





# Editor's Note

---

The choices we make |

I remember my first class at HGSE pretty well. It was the day after the opening speeches in Radcliffe gardens and our IEP cohort had packed into the basement of Larsen for our first introductory lecture, led by our faculty director Fernando Reimers. The room buzzed with small talk before the session began as an echo of similar questions filled the auditorium; Where are

you from? What did you do before HGSE? These two questions in many ways formed a comfort blanket of easy and appropriate conversation to crack into the surface of each other's identities. Some smiles were more nervous than others as we navigated our own levels of Imposter Syndrome against the credentials of the people we now found ourselves surrounded by.

Fernando chose to introduce himself three times. First, he led with a story of his credentials, an identity story that shared the kind of information you might find from a Google search. Fernando listed projects he'd worked on, books he had written, and professional positions he had held. Safe to say we were all suitably intimidated. I remember thinking that I would never attend his office hours because I had no bright ideas that could match this insane intellectual calibre.

In the next breath, Fernando's second and third introductions evoked his childhood, his family and his love of writing children's books. Immediately, our relationship felt different because there were parts of his upbringing that I could relate to. Through the simple act of sharing family stories, Fernando helped me to dismantle the Ivory Tower I had quickly constructed in my imagination. He evoked a shared humility that, fundamentally, we are all seekers of love, joy and belonging.

Our first HGSE lesson, then, had been about identity. What choices are we making when we introduce ourselves for the first time? What do we choose to share? What do we choose to hide? Where do we draw the line between comfort and vulnerability? At their roots, these questions are about risk and reward.

As we start to introduce ourselves as graduates of the Big H, I wonder which choices we will make?

Aristotle's used three terms to explain how spoken rhetoric works: ethos, pathos and logos. The first, ethos, depends on the personal character of the speaker. Undoubtedly, we use introductions to

establish our own credibility. We can appeal to our expertise by evoking academic credentials and seasoning our professional intros with spicy (and frankly exaggerated) details from our resumé. Equally, we can appeal to lived experience to highlight ourselves as someone who can give credible advice; 'as someone who has experienced...' Indeed, sharing stories from our past can help build authentic connection with others.

We can also appeal to collective identity. In this way, we can be seen to represent a particular group along political, gendered, racial or cultural lines. Of course, shared identities have the power to build connections, build moments of pain and build pathways to liberation. On the other hand, collective identities can also be forced on us, ignoring nuance and instead transforming the notion of identity into a heavy burden.

The Harvard name is now firmly part of our identity, both individual and collective. I wonder how we will acknowledge both different and shared experiences of this institution. I also wonder how we will choose to live out this new identity over the next few weeks, months and years. My hope is that we can wear it with a blend of confidence and humility.

A huge thank you to the contributors to this issue, your stories speak to the complexity of identity and I am grateful for your honesty and trust. I know that readers will find words to relate to and words to be challenged by. A perfect combination.

*With love, Flic.*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### HOME

---

<b>Editor's Note</b>	02
<b>The Invitation</b> Oriah Mountain Dreamer	05
<b>What we may be</b> John-Henry Wapham	08
<b>What do you ache for?</b> Yuwei Dai	11
<b>In search of home... and identity!</b> Somaia Abdulrazzak	12



<b>Lets not stand watching</b> Niharika Sanyal	15
<b>این نیز بگذرد</b> Sarvazad Saba Katouzian	18
<b>Who am I?</b> Jayanti Bhatia	19
<b>The Essence of my Soul</b> Jazmín Chi	21

If you want to react to any of the pieces  
featured, please email:

[FELICITY\\_BURGESS@GSE.HARVARD.EDU](mailto:FELICITY_BURGESS@GSE.HARVARD.EDU)

Letters will be added to next weeks edition.

# The Invitation

---

written by Oriah Mountain Dreamer | submitted anonymously.

It doesn't interest me  
what you do for a living.  
I want to know  
what you ache for  
and if you dare to dream  
of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me  
how old you are.  
I want to know  
if you will risk  
looking like a fool  
for love  
for your dream  
for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me  
what planets are  
squaring your moon...  
I want to know  
if you have touched  
the centre of your own sorrow  
if you have been opened  
by life's betrayals  
or have become shrivelled and closed  
from fear of further pain.

