

PHOTOGRAPHY & MEMORY PROJECT

IN THE TIME OF THE 2020 COVID-19 GLOBAL PANDEMIC

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INTRODUCTION

RECREATING COMMUNITY: TEACHING PHOTOGRAPHY & MEMORY IN THE TIME OF COVID-19

RODDY MACINNES ASSOC. PROFESSOR, SCHOOL OF ART & ART HISTORY
ANNE WALKER, M.Ed., PhD STUDENT, COMMUNICATION STUDIES

This is the third year of the *Photography & Memory Project*, a program that connects generations through the power of photography. Beginning in April of 2020, 17 University of Denver students met with a group of older adults, sharing their most significant photographs with one another. This simple approach initiated an exchange of life stories, which created wonderful connections between the generations, illustrating the intimate relationship between photography and memory.

This is our first project fully funded by the LinkAGES Fund, a wonderful initiative based here in Denver. LinkAGES's mission is to prevent or reduce social isolation through meaningful connections across ages. This amazing initiative supports quality programming by building capacity, facilitating collaboration and raising awareness of the power of intergenerational connections. Our partners at LinkAGES have been instrumental in our success.

In addition to LinkAGES, we were lucky to have so much help from the University of Denver's Center for Community Engagement to advance Scholarship and Learning (CCESL). The 2019 Faculty Scholars Community Engaged Teaching Workshop, led by Dr. Anne DePrince, provided a foundation for our approach to this course. Along with Virginia Pitts and Christina Paguyo at DU's Office of Teaching and Learning, we were able to develop an artistic inquiry to guide our scholarship: *How does the COVID-19 pandemic impact how we define and experience community?*

Our original plan had been to meet on Fridays at Windsor Gardens, a retirement community in East Denver. Collaborating with Denver Public Library's Amy DelPo, we imagined gathering students and community partners in a sunny room, eating lunch together while sharing meaningful stories through photographs. But then the global pandemic hit in early March, and we quickly learned the danger the virus had on the older

population. All retirement communities as well as the library shut down in-person programs. University of Denver moved all courses online, which forced us to reimagine the class with just weeks to plan. It was challenging to access creative solutions amidst the deep fear and uncertainty surrounding us.

The transition online thrust us into unfamiliar territory, pedagogically speaking. With only a few participants registered, we found ourselves without enough community partners for all 17 students. However, by bringing family members into the fold, we were able to match every student with a community partner. The unexpected benefit of being online meant that geography was no longer an obstacle. Students and community partners connected from across the country, from Virginia to California with many states in between.

The first assignment was for students to photograph their lives in quarantine. Some of them were stuck at home without their cameras; a cell phone lens would have to do. Their images mirrored their experiences, evoking the complex feelings and situations of living during this historic moment. Students uploaded their pictures to a photo sharing website for all of us to see.

In addition to creating their photo diaries, students connected with their elder partners during the second half of the 10-week quarter. We all quickly became comfortable with Zoom, FaceTime, along with the old fashioned phone call. Sharing significant photos with one another provided a perfect catalyst to telling the stories of our lives. This project reinforced our belief in the power of photography. Despite many obstacles, sharing photos brought communities together during a very challenging time.

Managing an online class of college students as well as community members scattered across time zones took some getting used to. However, we were surprised at how

quickly the students and their partners adapted to this new paradigm. This project created a meaningful bridge between generations through the power of technology and photography. We eventually found our groove, and the results were profound, illustrated in the photos and written reflections on the following pages.

This project taught us that there are many ways to create community, despite what may seem like insurmountable circumstances. Community partners and students alike showed great hope and optimism during one of the most challenging times in our country's history. We are so grateful for this experience.



RODDY MACINNES

has been teaching photography at the University of Denver for 20 years. He earned a BA in photography from Edinburgh Napier University, and an MFA in photography from the University of Colorado, Boulder. He considers himself

to be an autobiographical photographer. The discovery of an album of photographs taken by a North Dakota woman in 1917, and subsequently, the genre of family photography, inspires his personal photographic projects and also his teaching.



ANNE WALKER completed her first year as a doctoral student at the University of Denver's department of Communication Studies where she is beginning to research the relationship between storytelling, art, and creating community across difference. She holds a BA in journalism (University of Iowa) and

an M.Ed. in Curriculum and Instruction (University of Illinois at Chicago). This is her third collaboration with Roddy MacInnes and their first online intergenerational community engagement project.

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Thank You To Our Supportive Partners



SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, RODDY MACINNES



SELF-PORTRAIT: YESTERDAY-TODAY-TOMORROW

▼ READING



▼ SCREEN TIME



SELF-PORTRAIT: THURSDAY NIGHT IS SPAGHETTI NIGHT

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, ANNE WALKER

► **THIS PICTURE** was the last climbing competition for our sons Alex and Henry before the pandemic. We didn't know at the time that our lives would change so dramatically in a just a few weeks. We told the boys when they came home from climbing practice on Thursday, March 12th that they couldn't leave the house. Everything we read told us that we weren't safe being around other people. Deciding to quarantine the kids was the first of many challenging decisions we had to make during COVID-19. It was indeed "an unprecedented time".

▼ **OUR DAUGHTER ANDIE** arrived home from Macalester College for spring break. We told her to pack extra clothes; we weren't sure when it would be safe for her to go back to school. We instructed her to wash her hands before and after getting on the plane. We were afraid that she would get the virus on her way back home. I held my breath for two weeks, scanning everyone, including myself for flu-like symptoms. Andie finished her first year in college online.

She fostered kittens for about a month during the quarantine. They needed a lot of socializing—they were very afraid of humans. We called them "toilet hisssies" because they hid behind the toilet and hissed a lot. Andie loved them into great kittens for adoption. Their names were Polee, Violet and Oscar.



COVID-19 was a big stress test not only for our family, but for my marriage with Scott (above). He was my full partner throughout the quarantine, and I continue to feel grateful for our relationship. His sense of humor and optimistic energy kept me going. I can't imagine what this would have been like without Scott by my side.



EMMA ALBERTONI & COMMUNITY PARTNER MARY CHASE

Shown on the facing page is Mary holding her significant photo. Her close friend Candy is third from the left. Her significant photo embodies her strong belief in valuing long term relationships. She is still friends with most of the people in the photo.

I've always loved the term 'chosen family'—it definitely describes many of my relationships! Maybe it's because I come from a small family, but I've always been drawn to people with large (hopefully rowdy) close families. This probably also has something to do with my valuing long term relationships. — Mary

Mary is very passionate and not afraid to speak her mind. Despite growing up around people that had beliefs that she didn't necessarily adhere to, she found her voice in college and career. She is a fascinating person to talk to because of her steadfastness in her beliefs and ideals.

WOMEN'S MARCH JANUARY 2017 Candy (left) and Mary (right) at the end of a long day at the Women's March in Washington DC. Mary said she was so happy to be there!



MARY & MARTEL EXPLORE AUSTIN OCTOBER 2019 When they saw this wall they asked someone on the street to take their picture.



MARY WITH HER SIGNIFICANT PHOTO: WAITING FOR J'OUVERT ST THOMAS U.S.

VIRGIN ISLANDS, APRIL 1983 I don't think anyone looking at us then or now would suspect that the long friendship Candy and I have began in a strip club in Denver! I met everyone in this photo at that club. Candy and I get a kick out of telling people about those days. It certainly doesn't seem like 37 years since the picture was taken! I ended up bartending and being the

nighttime manager. Another good friend who I've known since '78 (I think) was the daytime manager and another friend was a customer. Even though it was a strip club, it was a neighborhood bar kinda thing with regulars...it was a very fun place to work. The fact that two females were managers made us feel like we were giving the strippers a better environment to work in. — Mary

L-R: Rich, Jan, Candy, Bruce, Mary, Buddy

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, EMMA ALBERTONI

► **PA** When I was little my grandfather and I were very close, I think because we were similar in nature. I was always in awe of him. My grandfather (I called him 'Pa') was a cowboy: a calm, strong, and passionate man, and at the same time an artist: detailed, gentle, and kind. He was open to everyone he met, and he believed in God. Pa was a man of principle in His name and wasn't afraid to pursue his passions and solve problems. He also taught me how to ride a horse and shared his love of the animals with me. He taught me how to draw on napkins in the kitchen and let me watch him in his workshop make his 'sculptshoes' (sculptures out of old horseshoes) or whatever he was working on at the time. Even though he passed when I was 12, he is one of my biggest role models.



▲ **MOM'S HANDS**

I was again trying to find things to take photos of that didn't require me to leave my house. My mom does not like photos being taken of her, so instead I took one of her hands, which are important because they are the hands that have cared for me my entire life.

► **FRIDAY FRIENDS**

This photo is from my Mom's Friday Friends group Zoom call. She started the meeting in order to give everyone a place where Covid-19 was not necessarily talked about and where we could connect with one another. My mom and my cat Solomon (top left), myself (top right), long time family friend Pam and her daughter Annie (bottom left), and family friend Krista (bottom right) were just a few of the people who joined our meetings.



► **BLINDS** During quarantine, I tried to take photos of random things and make it look interesting. This is of the old, worn out blinds I have in my apartment. I liked the angle and how it created a black frame of the window; you can kind of see what's out the window, but just barely.

UPSIDE DOWN Glass of wine after a long day of doing not very productive things. It's upside down (which I think is how we all feel right now), but it also looks like roots of a plant growing in water.



HONEYCOMB In March, there was a big snowstorm in Colorado, and the little fence we had in the backyard of my parent's house made the snow look like honey in a honeycomb. I enjoyed trying to find little things in my backyard that made for interesting photos.



▲ **ALONE** This photo was taken on the balcony of one of the apartments near DU campus. I felt like it represents how I felt especially in the beginning of quarantine. It looked like there was a vast, never-ending and unknown situation playing out in front of me and I felt separated from my friends and loved ones.

▼ **SIMPLICITY** Another one of me experimenting with simple mundane things in my apartment. This painting was one my roommate bought for the apartment (I personally don't like it that much) but the light coming from the blinds made it seem more interesting.



MOLLY BOCOCK & COMMUNITY PARTNER MICHAEL MYERS

There is so much to unpack about my community partner, Michael Myers, and I feel as though I have just scratched the surface. Through our conversations, I have found that each of his photographs has layers upon layers of meaning. I admire the vulnerability that he brought to our conversations. Talking with Michael, I didn't realize that he was in fact teaching me. For example, the photograph of his father standing proudly in front of his first car helped me better understand the shared history of our nation and its timeline. He also changed my perspective on family.

Michael Myers is a family man. He runs a nonprofit organization with his brother and has a number of grandchildren whom he adores and who adore him just as much. He is an appreciated and active member of his community, often putting too much on his plate at once but always eager to get to work. Michael is a well-known professional photographer. Alongside his beloved family and friends, he is an active and integrated member in his community.

But he wasn't always surrounded by a strong community. He never quite felt at home with his own family. He

shows me a family photograph (below) where he is absent; he hadn't been born yet.

I found an old picture of our family. Everybody but me. It's my parents and the seven girls...and I wasn't born yet when that picture was taken. We had a huge range of ages, there was a twenty year range in 7 girls and then a 10-year gap before I was born. So, the youngest sister is 10 years older than I am... The three youngest ones are all 11 months apart.... My father was 52 when I was born, so they had kids late, too... — Michael

Michael's father had his own remarkable story. He was a World War I veteran and a dedicated worker his whole life: "my father died when he was 82, but he was working in a factory until he was 80." He was also a photographer, a fact that Michael didn't discover until after his death:

After my father died, my mother sent me up into the attic of our old house... and I found these old negatives and his two old cameras, which I never knew the man took a picture in his life. Even though he knew that I was a professional photographer, he never mentioned that he had ever taken any. — Michael

One of the cameras in the attic was purchased by his father in Paris during the war and had "a lot of pictures of World War I, like troop ships and bombed out cities and tanks...and among those glass plate negatives was this negative. He was born in 1893... so he would have been 22 when this picture was taken (facing page, top). That was his first car."

At first, I didn't believe that his father could have fought in the first World War. World War I was something that I learned about in history class, but it remained frozen in my textbooks. I went back and checked the dates, because in my mind it seemed impossible. It would be better to think of the Great War



MICHAEL'S DAD WITH HIS FIRST CAR

instead as a shared history passed on through living and photographed memories. On the big scale of things, it wasn't actually all that long ago. Which is another lesson that I will be taking from this community partner project: It is important that I know my history, but that I also recognize its recency and its living as well as historical significance.

