I used to live in a dark, lonely, solitude environment with other black people, as if my body were strangers until six years ago... I cannot realize my dream because of the color of my skin. I waited to be called, and finally, I was.

My mother saved money to buy a TV set, and told me lots of “stories” about the white people, who had many misdeeds but can live in luxurious houses. My mother dreamed that she lived as a white women, but when he turned back to look my father, everything came back to reality. My mother did a lot without any complaint as if she did not exist. Black was not a color on her, but a shield that made her invisible.

Those blacks in the soap opera were at least positive images, however, my mother, who has worked as a maid for 40 years, never paid attention to this. She thought she was free.

Six years ago, my soul was stirred by the Civil Rights Movement, which was leaded by Martin Luther King, Jr. He did not promise to give us any luxurious things, but gave us a lot of moral support. Because of the awakened faith of human spirit, I began to fight harder for a new, better life.

The Civil Rights Movement let me realize what is “knowing”, realize my existence, to realize that I should see the world with my own eyes.