I want to know  
if you can sit with pain  
mine or your own  
without moving to hide it  
or fade it  
or fix it.

I want to know  
if you can be with joy  
mine or your own  
if you can dance with wildness  
and let the ecstasy fill you  
to the tips of your fingers and toes  
without cautioning us  
to be careful  
to be realistic  
to remember the limitations  
of being human.

It doesn't interest me  
if the story you are telling me  
is true.

I want to know if you can  
disappoint another  
to be true to yourself.

If you can bear  
the accusation of betrayal  
and not betray your own soul.  
If you can be faithless  
and therefore trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see Beauty  
even when it is not pretty  
every day.  
And if you can source your own life  
from its presence.

I want to know  
if you can live with failure  
yours and mine  
and still stand at the edge of the lake  
and shout to the silver of the full moon,  
"Yes."

It doesn't interest me  
to know where you live  
or how much money you have.  
I want to know if you can get up  
after the night of grief and despair  
weary and bruised to the bone  
and do what needs to be done  
to feed the children.

It doesn't interest me  
who you know  
or how you came to be here.  
I want to know if you will stand  
in the centre of the fire  
with me  
and not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me  
where or what or with whom  
you have studied.  
I want to know  
what sustains you  
from the inside  
when all else falls away.

I want to know  
if you can be alone  
with yourself  
and if you truly like  
the company you keep  
in the empty moments.



“ I’ve since been given a complete public audit of my privilege, history, biases and ambitions.

## What We May Be

written by John-Henry Wapham | SLP

---

"Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table."

Climbing the rickety steps to the plane on a balmy afternoon in London, I took a moment to inhale the aviation fuel fumes and appreciate that I had achieved what I set out to 4 years ago. I was going to Harvard, to secure a degree that would entice investors to part ways with handsome sums. My mission was practical, business oriented and my confidence in my knowledge of how

to lead a school was sky-high. The things I would learn were supplementary to my can-do attitude and good ideas.

I don't know if any of you have ever been hit by a truck, but I have, twice. It is somewhat painful, as you might imagine. But the shock is the lasting memory for me. Sheer disbelief that I am still alive. I had the exact same sensation for most of August and September. I had left London to learn about budgets and people management but I've

since been given a complete public audit of my privilege, history, biases and ambitions.

I've reached parts of my conscience that have been dormant since birth and been forced to address insecurities I thought I'd packed safely away. If you had told me on my flight that in six months I'd be sat eagerly taking notes in a Gender and Sexual Identity class, or listening utterly bemused at how I had existed on this planet for 27 years and not received a single shred of information concerning the plight of children from undocumented or mixed-status families, I would have laughed at you. Yet here I am, eager and utterly bemused.

There is a scene in Hamlet, from whence the above quote hails, in which the ghost of Hamlet's father tells Hamlet to remember him in response to which Hamlet bids him rest.

Whilst my time at Harvard has involved far less murder and treachery, I can find some symbolism in laying ghosts to rest in the form of my ignorance and closed-mindedness. The lessons I have learned about myself and my place in the world have created an entirely new identity and the ghost of John-Henry past is very much at rest.

The knowledge I have absorbed has transformed me as a person, unrecognizable from my previous form and very much ready to make a difference in the world. The most important piece of information I have learned is that the awakening doesn't have an end. The journey is long and I am ready to take it.

“

The lessons I have learned about myself and my place in the world have created an entirely new identity

“ I became a woman  
that built her identity  
on the pressure of  
fitting in





# What do you ache for?

---

written by Yuwei Dai | International Education Policy

I explored identity for the first time at HGSE. Who am I, if I'm not my social roles - Chinese, HGSE student, a daughter, a woman.

Now I can't find descriptive adjectives for my identity, it's so complex, multi-layered, and evolving. It is true for every human being, we should not be defined by the conventional identity marks, "white" "black" "educator" "father"... because each of us is a unique being that carries a unique life experience, and we shouldn't be simplified by how we look, what job we do, where we are from. Our brain likes to categorize, but it can hold much more complexity if we want to.

Next time you meet someone, ask "what do you love", "what do you ache for" and not "where are you from" or "what do you do".



My hometown:  
Hama, Syria

# In search of home ... and identity!

---

written by Somaia Abdulrazzak | Interational Education Policy

For the past couple of years, I came to realize that “home” is something that is way more complex than all of the definitions that I have learned.