It seems as though Michael inherited his work ethic and possibly some of his interest in photography from his father. But they also have their stark differences. For example, Michael didn't inherit the same animosity towards children that his father and grandfather shared. Even though their family ate around the same dinner table in close quarters, the connection was missing:

Our family was never close...I think partly it was because they didn't want to have children. My grandfather lived 2 ½ blocks away from me and I only ever saw him twice in 13 years before he died... and he never wanted kids. I was not allowed in his house or anything. He didn't like kids. I think my father got some of that, too. And he wasn't... fond of having kids and especially when I came along so late, he didn't want me wouldn't talk to me until I was 21 and my mother always said she didn't want to have any children but somehow or other they got eight of us. He always said he didn't have anything to say to children and he thought you weren't an adult until you were 21... — Michael

This distance between family members has only been made worse by Alzheimer's. The disease has affected multiple members of his family, including his mother. Her memory suffered severely, especially right before her death. He describes a poignant moment visiting his mother prior to her death which followed soon after:

"In fact my mother didn't even know she had a son, her Alzheimer's was so bad I went back to Indiana and saw her 6 months before she died, and she said that she remembered that she had girls and son-in-laws but she didn't remember that she had a boy."

But even if he never totally felt at home in his past, he can count on the love and support of a massive community today. The people that he has worked with and his good friends have become his family. He runs a successful nonprofit organization with his brother even though he is the youngest of seven sisters. He is a grandfather, although he has no biological children of his own. He shared a photo (below) of his three adorable grandchildren with their ecstatic father—one of the girls has a big smile on her face. Michael explains: "This is my adopted son from Algeria. The oldest girl (left of her Dad) is so crazy about her grandpa—she's the smiley one who gets so excited when she sees me. Through our nonprofit organization I had been helping different people, some of them are immigrants from different countries and when he and his wife (they had just gotten married) came over I was introduced to them by another immigrant who I had helped, because they needed some furniture and stuff. About a year later I was able to get them a car and things...and then later they figured out they were going to have a baby and they



MICHAEL'S SON & GRANDKIDS



MICHAEL'S SIGNIFICANT PHOTO AROUND 1937
Michael's parents (father far left and mother far right) and 7 sisters.

contacted me and said ‘look we’re gonna have a baby and we just realized that both sets of our parents are still in Algeria, we don’t have anybody to be the grandpa’ and they asked if I would consider being grandpa for their kids, so that’s what happened; I ended up being grandpa for the kids.”

I know that there is much more to learn from Michael. Growing your chosen family is no doubt a priceless skill that doesn’t come to everyone. He is a dedicated public servant. In my eyes, he has made it his mission to make as many people as he can feel at home as he is able to empathize with those who feel out of place.

My own family is one of, if not the most, important aspects of my life. There is a lot of focus on family trees and who is related to whom. I know a lot more of my family members than most—I’m acquainted with extended family members like 4th and 2nd cousins.

I count myself lucky that I get to see my extended family on a regular basis. However, my conversations with Michael have highlighted that it is fickle to limit whom I consider to be a part of my family based on genetics. Family are the people who make you feel the most at home.



ZOOM MEETING SCREEN SHOT WITH MICHAEL

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, MOLLY BOCOCK

FAVORITE PLACE

This is taken at my favorite place on earth. We are not allowed to post content of it online in a recognizable way because it is owned together by my extended family members. Fun fact: this place is a little over 100 years old, and according to multiple family members, is haunted.

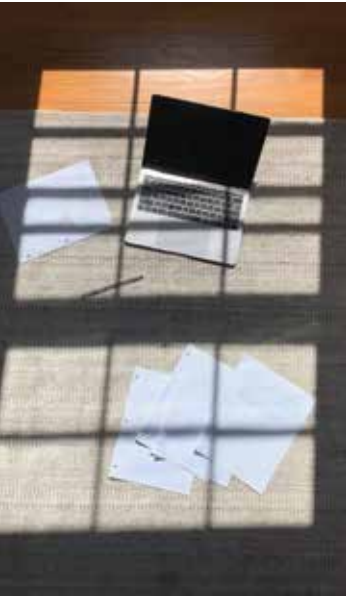


THIS IS JUST ME PLAYING AROUND



SISTER REFLECTED I’m in our front hall about to go for a run. If you look closely you’ll see a portrait of my sister in the background, left. With her hand on her hip she strikes a sassy pose. Wish I’d gotten the lighting/angle better but I like the colors.

HOMEWORK



DAD DRINKING A BEER



ME WITH MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO This is me showing my community partner, Michael, my most significant photo of me (center) and my siblings over Zoom.

CHRISTIANNA BOWLEN & COMMUNITY PARTNER GEORGE HERNDON

"ROCK ON"

People in this day and age can be very negative about daily problems ranging from a bad grade, fighting with a sibling, breaking up with a significant other, or simply surviving in the era of COVID-19. Families had to cope with deep fears during World War II as well as the wars in Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, and Afghanistan. However, today's fear is more visceral and impacts everyone. COVID-19 does not spare any family; it is an always-present danger. To some, this danger is downplayed by people who value what they perceive as their individual liberty. To others, it is a danger which we must pay attention to and take appropriate measures. My community partner, George, had a different perspective, one born from the ravages of a Traumatic Brain Injury (TBI) sustained in a 1974 car accident, just seven months after graduating from college. He had multiple broken bones, internal bleeding, a skull fracture and more. On the night of the accident he had

brain, abdominal and leg surgery. However, the worst damage to his brain was not from the fracture but from loss of oxygen—this kind of damage is irreversible. It affects short-term memory, speech, and some cognitive functions, which is very similar to Alzheimer's. But George's perspective has always been one of optimism and hope. He has lived decades with his TBI which is perhaps related to why the threat of COVID-19 is not a big deal from his point of view. This positive, optimistic attitude can best be expressed by his favorite saying, *Rock on!* He and his friend David from high school, attended the 1969 Woodstock Music Festival in New York. He said that a lot of people would chant *Rock On!* after each performance in conjunction with a fist pump and he's been saying it and doing that ever since. *Rock On!* carries several meanings to me personally, stemming from the need to keep on going, no matter what. When something gets you down, just *Rock On!* To me, it represents an attitude that was

prevalent when my parents, who happen to be Alzheimer's victims, were young. In their youth and young adulthood, during the 60s and 70s, *Rock On!* meant the attitude of rock 'n' roll. My experiences with my parents have given me the gift of knowing how to talk with George, what to say, and also what not to say. When he regained consciousness his girlfriend at the time was there for him which meant so much to him. This hit home for me because I also had brain surgery, and I think of my boyfriend at the time who was there for me. This helped me understand the power of George's relationship with this woman.

GEORGE WITH HIS SIGNIFICANT PHOTO

George chose a photo from his senior year in high school. He and his good friend and classmate Polly wrote and shot together a Super-8 movie for their senior project. It was important to him because he was about to graduate. He noted that this was when "we were the stars in high school. We got an A on the project." George described it simply: "It was tons of fun." They graduated from Sidwell Friends School, Washington D.C. in 1969.



HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION George and Polly at graduation, Sidwell Friends School, 1969.

▼ **HIGH SCHOOL FRIENDS** These are George's best friends from high school. This photo was taken in 1972 and they're still in touch! As usual, George is rockin' his *Rock On!* fist pump salute. L-R: Paul, David, George, Rob



His sister, Mary, translates George's responses, which can be hard to understand because His speech is quite slurred from the brain injury. She helps George remember certain things about the stories he tells. His brother, Willie, also provides support to both Mary and George, although Willie says that "Mary is a humble person, she really is the one who has done the lion's share of looking out for George for the last 30 years or more..."

George's long-term memory is pretty good, and this is also similar to my parents whose short-term memory was not good. It's as if the disease begins eating away at recent events, sparing the events of childhood. George, however, has a better attitude than either of my parents did; this may be because he had to recover from brain surgery at a young age. My parents have had both good and bad days, but George seems to only have good days—something that I admire.

Like my parents, George has caretakers. But unlike my parents, he lives in an independent senior living facility. Mary is around him a lot; my parents' siblings are not around because they live in different countries. When George's parents were no longer around, Mary became his legal guardian. Having the power of family still present in his life may be the reason for his upbeat attitude. I appreciate all of them opening up and telling me their stories because my family would do the same. I suspect that many others would not be willing to share the incredible sadness that seems to be common with Alzheimer's or TBI. Perhaps it is not only the strength of family that gets surrounding family members through the awfulness of TBI and Alzheimer's but which also helps the individual remain positive and optimistic. I would hope that my siblings would do the same for me that Willie and Mary do for George.

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, CHRISTIANNA BOWLEN

COVID-19 The main emotions during COVID-19 were disappointment and annoyance.



THE RUNAWAY DOES HOUDINI PROUD!



EVERY DAY IS SUMMER IN HAWAII!



▼ MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO This photo was taken around 2017 at an Alzheimer's charity walk when my mother was still in good health (below in white with me on her right). The walk was to support the Alzheimer's Association in aiding those afflicted with this disease, including my mom and dad. Ironically, this was just before my mom starting showing symptoms. This walk showed support for my father which made me feel as if I was part of the Alzheimer's Ohana (family in Hawaiian). I continue to lead this walk with my siblings to honor my father, and now, my mother. Everyone in the picture is holding a large flower: the color yellow means that someone in their life has Alzheimer's and they are showing signs of it; purple means that someone with Alzheimer's is deceased, and the orange-colored flowers represent someone who is a caretaker of someone with Alzheimer's. Sadly, I can now carry all three colors.

The expression on Marley's face (the toddler in the stroller) represents how I am feeling as I write this. To me, it is the expression of someone who will never know her grandfather. Looking at this photo has me crying because I am reminded of how many are affected by this disease, including me. I am afraid that one day I will also be diagnosed with Alzheimer's for the simple reason that both of my parents have it. I see my support system—my family and the Alzheimer's Association—and I know that it will be okay because I have loving support from caring individuals. It is not certain that I will have Alzheimer's, but it does keep me up at night. As my dad would tell me, I'm willing to take on this battle and carry the fight forward.

SUNRAYS DURING COVID-19



ELI BUCKSBAUM'S GRANDMOTHER & COMMUNITY PARTNER KAY BUCKSBAUM

My Grandma, Kay, entered her significant photo in the Iowa State Fair in 1983. There were 4,000 other submissions, and she won. Her award was called the "Purchase Prize." Her photo was bought by Meredith Publishing Company and hung in their home office. Grandma named it, *Giraffes Through the Mist*. When she took the photo, she said that she "saw a cluster of giraffes that just looked so beautiful together," so she decided to balance her camera on the fender of the safari car and snap a photo. When she received her film back, she noticed a mist that she didn't notice when she captured the photo. It turns out the reflection from the fender appeared as the so-called mist. "It is a little bit blurry, but you can still see the beauty of the animals," she explained. Upon winning the competition, the judges noted that the tiny bird on top of the tree towering over the giraffes. "I had no idea there was a little bird at the top, I was always focusing my attention on the giraffes. But that is what the judges told me stuck out to them, and that is why I was picked." She ended up in Africa under very unusual circumstances: "We got invited to go on a honeymoon with my friends. I thought I didn't have an interest in seeing the wild animals in Africa."

My Grandma and Grandpa decided they would join their friends on their honeymoon in Africa and go on safaris to explore the wild animals, something that Grandma didn't think would be of interest to her. Grandma explained that upon getting there and seeing something she had never seen before was very intriguing, and when she saw those giraffes, she knew she needed to capture it so she could have it forever. And here she is, sitting with it 30+ years later cherishing its beauty (facing page). "We have stayed very good friends," said Grandma about the people that took them to Africa.

This visit was the first time I had seen my Grandma and not been able to hug her. She is 91 years old, and the past 3 months of her life have been spent inside her apartment due to COVID-19. She was so excited to share a photo she had taken so long ago. And I was so grateful to hear another one of her stories.

I was wearing a mask, gloves, long sleeves, a jacket and was standing in the hallway more than 10 feet away. It was the most contact she had with anyone aside from her caretakers in months. It hurt me to see her the way I did and knowing that I may never be able to come close to her again. But she stood there with a smile on her face and kept reassuring me that her "mind is still sharp." That is all I needed to leave with a smile under my mask.



GRANDMA KAY



MY GRANDMA WITH HER SIGNIFICANT PHOTO *GIRAFFES THROUGH THE MIST*

FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, ELI BUCKSBAUM

MY PAL TULIA LAYING IN MY LAP I have been getting to know her well and it is the first time a dog has liked me, and I have liked the dog back.



WORLD SERIES GAME 7 CUBS VS. INDIANS 2016



SPRING BREAK I went to my girlfriend's house in Michigan for our spring break since our trip to Mexico City had to be cancelled. The sun only came out once while we were there, but this sunset was particularly nice. Also, right below that tree, her first dog is buried there.



HANCOCK I just love how this turned out. The gradients in the sky are so defined and I love the juxtaposition of that feeling of having to self-isolate in relation to how the Hancock stands alone.

▼ **ENDLESS L** I love going under here... my friend and I used to walk under it on our way to the train to go to Cubs games. It appears like there is no end and it just goes on forever.



