



ADOPTION

HIBA NOOR



CONTENTS

THESIS STATEMENT

MIND MAP

RESEARCH

- ARTICLES/CASE STUDIES/WORKS
- SURVEY/STATISTICS

GALLERY

MOOD BOARDS

ARTIST AND CRAFT INSPIRATION

INITIAL PRINTS

MINI THESIS

ARTIST INSPIRATION

NARRATIVE PRINTS

MERCHANDISE

- KITCHEN LINEN
- ACCESORIES



THESIS STATEMENT

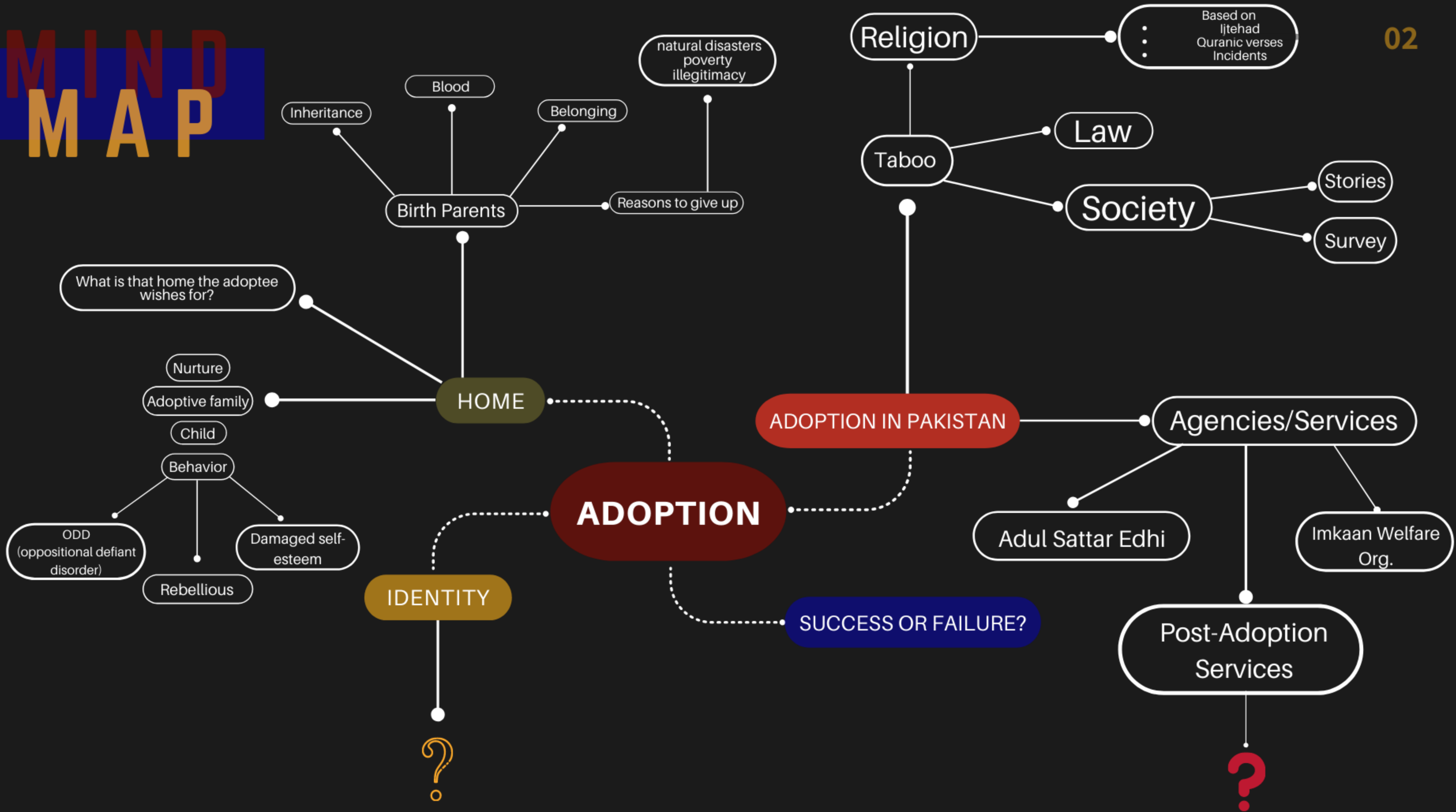
ADOPTION HAS BEEN A TABOO IN OUR SOCIETY AND MOSTLY IN THE SUBCONTINENT REGION. I HAVE STUDIED MANY FACTORS THAT MAY LEAD TO WHY ADOPTED CHILDREN ARE MARGINALISED WHICH INCLUDE; RELIGION, LAW, MINDSET, SOCIETAL PRESSURE AND SOME FACTORS LIKE THEM BEING ILLEGITIMATE OR ABANDONED.

THE REASON WHY I AM CONCERNED ABOUT THE ADOPTION CULTURE IN OUR SOCIETY IS THAT MY OWN MOTHER WAS ADOPTED BY HER AUNT AT THE TIME WHEN SHE WAS BORN. THE MOST TRAUMATIC PART OF HER LIFE WAS THAT SHE FOUND OUT AT THE DAY OF HER "NIKAAH" - MARRIAGE. HER ADOPTION JOURNEY WAS DISTRESSING AND TROUBLESOME. HENCE, I DECIDED TO LOOK IN TO OTHER CHILDREN'S STORIES THAT HAD TO GO THROUGH THOSE HARDSHIPS JUST BECAUSE THEY ARE ADOPTED.

THE AIM FOR MY THESIS IS TO CREATE AWARENESS IN OUR SOCIETY AND BE THE VOICE OF THOSE CHILDREN THAT HAVE NOT BEEN HEARD EVER. WITH MY ART, I WANT TO CHANGE PEOPLE'S PERSPECTIVE ABOUT ADOPTION AND MAKE THEM REALISE THAT HUMANITY COMES FIRST. NO MATTER WHAT RELIGION, RACE, ETHNICITY WE BELONG TO.



MIND MAP



RESEARCH GAP

- post-adoption services not provided for intra-family adoption i.e open adoption
- issue not being surfaced
- taboo remains taboo
-
- narrative prints designed to empower adopted children
- to voice their struggle through art
- social sculpture art which otherwise will not be noticed

METHODOLOGY

- my mother's narrative
- her diary
- old photographs
- interviews of people who have adopted children in their families
- surveys
- famous adoption case studies
- worldwide adoption cases
- internet research

LITERATURE REVIEW

- adoption laws in islam, pakistan and other countries
- psychological behaviours of adopted children
- societal taboo in pakistan and around the world
- insight on reasons of children given up for adoption
- what organizations are doing about it.



RESEARCH

CASE STUDIES/JSTOR ARTICLES

Introduction: Adoption as a Family Form

Karen March and Charlene Miall

Family Relations

Vol. 49, No. 4 (Oct., 2000), pp. 359-362

Published by: [National Council on Family Relations](#)

<https://www.jstor.org/stable/585830>

Page Count: 4

Adoption Losses: Naturally Occurring or Socially Constructed?

Irving G. Leon

Child Development

Vol. 73, No. 2 (Mar. - Apr., 2002), pp. 652-663

Published by: [Wiley](#) on behalf of the [Society for Research in Child Development](#)

<https://www.jstor.org/stable/3696380>

Page Count: 12

Adoption Law

Joan Heifetz Hollinger

The Future of Children

Vol. 3, No. 1, Adoption (Spring, 1993), pp. 43-61

Published by: [Princeton University](#)

DOI: 10.2307/1602401

<https://www.jstor.org/stable/1602401>

Page Count: 19

Adoption Narratives, Trauma, and Origins

Margaret Homans

Narrative

Vol. 14, No. 1 (Jan., 2006), pp. 4-26

Published by: [Ohio State University Press](#)

<https://www.jstor.org/stable/20107378>

Page Count: 23

Religious Matching for Adoption: Unraveling the "Best Interests" Standard

LAURA J. SCHWARTZ

Family Law Quarterly

Vol. 25, No. 2 (Summer 1991), pp. 171-192

Published by: [American Bar Association](#)

<https://www.jstor.org/stable/25739869>

Page Count: 22

THE POWER OF ADOPTION: BIRTHRIGHT OR BIRTHRIGHT?

GLENN M. VERNON and MICHAEL R. LEMING

International Journal of Sociology of the Family

Vol. 14, No. 1 (Spring 1984), pp. 127-141

Published by: [International Journals](#)

<https://www.jstor.org/stable/23027767>

Page Count: 15

Psychological Issues Faced by Adopted Children and Adults

<https://www.mentalhelp.net/parenting/psychological-issues-faced-by-adopted-children-and-adults/>

‘WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN?’: ADOPTION IN PAKISTAN

<https://www.crux.pk/2019/05/08/what-about-the-children-adoption-in-pakistan/ 1/>

Adoption in Pakistan - Courting The Law

courtingthelaw.com/2017/07/29/commentary/adoption-in-pakistan/

Adoption Story: What My Life Might Have Been — Modern Love - The New York Times

<https://www.nytimes.com/2012/02/19/fashion/adoption-story-what-my-life-might-have-been-modern-love.html 2/>

More support needed for 'abandoned' adoptive parents - BBC News

<https://www.bbc.com/news/uk-wales-45425452>

'I'm dead nosy. I love digging' — Telegraph

<https://www.telegraph.co.uk/culture/donotmigrate/3646361/Im-dead-nosy.-I-love-digging.html>

The adopted children confused by love

By Chris Hemmings

<https://www.bbc.com/news/education-44054794>

Family Secrets, Hidden Adoption, Inspire Local Artist | South Orange, NJ Patch

<https://patch.com/new-jersey/southorange/family-secrets-hidden-adoption-inspire-local-artist>

The adoption taboo - Newspaper - DAWN.COM

<https://www.dawn.com/news/1034698>

Nadia Jamil Shares The Touching Story Of How She Adopted Two Kids Shackled In Child Labour And Changed Their Lives

By EMINRAJA Last updated FEB 26, 2018

World of famous people revolves around the axis of controversy. Being in the spotlight is not an easy job and especially when the spotlight is as unforgiving as in the celebrity world. But the unfortunate part about Pakistani industry is that every negative and controversial is highlighted while the positive gestures hardly become the topic of discussion.

Take this incredibly brave gesture from the known actor and children rights activist Nadia Jamil for instance.



Adoption is a controversial issue in Pakistan. Not many consider it even in the most hopeless of circumstances. Going against the odds of the society and taking this bold step is definitely an act of courage, that too for a woman.

But Nadia was fearless in her conduct regarding the issue of child labour just like she is in her words and views. Nadia has been a prominent individual in raising awareness for the cause but has also practically done something that reflects her strength.

Abandonment: The Dark Side of Adoption

Shame arises when adoptees are start to believe that, on some level, something about them drove their birth mothers to give them away.

Stephan Petryczka | November 20, 2017



I didn't think much about being adopted when I was young. Or, rather, I didn't think there was anything to be thought about. This was my family, and that was that. To suppress my curiosities about my origins, I invented a story in which my parents had been killed in conflict overseas. I couldn't bring myself to think it was possible I'd been given away by choice.

I had my first bout of depression when I was about 13 and I've struggled with it ever since. I began to feel sad. I knew early on that it was due to loneliness. Whenever I grow sad, I feel heavy and disconnected; these are feelings that have always been there. I spiral inward in these moments. I feel as though I've got no one to call and that's when I realize no one is calling me. My parents seem to forget about me. Would this be the case had I not been given away? When these feelings come, I wish for a connected home life where I could be rejuvenated and consoled the way my friends are when they call home.



A photo of me at an orphanage, around 6 months old.

In my twenties, I realized I had attachment issues related to being abandoned at birth and being subsequently adopted.

I've read cursory reviews of [research](#) on the psychological effects of abandonment. Some studies say that if another family scoops you up early enough, the impact on your development is minimal. But if a child is negatively impacted, researchers anticipate that the child will have trouble with intimacy and trust. This means adoptees may find it more difficult to relate to adoptive family members, romantic partners, or friends. Other studies say it's lifelong trauma and that you may never recover. Those studies claim that children who are voluntarily placed for adoption share symptoms with children sent away from war zones without their mothers and children whose

mothers are rejecting, narcissistic, withdrawn, alcoholic, drug-addicted, or imprisoned.

There is shame that stems from acknowledging your abandonment, which I didn't let myself feel until I was 25. The shame arises when adoptees are start to believe that, on some level, something about them (i.e. behavior, capabilities) drove their birth mothers to give them away. Adoptees internalize the shame and (what they perceive to be) their mothers' rejection. In response, some test the limits of newer relationships to see if they might be abandoned again. Others acquiesce, sometimes to the point of withdrawal, so that they will not lose their adoptive family. Those that acquiesce sometimes develop a decorative facade (a false self) to mask their thoughts and feelings.

My response to adoption was to acquiesce, and my sister's was to test the limits. Whereas my sister exploded and exclaimed that our parents were not our real parents when she was upset, I never uttered such words. But no matter how you frame it, abandonment leaves a weighty mark on a child. The global emphasis on family values weighs down on the open wound day in and day out. It's not possible to forget that your birth mother let you go on your birthday, on Mother's Day, on Thanksgiving. Family and friends will try to avoid talking about it on these days, perhaps when you need acknowledgement the most. In trying to protect you from talking about it, they're making it your responsibility to take care of yourself for something you've never been responsible for. It might

not always be appropriate to initiate a conversation around abandonment and adoption, but relatives ought to open themselves up to the idea that adoptees benefit from acknowledging their feelings, especially on the holidays.

Despite all this, I believe anyone can mostly overcome anything with some pointed effort. I say "mostly" because, well, some parts of life can't change; some problems will never be completely resolved. It brings me to tears to think about others that continue to struggle and feel isolated by abandonment. I've made enormous strides in processing and making peace with the circumstances that have brought me to today. The most important steps in getting the ball rolling are to look the facts in the face and, when the going gets tough, remember that you are enough to keep going. And employ the mantra: it's not your fault. Really, don't judge yourself, practice saying this aloud: it's not your fault.