I was told, as a child, that home is land and land is identity. I was told that if I leave my land, I will lose part of my identity. With loss of my “home” some years later, I felt that I lost two grave abilities: my willpower, and sense of responsibility. As I was forced to leave my hometown, the whole concept of home became a source of everlasting sorrow and pain. I lived in an illusion for a few

years thinking that my role can only be fulfilled where my home is. With that, I lost the sense of belonging and care to the human beings around me. I lived in a fake world with hopes to connect to my “home” and disconnect from the new alien place. I ended up disconnected from myself and everybody.

It took me quite a bit to overcome the pain of forced separation from my hometown. I feel that I left part of my soul over there. I changed a lot since then, and I also changed my perspective. I also changed my definition of home because I

wanted to live in peace and be the person who I am today.

Peace is a prayer that connects me to my true intention and purpose. Peace is a nap on the shoulder of my loved one. Peace is a kiss on my mom's forehead. Peace is a cup of tea mixed with spices. Peace is a smile in a refugee camp!

“ A little body thyself  
thou deem, while  
the great universe in  
thee dwells”  
– *Ali Bin Abi Talib*

At the refugee camp that I visited for observation some years later, I felt disabled once again. My mind couldn't help me think of any action other than smiling. Smiling is the default unconscious reaction on my face anyways. I felt the failure of the entire world in one place. The failure of humanity to prove itself. I felt how tiny and useless I am in this universe, and in front of the smallest child in the refugee camp. There isn't a difference between the two by the way, the universe and the refugee child I mean; “A little body thyself thou deem, while the great universe in thee dwells” – *Ali Bin Abi Talib*

A little girl at the refugee camp, Manal, approached me. She said she had something for me; from the refugee little

girl to me the adult outsider. She handed me a piece of art. It was her drawing of a rainbow fish with her name on it. She thought that she gave me a humble drawing on a messy piece of paper, but I think that she gave me a priceless gift, a lesson, and a constant reminder for the rest of my life. In a place that looks nothing like a home, she wasn't helpless .. she did something! She taught me that the true power of this world is hidden in children around us.

The land is power and proof of existence. The land holds our rights to live the way we are, and to raise the next generation to carry on. The land protects our identities. I don't know what curriculum is being taught to Manal and her peers at the refugee camp. But I know that it changes quite often depending on funding sources. I also know that this curriculum does not teach Manal about her home or identity. I can hardly describe my feelings in this regard.

“ ...power of this world  
is hidden in children

I am not completely satisfied with what I have been taught about my identity as a child, yet I feel a greater sense of anger that Manal and some of her peers might not even know about a home for them that exists beyond the fence of their camp.

My sincere prayers are with every human being sleeps tonight at a shelter, refugee camp, park, or street.

فلا تفرحوا  
بما آتاكم من النعمة



وإن فرحتُمْ بما آتاكم  
من النعمة فافرحوا





## Let's not stand watching as the light fades out from their eyes

---

written by Niharika Sanyal | Specialized Studies Program

*I never said anything when I saw the light fade out from their eyes  
over the years, but I saw them go from bright to dim.*

Have you ever seen the fire burn bright in the eyes of someone? I have.

I remember seeing a chirpy girl with bright eyes walk into a counselling room for career advice. An inventory lies before her on the table. The counsellor I'm shadowing flips through an inventory. She tells her what the data says she should be. It is something about strategy, something about earning potential. She tells her that all this strategy stuff is something the data says she can do, that all this strategy stuff is something that all those other guys do, and since all those others do it, so can she, and so can he and all the other she's. What's so hard about doing it when you very well can?

Well, that ain't a good enough reason, I think. Just because you 'can' do something ain't good enough reason to spend your life doing it.

I want to tell the girl—

*No, no, no. Why don't you tell me, instead, of the things that make you cry?*

*Tell me of the things that tear your soul into bits and rip it up and make you shout and make you tear your hair in a way only children can when angry.*

*Tell me of things that make you sound 'stupid' because you say them too frenzied, of things that people know you for because you can't help but be them when you're just simply being.*

*Tell me of the things that make you go out of your way, like saving that cat that is dying, or being a watchdog for running water and lights, or moonlighting with Enid Blyton stories of fairies and sprites.*

*Point me to the signs left by your soul over the years. And I'll tell you:*

*There are people out there with no titles, who call themselves what they like, who are not roles but purposes that shift shape and form based on what's needed of them at any given time.*

*So let me listen to what your soul's saying about your deep stirring to be part of the world in more meaningful ways than we know it—in ways that push your creative bounds and make you feel love in you in immeasurable count.*

I want to ask her all the questions I wish someone had asked me.