SEAN BURCH & COMMUNITY PARTNER PAM IANNI

For this project I was partnered with Pam Ianni. Before our first meeting, I was so nervous. How will I have anything in common with someone who has lived three times longer than I have? Upon our first meeting, Zoom did not do much to quell my anxiety surrounding these conversations with a stranger.

After getting formalities out of the way, I shared some photos with Pam that I hold close to my heart, pictures of my brother and mother from years earlier. We discussed the difficulties of having ailing mothers and not being able to see the people we love during the age of COVID-19. Pam's mom is still a very active woman of 93, but her age is catching up to her and now lives in an assisted living facility. My own mom has terminal multiple myeloma cancer. Pam and I both know that our time with our moms is dwindling. Pam is also one of the few regular people I've been talking to throughout this pandemic, which has really helped me keep my sanity. She is someone to relate to as we both go through the ups and downs of living alone. I've found loneliness to be one of my biggest struggles during this ordeal. Many of my peers are living with roommates or family members, which of course comes with its own struggles, but it was so nice to be able to relate to the isolation and loneliness that has come with this lockdown with Pam. I've found our shared sense of duty to our mothers, our shared feelings of isolation, and confusion with the world really connected us quickly.

This project has also truly shown me the connective powers of photography and storytelling and how that quickly leads to deeper connections. Prior to my discussions with Pam, I had no connection to anyone older than my parents. My grandparents passed away when I was younger, unfortunately before a time I was able to appreciate or even understand their lives; mentors were not really available to me as a child. I have had more conversations with Pam than with my own maternal grandparents, and I have learned so much about someone who was a stranger only a few weeks prior.



ME & PAM IN OUR LAST ZOOM MEETING

My maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather both passed away before I was born, and by the time I was able to remember, my paternal grandmother's mind was too shot from Alzheimer's disease to remember me. In addition, my maternal grandfather was not kind to my mother, and I had no real connection to him before he died when I was around 10.

Being able to connect with Pam has made me wish I had a connection with my grandparents before they left, but I am very grateful for the opportunity to still learn from older generations. All of this proves that connections between older and younger generations can be formed outside of the biological family, and this experience has opened my eyes to that reality. I am really looking forward to continuing to foster this friendship with Pam and staying connected in the future. Perhaps once this pandemic has come to an end, we'll be able to meet in person, share a hug, and tell more amazing stories!



PAM'S SIGNIFICANT PHOTO OF HER MOTHER, GRANDDAUGHTER & HERSELF

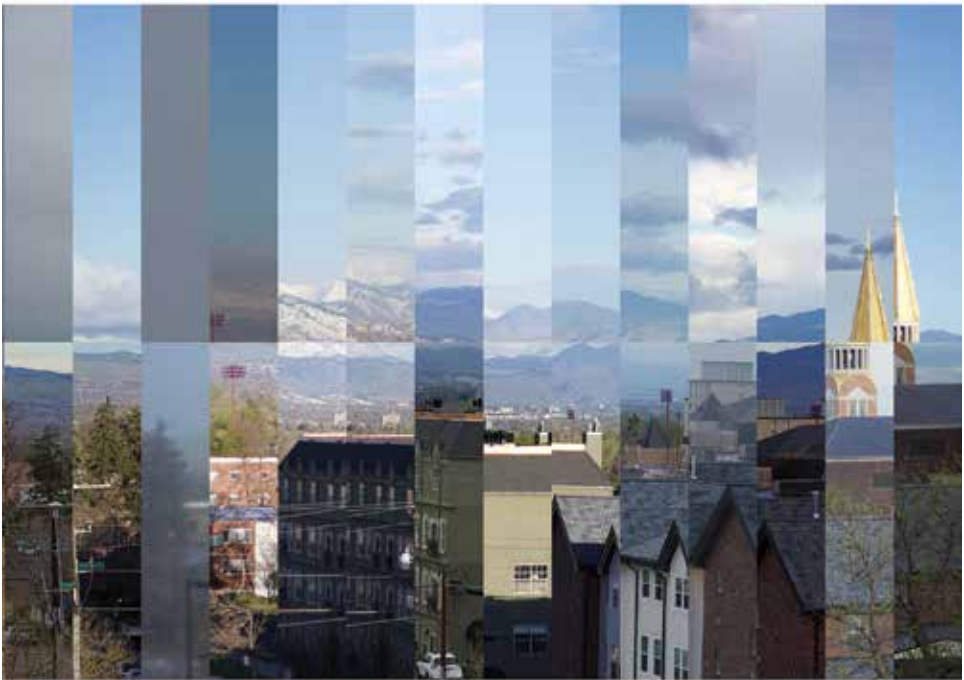
SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, SEAN BURCH

WHO EMPTIED THE FRIDGE?

COVID-19 has resulted in countless trips to the fridge, oftentimes leading to disappointment once the door opens.



UPSIDE DOWN WORLD Today's boredom led to the destruction of an old digital camera. Shooting through the lens of this old camera gave me a different perspective.



32-DAYS OF LOCKDOWN This composite photo was made by taking a photo out my window (April 16 – May 17, 2020) at 7:02 am each day. Then, in Photoshop I cut a snippet of each day and arranged them chronologically (from top left to bottom right) to try and recreate what I saw out my window over the course of a month.

▼ MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO First day at my first job, mowing lawns on a golf course at 16 years old.



HANGING WITH THE BOYS Playing video games has become the easiest way to stay in touch with my friends no matter where they're sheltering in place.

NOLAN BURGETT & COMMUNITY PARTNER DONNA HARTWEG

I have had an amazing experience during this project. My community partner, Donna, taught me something that I have taken for granted. Through pictures and stories, she has shown me the true power of relationships, especially friendships. She told me something very simple and meaningful: “To have a friend you have to be a friend.”

She shared some amazing stories. Some about the randomness of friendships. Some about the experiences that she has been able to share with those around her. It was great to just listen to the things that she has done with her friends.

It was 7:30 in the morning on Donna’s first day of class at the University of Iowa when she met her lifelong friend Chris. The teacher made the kids introduce themselves to the person next to them and they had to present to the class the things that they had learned about the other person.

A simple icebreaker activity and a little bit of chance. Chris was not just any friend, but one who will always be there for you. She is one of the women in Donna’s treasured wedding photo (facing page, bottom).

During their sophomore year of college, Donna and Chris went on a trip together. For three months they “bummed their way through Europe,” as Donna said. They stayed in youth hostels and even traveled in the back of a garbage truck. Chris was a bridesmaid in Donna’s wedding and even in the delivery room when her first grandchild was born. After some time as a Vietnam war nurse, Chris moved to Golden, which happens to be where I grew up. In 2009, she, sadly, was dying of cancer.

Around this time, Chris got Donna on the phone and told her, “Smithy (her nickname for Donna), I want to go back to Europe with you.” It was her dream to see

the Matterhorn together. They traveled through Europe once again. This story really hit home for me personally because a few years ago I was in a similar situation. I was in the hospital after being diagnosed with stage 5 kidney failure. A day after a dialysis related operation, one of my friends came down to Children’s Hospital and told me, “We’re going fishing.” He gave me a quadruple XL t-shirt to put on over my hospital gown and snuck me out. It’s amazing what a friend can do for you.

For me, some of the best memories that I have were with my friends. During this time being stuck at home and after talking with Donna, I have been able to reflect on some of these memories. The friends that I have lost and the friends that I have found. The thing that will always be there is the memories I shared with these people.

Donna had also shared that she meets up with some of her greatest high school friends for 4 days a year. They stay up all night, drink, reminisce, and tell stories. They all go back to one of their mothers’ homes in their hometown of Carthage, Illinois. They call each other regularly as well. “Friendships take a lot of work,” she told me. In the past, I have let a lot of good relationships fall off because I wasn’t willing to make that call.

Donna taught me some pretty special lessons about friendships that I will never forget. I hope that I will one day be able to reconnect with some lost friends like she has. I want to thank her for the lessons and stories that she has shared with me.

CHRIS & DONNA SAYING GOODBYE after three months of roaming their way through Europe after their sophomore year in college, 1963.



▲ **CHRIS & DONNA** return to Europe after 46 years (2009)—creating new stories and reliving their first trip.



DONNA & HUSBAND DARRELL WITH DEAR FRIENDS TUSCANY, 2013

Darrell (front left) and Donna (front right) are with their dear friends from Australia, Alex (next to Donna) and Alison (next to Darrell). They met standing in a bank line in Athens, Greece in 1975 and struck up a conversation. That conversation led to an incredible friendship. They have visited each other’s homes, traveled together in each other’s countries as well

as Norway, Sweden, New Zealand, Iceland, and Tuscany, Italy. They’ve attended each of their children’s weddings across oceans and continents. Donna believed that developing and enriching a friendship takes time and commitment. Their friendships with Alex and Alison, just like the one with Chris, has enriched their lives beyond anything imaginable.



DONNA'S SIGNIFICANT PHOTO: A FRIENDSHIP ODYSSEY Donna and Darrell’s wedding, 1964. Chris is the first bridesmaid on the left.

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, NOLAN BURGETT

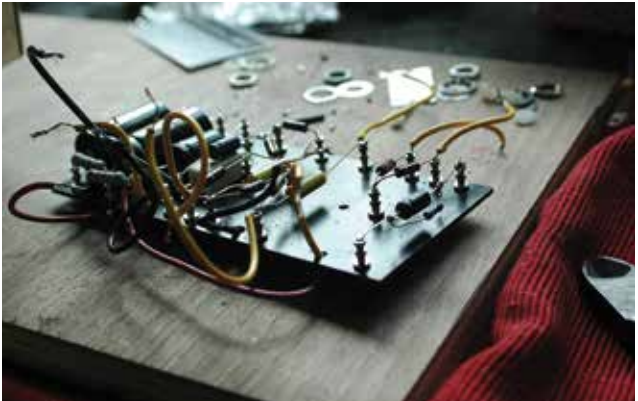
SELF PORTRAIT



MY BROTHER PUTS ON A NEW MASK



AROUND THE HOUSE WHILE SHELTERING IN PLACE



GRADUATION



MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO So many great memories were made on this river. Every so often, Matt (left and myself, right) and his dad would take a few of us fishing. Sometimes, it would just be us, or our other friends Nick, Richie, Johnny, Sean, Joe, or Boat would come too. We could just get away for the weekend and not have to worry about school or anything. We had so much freedom to just unwind, smoke a cigar, and fish. Fishing is one of my favorite pastimes of all time. When I was younger, I would occasionally go fishing with my family, and I liked it. Early in high school I found my passion for fly fishing. I learned it by just watching and listening to my two good friends. I went one time, and I was hooked. The

first fish that I caught on a fly rod couldn't have been 3 inches long, and right then, I fell in love. Waking up early, trying to tie the smallest most tedious knots, losing fish, and doing it all over again. When you hear that reel start to hum, there is no better feeling than that. Fly fishing with these kids is something that I will forever hold dear to my heart. Just to stand in the river with nothing on your mind. To feel the nature surround you. To be one with the river, with the fish, with everything around. The world is yours in the river. Fishing was always my escape. I went through some real shitty stuff in high school, and fishing was the perfect thing to get things off my mind. The water is just so soothing and freeing; it's inexplicable.

JACK CAHILL & COMMUNITY PARTNER SUE PEDERSEN

Connecting with my partner Sue Pederson through the use of a single photo truly ignited our conversation and opened up a window into each other's life. I find the interesting part about this project is what you learn through the details about another person. In fact, these details combined to truly bring a new and refreshing perspective to the concept of aging and intergenerational connections.

In particular, the idea of socializing and meeting new friends never has to end. Even when a friend group is greatly established, that doesn't mean one shouldn't reach out to new people. Sue had a great attitude about this. She was always interested in meeting new people around her neighborhood. We were really similar in that we were both so antsy to socialize during this pandemic. Through certain events like gardening or inviting people over for

games, socializing can happen everywhere and many times it can lead to new great friends. I believe the idea of this really shows in the emails every now again where she will ask about my personal life or my internship in Iceland.

Looking through the picture of her and her daughter captured a very profound lesson about getting older. Many people will just assume that the fire in someone's life gradually dims, but that doesn't have to be the case. In Sue's case, her fire is very much shining bright. She isn't afraid of tackling the ski hill, socializing, gardening or traveling to Colorado to be with the ones she loves. She doesn't let the typical 'old age' affect her life, and that is something I won't forget.

I find it really inspiring that Sue has such a close connection with her daughter, and this is something



SUE'S SIGNIFICANT PHOTO OF HERSELF & HER DAUGHTER LISA

I hope to rekindle with my mom. Family is so important in many ways and we never know when our relationships can end. Therefore, I want to strive to show this in my own family's relationship. Like Sue visiting her daughter, I want to be able to take these small trips out to see my mom in the spur of the moment. It is all about attitude. The way you treat people and the way one chooses to live their life isn't dependent on one's category of age, it's dependent on one's presence and choice.