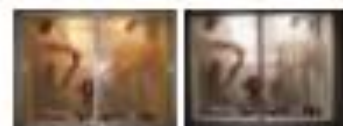
Family Secrets, Hidden Adoption, Inspire Local Artist

Larry Dell's work is on display at Seton Hall

By Marcia Worth, Patch Staff

Jun 13, 2011 12:57 pm ET | Updated Jun 13, 2011 12:59 pm ET

Reply



Larry Dell says that the artwork now on display at Seton Hall, wasn't one he chose. "This is a subject that chose me," he explains, when he learned, at age 59, that he had been adopted as a child, his biological parents unknown.

The work is part of [windows@walsh 4.0](#), on display until September, and featuring the work of Gianluca Bianchino, Dell, Vandana Jain, Lester Johnson, Lori Merhige and Lorena La Grassa. The fourth annual invitational show of site-specific artwork is curated by Jeanne Brasile.

Dell, who has written for Patch on the subject, explains that, "as told by my mother the story of my birth went like this:

The summer I was born, 1948, was one of the hottest on record, and August the hottest month. August 18, the day I was born, was worst of the worst, a real scorcher, the temperature approaching 100 degrees."

"I heard this story numerous times and it never failed to get the expected response. Women go through a lot to become mothers, they don't get the credit they deserve and a mother's love for her child is a powerful connection forged in pain and discomfort," explains Dell.

Subscribe

"As family stories go it was a good one," he continues. "The only problem was it wasn't true."

Dell's recent work has taken him in new directions, as he pursues more information about his past and processes what he has learned. "To deal with the shock and trauma of this new reality I have created mixed media sculpture out of steel wire, foam rubber chicken wire, paint and other media as well as prints, drawings and documentation about my discovery," he says. "Much of the work deals with the moment of my birth to a woman I never knew."

The artwork on display at Seton Hall is in a large exterior window of Walsh Library. It is visible 24 hours a day, making it artwork for dark and light, day and night. Dell explains that the subject of the installation is also part of a performance piece I'm creating, entitled, "(My) Lost Identity: A Reflection on Dishonesty, Secrecy, Politics and Love."

Dell is quick to add to the story, "My parents -- we were so close it's hard for me to call them adoptive parents -- were wonderful, loving, supportive and kind. I never felt anything from them but unqualified love. But in the end my mother (my father died when I was 18) at some point after I was an adult, should have told me I was adopted."



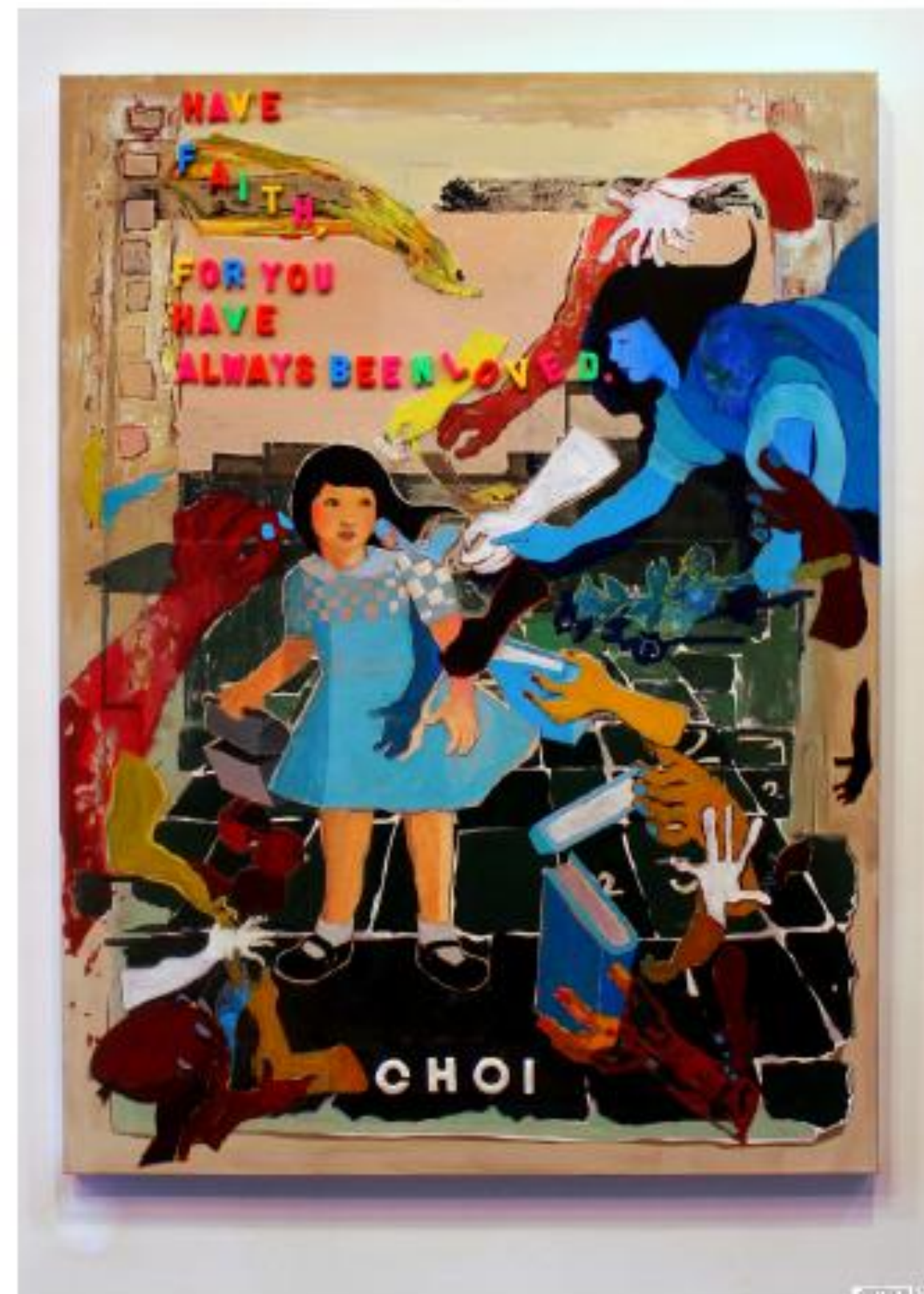
"The Sacrifice of Putt Putt," by JooYoung Choi

"I decided that if there is a possible primal wound that affects adoptees, there must also be a Cosmic Womb for them to heal [in]," Choi added. "The idea that Koreans saw the womb as a house or location versus an internal organ interested me... I thought, what if my art could provide a place for the healing of loss, for the things that we lose in life, or have never known or have been forgotten?"

Her comprehensively imagined universe differs radically from life on Earth. For starters, the Cosmic Womb is populated mainly by beings Choi calls "Tuplets" — humanoids who resemble East Asian girls (humanoid boys are rarer, she says). Most of the animals are male, however, and they can talk. The Tuplets of the Cosmic Womb sometimes have superpowers, and embark on adventures enshrined in Choi's paintings. Some of these characters are imbued with names and backstories, such as C.S. Watson, Choi's proxy in the Cosmic Womb — a former denizen of Earth, reborn on the distant planet.

Oh, and the leadership of the Cosmic Womb is distinctly female: Choi's intricately imagined mythical world is ruled by the compassionate Queen Klok (sometimes played by Choi in the

Cosmic Womb video art, and its spiritual realm is peopled by two goddesses, Pleasure Vision and Quan Yin, the Goddess of Compassion.



"Have Faith, For You Have Always Been Loved," by JooYoung Choi

"The major difference is that the Cosmic Womb is a safe haven for all the forgotten dreams, and people and places and ideas that we on Earth have abandoned," Choi explains. "For example, the version of Pluto that is still regarded as a planet can be seen with a telescope from the Cosmic Womb. When the brontosaurus and triceratops were said to 'never exist,' they emerged out of the waters of the Cosmic Womb, to start their new lives in a place

The East Asian faces that fill Choi's canvases are part of an effort, she says, to increase the visibility of Asians in ways that she did not experience as a child.

"In part, I make work first for that younger version of me that never saw an Asian adult on 'Sesame Street,' who never saw an Asian face in a stained glass window, and feared maybe people who looked like me didn't get to go to heaven," Choi explained. "But this concept of the child who cannot see herself in the mirror has grown into a broader purpose of creating work that uses narrative, imagery and sound to address an issue most humans have faced in their lives: feeling invisible, forgotten, displaced or lost."

The national motto of the Cosmic Womb — "Have Faith, For You Have Always Been Loved" — is part of Choi's way of addressing her troubled past self. Through the parallel planet, she mitigates the oppression, rootlessness and sorrow she encounters on Earth.

In person, Choi wears enormous eyeglasses and a chipper mien. You might find her engaged in enthusiastic conversation in her smoky, tremulous voice, perhaps carrying at least one of the 10-12 puppets she uses in her video work — moving images that eventually become the stuff of Cosmic Womb TV. The childhood roots of her artistic motivations are readily apparent in these videos, which take the familiar tropes of children's entertainment and add a hefty dose of the surreal — with Choi's engaging presence as an anchor.

Choi hopes to incorporate further elements of nostalgia into her current work, planning to create 1980s-esque dolls in the style of Rainbow Brite, another childhood companion. Despite the bright tones and childlike elements of Choi's work, her paintings often seem to grasp at darker themes, depicting exposure, peril, and ecstasy. For Choi, there is no contradiction between the bubbly, bright aura of the Cosmic Womb and the complex themes addressed in her work.

"As an artist I have a choice to make," she told HuffPost. "I can focus on targeting a specific demographic with my work, or I can reach out to the child in all of us, that miraculous stage

in human development where we relied on imagination and creativity to make our little way in a big world of unknowns. The part of us that was unashamed to believe in the fantastic."



"Blue And The Helping Hands At MC Customs Body Shop," by Joo Young Choi

ILKA WHITE

visual artist - textiles - sculpture

ABOUT FOLIO CLASSES MEDIA COMMUNITY PROJECTS NEWS
CONTACT



WHITWORK

A contemporary Trousseau

Installing Whitework, Craft Victoria 2004

Into this delicate, beautiful, exquisitely crafted work Ilka White has woven a meditation; a sensing, a consideration, of a painful and central life dilemma which could be articulated this way: What makes a full and fruitful life? In this work she has opened out images and questions that spring, in part, from the experience of being single in her child-bearing years. As you look at the work, you will see layers of fabric and thread, layers of words, embroideries, textures, images and patterns. You will see fabric "wrong sides" and "right sides", samplers and pattern pieces. The work invites a going in, a calming down, and a careful looking. In the work, the artist considers her inheritance of ideas, patterns and archetypes and cuts her own patterns, forming a unique articulation of issues around fruitfulness, creativity and singleness. She opens her 2004 glory box and lets the trousseau hang in the air.

Beth Shelton





Linda Colsh

HOME GALLERY BIO STATEMENT RESUMÉ PRESS CONTACT

WALL STORIES

Walls can be barriers to keep out weather and bar the unwanted. Pierced by doors and windows, a wall can nevertheless provide solitude for the loner or hide the afraid. Sanctuary, escape or prison?

I first thought about walls as records of history when I discovered that the high, thick walls surrounding the Seoul military garrison where we lived were built by the Japanese Army during their occupation of Korea. I could see these walls from our windows and my regular running route on post hugged the high barbed wire topped walls.

My interest in old walls continued when we moved to Europe. Walls from so many historical periods contain stories I tried to read as I walked the old cities.

History is visible on street-facing sides. Within, I imagined the stories that took place behind the walls.

Traveling around the continent, I looked for signs of bricked up doors and plastered over windows—altered façades writing new chapters. I walked along the route of the Berlin Wall, which fell just months before I arrived in Europe in 1990. Graffiti, street art and wheat-pasted posters and papers show mixed messages in languages sometimes difficult to decipher as they peel and wear away. Scraped, abraded and abused walls seem to cry about past violence done. Some walls in places like Berlin, Budapest and Sarajevo are still bullet-pocked, holding memories of past horrors. More quietly, vine-covered or moldy walls deteriorate and crumble like neglected old people.

Fascinated by the imagery and rich narratives of religious icons, I collected icons throughout the former East. I gathered them on the walls of an antique cabinet to imitate the glittering, meditative iconostases of Orthodox churches.

My many photos of walls inspire personal interpretations in cloth; and, with digital fabric-printing services, I can now also include, as part of my newest series, more accurate depictions of the walls I have read and listened to in my travels.



Iconostasis



Iconostasis detail



That (where shadows are deep)



That (where shadows are deep) detail



Revision (Cave Wall)



Revision (Cave Wall) detail



RESEARCH

SURVEY AND STATISTICS

PUBLIC SURVEY

1. Please circle one

Age group: 18-25 26-35 36-45 46-60 60+

Gender: Male Female

Occupation: _____

2. Do you believe that spousal abuse has a negative effect on the child who may witness?

Yes No

3. Are you aware of Pakistan laws for adoption?

Yes No

4. Are you aware of Islamic laws for adoption?

Yes No

5. Do you believe is it better to let the child know that they are adopted at a young age?

Yes No

6. Do you think an adopted child is more rebellious?

Yes No

7. Do you know anyone in your close family or friends to be adopted?

Yes No

If yes, can you specify their age?

If yes, can you specify their gender?

If yes, are they aware that they are adopted?

If yes, were they adopted through an agency or through a relative or a friend?

8. Was there a change in their behavior after they found out about their adoption?

Yes No

9. Was this change negative in nature towards the foster parents?

Yes No

10. Are you able to name one successful personality in any field around the world who was adopted as a child?

11. Are you able to name one successful personality in any field in Pakistan who was adopted as a child?

12. Do you believe that in Pakistan adoption is considered a taboo?

Yes No

13. Can you name one adoption agency in Pakistan?

14. Would you consider adopting a child?

Yes No

15. Circle reason(s) for which you would adopt a child?

Supporting family member goodwill infertility

Others: _____

16. Would you consider giving up your child for adoption under extreme financial crisis?

Yes No

Please specify your

Age: _____

Gender: _____

Occupation: _____

1. Can you please mention the age of the person you know who's adopted?

2. What is the gender of the person?

Male Female Other

3. Are you the adoptee or adopted in this case?

4. How closely do you know the person who was adopted or the person who adopted? *(please omit if you answered yes in the last question)*

5. Is the person who was adopted aware that they are adopted?

6. Were they adopted through a family or a friend or through an agency?

7. Are they aware of their biological parents?

8. At what age did they become aware of their biological parents?

9. Did they find out about their biological parents through their foster family or through some other means?

10. If it was through other means. Please specify?

11. Would the adopted have rather found out about their adoption through their foster family?

12. Did the adopted want to go meet their biological parents? Why?

13. After finding out about the biological parents. Did they have a change of heart and want to move back with their parents? And why?