But all that fire in her eyes matters nothing before that certainty that others know better than her; that some questions answered in a half-hour know more about the rest of her life than she can possibly know. The girl leaves the room defined, not knowing what and why. And I see her sad, dimly dimmed eyes, with a sadness like of one who has not slept in days. But she smiles at me politely because I'm older and she thinks older people know better. And so, they must be right.

*Let's not have this be the way we push our young people into the world,*

*Let's not stand watching as the light fades out from their eyes.*



“

The lessons I have learned  
about myself and my place in  
the world have created an  
entirely new identity



# این نیز بگذرد

written by Sarvazad Saba Katouzian | International Education Policy

A child of migrants who left during a revolution seeking an American education  
Maryam brought me to the world in Merriam, Kansas on November fifth  
A first and only daughter who suddenly became a sister to orphaned brothers in France  
An inhabiter of five countries, five U.S. cities, and speaker of five languages

A primary caregiver to my late grandma who passed on right before I started at Harvard  
A five year Survivor of substance induced assault that happened during study abroad  
A Survivor of three car accidents, and as a result....  
A Survivor of chronic back pain and a chronic hormonal disorder that were all diagnosed in the last twenty months

An apprentice guitarist, calligrapher, dancer and baller  
A fond and avid believer of the power of poetry, and inspirational daily quotes

شیرزن باش ~ Shirzan bash// Be a Lioness  
این نیز بگذرد ~ This too Shall Pass

Shall we consider to, Keep Calm and Switch off in these times?



# Who am I?

---

written by Jayanti Bhatia | International Education Policy

Am I what I am at my heart?  
Or, am I what I think in my head?

Am I what I believe, see, hear, and feel?  
Or, am I what I portray to the world?

Am I just the amalgamation of my  
thoughts  
and emotions?  
Or, am I what others think of me?

Does it matter?

After all, I am just a human,  
Just another human in this world of billions  
of humans,

Yet I am what I am,  
full of passion and love,

I will not let the world break me,  
I will give myself wings and fly free,

I am my soul,  
I am god's beautiful creation.

“ A little body thyself  
thou deem, while  
the great universe in  
thee dwells”  
- *Ali Bin Abi Talib*





# The Essence of My Soul

---

written by Jazmin Chì |

- 她是俄罗斯人。  
(She is Russian)

The man told his wife, while my daughter and I were looking at the crafts they were selling in a little town of inner China.

- 对不起，我不是俄罗斯人，我是墨西哥人。  
(Excuse, but I am not Russian, I am Mexican)

He did not expect us to understand and speak Chinese and he just looked down in shame when I answered to him.

Once I was walking looking for the State Library in Monterrey, Mexico, the second biggest city of the country, with my phone in the hand following google maps, a kind Mexican man approached and asked in perfect English:

- Excuse me, may I help you? Are you looking for a place?

- Si, ando perdida. Debo llegar a la Biblioteca Fray Servando Teresa de Mier, pero no sé dónde está.  
(Yes, I am lost. I have to go to the Fray Servando Teresa de Mier Library, but I do not know where it is.)

--¡Hablas español!  
(*You speak Spanish!*)  
- He said with a clearly surprised face.

- Sí, claro ¡es que soy Mexicana!  
(*Yes, of course, because I am Mexican!*)  
- I said laughing.

-No pareces... (*You don't look like...*)  
- He answered smiling.

\*\*\*

- Are you from the Philippines?

The man asked me while I was putting down my carry-on suitcase from the luggage compartment on my flight to Orlando.

- No, I am from Mexico.  
-Oh, you look like from the Philippines.  
- Oh, yes, I heard that before.

I answered smiling while we headed to the exit of the plane.

\*\*\*

- Where are you from?

The man asked me on the cruise ship, under the hot summer sun while crossing the warm Mediterranean waters.

