A dark dog, possibly a Weimaraner, is sitting in the bottom left corner of the page. The background is a blue, moonlit landscape with a large full moon in the sky, surrounded by bare trees and a path leading into the distance. The text is centered on a white, torn-edge paper background.

Have you ever been really
afraid of something?
Like a scary dream
or a big black dog or getting
lost in a strange place?

Let me tell you about a time when
I was young.

Let me tell you about my fear
and how God took it all away.

My name is Mary now,
but I wasn't always called that.




I was born across the ocean
in the land of Korea.

Before my birth, my country was at war.
Many people died. It was a terrible time.



Soldiers from America came to help.
An American soldier met my mother.
She must have loved him.
He became my father.





But even
though he had
come to help
my country,
he did not stay to take care of me.
Before I was born, he was gone.
What happened to him? I will never know.

I was born after the war ended.
My little mother held me close
and gave me the name “Young Ok,”
which means “precious flower.”
She is the mother who gave me life
and my flower-name.
When I could talk, I called her *Umma*,
the Korean word for “mama.”