Therefore, while I know we must respect the limitations of our bodies, that doesn't mean we can't live on the limit or push ourselves beyond when we are healthy. However, when we must eventually give in to the loss over entropy, I want to keep the fire going and not give in to the stereotypical thoughts about aging.

WALKING THE DOGS WITH LISA COAL CREEK TRAIL, NOV. 2018



SUE & HER HUSBAND NORM



▲ SUE'S DOG PRINCETON

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, JACK CAHILL



THE GOOD & THE BAD Health of family members is such a scary notion in life. We want everyone to live a healthy life for as long as they can, but sometimes that doesn't happen. A few years back, my grandma was diagnosed with Alzheimer's and recently we put her in a home. Every now and then, the nursing home puts on events such as Christmas concerts and the like, and we do our best to attend each one. My grandma is perhaps the toughest, yet nicest person I have ever met in my life. She has unparalleled humor and will always make people feel safe and welcome. It is now getting to the point where my grandma doesn't exactly recognize me or most people, but

she still carries with her that witty humor and big smile. While some days are better than others, I have found it so heartwarming to spend time with her and will do my best to cherish each memory I have left with her. I believe the photo above really captures a unique angle as it can be so fun and goofy to spend time in the nursing home, and having a good attitude makes everything so nice. While we cannot control everything that happens, I believe it is of utmost importance to try and focus on the good in every situation and have fun with the people around us as much as we can.

BACK ROW L-R: my brother, grandma, my aunt, guest and dad
FRONT ROW L-R: myself and my sister

TARUNI DONTI & COMMUNITY PARTNER JIM WALKER

Through our conversations, my community partner Jim taught me a great deal about his parents' farm. I enjoyed learning about his family and their experiences in a time and lifestyle very different from my own. Jim discussed various aspects of farming and agriculture, such as the different harvest seasons, butchering, and even grain elevators. Even aside from a farming family, there were evident differences in our upbringings. Growing up, Jim's home was a farm in Central Illinois. In contrast, my family moved from India and traveled from city to city during the first decade of my life. Jim's high school graduating class had ten students, while mine contained more than 900. However, we still uncovered similarities. Both Jim and I are the oldest sibling in our family, a designation which comes with its own expectations and responsibilities. We both pursued careers which diverged from what our families knew. Jim practiced law, despite being in a family of agriculture experts, and I am pursuing a biology-related path as opposed to the engineers and technology enthusiasts in my household. Despite being from such different backgrounds, we were able to share our experiences and connect in an epidemic which seems marked by disconnection.

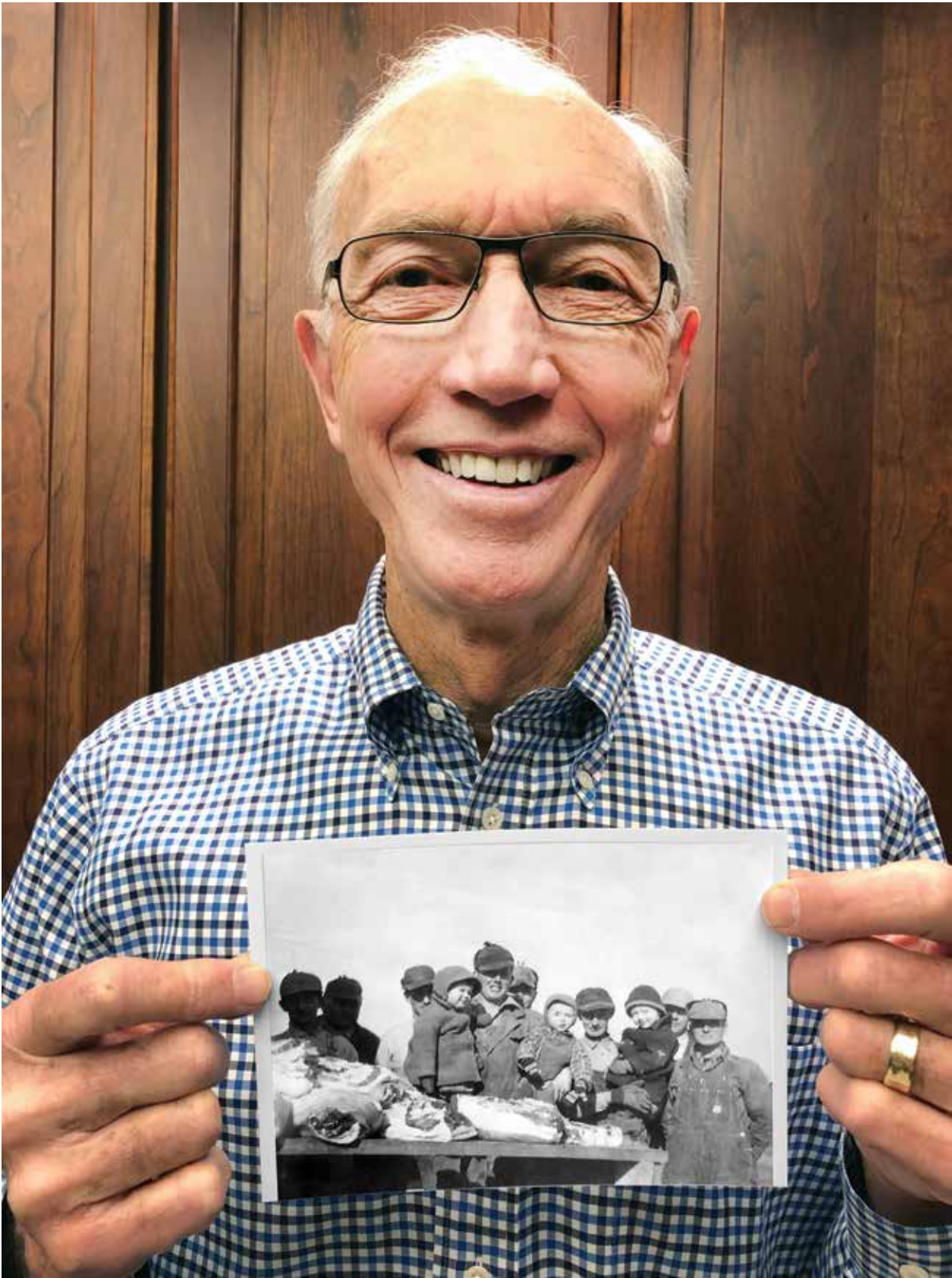
I also understood something new about memory and how it is shaped by time. Jim recalled his maternal grandfather as a stoic man, one who was not inclined to display his affections. However, in his family photo, Jim discovered

that his grandfather did hold him, even if only once. Similarly, I do not perceive my father as a particularly gentle man, but I shared a photo of my father carrying me when I was less than a year old in an American grocery store, a genuine grin across his face (see photo page 39). Since then, I found similar photos of my father and I throughout my childhood. After reflecting on these photos, it compelled me to soften the hardness which I had attributed to my father. Time and accumulating experience seem to change the emotions we have towards others, which in turn affects the way we remember them. But through photographs, perhaps we can see pieces, flashes of character which we did not realize or remember before.

I loved experiencing Jim's stories and being able to relive my own through the medium of photography. This project revealed to me the incredible value of sustaining intergenerational connections, especially as I reflect on my own life in a time marked by anxiety and fear of the future. Moreover, this project taught me the importance of photography, of communicating with others through images in a manner which might be more thought-provoking and impactful than words alone. I hope I can sustain these connections and continue to share photography as I—as we all—continue to move through this time.



ZOOM MEETING SCREEN SHOT WITH JIM



JIM WITH HIS SIGNIFICANT PHOTO I am the third from the right with my maternal grandfather, Henry Boerma, who is holding me in his left arm. The man on the far right is my paternal grandfather, William Walker. The man in the center holding two children is my uncle, John Boerma. This photo was taken around January, 1948. — Jim

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, TARUNI DONTI

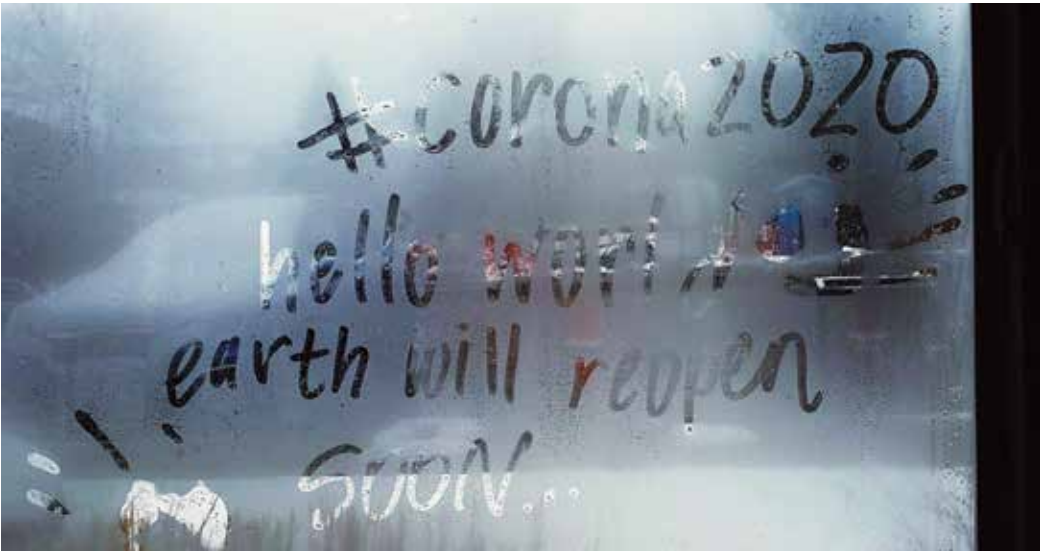
MY MOM



ME & MY DAD
AROUND 2000



WHEN it was snowing, my dad put the humidifier beside the window, and it fogged up the window. We had fun drawing stuff in the steam. I'm pretty sure the words I wrote is from a meme.



IT LOOKED LIKE like someone spilled some oil on the road, which might have mixed with some rain water. I played with the contrast to make the color standout. Saiyette is standing above it.



MADI FAWCETT & COMMUNITY PARTNER MARY ANDERSON

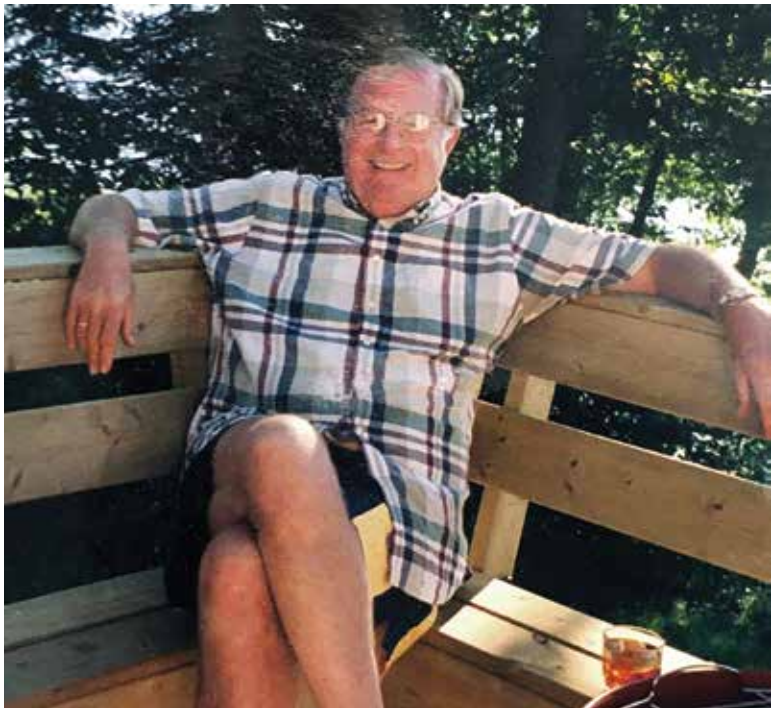
I loved getting the chance to connect with Mary during this difficult time because it really showed that even when things are darkest, good things truly still exist, sometimes even as a result of the darkness.

Mary sent me two treasured images. The first was of her husband Jim taken at their lake house in northern Ontario (right). When Mary started talking about the photo, I could instantly tell that this photo meant a lot to her by the change in the tone of her voice. I felt inclined to lean and listen because I knew I wouldn't want to miss a word.

During the pandemic, Mary is living by herself in Illinois, separated from family and friends. Being alone for that long is hard enough, without even considering the weight of the pandemic. The first thing that Mary said when we started talking about the photo of her husband was "it brought back memories, not just of him, which I really miss him now because I'm all by myself and could use some company the past five weeks."