14. What was the reason to be given up for adoption?

15. What was the reason for the adopter to choose adoption? *(e.g. infertility/financial)*

16. What were the reasons behind choosing the child?

17. Did the adopter look into adoption agencies before considering the child? If yes did they consider the Islamic and Pakistani laws?

18. Would they have rather been not adopted and stayed with their birth family?

19. Are you happy with your foster family and why?

20. Did finding out about the adoption have a negative impact on the child? If yes explain what kind of impact?

21. Would you consider adopting even you could conceive? If yes why?

22. Would you consider adopting a different ethnicity?

23. What is the view of the society towards the adopted child?

INTERVIEW QUESTIONNAIRE

35 people were surveyed of ages between 18-30.

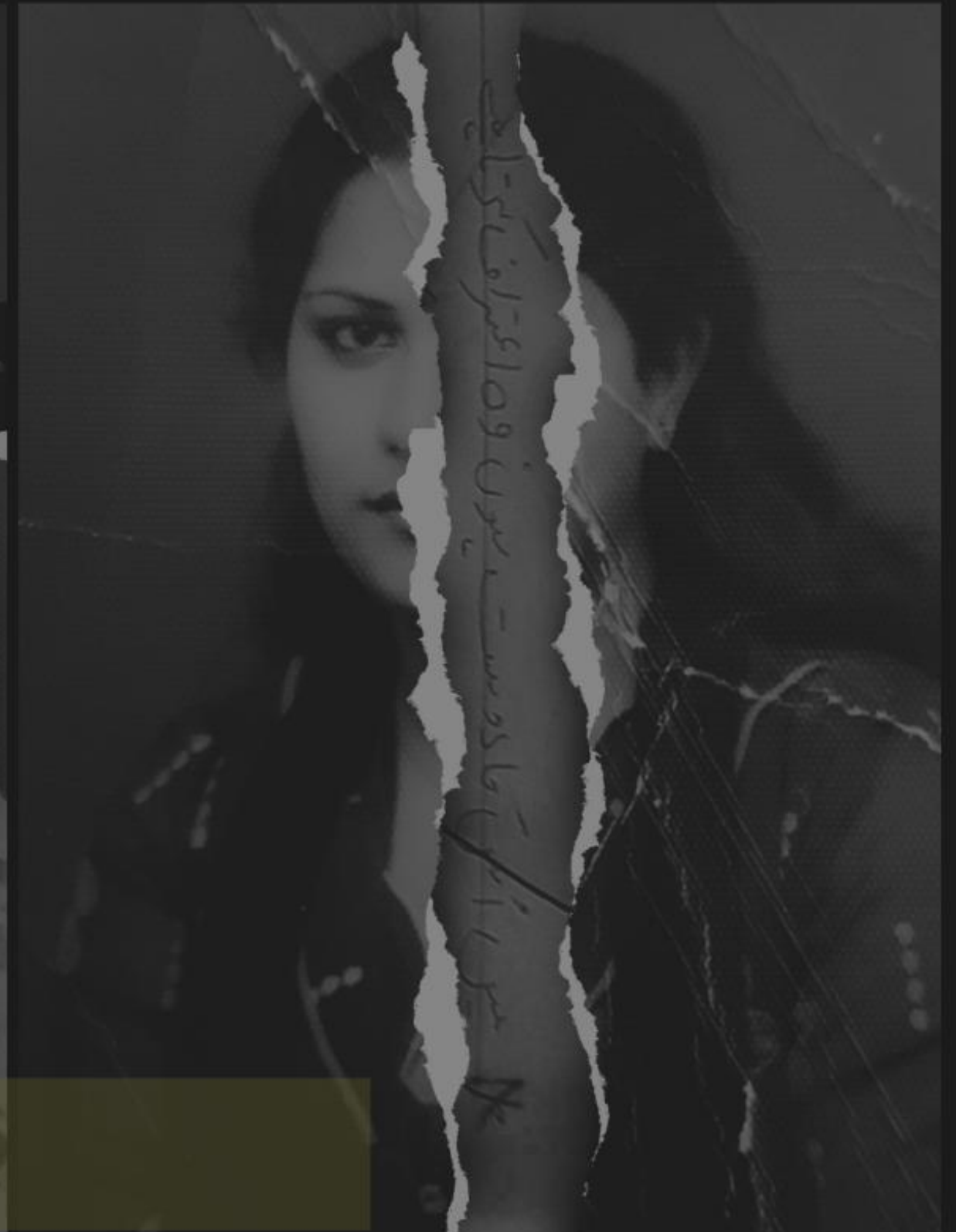
090% have claimed to have knowledge of Pakistani and Islamic laws of adoption

087% know of someone adopted

065% believe the adopted child is rebellious

089% claim that the adopted child they knew was through a relative

079% claim the child's behavior has changed



GALLERY



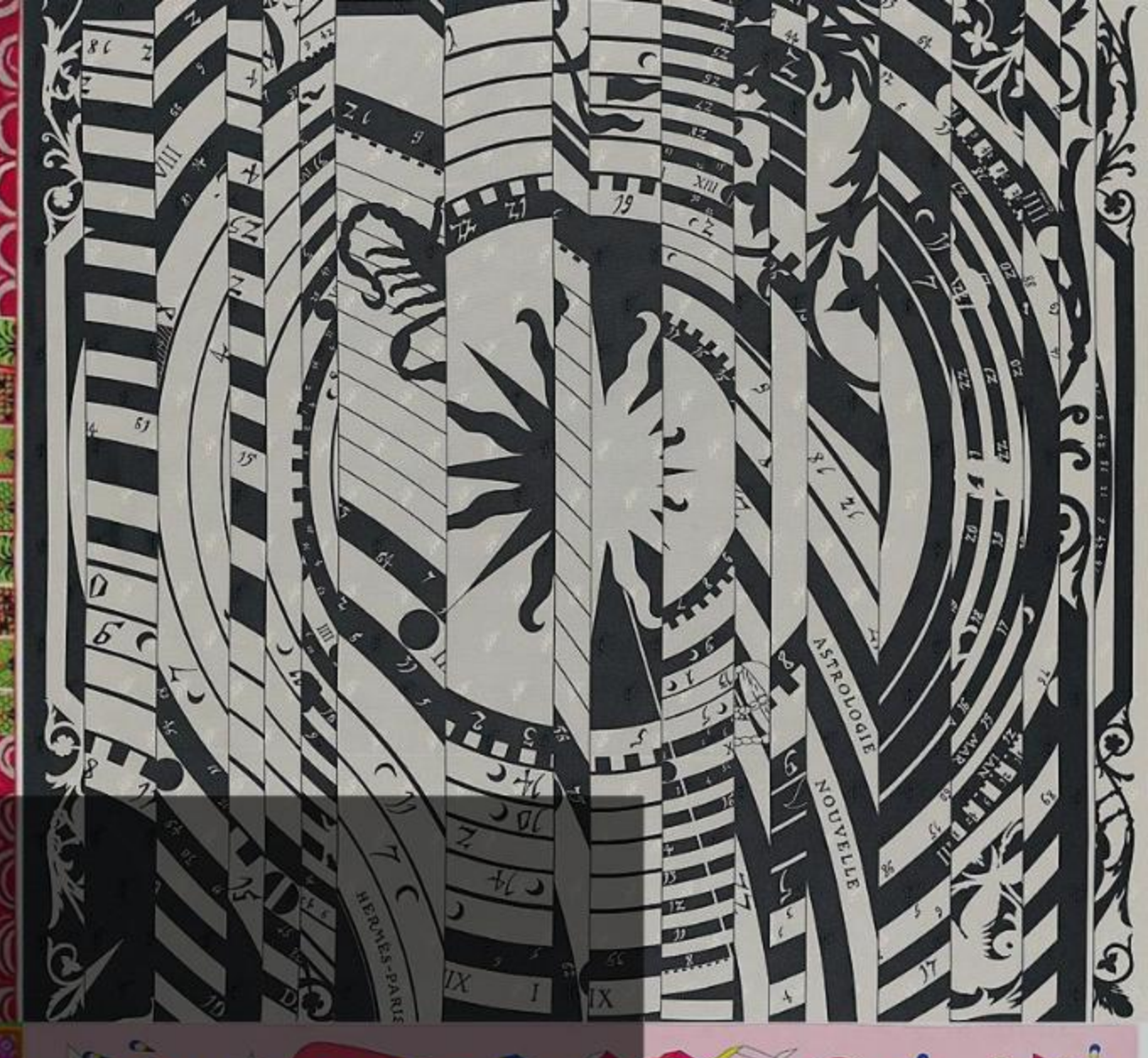
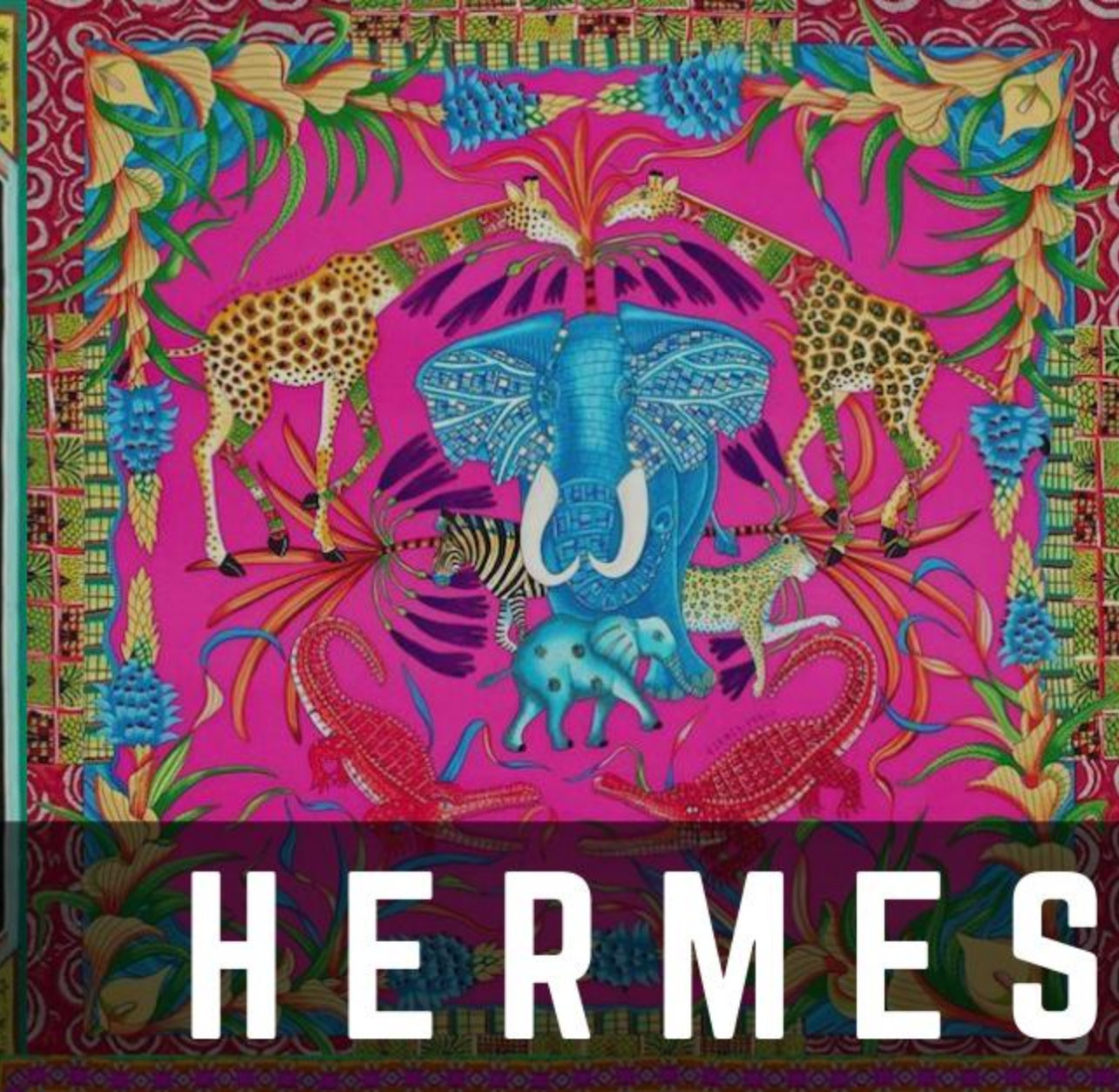


