

We were in a traveling rhythm by today. No sooner had we unpacked our bags than we were packing them again and on the move.

It was gong to be very hard to leave my grandmother, my uncle and his family in just a few hours. It had been so long that we hadn’t seen each other and there wasn't enough time to visit and catch up. We just enjoyed each other's and that was enough for us. When I opened my eyes this morning that was the first thing that came to my mind.

I woke up quite early on this Wednesday morning around 4:30. My grandmother was sitting there praying the rosary. I had that image in my memory for a long time and here it was in reality before me again. The image is not only of my grandmother but also of my grandfather who would also be seated there with a pot of tea smoking traditional Vietnamese tobacco.