At first this broke my heart because I couldn't imagine how lonely she must have felt in quarantine all by herself, without the warmth of her late husband. As she reminisced about their family's lake house, she shared their adventure to Blueberry Island. She also described how much Jim loved the remoteness and quality time spent at what he called their cottage. It was clear to me that she never took a moment with him for granted. One of my favorite things she said about her photo was this: "it sort of epitomizes him up there [at their lake house in Ontario]. He was reading a book, he's got his cocktail, he's enjoying himself. I thought to myself, when I saw that, 'Oh that just sort of describes him, he was in his element.' It just brought back so many nice memories of times that we spent up there."

I could see the nostalgia and the memories flooding back as she was talking about Jim. All I could think after these conversations and while she was reminiscing is that when I'm her age, I want to be able to have such strong, fond memories of the people I love and adventures we had.



MARY'S HUSBAND JIM *This was taken in Northern Ontario at our cabin—I call it a cabin, he called it a cottage, but it was a cabin. It was his favorite place to go. I think we bought it in 1972 and just sold it a few years ago. He loved to go up, and it was a pretty remote area. It was on a lake and not many cottages were on the lake when we bought it. He really enjoyed it.*

I think it brought back memories for him. His family is from the Upper Peninsula in Michigan. It's a pretty remote area. His family used to rent a cottage, which didn't have electricity or plumbing. They would spend the week fishing and doing the things we do when we go up to our cabin. — Mary

Mary reminded me that in times like these, we need to hold the ones we love closely, and when we can't, we need to hold the memories even closer. Through talking about her treasured images, Mary transported herself back to places of comfort, warmth, and love when she is experiencing anything but.

Her other image (facing page) was of her grandkids piled on a couch with her husband buried beneath wearing a Santa suit. I could tell that this especially made her nostalgic for times of closeness with her family. Mary told me of her family's tradition of Jim dressing up as Santa



**ZOOM MEETING
SCREEN SHOT
WITH MARY**

▼ **FAMILY
CHRISTMAS** 2001



every Christmas, even when her the kids were too old to still believe. She holds these memories closely now that her children are scattered around the U.S. Occasions when they are all in the same place are few and far between. This made me realize that I take my family for granted. Even through the pandemic, I have seen my entire extended family on a regular basis and have never been more than a mere 30 minutes from them. When I am so closely connected to my family, it's easy to grow sick of them or not fully appreciate their presence. This pandemic and meeting Mary have shown me just how lucky I am. Whether she knows it or not, Mary put my life into perspective and for that I am truly grateful. Aside from learning "big life lessons" from my

conversations with Mary, I loved simply getting to talk and build a connection that is someone out of my norm. Meeting new people is something that the pandemic has made a rarity, making meeting Mary even more special than it would be otherwise. Had it not been for the pandemic, I would have never been given the chance to meet Mary or have these conversations. As the project and the quarter is coming to an end, it is amazing to look back and see how the foundations of this project and my relationship with Mary both were built simply from talking about treasured photos. It is these types of experiences that show illumination amidst the darkness can truly come from the most unexpected of places.

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, MADI FAWCETT



MAMA JOY SEWING
HOMEMADE MASKS

▼ MEG & ONE OF HER
MANY NAPPING BUDDIES



DRESSED UP FOR A HAPPY FRIDAY



THROUGH MY GLASSES



◀ MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO

This is me and my sister walking hand-in-hand with my maternal grandparents. They supported my mom, a U.S. Women's National Team soccer player, at a majority of her games no matter where she played in the world. This photo happened to be in the U.S. Aside from my nuclear family, these might be some of the people I love most in the world. They are such extraordinarily amazing humans.

I have so few pictures with them that this one is just that much more special. Aside from the people in this photo, I love how it is candid, but so perfectly set up with all of us matching and holding hands. I would do anything to crawl into this picture.



JACK HAMLIN & COMMUNITY PARTNER MARTEL HARRIS



ZOOM MEETING SCREEN SHOT WITH MARTEL

This community project was my second time participating, so you would think that I would have been slightly more prepared than some of my peers, but that would be an incorrect assumption. The first time I did this incredible project, it was in person. Being on location made it far easier to connect with partners with Roddy walking around helping to guide conversations in the right direction. It was impossible to not come out of the interview sessions without feeling like something was accomplished. This time it was all up to the students as well as our partners to get down to business and learn about each other's experiences.

My partnership with Mr. Martel Harris was fantastic, and I hope he feels the same way. Clearly this time around would be logistically harder no matter how you look at it. Having to find a time in both of our busy schedules proved to be a harder task than I would have imagined. From both sides, we had late cancellations and missed meetings, but when we finally got to talking to one another, we had very rich and deep conversations. Oftentimes not even remotely photo-related topics. We connected on our love for music, and although our favorite genres didn't quite line up, we agreed on one thing: disco is awesome. We had a lengthy conversation about his former position as an addiction therapist and how important it is to have people around you who can help you when you find yourself in a dark place. When he showed me his significant photo, Martel explained that he wanted his children to be social with older people

as well as help people when they are in need. These are the same morals that my parents set unto me as well. I have spent a very large amount of time around older people throughout my life. I can completely agree with why Mr. Harris and my parents think it is a good idea to be comfortable speaking to and socializing with older people. They are truly an asset to have around in life.

I think this is a fantastic program that should be repeated as long as it possibly can. The life lessons I have learned from these programs are priceless and I would have never learned them had it not been for meeting these amazing people. I believe it is very important to learn from our elders and implement the lessons they teach into our lives. I am grateful for having the chance to do this program twice.



MARTEL'S SIGNIFICANT PHOTO

L-R: Martel's son, Sadiki (8 yrs.), his friend Amy C., and his older son, Ajayi (10 yrs).

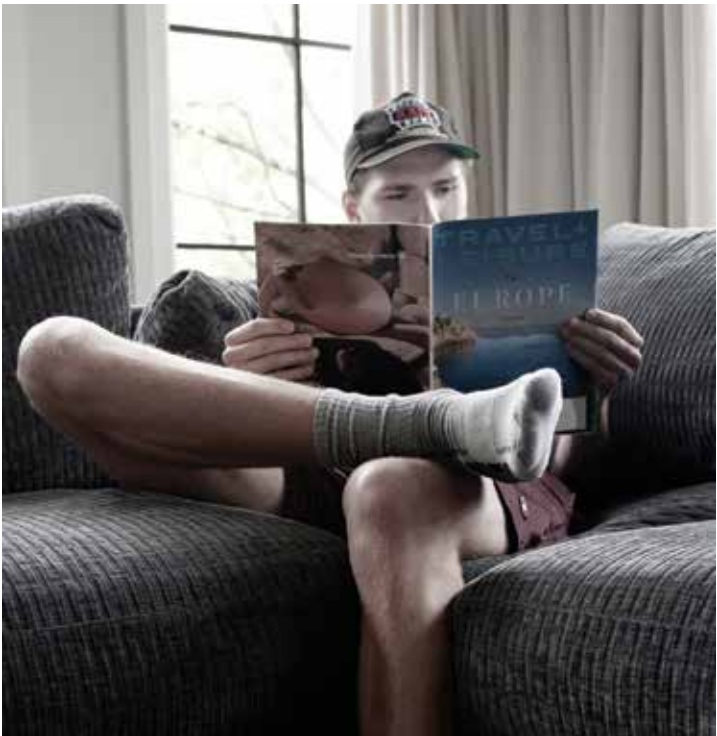
SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, JACK HAMLIN

YOU NEVER FORGET YOUR FIRST TIME My family has gone on a ski trip almost every year for the last twelve years and for the first four years I was a skier, a fact I try to run away from now but that's beside the point. My whole life changed in the winter of my sixth grade year: I was finally allowed to try snowboarding for the first time. This was a huge deal for me because none of my older siblings were ever allowed to for reasons I just can't fathom. So the beginning of my snow sports career was spent on two planks. After four years of countless days of ski school and parental tips, I was still barely able to go down a black run.

But as soon as I started my sideways sliding career it was clear I had been leaning the wrong sport. Being from Florida, I spent many days of my early life surfing, skateboarding, and wakeboarding, I quickly took to the snowboard feeling. It was like I had spent the previous year taking snowboard lessons instead of skiing. I left my first and only day of snowboard school at lunchtime, and it was off to the races from there.

I was doing trails I had struggled immensely on just a year before. Since then, snowboarding has become a massive influence on my life and it most definitely one main of the reasons I have chosen to go to college in Colorado. It is the only sport I have ever engaged in that I constantly think about in the same way I assume NFL players think about football. If I had not insisted to my mom that she let me try, I don't know what my life would be like now.

WAITING TO BE ABLE TO TRAVEL It was hard not to be dreaming of traveling during a time where traveling could literally kill you or someone else.



HOUSE MUSIC IS JUST TOO GOOD

▼ MY PARENTS IN A LIGHTNING STORM BLACKOUT MAY 2020 NASHVILLE, TN



SABLE HUNT & COMMUNITY PARTNER SHARON WALKER

Before participating in the community project, I never imagined I would walk away with several fundamental life lessons I will keep with me for the rest of my life. All with just a single picture. This project gave me an opportunity to connect with someone I would have otherwise never met. My partner, Sharon Walker, is a wonderful lady full of wisdom and life. She did not hesitate to share with me important lessons she learned in her life. Although I have known her for only a few short weeks, she shared two crucial life-lessons I will not quickly forget.

The first thing is that you do not have to be in a photo that is significant to you. I don't know why I never thought of this myself. I had a mindset that a photo is only significant if it reminds me of a moment that was important to me personally. Sharon shared a photo of her father as a child with his family, many, many years before she was even born. Sharon believes the photo (facing page, bottom) was taken around 1910, and they were lucky to even get it. A traveling photographer was passing by their southern Illinois farm and offered to take the family's photo. They agreed on the spot, which explains why they are in their work clothes and a little bit dirty. Sharon explained how little she knew about each person in the photo. What she does know makes her so much more curious. She said, "This is the only picture I have of my dad's family." Every person in this photo is gone, but Sharon knew a little bit of information about each one.

The little girl in the center passed away, not long after this photo was taken. The girl on the far right was named Mary; she never married, never had children, she never even had a house. Mary moved to Washington DC and lived in a hotel room for the rest of her life. Not knowing why Mary lived the way she did perplexed Sharon. She wants nothing more than to know why she moved so far away from her family, which was quite a task in the early 1900s.

The girl on the far left was Polly and she moved to Cleveland, Ohio. Sharon said, "I don't know what took these two gals to these different parts of the country and to travel by themselves." Polly did marry later in life; however, her husband fell ill, and she worked to take care of him.

The baby held by Sharon's grandmother was Helen, and she also moved away to Tucson, Arizona. She married but never had children. The boy held by Sharon's grandfather stayed in Illinois and had no biological children. Sharon's father, facing page bottom, boy standing, is the only one to have his own children.

The endless unanswered questions this single photo provokes is unfathomable. The untold stories of the people make this photo so precious to Sharon. She never really got to know any of them, and she is deeply remorseful of the opportunities she missed to ask more questions. She says, "My dad passed away when I was 28 so I really didn't have a lot of time to get to know him when I was an adult, and I'm sorry about that because there were a lot of interesting things I could have learned from him that I never thought to ask him."

Sharon was bothered by the fact she will never know what made both of her aunts leave their home and not have families of their own. She knows traveling the distances would have been unbelievably difficult and believes there must have been a substantial reason they both decided to do so. She regrets not asking the simple question of 'why' before everyone had passed away.

This leads me to the second lesson I learned from this project: Talk to the people closest to you while you still can. This is what Sharon emphasized many times during our time together. She expressed that it is so much more important to connect with your family as an adult. Though they may raise you and have been in your life since you can remember, having a mature conversation as two adults is not to be taken for granted. Sharon wished she could have talked to her father about life when she was in her twenties and could hold an intellectual conversation; however, she missed the opportunity and has been left with questions and a growing curiosity. Sharon made me realize that now is the time to reconnect with my family on a different level, while I still have the chance.

This project truly opened my eyes. Sharon allowed me to see how lucky I am to have my family still with me, and I need to take advantage of the time I still have with them. She gave me a better understanding of how precious life's moments can be, and I shouldn't let them slip.

ZOOM MEETING SCREEN SHOTS WITH SHARON

▼ SHARON'S SIGNIFICANT PHOTO OF FAMILY AROUND 1910



FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, SABLE HUNT



◀ **WARM DOG** Koda loves when it's snowing outside, but I don't think he minds being inside and staying warm too much. Also, I think this is one of the best photos I have taken so far using the new camera! Yay progress!!

FRISBEE If you didn't know, the frisbee is his favorite toy.



▲ **SMOKO** This is Devyn's cat Smoko; she is feisty and sometimes plain mean, but when she sticks out her little tongue she's easy to forgive!