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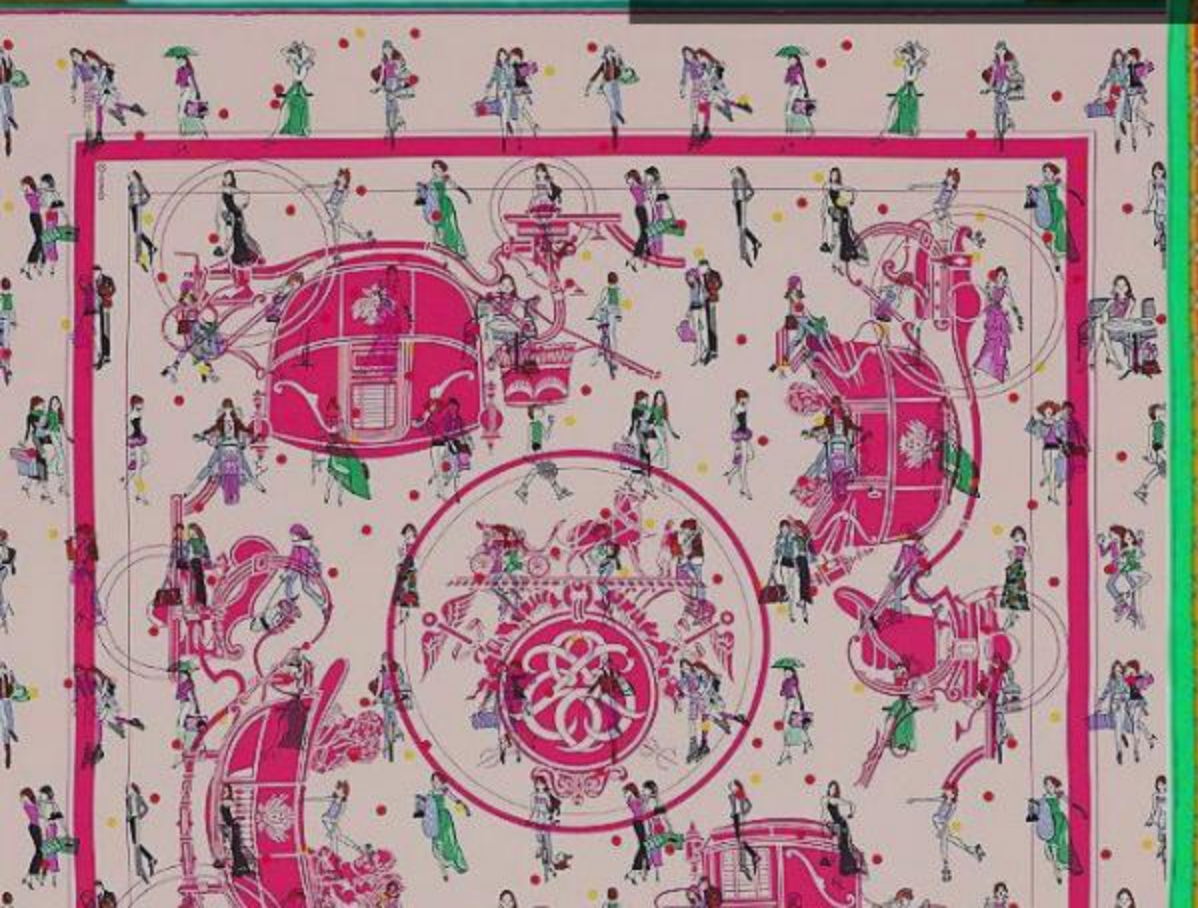


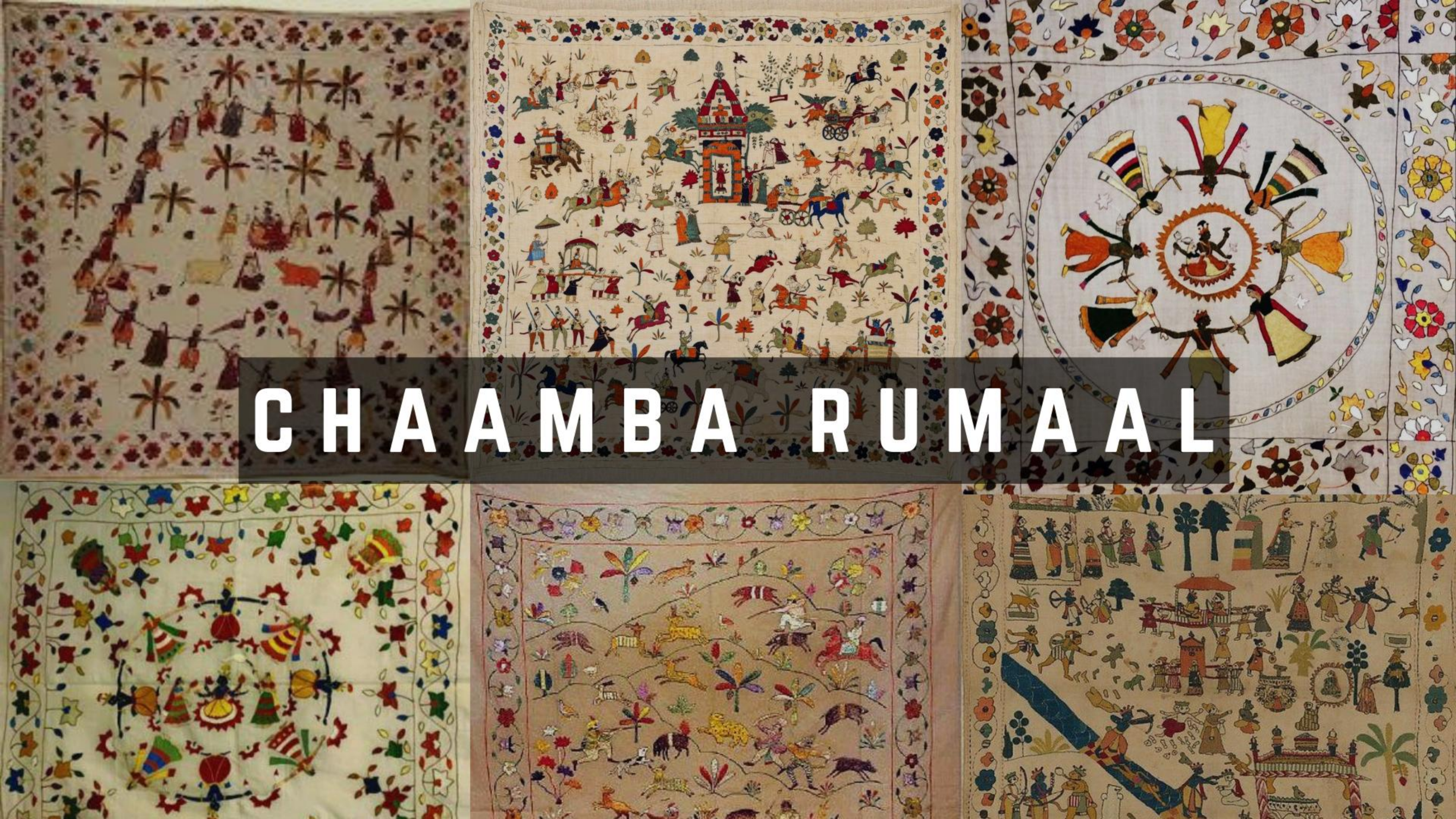


**ARTIST AND CRAFT
INSPIRATION**



HERMES

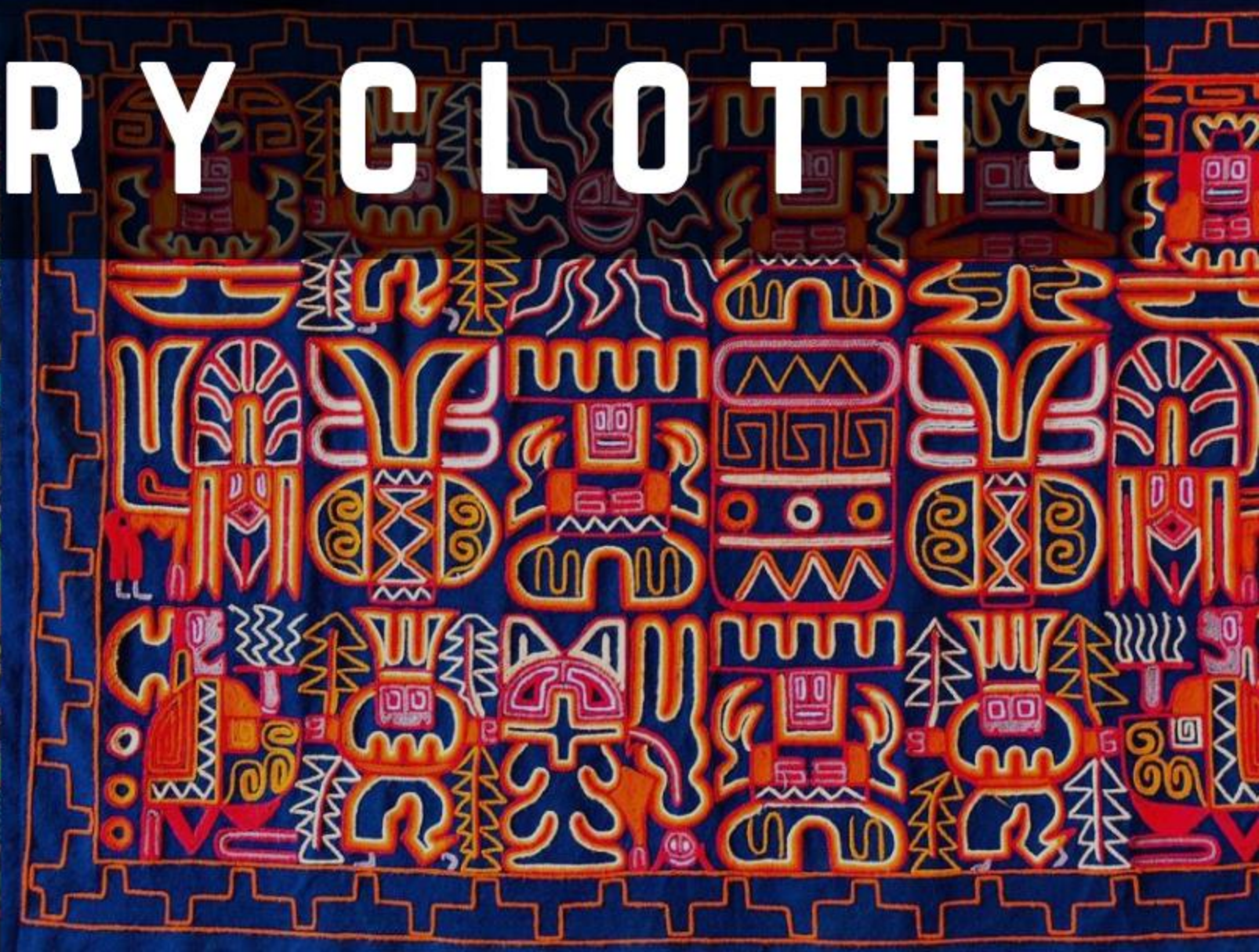
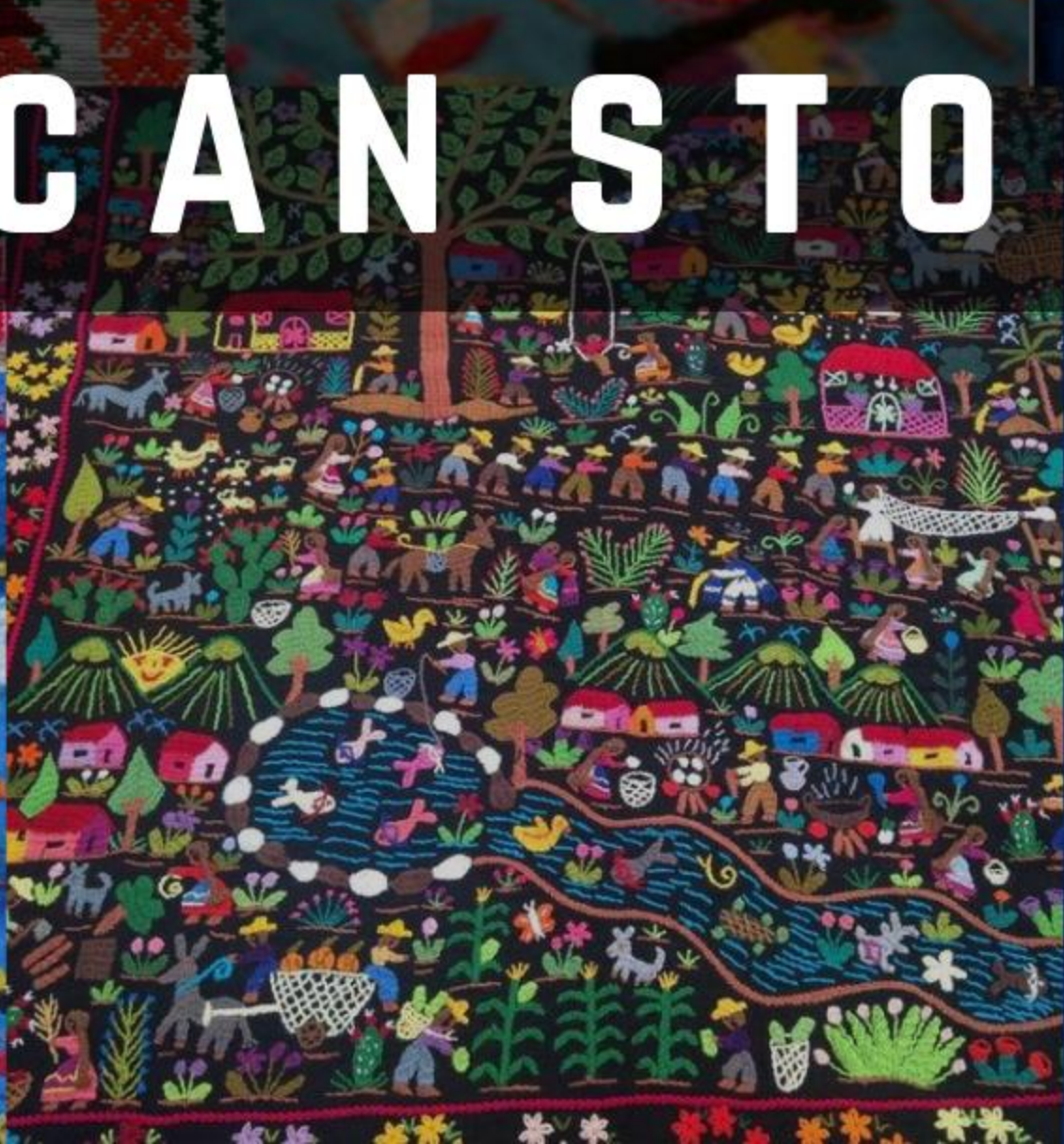