- Where do you think I am from?  
I asked smiling, knowing that he will never guess the country that saw me born.

- Sweden? Norway? Denmark?

He asked almost sure I was from a Nordic country.

-Not with this height! I'm too small, but you have three more chances to guess... let's see if you find out where I am from.

I answered. The same answer I always use when people ask me where I am from and I have time and willingness to establish a conversation.

This has always happened and it is very funny for me to see it. When I am blonde, people start mentioning many countries around Europe. When I am brunette people start mentioning many countries in Asia. When people listen to me speaking in Spanish, they say everywhere in Latin America, but never, ever, once a person has said: "MEXICO", "YOU ARE MEXICAN", on their first attempt.

It depends on my hair color, the way I dress and the accessories I choose at that day. I know I do not fit in the stereotypes many people have on their minds about a Mexican person. Besides, I do not have Mexican blood. I am mix blooded from Asia and Europe that happened to be born in Mexico.

My silky long, straight and dark chocolate hair during my childhood with my small almond shaped and coffee eyes, made me gain the nickname of "Chinita" (little Chinese), my classmates even teased me singing "qué los abra, qué los abra" (open it, open it) such as when people sing in the parties to the birthday person when opening the gifts. When I grew up and dyed my hair of what I call "Marilyn Monroe" blonde, that nickname vanished in the past of my memories and new identities came to embrace me.

I dyed my hair blonde in my second year of living in China. At that moment, my path to physical “transformation” began. I realized that in many societies, people tend to treat you according to what they see, instead of who you are inside. That was a huge and blatant truth I knew but never wanted to accept. In Mexico we even have a saying that goes “como te ven, te tratan” which means “as they see you, they treat you”.

“ ...como te ven,  
te tratan

During my first year teaching in China, my supervisors seemed to put aside the fact that I already had a Master in Education and international experience teaching, but they only cared about my “face” and when I was brunette they paid me less than other international teachers because they said that “I looked a little bit Chinese and parents were hesitant if I really was foreigner...” When I dyed my hair color, I started to earn three times more than before and they said “you look better, this is much better!”

Then I came back to Mexico and opened a very small after school. Once a lady, those that we call of “high society” came to ask information to put her daughter with us and the conversation went like this:

- So, who is managing this?
- Me.
- I answered with a very wide and proud smile.
- You? But who are you?

- I am Jazmin Chi and these are my credentials...

No matter what I said, the lady could not believe that I knew what I claimed I knew or that I studied in the countries I claimed I went to, or that I had the experience I claimed to have. She just looked at my “simple” outside and went away.

It hurt me.

“People will like you for what you are INSIDE!” I always heard that cliché, but, was it true? In my experience, that was BS. Sorry, let’s paraphrase this with a euphemism to conceal the harsh truth... That wasn’t the truth.

So if my image was affecting my business, what could I do to improve? Change.

So I took a certificate in Business Image in the best school for image and public relations of Mexico, several courses on personal image, one with one former Miss Mexico and all her team of makeup artist, photographer and runway coach, more make-up, walking and etiquette courses and dozens of books that I read, I learned new techniques on how to take care and dye my hair, do my nails, take care of my skin, how to combine clothes, colors, shapes, fabrics, find my own fashion style and build it and yes, I went to the extremes... I even got some cosmetic surgeries... as all models and beauty queens do.

My image changed. My business started to have more customers, opportunities and more people started to believe that what I claimed I knew and the experience

I said I had was true. There were no people questioning anymore my brain, but it had a side-effect, now they were not offering opportunities because of my brain, but only my looks. A-w-f-u-l. When will people take my brain seriously? Once I went as a volunteer, and I asked them to put me in a place where I have to use my brain, but instead they put me in the entrance, receiving people with a smile. I-n-t-e-r-e-s-t-i-n-g.

“ I became a woman that built her identity on the pressure of fitting in

So my identity changed because I never felt I belonged to anywhere. I became a woman that built her identity on the pressure of fitting in a world where there were no opportunities for women like her, abandoned single-mothers trying to restore their lives, from a Mexican background, trying to fit in places where Mexican women, are only considered for positions such as housekeeping and waitressing, which at some point of my life I also did to get food on my table and a roof to sleep, and I am not ashamed to say it, but it is so hard to go out of those imposed patterns.

