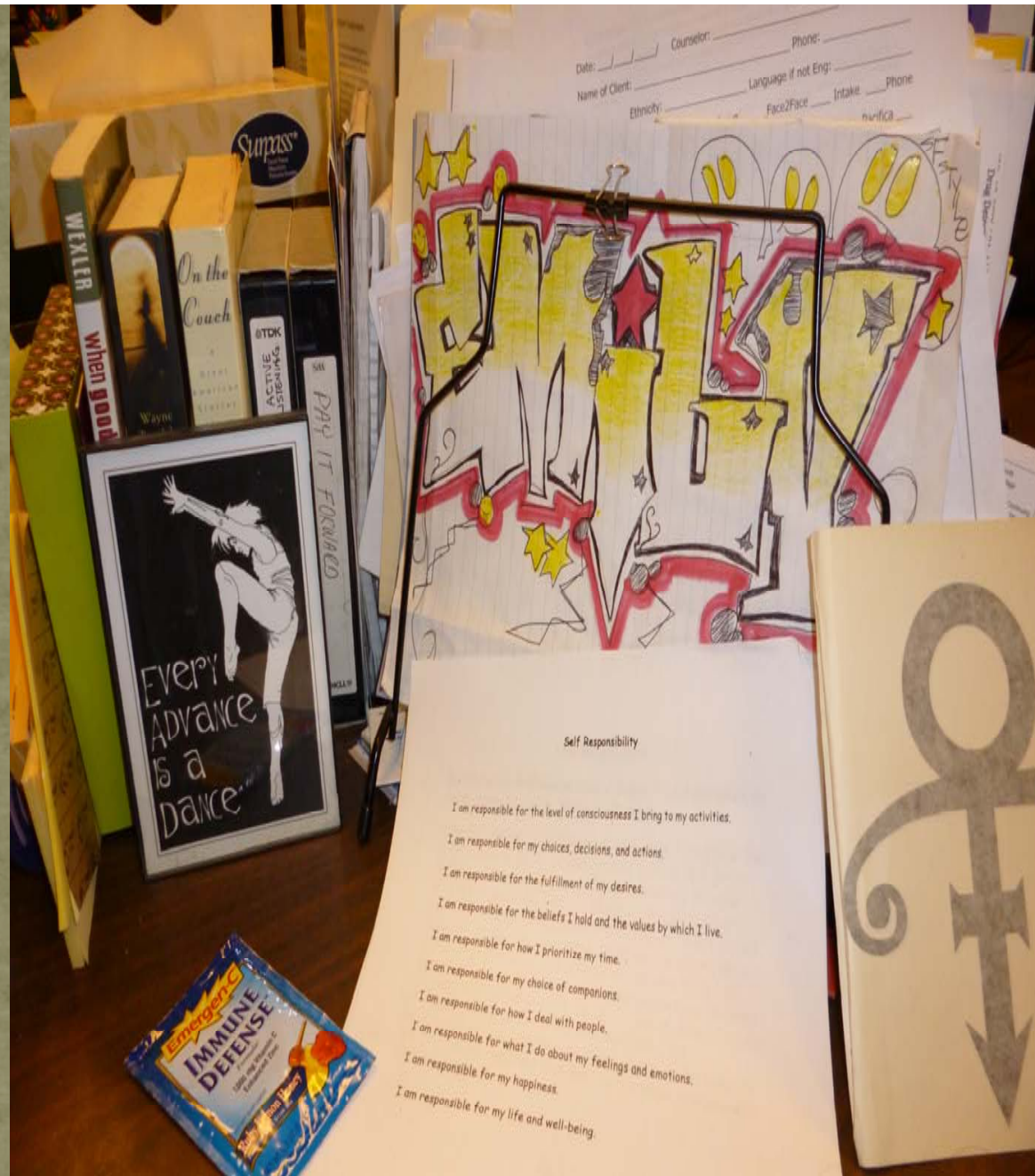


A shop in my neighborhood sells this photo frame; it is designed to display ultrasound pregnancy photos. The image depicts the intimacy of pregnancy. For me, it also symbolizes the loss of my own pregnancy and the experience of infertility – hidden yet close to the surface, with reminders everywhere. Conception, birth, mothering, fertility, and womanhood are considered interchangeable, expected, and normal. When things go differently, there is deep grief. We are forced to examine our purpose, our role in the community, our relationship to our body, our identity.



This project was sponsored by San Mateo County Behavioral Health and Recovery Services, Office of Diversity and Equity.

I want to share this photo because it illustrates pieces of me that I feel are often lost in my workplace. A dancer; an artist; an activist; a bisexual woman; a human; a hip hop bay area girl to the heart; a person on a spiritual quest; someone who is dealing with her own mental and physical health; an endless lover with an open heart; someone always pushing herself to grow. There are so many sides to me, yet often I feel assumptions are made of who I am and what is easy to see. I hope that the message that is received is to not limit my depth. To allow safety for me to feel free to be whoever I am without it taking away from my value or the value of what I have to contribute. That I experience judgment most around others that work with individuals who come to them to seek safety and peace and confide their own real truths without feeling judged. It is important that we hold ourselves to the same standards that we expect of others and to try and be open to life and its process because in that we can grow.



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Wells Fargo Bank (ATM) represents a large banking institution that reflects the value placed on money and defining a sense of worth in society. I want to share this photo because I personally fell "less than" when I walk into a bank right now. Walking up to a bank Teller, I anticipate that they will judge me and my value as a customer based on the amount of money in my bank account. As an unemployed student Intern I will need to close my account soon because I don't have a direct deposit and they will start charging me a monthly fee which I cannot afford. For people who are employed, they may not worry about this right now but it could happen to them as well. The message that I would like people to take away is, we are worthy and valuable members of society regardless of our bank accounts. We need not feel stigmatized if we don't have lot's of money, we don't need to buy into this judgment.



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This is a photograph of moving boxes that are stacked in a cubicle at my work site, a rented space in a converted warehouse. We knew our stay in this space would be temporary when we moved into it eight months ago. Seeing these boxes, I thought about the uncertainty and changing conditions in my personal and work life. The conditions in my work environment do have an impact on me. I thought about the growth of stigma around government and as a result, public sector workers, and how this impacts us as public employees.



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This photo was chosen as a representation of a division among my community. The taco truck symbolizes an old community that visits the taco truck to eat tasteful \$1 dollar tacos. The taco truck is located in front of a well visited park, where families and children gather each day for social events, family gatherings, birthdays and so on. It was believed that some members in the community found the taco truck to be inconvenient for them for unknown reasons; after many years of service, the taco truck was banned from selling their food at the park. However, the people fought back! Currently, the taco truck is back in business and the food is reasonably priced, which is beneficial for struggling families.



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To the predominating US culture, some of us are invisible. This picture reminds me of people I see sometimes; they appear disengaged, their eyes looking past mine without ever making contact.

We pretend to ignore uncomfortable truths, even as they stare us in the face. By denying the existence of injustice we avoid taking a closer look at our culture, at its inconsistencies and our complicity on them.

That our culture [don't] see men "of color", or sees us through a thick lens of prejudice, is clear in the images of marketing and fashion, where beauty doesn't mix with beast.



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