CHAMBARUMAL



MEXICAN STORY CLOTHS



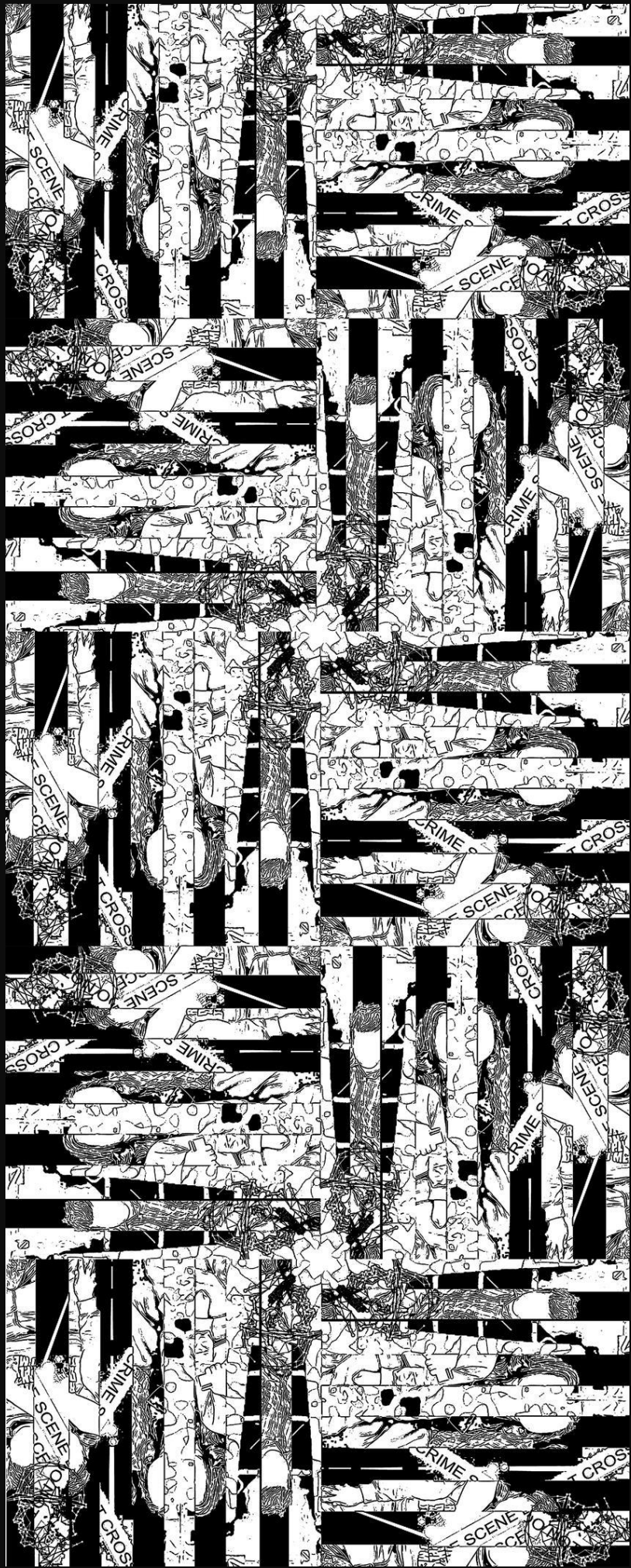
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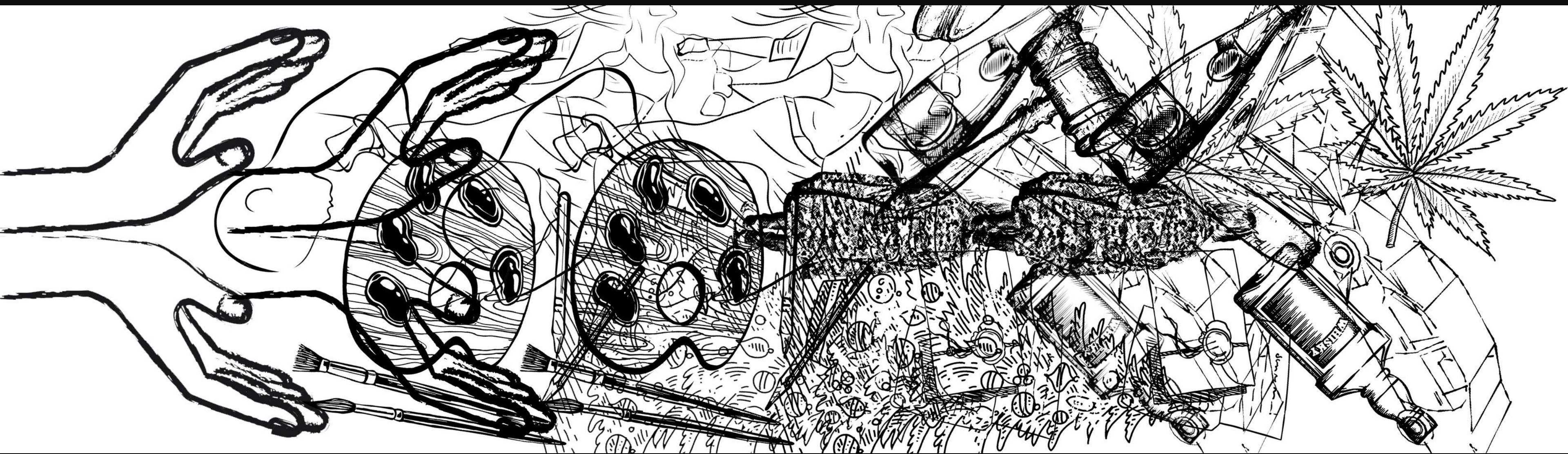
AESTHETICS AND COLOR SCHEMES

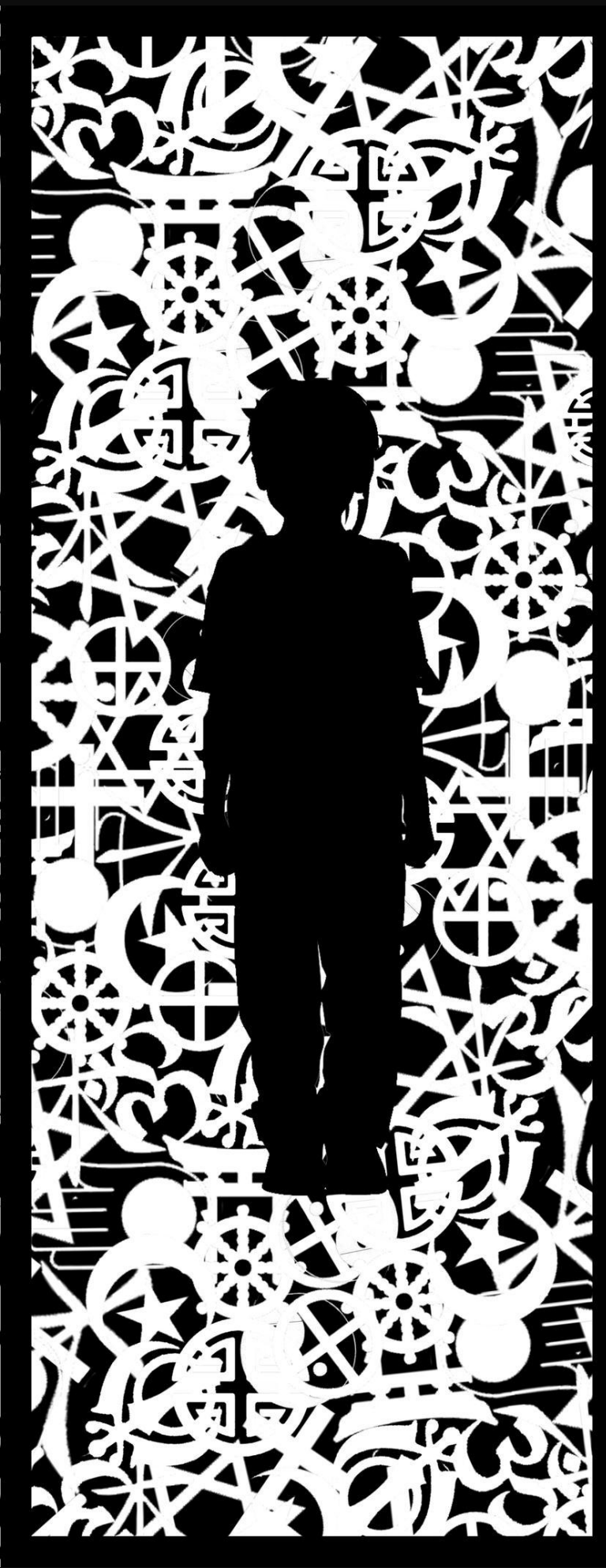
DIGITAL/HAND DRAWN













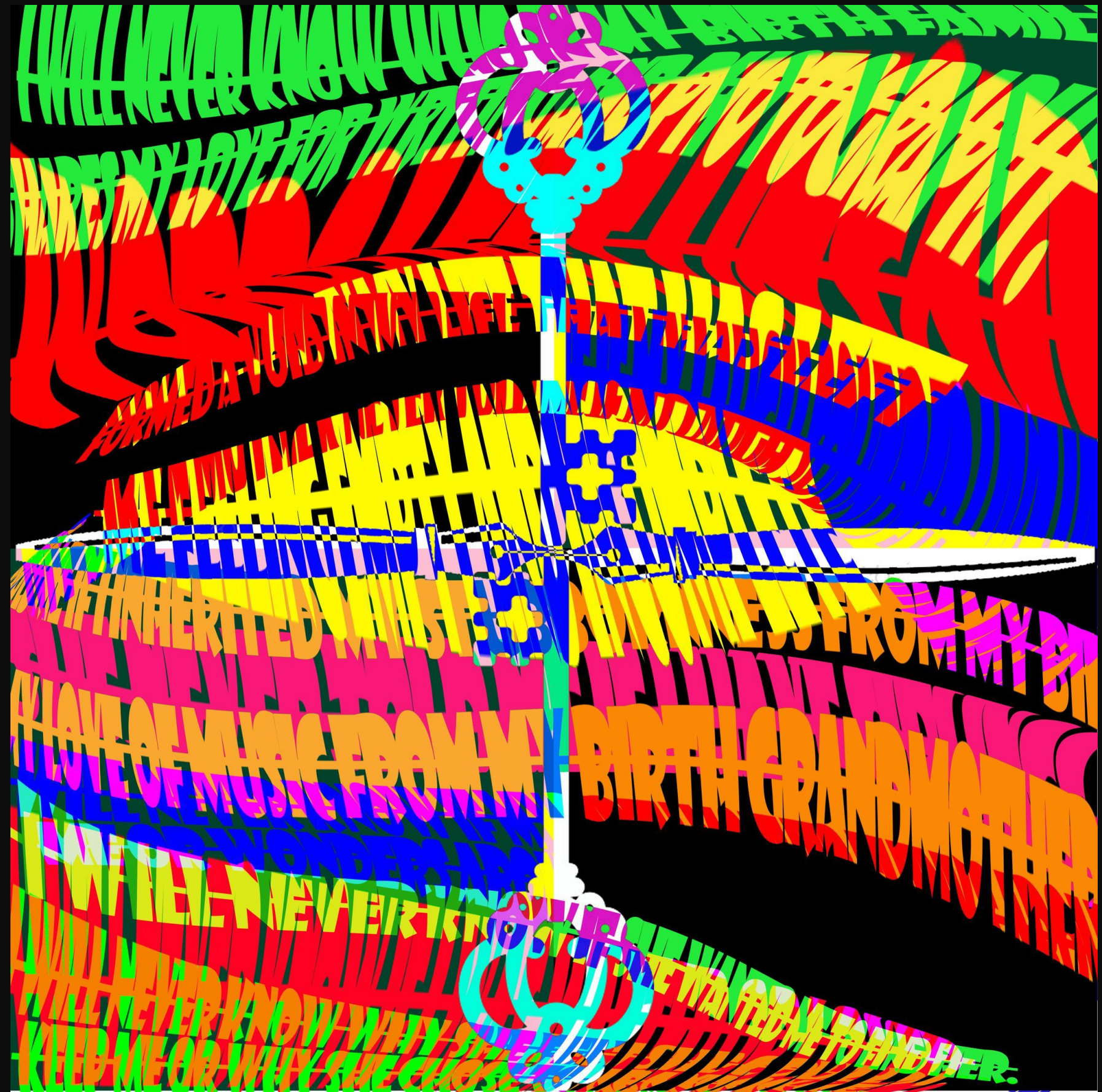
YEH BACHHI HUMARA Y KHONKI NAHI HOGI

ANJAN BACHHI HUMARA Y KHONKI NAHI HOGI

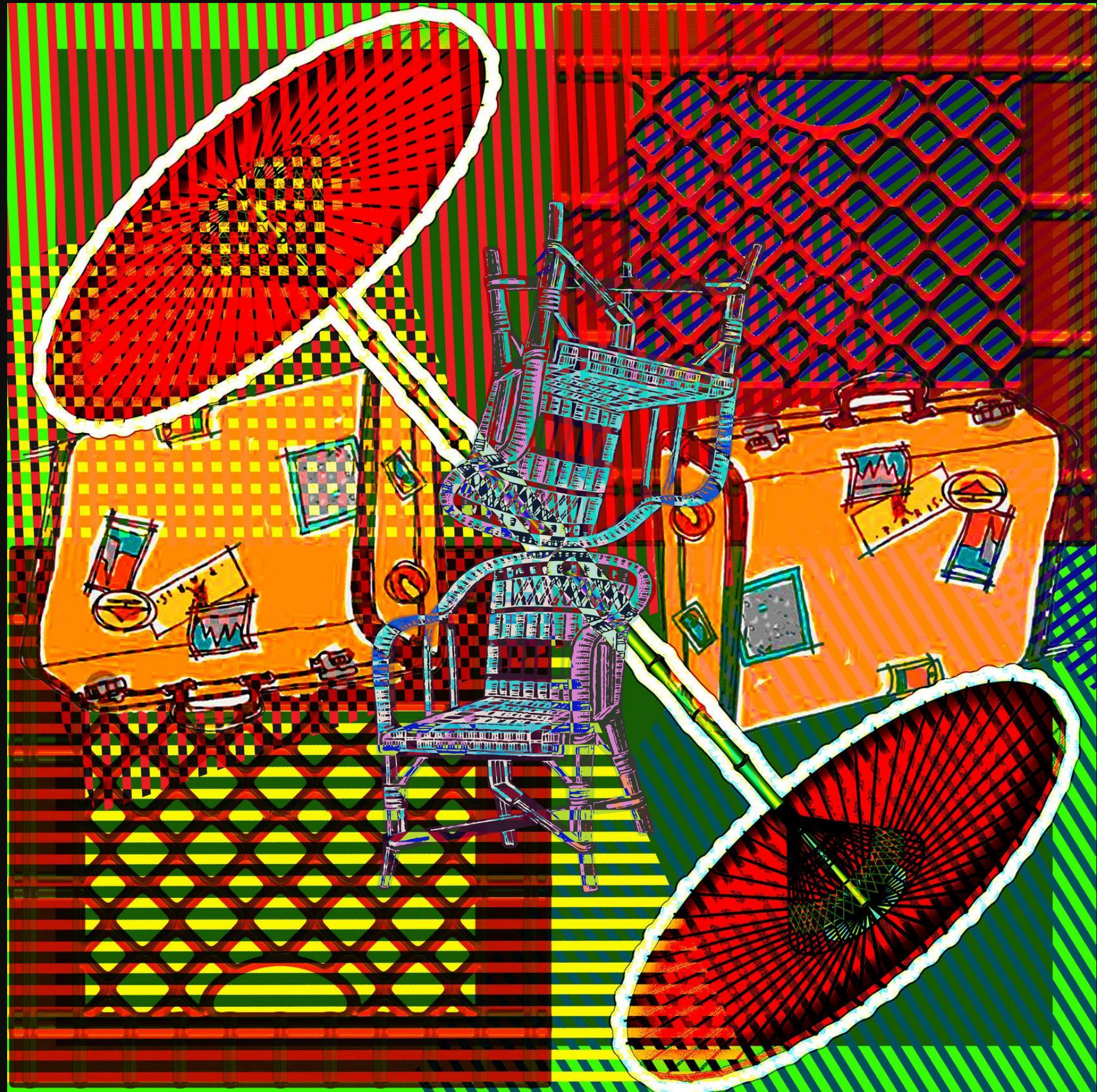
KABHI TUMHIARI NAHI HONO SAKAY GI.