LATE NIGHT HOMEWORK A bad habit of mine is starting homework at 10pm.



▼ **NEW OUTSIDE OUTFIT** No outfit is complete without a face mask.



MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO: ME & MY GREAT-GRANDPA AROUND 2001



The photo above is one of the oldest photos I have with my Great Grandpa Joe, and he looks the same today as he did in this photo that was probably taken 18 years ago! Seeing my great grandparents was always a special time, they lived eight hours away and as they got older, visits became rarer and rarer. As I've grown older, I've learned to appreciate our time together more, not just because he is fun, loving, and fascinating, but also because he was a scientist, just like me! My Grandpa Joe is one of the only people in my family that went

to college, so he and I connect on a whole different level. He studied geology; he and I both have a love for science. We have the most in common in our entire family and as I have grown, I can have intelligent conversations with him. I know he enjoys them just as much as I do. Now, my favorite activity is to listen to his stories and his experiences as a scientist. Any photo that we have together is so precious because since I have moved to Denver, I see him even less. I am fortunate enough to still have time with him and will potentially have plenty to come—he is incredibly healthy and active even at 92! I hope that in a few years I can tell him all about the career I will have gotten in the physics field and we can compare our experiences.

◀ **EASY TO GRAB**

COOPER KENNY & COMMUNITY PARTNER NANCY COLLIER

I extremely enjoyed this experience of forming a relationship that has been so beneficial to me during this pandemic. Meeting Nancy during this time relieved us both, given that no one is focused on forming new relationships. We have all put in so much time and effort connecting and trying to provide emotional support for our existing relationships that new ones such as this are rare, let alone a relationship formed between people so drastically different not just in age but background, religion, upbringing, and beyond.

Nancy was an immigrant from Israel relocating to Omaha, Nebraska. In our conversations, I discovered that we had a lot of midwestern overlap through our experiences at Creighton as well as Illinois. Nancy has two children in Salt Lake City, Utah as well as metro Denver. She also has the sweetest grandchildren. Her stories of her grandchildren brought me so much laughter, and I could immediately see the love she possesses for her family. She also has such admirable pride and genuine love for Judaism and spends 3 days each week volunteering at the Denver Jewish Community Center. She worked in the insurance industry for over 25 years and loves going to the Rockies games of which she holds season tickets.

I think this project is so integral for intergenerational communication, especially when pertaining to memory. My own grandmother struggled very heavily with Alzheimer’s disease for most of my childhood. I remember going into her assisted memory living community every Sunday, and she would believe that I was my father and my father was her husband. She was so far removed from reality, and the last 15 years of her life had been completely washed away due to this disease as well as grief from my grandfather’s cancer. Week after week, watching my father explain to her where

she was and tell her about the death of her own husband and introducing me as her grandchild was and still is heartbreaking. She passed last July.

This project holds a dear place to my heart. Meeting Nancy made me wish I had been able to form a similar kind of relationship with my grandmother and have the same kind of discussions with her.



ZOOM MEETING SCREEN SHOT WITH NANCY



NANCY WITH HER SIGNIFICANT PHOTO

L-R BACK ROW: My little sister Netta who lives in Kansas City, my mother Paula (lived to be 80 years old) and my father David who died at the very young age of 49. L-R FRONT ROW: Me at age at 5 or 6 years old and my brother Natan who is now 78 years old living in Omaha, NE, 1952 or 1953. — Nancy

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, COOPER KENNY



▲ **EMMA** This photo of my girlfriend getting ready at the end of my bed is special to me. Her support, companionship, and beauty are endless, but you can only see a glimpse of her in this small mirror.

◀ **SELF PORTRAIT** I took this in my room sometime during quarantine. I believe my expression displays exactly what I was feeling at the time, bored and desperate for human interaction. I look in this mirror every day and thought it was the most meaningful place for a self portrait.



FILM & FRIENDS I love this photo which is actually a collage of photos meaningful to me. It showcases the many passionate and intimate relationships I possess with my

friends. It reminds me of all the places and experiences I have been and shared with my friends who I think of as family.

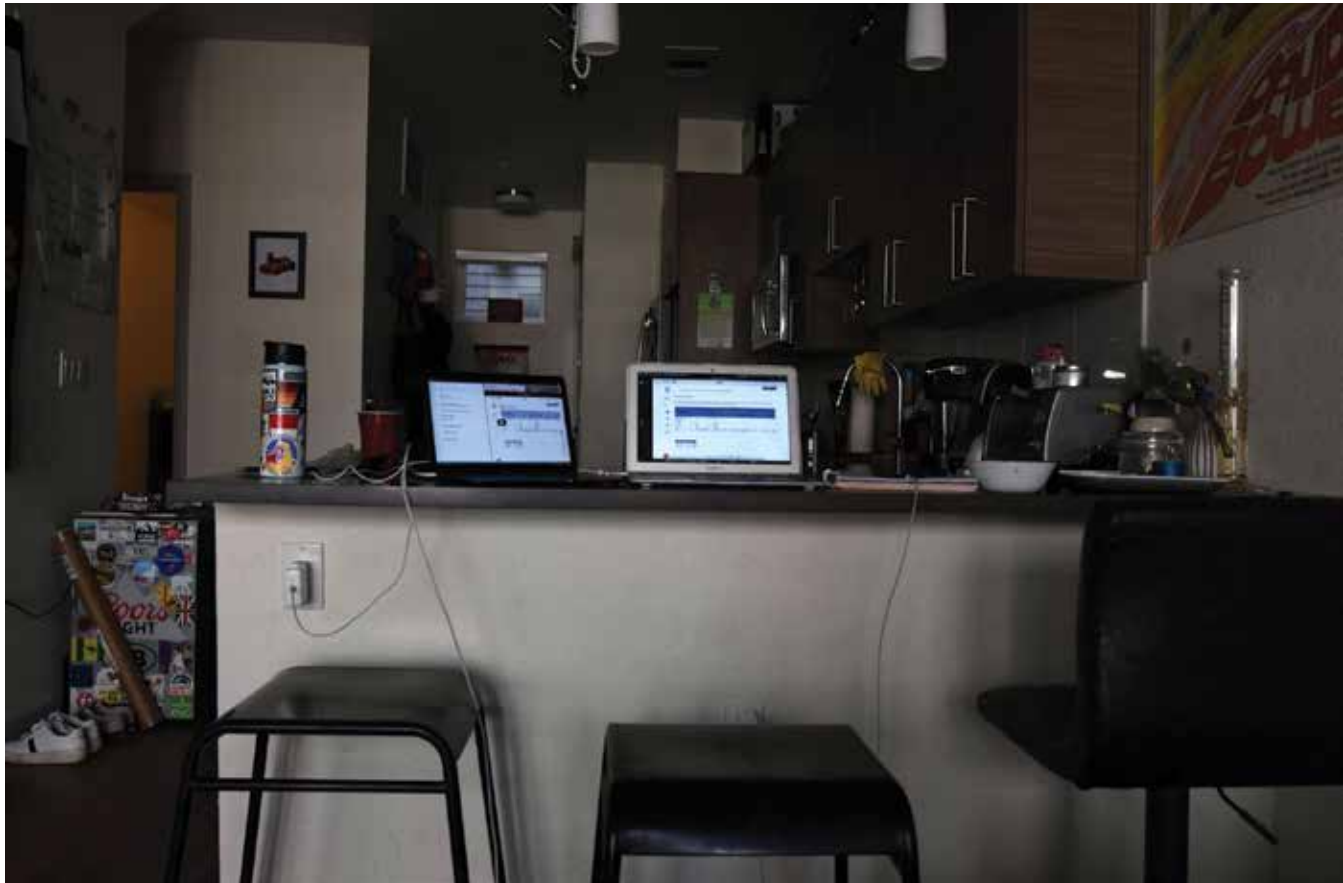
CHEF QUARANTINE I love cooking, although I find it difficult cooking for one. I tried cooking all three meals of the day for a month during quarantine, which is difficult for a college student. This is one of the dinners I made.



WORK I took this photo at my new job where I am the photographer for an art dealer and home designer in Denver. I am passionate about this job because I get to work with a camera all day around beautiful pieces of art and antiques.



▼ **KITCHEN COUNTER** This is the kitchen counter of my apartment. This is where I do all of my work and often looks like this. I love the morning light in this part of my apartment and captured this during one of my school days.



MICAELA MARQUEZ'S GRANDMOTHER & COMMUNITY PARTNER MARGARET 'MAGGIE' MARING

This quarter in *Thinking and Making in the Visual Arts* we participated in a community project where we were to reach out and get to know an elderly member of the Denver community and interview them about themselves and their most significant photographs. My grandma and I were both thrilled to have the opportunity of participating in this project together.

My grandmother's name is Margaret, although my little sister and I call her Maggie. She is very precious to me, and I was really happy to have the opportunity to put her in the spotlight and document her, and just her. We have a pretty big family, and she is usually making sure everyone else is completely taken care of, so this was a nice change for the both of us.

Usually we aren't in the middle of a global pandemic, and this community project would have been run in the classroom, so we weren't allowed to actually visit our community partners in person. I was worried that meeting over Zoom would take away from the experience, and to a very small degree, I was right. Naturally, I have already met my grandma, so that was a bit different from my classmates, as I believe the majority of them connected with a community partner who was a



MY GRANDMOTHER Margaret "Maggie" Ann Hundley Marin, at 2 (1948) and 21 years old (1968).

stranger. As I reflect on the methodology of the project this year, I can't help but wish we were able to be together in person. That applies to both the class itself as well as the community project.

Regardless, Maggie and I made it work. She and my grandpa seemed to be pretty tech savvy, as over the course of the pandemic they had been setting up Zoom calls each week for our family. As time went on, the family Zoom calls became fewer and fewer, so it was really lovely to have the chance to speak to Maggie about her life. This class taught me the importance of setting time aside for those who have given so much for others. It has taught me the importance of a memory in a photograph, and the conversations and feelings a photograph will give somebody even decades later. This class has taught me the importance of documenting important and seemingly unimportant moments in life, so they are captured forever for not only the photographer but others who view the picture for years to come.

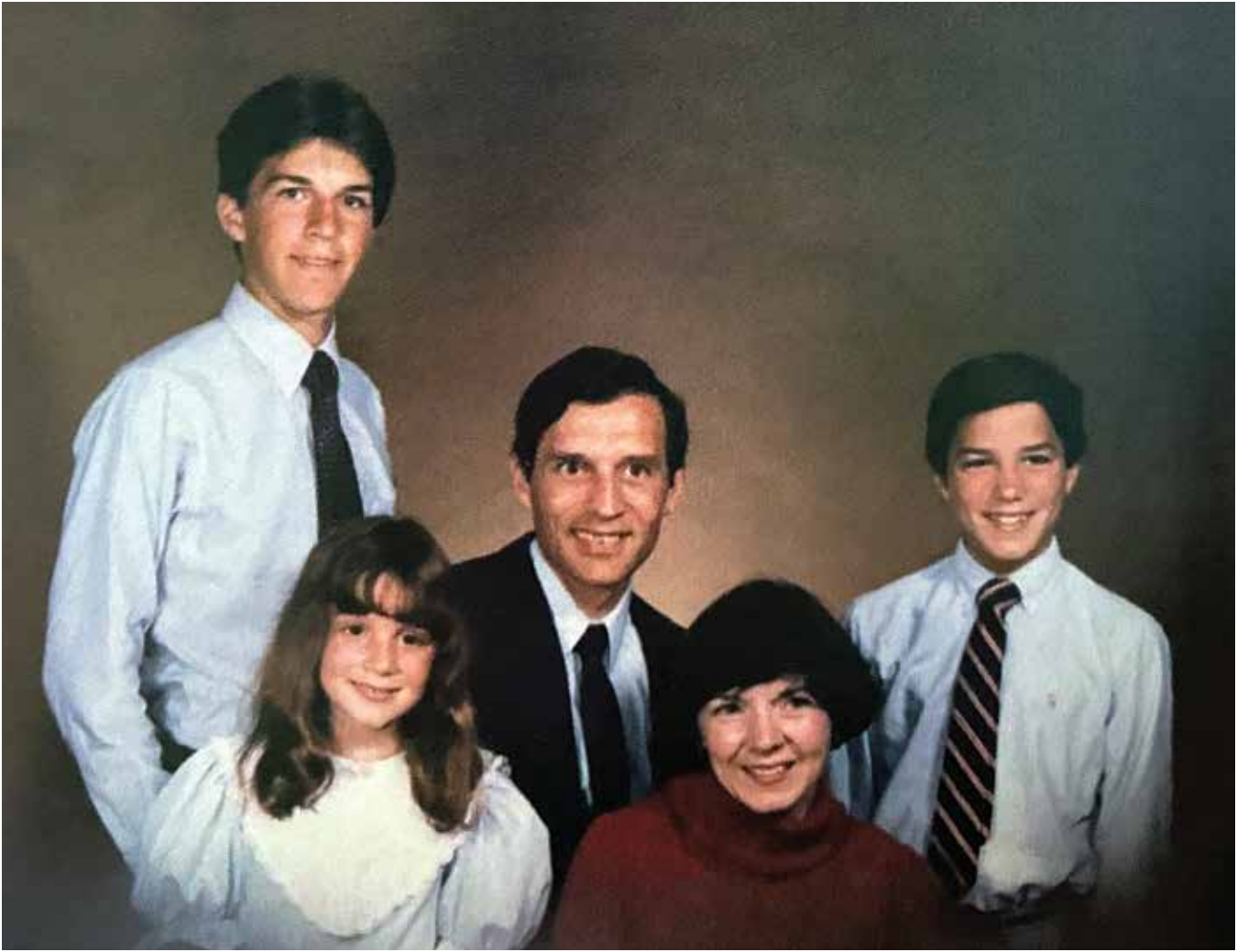


FAMILY 1979
L-R: My grandfather, Uncle Eric, my father Greg, Aunt Laura, and my grandmother.



