



I used to be afraid of people judging me as a "tiger mom". I feel uncomfortable when I hear obvious or subtle criticism about my parenting style. “(Chinese parents) micro-manage their children’s achievements...expect perfect grades...get top awards...” Well, don’t we desire high achievements for our children regardless of our races or cultural backgrounds? I believe parents would like to see their child/children excel. Excellence, for me, is to put up their best effort and have fun in their lives.

In this picture, each kite has its own height. Kids have their own abilities and strengths. When we are able to accept their differences and uniqueness, then we can see the harmony in the community.

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





This is a picture of a magazine collection in my house but they can be found in almost any bookstore/newsstand. On the covers of the beauty/fashion magazines that target women, there are young, skinny, light-skinned women showing a fair amount of skin and posing provocatively. On the covers of business magazines that target men, there are men of all ages wearing suits. These images send a message about gender roles in society. As a young woman looking at these magazines, I get the impression that I will only be recognized and celebrated by society for my appearance as opposed to my career. I also think that these images create unrealistic standards of beauty that all women are pressured to have/follow.



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On October 8, 2011, I became a Mom. During my pregnancy, many people told me their horrific labor stories and that being a new parent is going to be difficult. What people failed to tell me was the rewards of having an infant and the happy days to come.

When I decided to have my baby I told myself there would be good days and bad days. The bad days for me are not being eligible for subsidized programs because my income exceeds the programs qualifications, or not having my son on my health insurance because it's too expensive for the both of us. This worries me because I am always thinking; can I meet all my son's needs?

In this photo it shows a pile of bottles that need to be washed. Some may look at this photo as chaotic and stressful, but it's my daily routine of washing bottles and preparing for my sons breakfast, lunch and dinner. What this photo fails to show is that I enjoy making bottles every morning because it gives me a sense of preparing my son for his future.



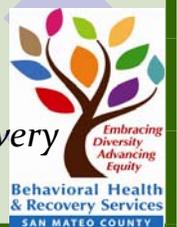
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I am an immigrant. My dad is Palestinian and my mother is Brazilian. The tree deck is me. This house is a typical American home. It represents my American husband. Some of our opinions and values are different. When he feels like tossing his socks and undies away, I feel like mending them. I listen to some of his Americana music and then we play a few of my Middle Eastern or Brazilian preferences. I'll eat his pancakes and he is wild about my Maqluba. Our sons are growing up here and one day we'll hopefully have a couple of grandchildren. What can I offer my family so that they are able to keep the tree deck in sight?



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In this advertisement for ALDO shoes, young female consumers are being targeted. The model is straddling a pole, pursing out her large red lips, with an open mouth. She is clinging and holding on to it, symbolizing weakness and exuding sexuality. This provocative image sends an implicit and negative message. Selling such a product exploits women, which audiences everywhere continue to unconsciously absorb. While taking the picture, I accidentally captured a truck with construction equipment on top of it in the photograph. As it passed by, the men in the car whistled at me in the street. This infuriated me that I was heckled at as a "piece of meat". This feeling needs to change. Starting with the media. Women should be illustrated as strong and confident women, and NOT highlighted as inferior sexual beings.

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Being overweight, I'm stigmatized based on my outward appearance and not my intelligence. This circumstance can't be hidden and therefore I'm judged. The misconception is if you're overweight, you're "dumb," and can't be successful or respected in society. I've been discriminated against, alienated and denied opportunities.

This photo is of the weight scale at my house. Its sole function is to measure the mass of ones body, not its contents. It's at 0.0lbs. because a scale is irrelevant when no one is standing on it and I feel the same sentiment should apply in society. The hope is that people can recognize the obvious and still determine ones skills, talents and knowledge based on their experience and not their appearance.



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