LOG KYA KAHEN GAY?





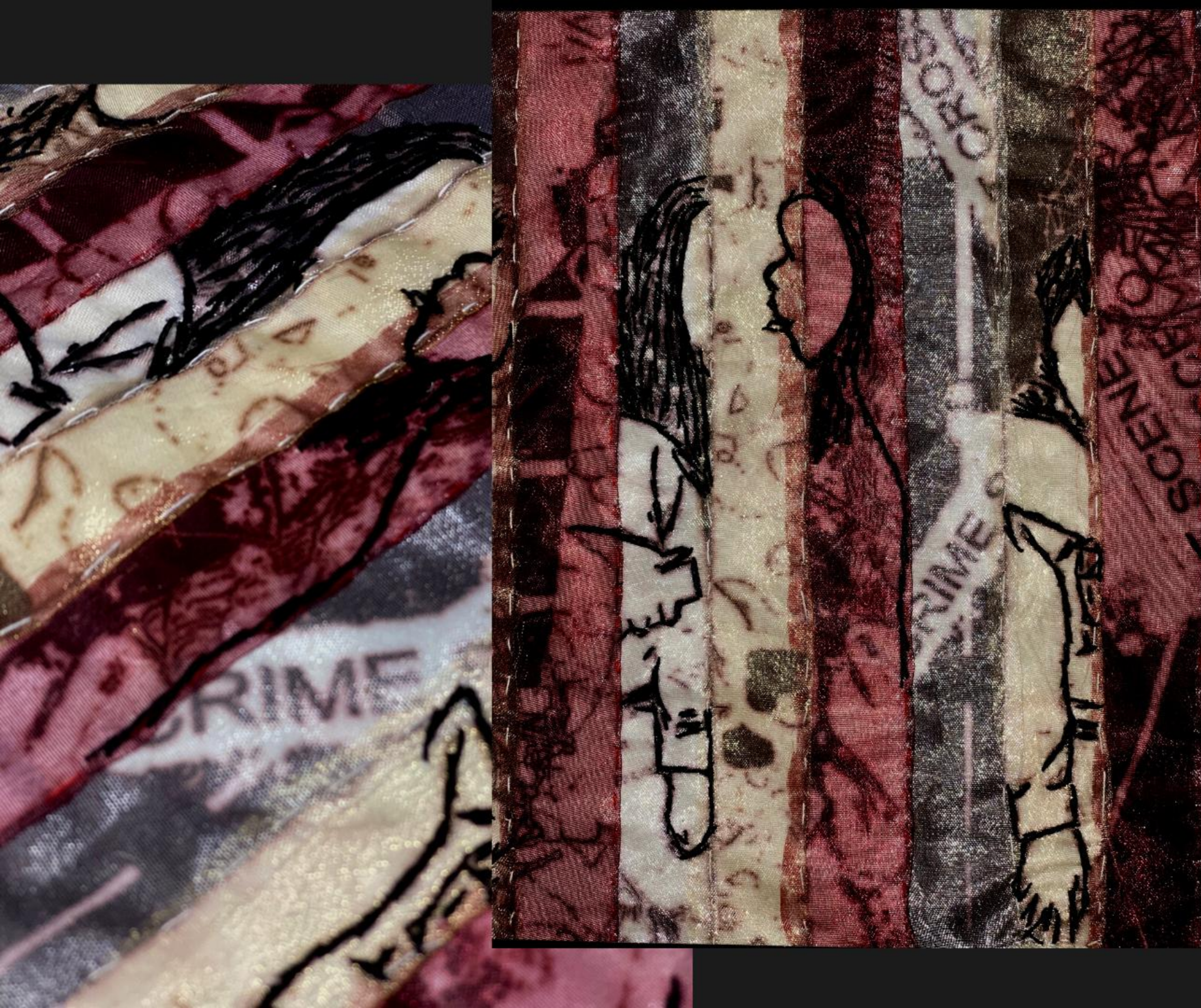






FABRICATIONS AND EXPERIMENTATION

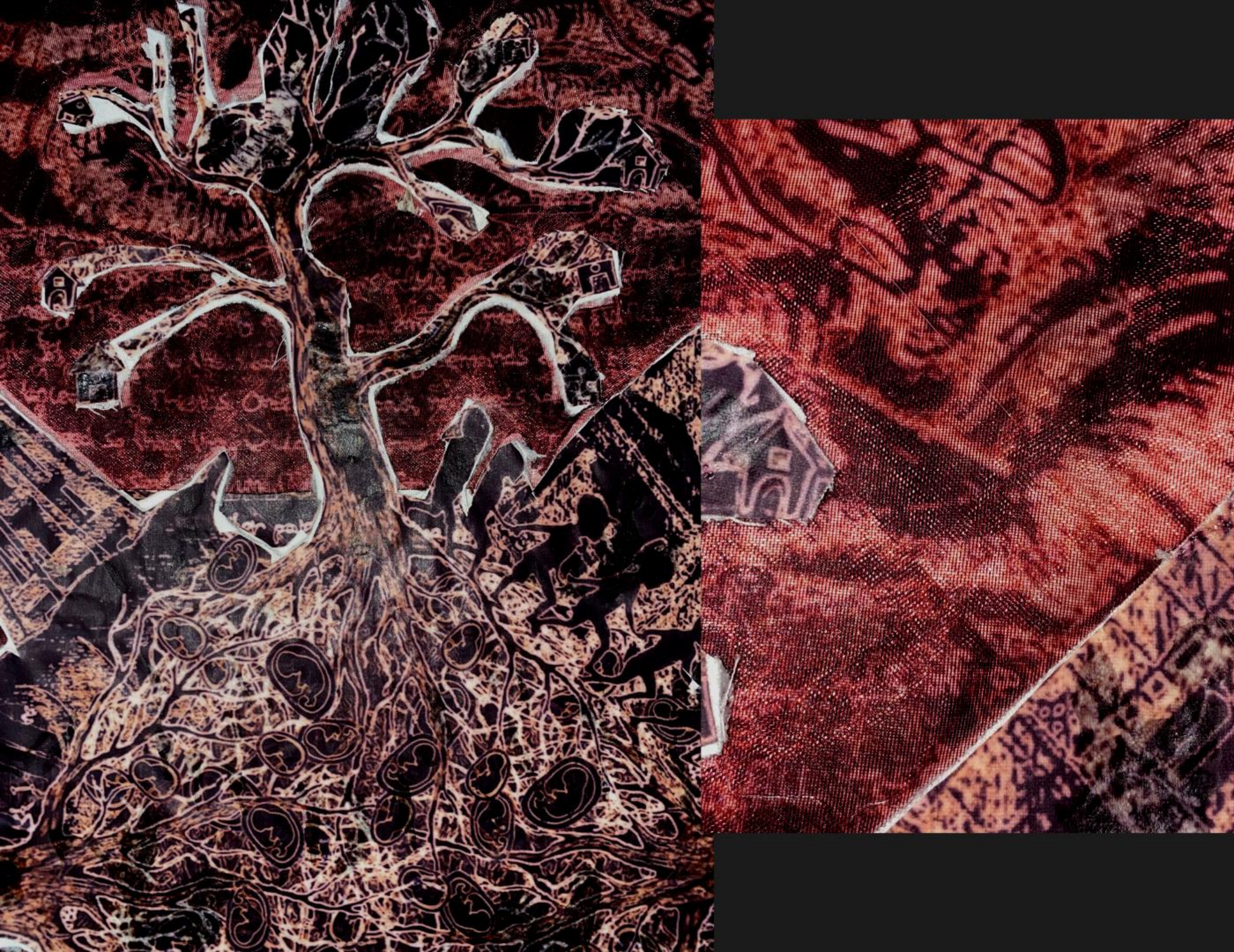




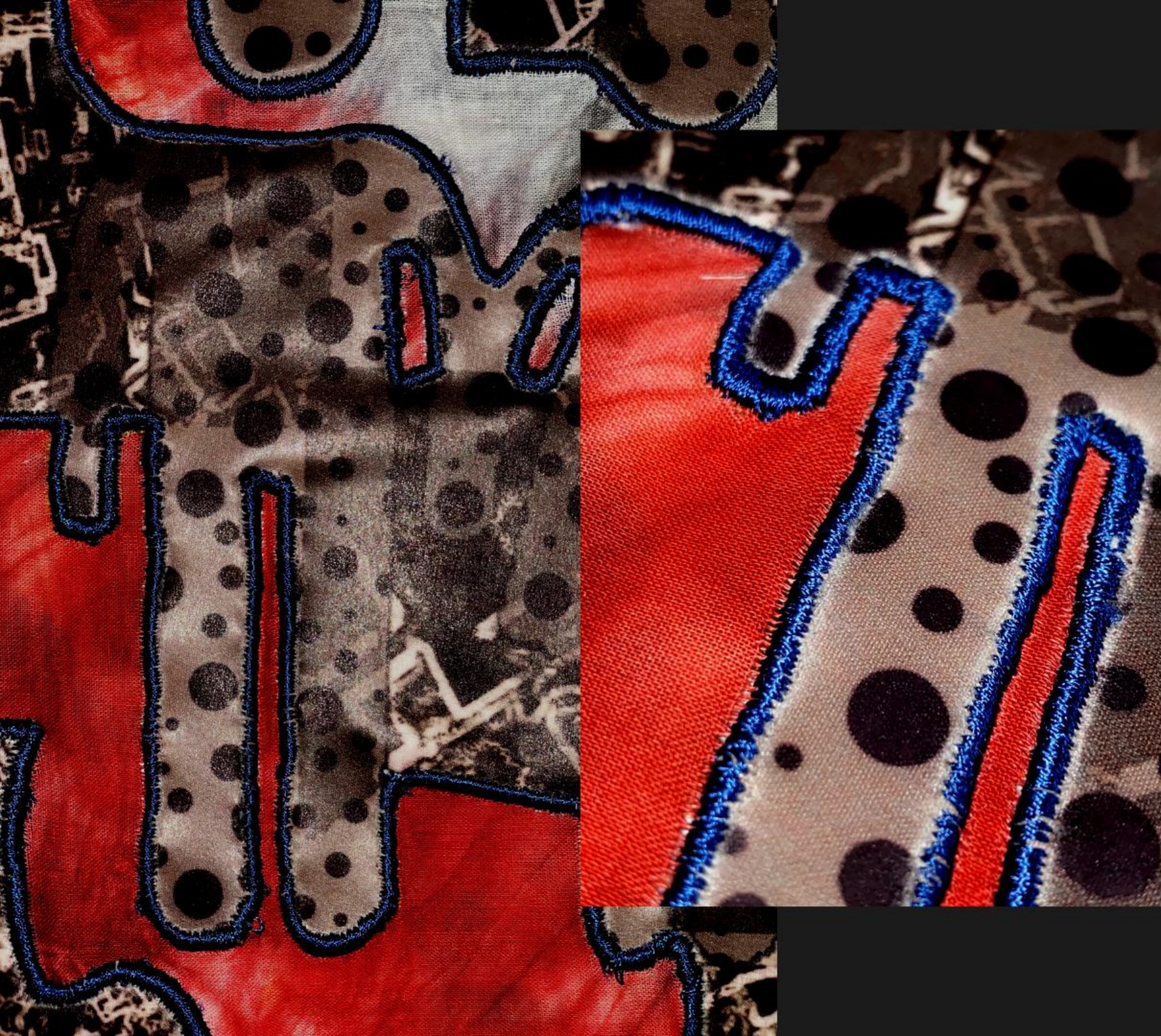
- APPLIQUE
- HAND EMBROIDERY
- DIGITAL PRINT ON POLYESTER



- SUBLIMATION PRINT
- SOFT SHELL FABRIC
- MACHINE EMBROIDERY



- VINYL PRINT ON
- ORGANZA
- SOFT SHELL
- APPLIQUE



- **MACHINE EMROIDERY**
- **TIE AND DYE FABRIC**
- **DIGITAL PRINT ON SOFT SHELL FLEECE**



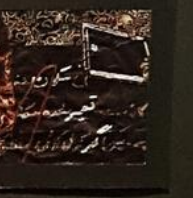
- **VINYL PRINT**
- **POLY-COTTON BLEND FABRIC**
- **HAND EMBROIDERY**