GREG (far left) looks so cute in this picture, beams my grandmother when she sees this photo, 1983.

▼ FAMILY 1984
L-R: My father Greg, Aunt Laura, my grandfather Gary, my grandmother Maggie, and Uncle Eric.



SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, MICAELA MARQUEZ



- ▲ SELFIE
- REMOVED



A PICTURE OF A PORTRAIT



DARLI RAMIREZ'S GRANDMOTHER & COMMUNITY PARTNER NICOLASA PEREZ

Before I met my partner, my grandmother was someone I've heard stories about from my mother and my uncle. She was described to me as loving, enthusiastic, and kind. For the last 20 years of my life, I was unfamiliar with my grandmother because she lived in Guatemala, a country located in Central America. Listening to her share her story and photograph, I have many learned lessons regarding the value of family, age disparities, and the meaning behind photographs.

Upon speaking to my grandmother, I realized that I've been privileged to never worry about being apart from my family. Once she began sharing her experiences of separation, I began to wonder how one could live so far away from family. She continued to explain the pain and sadness from hearing her children's voices, but never being able to give them a hug. These stories made me realize that the value of family is something I've often taken for granted. My family has always been right beside me in every step of my journey in life, and after speaking with my grandmother, I reflected on the meaning of family and how I can often forget its value and significance.

Age disparities and stereotypes about older adults are engraved into western society. Having this period of sharing and reflection with my grandmother made me reflect on the many generalizations and assumptions I've learned regarding aging and older adults. My grandmother's stories of traveling through foreign countries in the pursuit to see her children made me realize that being strong, resilient, and powerful has no age. She let me understand the beauty of age and experience that many years of life brings. Through this project, I've come to think twice regarding assumptions and generalizations when it comes to age.

Throughout this entire quarter, I've come to understand the following quote by Katie Thurmes: "We take photos as a return ticket to a moment otherwise gone." Until this project I never truly understood the beauty and meaning behind photographs. While my grandmother shared her story, I was able to see the love and happiness she portrayed when looking at her photograph. Significant photos continue to play a role in our memories and bring out some of the best moments in our lives. Without this

project, I would not understand the profound meaning behind a single photograph.

Overall, my partner has taught me lessons regarding the value of family, age disparities, and the significance behind photographs. This project has allowed me to listen to the stories that have shaped my grandmother's life. Through her stories, I've come to witness the strong and resilient heart she has.

► MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO: ME & MY GRANDMOTHERS FAR LEFT, NEXT TO ME

Traveling abroad for the first time was a remarkable time in my life. At the age of 18 I met both my grandmas for the first time. This photo symbolizes happiness and enjoyment. When my parents saw it they cried because a moment like this is rare. Every day I am grateful for having explored a part of my Guatemalan culture.

Guatemala is a country located in Central America between Mexico and El Salvador. My parents immigrated from Guatemala to the United States about 25 years ago. To them going back to Guatemala has not been a tangible possibility since arriving to the U.S. Being away from home for 25 years is a complete form of isolation from a world you once knew. However, through my siblings and I, my parents hoped that we could experience and walk in the streets that they once resided in.

During my first year at the University Denver, I was out of my depth. I went through culture shock, academic highs/lows, as well as physical and emotional issues. I never truly felt like I could call DU home for most of my first year. In an attempt to find my place on campus I joined the Cheer Team and a few other clubs. Even though I was continuously engaged within the DU community, I felt that I was still missing something to truly call DU my home and feel like I belonged on campus.

In the 3rd quarter I made connections with other Latinas on campus and became a sister of Pi Lambda Chi Latina Sorority, Inc. Never in a million years did I think I would join a sorority, but this multicultural based organization became my home away from home. These ladies welcomed me with open arms and have given me a place to express my culture and truly value my identity. It changed my life to be part of a multicultural-organization; it is a completely different aspect of campus life. This is a sisterhood for life because it goes beyond my undergraduate career. Regardless of the space or



time this organization has seen me in the lowest lows and the highest highs and I am glad I stumbled upon my family for life. *Hermanas por Vida*

Family has been my rock. Growing up I've lived with my five companions for the first part of my life. My mother, my father, brother, and sister were my best friends for the first half of my life (years later my two younger brothers and sister became a part of our dynamic).

Looking back at old childhood pictures reminds me of simpler times when I was unaware of the world around me. Embracing my inner child every day is the ultimate goal. Children are carefree and shine their true personalities everyday of their childhood. This reminds me of the freedom and carefree nature children possess.

I graduated from Fort Morgan High School in 2018. My mom and I took a picture (facing page left) right after I had walked the stage. The first thing she did was cry when she saw me

because we didn't think she would originally be able to attend my graduation. Through my senior year my mom was facing many challenges with her immigration case. At one point we were certain there was no turning back and she would be leaving our family. My high school graduation was around the corner during these uncertain times so it was a very emotional accomplishment.

Every day I am grateful that my mom overcame the obstacles thrown at her. She continues to be my biggest role model. She came to this country years back with nothing in her name and a dream to live a better life for herself and her future children. While high school graduation may not seem like a huge accomplishment, my family and I were unsure of what our futures would hold during this time. Seeing me walk across a stage, in the middle of nowhere in Colorado, had become my parents' biggest dream (We crossed this off my parents' vision board). This was the beginning of a new journey for me and I was excited for what was to come!

SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, DARLI RAMIREZ

▼ **ME & MY FAMILY** The first day attending DU was a bittersweet moment for my family and me. Attending a university has been a lifelong dream of mine, but it was incredibly hard to think of this as a reality.

Through my years of attending public schools you hear the statistics of first generation students from underrepresented communities. About 48% of Latino students enroll in universities across the country. Also, the University of Denver has always been known as being a predominately white institution with lower numbers of students in minority groups. Needless to say, transitioning from a diverse community to an unknown place was scary. Scary because I definitely did not have the same college readiness information as my peers. However, being a daughter of immigrant parents, I have learned to adapt quickly and fight for my goals. Attending a university was a goal that I envisioned for myself. I am thankful that my parents never questioned my goals but supported me through them even if they had no idea how to best support me. Being a first generation student from an underrepresented community has taught me to value my goals. After all, I am doing this for my family and myself! This photo reminds me of the nerves and sadness of separating from my family in the pursuit of a better life. But it also represents my excitement for what is to come with my family by my side.



◀ **MOM & DAD, HOW DO YOU COPE WITH EVERYTHING GOING ON AT THE MOMENT?**

Mom: *Work is crazy at the moment, so that keeps me busy and entertained.*

Dad: *Family, together is how we're getting through everything. We wanted to spend our 22 years of marriage a different way, but we're happy we still have each other to celebrate these years.*

◀ **ME & MOM AT MY HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION**



LITTLE OMI has the doggy blues due to the COVID-19 quarantine orders.



STORMY NIGHTS KEEP US CALM & RAINY NIGHTS KEEP ME SANE



CLOSING TIME Only at closing do we have a chance to relax! The customers come in endless numbers these days! Both a blessing and complete chaos.

SELECTIONS FROM RYKER STOKES' 2020 PHOTO DIARY



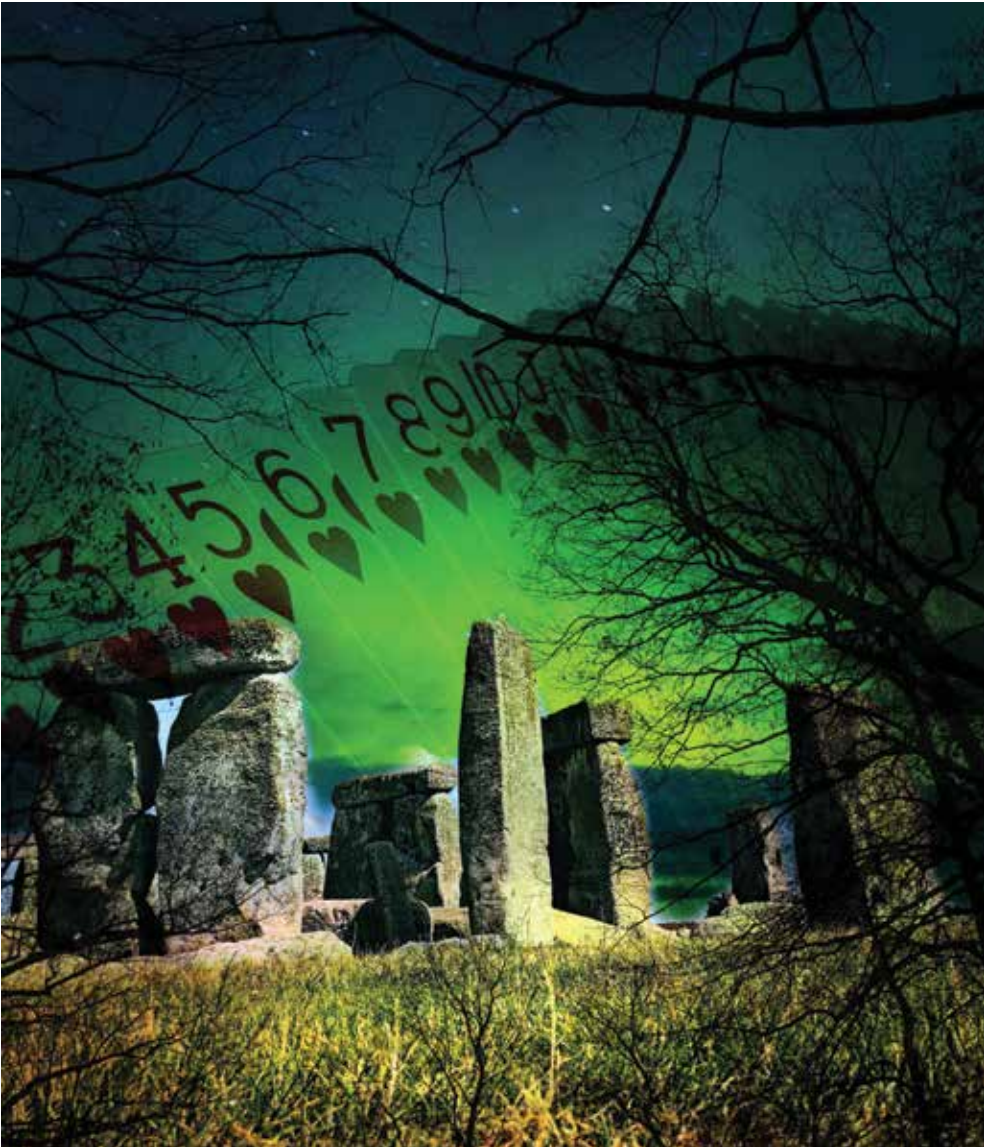
MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO This photo was taken as we cleaned out my great-grandfather’s house. In the 1969 photo above, he is standing in the center looking at the camera. He passed away a year ago. As one of my biggest role models and inspirations, he meant a lot to me. He moved to Oakridge, Tennessee during World War II because he was one of the secret scientists behind the atom bomb development at the Manhattan Project. Super cool, right? Every year, my family and I would drive the nine hours down to Tennessee to visit him and my other relatives living down there. We would spend hours, as a family,

at his house. Talking about anything, my sister and I would roam around his house looking for a way to entertain ourselves while our parents and him talked about more

“serious matters.” His house was stocked with dope objects that ranged from posters to model planes. I once found an old camera from the 1930s, which still sits on my shelf.

He would always share amazing and jaw-dropping stories about his life and the whole family would gather around him as he did so. Once he died, however, my family and I were given the emotionally taxing task of cleaning out his house. I remember opening a dusty box that found refuge under his desk. In it was maybe a hundred old photographs taken who knows how long ago. The photos showed a wide variety of things, some of which are still unknown to me. I snapped this photo of a few of them and returned to digging through the staggering amount of stuff hidden amongst his stacked shelves.