Then people, in my new image, after all the struggle and with the opportunities ahead, started to think and believe that I come from a wealthy family of business owners with many opportunities given in

front of me. No. No. No. Why no one gave credit to my brain and the difficulty it was to learn to unlearn and to break those patterns we were dragging from generations above? And it hurt to show a face that was really not me, just trying to fit in.

But this 2020, came to me as a stroking lighting, and made me reconsider my ways, rethink my behavior and reconnect with my identity.

- Who are you Jazmin? Can you recognize yourself on the mirror? Do you like the woman that you see?

I used to ask myself when I look at the mirror.

Yes, I liked the woman I became, I liked the respect, the position and the opportunities, but looking at my beginnings, I said to myself:

- No. Not anymore. I have to reconnect with myself. I have to go back to me. I have to be me. My essence cannot be overshadowed anymore. I cannot shut myself down. I have to show who I really am.

“ And it hurt to show a face that was really not me, just trying to fit in.

Who are you Jazmin?

I am Jazmin Chi. A very simple woman that has Asian and European blood, but that does not come from nobles, but immigrants that were running for their lives and arrived to Mexico with only a suitcase and dreams in their pockets, not even knowing the language.

A girl that was born in Mexico in a very humble household. The daughter of a man that took almost ten years to finish his medical degree, because he was taking care of his four orphaned siblings and mother, who lived in poverty, in the city market selling vegetables and meat. The daughter of a woman who grew up in a home, made of mud and roof made of palms and used to eat the "nopales" (cacti) and "quelites" (pigweed) that found on the land and that in order to pay for her accommodation while studying to become a nurse, had to clean the home of the people where she was staying at.

Both of them, first generation university graduates, who believed in education to get out of poverty, but were still carrying imposed societal, religious, cultural and familiar patterns that did not know how to acknowledge and change... therefore, I took that responsibility on me.

I am a woman that instead of silverware uses tortillas and eats with bare hands, grew up between a beach town and a village of the remote corn and sugar cane lands in Mexico. A woman that when little, used to take showers in the river, swimming and smiling with the most simple things life can offer like chickens running in the backyard, shooting stars,

sunsets, throwing water to each other in the irrigation canal that watered the sugar cane and corn plantations during a hot summer day, a girl that loves homemade "taquitos" full of "salsa" and eat "elotes con todo" (well prepared corn) and food from street vendors.

“ ...a little girl that grew up to become a woman that traveled the world

A little girl that used to go to the flea markets with her family, to buy second-hand stuff while her classmates always bought in the malls, because even I went to private schools, it was because of the extreme effort from my parents on my schooling.

A little girl that grew up to become a woman that traveled the world, yes, but not because she is rich or have so much money, but because she won so many scholarships, competitions, fellowships and awards, that gave her the opportunity to travel to each populated continent and so many countries, learn languages and keep studying.

A woman that shelters street dogs and instead of having family gatherings during weekends, her parents used to visit remote villages to give medicines, food and clothes to those living in extreme poverty who could not pay for a doctor or medicines.

Yes. I am that woman. Not the woman society pushed me to be and the image I showed.

I am this other Jazmin.

The one that loves to go to orphanages and schools in remote villages and hugs and kisses children in their little chubby cheeks and plays with them "voto o tú las traes" (tag game), "escondidas" (hide and seek), "cosquillas" (tickles) and tell them stories.

I am that Jazmin.

My roots, my beginnings, my ancestors, my descendants, my worldview is what shaped my identity...

I know I am now entering to another position in life with many more amazing opportunities ahead of me, totally different from my beginnings, but I am still that simple Jazmin.

These days have helped me to reconnect with her, that woman I neglected, rejected and even felt ashamed of her, but you know what? I am who I am because of her, because all that helped to shape me. I might not identify with a specific culture, background, country, look or society due to the ongoing changes and experiences I have been exposed to, but I can say that I know I belong, not to a place or surroundings but to people and their hearts.

Because as more tags we put on our identities, more we disconnect from others, but as more we lower those walls and try to build a bonding tie with everyone around no matter the differences we have, we became aware of the fact that we are all the same, humans, on our path to find the fundamentals of life: love, freedom, health and happiness.

I am Jazmin Chi, and the essence of my soul, is my identity.