- MACHINE EMBROIDERY
- DIGITAL / VINYL PRINT
- FLEECE/COTTON/LACE
- APPLIQUE



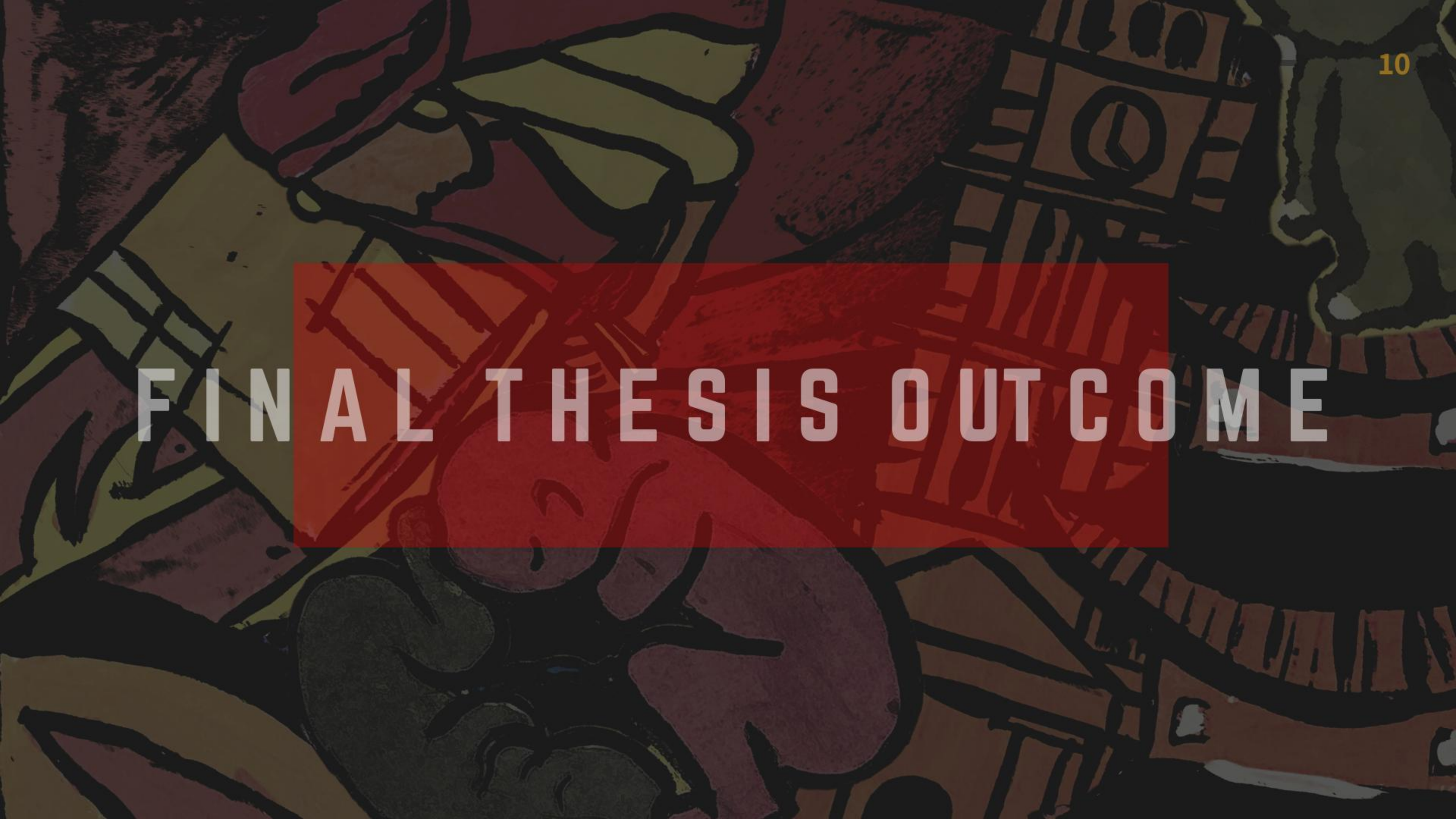
MINI THESIS
DISPLAY





- **NARRATIVE PRINT
SCARVES AND STOLES**
- **INSPIRED BY AFRICAN
NARRATIVE PRINTS,
CHAMBA RUMAAL AND
HERMES SCARVES**
- **DIGITAL/FLOCK/VINYL
PRINT**
- **CHIFFON/ORGANZA/POL
YESTER WOOL/SILK**

FINAL THESIS OUTCOME

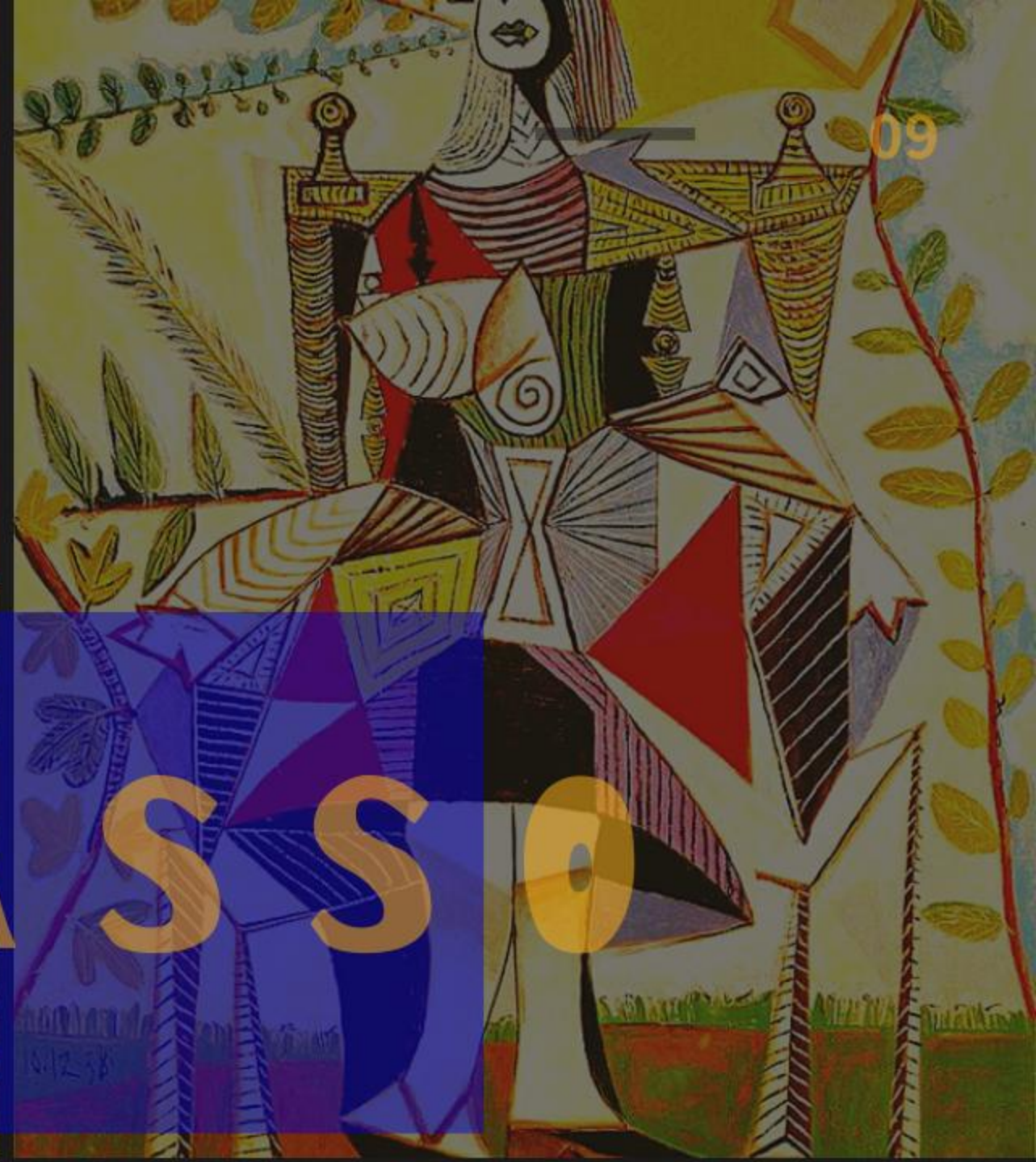




ARTIST INSPIRATION

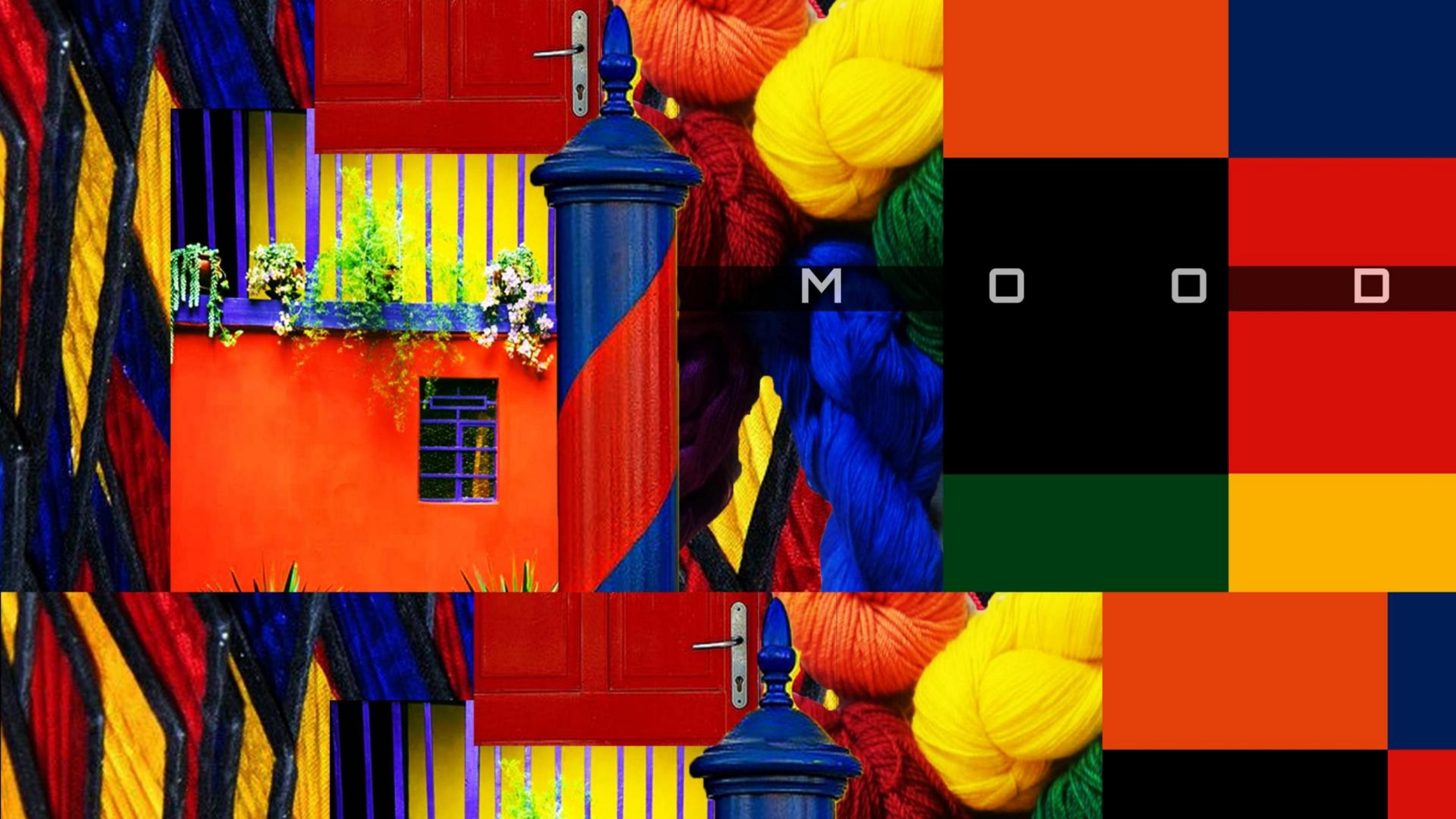


HENRI MATISSE



PABLO PICASSO





M

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FINAL NARRATIVE PRINTS





T I T L E : " *t h e*
m o m e n t I h a d
n e v e r d r e a m e d
o f . . . "

M E D I U M :
a c r y l i c o n
p a p e r

Talking about my life brings painful memories back but I also believe that Allah had bigger plans and wanted me to be strong for my children. My story starts when I was signing my Nikkah papers. On the papers, the place where my father's name should have been: there was, instead, my uncle's name. At first, I was confused and thought that it must have been a mistake. However, when I looked at my dad, he gave me a look that confirmed that the papers held the truth: I was adopted. This is what I was told: I was born a twin, identical. Surrayah (my foster mother) was childless. My real mother Amtullah Begum, decided to help her sister out and gave me up for adoption, thinking it will improve my foster mother's gaping hole of being unable to bear a child. Therefore, my adoptive mother took me under her shelter. My twin who I was separated from when we were born, never made it past her first month in this world. Sometimes, I wonder if she were alive, there may have been one person who understood what I felt and what I went through as a kid and throughout my life. It was not meant to be. From the time that I remember, my fos-

ter mother made me work hard. At first I thought that she was teaching me the household chores just to make an accomplished young lady, sort of the types that you read about in Jane Austen novels. I was encouraged to go to school, but had also been conditioned to believe that girls need to be good with household chores rather than gaining higher education, in order to get married to an ideal suitor. At first, I thought mother was being hard on me because of the mediocrity of the way I performed my chores. However, I eventually started believing that I was being punished. My mother would throw tantrums on the smallest of things. For instance, even when people would pause during meal courses, she would ask to remove the unused plates (or so she thought) wven though they were not done. Other tantrums looked like small crumbs on the carpet or a decoration piece on the drawing room table. According to my mother, cleanliness meant spick and span, shiny bare surfaces. She had no concept of interior décor or any aesthetics whatsoever. I was provided a shelter and food but it felt as a wage for my many services towards my mother in specific. I used to be writhing in menstrual pains and my adoptive mother would wake me up at 4am on winter mornings to do laundry in the cold open backyard. Other atrocities occurred when she would place conditions on things that kids would normally expect out of love. For example, I was told that I would be allowed out only if I carried out a specific task. I used to find refuge at school with three of my best friends and that was my escape from the usual obsessive compulsive behavior of my mother (of course I didn't know that back then). Years passed and I graduated from high school. I thought I would go to college but I had to give up that dream because Surrayah fell sick. I had to attend to her needs and thus the

whole pressure of running a household came unto my shoulders. When she got a bit better, they decided to get me married. It was against my wishes but desi parents had a way with children back then, emotional blackmail forces kids to do anything for their parents. As my wedding day approached, I started having nightmares of a huge dark shadow of a man, who would keep pushing me into a wall, causing suffocation and immense agony. Sure enough, on my wedding day, I received the first shock of being adopted. I grew up thinking I was living with my own blood. However, my mother's behavior towards me became increasingly clear, it felt like that she wanted a kid to help around the house with bribes of candies and other things kids are fond off. I couldn't help but think: I am no more than a slave to my adoptive mother, which is why I never received any support, regarding the cruelties, from my father. I thought, getting married was a good thing. However, this optimism could not have been much more wrong. My new husband was abusive and a pure mama's boy. They made me do household chores just like my mother but this was much worse. I had to cater to three people's needs at my own house but over there, in a joint-family system, I had to take care of about twenty people. It was becoming mentally taxing and straining. With my husband's abusive nature and the family's demanding behavior, I couldn't stand to live there a week. Hence, I came back and was divorced. My life continued as it was before marriage, with the added trauma of physical and mental abuse of the week spent with the in-laws. I sought refuge with creative classes of stained glass and sewing. However, an attendance at a wedding changed my life for the better as my now deceased husband took a liking to me and