CHHORDA VUTH & COMMUNITY PARTNER CANDY PRUETT

My three takeaways from this intergenerational community experience are that it's important to keep an open mind because our assumptions about the elderly populations are not always correct. Secondly, it is important to make connections with those that we don't usually connect with. Lastly, it is important to truly listen to understand, not to respond.

I enjoyed meeting and learning about my partner, Candy, a retired social worker with a large multiracial adoptive family. Some lessons that I learned are that it's important to get the most out of our lives. Candy traveled around the world and was doing what she's passionate about. Even with all of these experiences, she still wishes that she did more.

This project also taught me about the stereotypes and stigmas of the elderly. I am currently learning about ageism in my Psychology of Diversity course, and it has broadened my knowledge of aging. For example, our class took a survey on different statistics about the elderly community. One of the questions was about the percentage of older Americans experiencing some form of neurodegenerative disease before the end of their lives.

The majority of our class thought that 30-40% of the elderly population had these kinds of diseases when in fact, only 10% or less experience such conditions. This is one of the examples of false assumptions about the elderly community.

I was really nervous and excited before meeting with Candy. I enjoyed going back in time with her as she showed her photos and told her life stories. We both did not really talk about the pandemic, which was a great break from the craziness that is happening in the world right now. I was also worried about making a connection with Candy because of our age difference. However, after exchanging a few emails and our first online meeting, I felt connected with her and realized that it is not as difficult as I thought to have a conversation with an elder.

I really resonated with her when she mentioned that well-meaning action is not always the right thing to do. I also learned from her how perspectives and views on certain topics change over time. This project has not only grounded me in the present, but it has made me more reflective and connected to my past and future self.

ZOOM MEETING
SCREEN SHOT
WITH CANDY



CANDY WITH HER SIGNIFICANT
PHOTO OF HERSELF & HER MOTHER

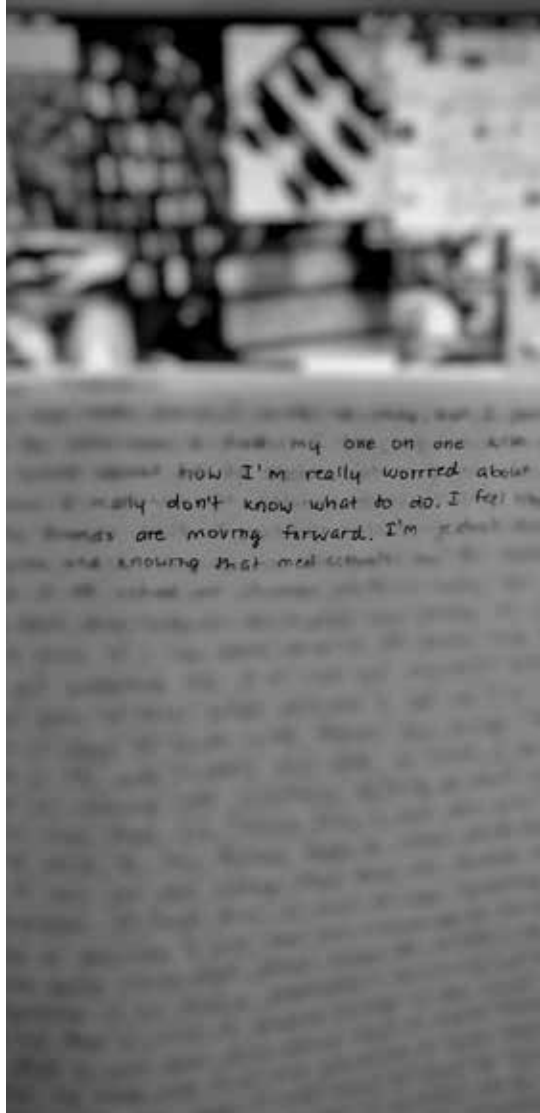
The photo I am holding here ran on the front page of the Houston Post in 1952. My mother joined the PTA at the local elementary school when I was 7 months old! She was determined that I could become anything I wanted to be and her determination became mine. My mother died when I was 20 but her lessons live on in my daughters. Each, in her own way, has grown up to be a strong, independent woman. My mother would be proud. — Candy

▼ CANDY'S CHILDREN

My son Will, center, with 6 of his adopted siblings (I adopted a total of 9 children). Will was an only child until he was 9. After the first two girls arrived he said, "Adopt as many kids as you want but I always want to be the oldest. And no cute girls close to my age." — Candy



SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, CHHORDA VUTH



AS AN ANXIOUS PERSON I find journaling to be really helpful :) The uncertainty in the world right now has me worried and anxious about my future after graduation.



BOUGHT this before the whole outbreak, it's interesting how it is now a rare thing at the stores.

HOPING my socks could give me some motivation since I have been struggling to stay motivated for my online classes.



2020 HAS NOT BEEN KINDA AT ALL

ONE OF THE CONS OF ZOOM UNIVERSITY This is me after taking a 5 hours long exam :(my eyes hate me right now.

SPENT the whole day napping, Netflixing, and eating. And here I am having cereal at 11pm :)

IT'S WEEK 7 and I struggle to stay motivated for Zoom University. I also feel trapped. Quarantine has really gotten to me both physically and mentally.



MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO In 2018, my brother returned to Cambodia to marry his high school sweetheart after a 7-year long distance relationship. I flew in from India after an awesome interterm course. It was really exciting to see my relatives after 7 years apart. The other thing that I missed the most about Cambodia was the food that I couldn't find back in Denver. I made a list of the food that I wanted to eat, and I ended up eating so much that I had to take a lot of Tums.

Before going back to visit, I always considered Cambodia as home. However, this trip made me realize that Denver is now home.
L-R BACK ROW: my aunts, my father, my brother the groom with his bride, my new sister-in-law, my mother, myself, my sister and my aunt.
SEATED: my great aunt and uncle.

ETHAN WANG & COMMUNITY PARTNER GARY MADEWELL

In 2007, Gary Madewell was transferred from the U.S. to the Trelleborg Plant in Wuxi, China. My mother became his assistant. Since my mother and Gary worked closely together and also shared the same strong work ethic, their relationship intensified during the course of a year.

My mother's relationship with my father was becoming less close, especially since she knew my father was having affairs with other women. My mother was not the kind of woman who would compromise under such circumstances. Consequently, she became less emotionally invested in the relationship with my father, and she began to spend more time at work.

During the course of working together for a year, my mother and Gary fell in love. In 2012, Gary's then wife learned about their relationship, which prompted her to seek a divorce. Because Gary was so in love with my mom, he agreed to the divorce. Later that year, when his tenure as president of the Chinese plant ended, he was transferred to a new position as vice president of the company's facility in the U.K. Gary was very happy relocating to the U.K. Unfortunately, my mom was unable to secure the required visa to live in England for an extended period. However, she was able to visit and spend nine months with Gary. His significant photograph is of the house where he and my mother lived in the U.K.

Gary said that the three years he spent in the U.K. were the happiest of his life. A few years ago, Gary retired and moved back to the U.S. That's where he lives now. Again, because of visa restrictions, my mother and Gary can only spend six months together each year. Otherwise, they see each other on FaceTime every day.

If someone were to ever ask me how I feel about their relationship, my answer is that I totally support them without any doubt.

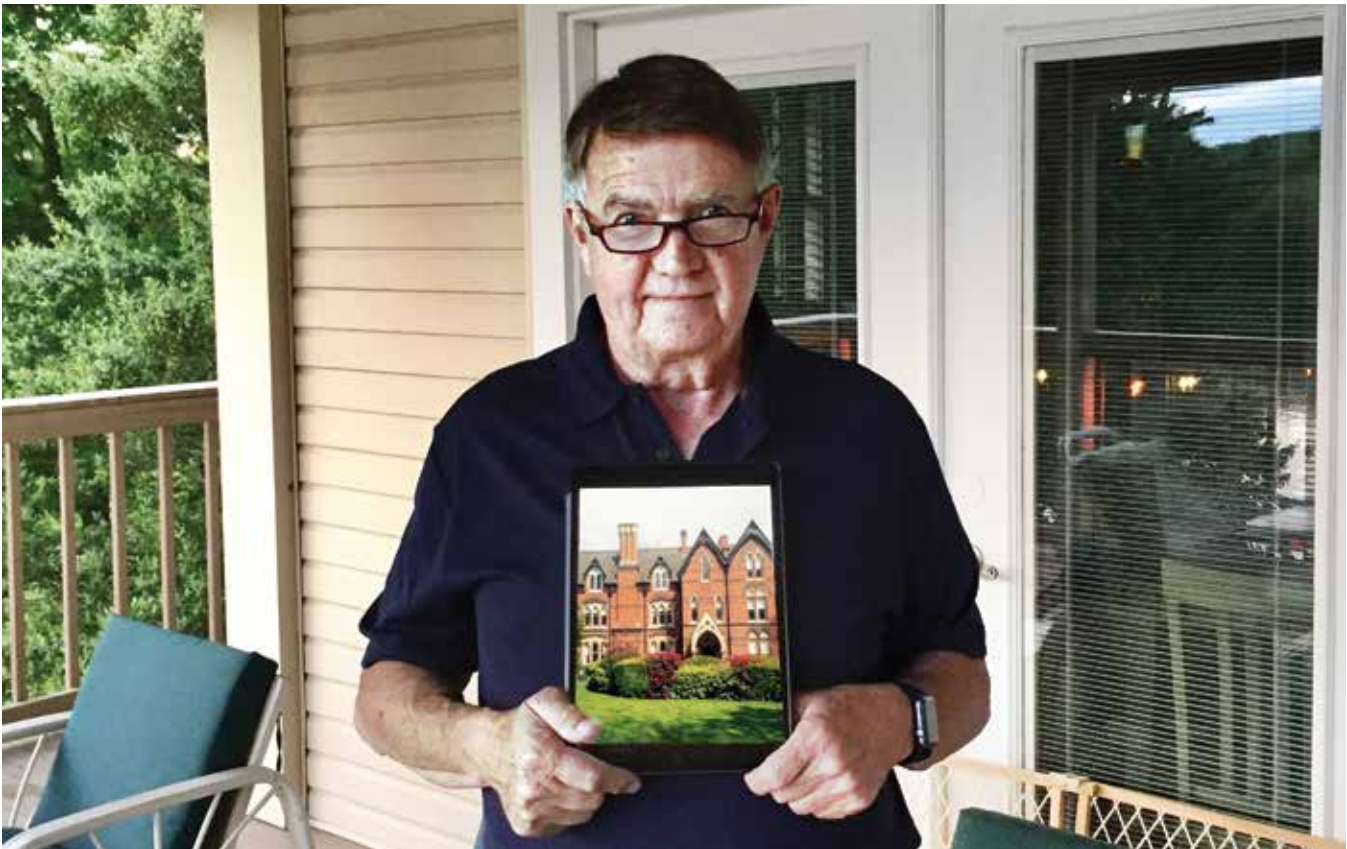


SELFIE



MOOD Just a figure in my home that represents the mood I am feeling right now.

► MY SIGNIFICANT PHOTO That is a pretty "historical" photo in my album. The woman in the photo is my mother. It was my birthday when I turned 10. I still remember that the weather was perfect, and we went to a park in Wuxi, a city close to Shanghai. The traveling was the birthday gift that my mom gave me. I love the view on the background. It represents the spring in east part of China. It has been 11 years since that day. So many changes have taken place on the view and that is not going back. It's a beautiful picture for me to keep for a lifetime.



▲ GARY WITH HIS SIGNIFICANT PHOTO



SELECTIONS FROM MY 2020 PHOTO DIARY, ETHAN WANG



LOCKDOWN
A photo I took at the start of lockdown. Fewer and fewer people are going out. Evans Avenue is empty when it should be busy.

▼ UPWARD



EMPTY INSIDE AND OUT



▲ THE LIGHT



I USED UP MY TOILET PAPER

▼ PARENTS

This is a photo I took of my parents when we visited Yellowstone National Park last Summer (2019). It was my father's first trip to America. He really enjoyed the beauty of nature on that trip. And he especially appreciated the fresh feeling of a new culture. Since childhood, I haven't had much communication with my father. But after this trip, our relationship has become much closer. That's why this photograph is so special to me. As I get older, the significance of family is becoming more important.



THIS ONE IS GREAT! TRY IT

THINKING & MAKING IN THE VISUAL ARTS

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER
SPRING QUARTER, 2020



EMMA ALBERTONI



MOLLY BOCK



NOLAN BURGETT



JACK CAHILL



TARUNI DANTI



COOPER KENNY



MICAELA MARQUEZ



DARLI RAMIREZ