T I T L E : " *h o p i n g*
f o r t h e l i g h t . . . "

M E D I U M : a c r y l i c
o n p a p e r

When I was 13, I was placed in foster care again after a failed adoption that occurred a decade earlier. I'd later pass through several more, including a girls' group home, moving around until I came of age. I became very adept at stuffing my belongings into two red milk crates and a battered suitcase with a missing zipper. In a new foster home, I was shown into a room carefully decorated with white wicker furniture, including a desk and bed set, and a big Chinese rice-paper parasol mounted to a ceiling corner. My new foster mother introduced my room to me as though she were seeing it for the first time herself, running her hand over the craggy surface of the desk chair, marveling at her choices of drapery and bedding. "Isn't this wonderful?" she breathed, as she pointed out each. "Look at the stitching in this, the detail..." After each declaration of wonder she looked at me seemingly for an expected response, but was notably disappointed when I couldn't match her animation. I offered only a weak smile and a faint "Yes, it's very nice. It's beautiful. Thank you." I was certainly overwhelmed, but nothing close to rude nor disinterested. I had just come from a girls' group home where I'd been for the past 1 ½ years, sent away again to live near the sea air because of health issues. Packing up my things and

being sent somewhere unfamiliar was scary by practice. I knew how to count on me. I did not know how to count on others. My foster caregiver's face fell a bit, and she said sharply, "This is a pretty nice room, I'd say. I hope you're grateful."

I was grateful, and I told her so. But that's just it, right there. Every time I lived somewhere, someone wanted profound exclamations of gratitude, because "please" and "thank you" were not enough. I knew full well sacrifices were being made to have a strange teenager live in a home where she didn't belong. I always did my best to convey my gratitude. However, hidden resentment began to build up in me like layered sediment. I didn't want to be made to express gratitude to have a safe place to be every time I was sent somewhere, for food on the table, for a warm bed to sleep. I didn't want someone to expect cartwheels out of me because of white wicker furniture that would never really be mine and didn't really matter to me. A place where I could stay for a period of time away from imminent danger and with a meal or two I could count on were all I hoped for. Meaningful extras were voices that spoke unprompted on my behalf, arms that encircled and weren't trying to work their way into my pants, any moment I was made to feel like a normal kid. In the end, I was forced out of that home because of my foster mother's mental instability and her husband's wandering hands. Still, I was grateful to have a place to live, and that should have been enough. I hate wicker furniture. And Chinese umbrellas belong in restaurants.

Kids with families usually have parents or family to explain how things work. Foster kids have usually been left with a conglomeration of expectations and practices usually shared by people who don't have a lot

of skin in the game. They may have been taught badly, or not at all.

When I enrolled in a new high school, I was sent along to handle the deed myself. I found my way in an unfamiliar part of town and stood stock-still in front of the building. My heart dropped into my shoes. I'd never seen a school so big except maybe in the media.

I was a tough cookie accustomed to the streets of the city, often left to fend for myself. I had slept at night hidden away in the shadows of the park, had scrounged around for something to eat and rifled the pockets of women who'd left their wallets behind in open lockers at the Y. I knew how to get along, but some of my hardest moments were the ones in which others seemed to know what to do and I didn't (like the day at the high school.) Then, I wished only for an arm to press against, a person beside me who would walk confidently up to that enormous building and get things squared away, without my inexperience and solitude showing. I did well enough, anyway, albeit awkwardly, and got myself into school.

In that same high school, near graduation, my geometry teacher figured out I didn't know what an S.A.T. test was nor how to apply to college. At first, she was speechless and stared at me with her mouth agape which embarrassed me greatly, but she composed herself quickly and helped me with both. I sat for the very last S.A.T. of the season in my senior year, and was enrolled in college (her Alma mater) for that following fall.

Every guardian should know that foster children need advocates and solid direction. They'd be hard-pressed to find a kid who wouldn't be grateful for a slight nod. It would be near impossible to find one who wouldn't be grateful to have an advocate with a strong voice until that foster kid is old enough and brave enough to be her own.



T I T L E : " *b l e n d e d* "

M E D I U M : a c r y l i c

o n p a p e r



As I sat across from the doctor and was asked for the umpteenth time what my medical history was and had no answer, I made the decision. It was time to find my birth mother. Bio Mom. I had no idea how long it would take or how one meeting would affect me so profoundly. After all, I was just doing this to find out my medical history.

My parents, who adopted me when I was three months old, are East Indian and yes, they fit the stereotype. Ma (a chemist) and Baba (a mathematician) have always been more than supportive in all that I do... even when I decided to drop out of university to pursue my dreams as a Broadway dancer. I'm sure that was a hard pill to swallow! But when I announced that I was going to search for my birth mother and Ma helped make it happen, well, I guess I just didn't expect it. Being a mom now, I realize how hard that must have been for her.

I've always known I was adopted. My

parents never hid it from me and were very open with any questions I had as I got older. We talked about it with each other and to others because it was something we were proud of. The day I was adopted was declared my "Special Day" and we celebrate it every year like a birthday. As far as I'm concerned, my parents did everything right.

The months leading up to meeting Bio Mom, I was on tour and got word that she had been located and wanted to meet. Since I wasn't in town, the counseling sessions had to be done over the phone. I wondered why I needed counseling, but brushed it off.

With my best friend in tow, we pulled up to a rundown apartment building across town from where my parents lived. As we entered the building, a woman and man were walking toward us. She stopped. "Oh my God! You're beautiful!" Record scratch.

I rode up the elevator in silence as Bio Mom chattered on about my car, my outfit and how proud she was of me. I searched her face for any signs of myself, but found nothing.

Once in the apartment, the bizarre moments kept coming and left me open mouthed.

"So, are you disappointed?"

"You can call me mom."

"I love you!"

I was on emotional overload and I forgot why I was there! My best friend could sense the tension and started asking questions for me. We learned that I have a half brother and that Bio Mom wasn't even sure who my father was until she saw me (I'm mixed-race). Wow! We even took a trip down to the McDonald's where my half bio brother was working so we could meet. He jumped over the counter and let everyone know I was his sister, "That's my sister! I love you, Man!"

My head was about to explode!

As the visit was winding down and we got up to leave, Bio Mom was crying. I felt terrible that I felt nothing for her. She wanted to keep in touch, but I wasn't sure that was something I could do. So many "what ifs" were swirling through my head. What if she had kept me? What if I end up like her? What if I'm not able to love her? Does that make me a horrible person? I just wanted to go home.

It's been 12 years since that meeting, but that day changed the course of my life and all my relationships.



T I T L E : *t h e f a m i l y*
o r c h a r d
M E D I U M : *a c r y l i c*
o n p a p e r

My sophomore biology class was studying genetics when I learned, by accident, that I was adopted. As my teacher used eye color as an example of recessive genes, she explained that two blue-eyed parents would never have a brown-eyed child. It was genetically impossible, she said. I raised my hand, happy to be the exception. "My parents have blue eyes and mine are brown," I told the class. She looked a little confused, but figured maybe one of my parents didn't have true blue eyes, before changing the subject. My classmates and I spent the rest of the day joking about my mother's affair with the milkman. After school, I described the scene for my parents, still amused. At 15, discovering your own ability to defy genetics was like learning you had a superpower. My irises had beaten science! And then my mom burst into tears. For a hormone-filled teenager, I didn't work up much of a made-for-TV reaction in the moments following my mother's confession about my adoption. I was shocked, and a little angry about the secret she and my father had kept, but it didn't last long. At the time, I hadn't really given heritage much thought. People would sometimes ask me if my family was from Northern Ireland, but I'd rarely give their questions a second thought. (A few years later, an anthropologist would raise the question to me again, having studied face shapes of different regions.) But my curiosity grew over the next few years. My parents only had limited information about my birth family. They knew that my birth mother was Wanda Gardner, and that I had brothers living somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. The decision that I'd be given up for adoption was made a few weeks before I was

born, and my adoptive parents were there waiting at the hospital. They named me. Their names are on my birth certificate. I am their daughter. But when I was 22, I wrote to the State of California, asking for more information about my birth. I got a packet full of the information they had on file: a few details, the ages of my brothers and details of my birth in San Diego. I tucked it away, and wouldn't begin to search for them for another two years. One day, a friend had the idea to run my birth mother's name through a public record database, and there she was. The records also told me that she preferred to go by Wende, not Wanda, and I began to search for her by her maiden name, Wende Moten. Soon, I had a list of known family members that I plugged into Facebook. Almost instantly, I had found a cousin by marriage who lived in Hawaii. She was only 18 years-old, and I wrote to her explaining that I was searching for my birth family. I got a response in less than an hour. I had no idea if I was really ready for this. My birth mother, Wende, and I connected the next day on the phone, and the Facebook friend requests came flooding in. I have four older brothers (one of whom is full-blooded) and two younger brothers. I had grandparents, cousins, aunts and uncles — and they all welcomed me into the family. I flipped through photos and got to know them through their posts. It was like having a window into the part of their lives I had missed out on. Truly, it was amazing to get to know the family of a life I almost had, but my priority was to make sure that my adoptive parents knew that my search didn't mean I wasn't their daughter, or that I didn't want to be. I know it was a nerve-wracking experience to go through, but they supported me with

patience and understanding. The truth is that I had a wonderful childhood because of them. Wende wasn't living a stable life when she was pregnant with me — my birth father had no idea she was expecting — and I'll always appreciate her decision to give my parents a chance to give me this wonderful life. As I got to know Wende's side of my family, I started to learn more about my birth father. I guess I should have seen Northern Ireland coming because sure enough, I really do have Northern Irish lineage. My birth father's anger about being kept in the dark about the daughter he'd always wanted soon melted into affection. He wanted to know me, and again, I used Facebook to connect with the huge Irish clan I instantly became a part of. After visiting Ireland a few months after finding the Irish side of my family, I had always wondered what it would be like to live there. I was 26, still living in California and working at a job I didn't love when I decided to drop everything and go back. For the next three months, I got to know my birth father and his family. They were friendly and welcoming and I couldn't have asked for a better experience. I've always been a friendly, outgoing person, and getting to know my birth family has really tested that part of me. As I began to connect with relatives online, I knew I wanted to meet them in person. These journeys have taken me to San Diego, Seattle, Phoenix, Ireland and England, and have opened up my world in a way I didn't know was possible. Meeting my relatives has given me perspective on how profoundly lucky I am to have such wonderful and supportive parents, as well as an extended birth family in my life. In a way, through getting to know them, I feel like I've finally gotten to know myself.



T I T L E : " *s t r e n g t h*
l i e s i n o u r
d i f f e r e n c e s . "

M E D I U M : a c r y l i c
o n p a p e r

Iwalk toward the place I'd been abandoned, my shoes making imprints in the dirt. It's the summer of 2011 and the muggy air is swallowing me whole. The place is deserted; the quiet rumbling of cars occasionally driving past is the only other sign of life. I stop in front of the gate and study the school, with its chicken-wire fence and vacant appearance. The wind rustles the leaves in the few trees that stand nearby and I look up as a tide of feelings washes over me. The uneasiness I always feel when thinking about being adopted disappears and I smile ruefully. Disregarding my status as an adoptee had become a habit of mine, but seeing the truth changed something within me. Lost in thought, I think back, remembering all those years I had tried to forget about my past...

I was abandoned in Gao'an, China in the

spring of 1996. At eight months old, I was adopted and taken to the United States. I never considered what it would mean to be adopted since I was the happiest kid in the world with my adoptive family. However, my ignorance was short-lived after I presented a family heritage project in second grade about my Chinese roots. My unique presentation emphasized the differences between myself and my classmates, which led me to disregard my past since I didn't want to be different.

Throughout the rest of elementary and middle school, I brushed off any mention about being adopted and chose instead to focus my thoughts on things like playing Candy Land in the library on rainy days and practicing my clarinet for the annual May Fete Parade. The past can never be completely buried though, and the fact that I was adopted snuck its way back into my thoughts in high school. I noticed how people reacted when I went out with family. I learned that I was one of the few Chinese students at my school who couldn't speak Mandarin, which made me feel like an outcast in the Asian community. I felt desperately left out when my friends talked about their relationship with Chinese culture while I couldn't. Constantly regarding these differences in a negative light made me question how I saw myself, and that negative light didn't turn positive until my trip to China.

Breaking out of my thoughts, I walk up to the sign on the fence and study the delicate grace of the Chinese characters. On the previous day, I had visited my orphanage, meeting the director and the woman who had taken care of me. The experience of visiting my orphanage struck something within me, and I could no longer deny the reality of the two places in Chi-

na that I had a connection to. For the first time in my life, I saw myself as I truly was: a Chinese adoptee. These two visits were the turning point in my ever-confusing struggle with self-identity. After all those years of trying to ignore my past, I was facing it head on.

After returning home, I changed my internal perspective. I read about other adoptee stories and how they were similar to my own through blogs and other types of social media. I connected deeply with the documentary *Somewhere Between*, which portrays the heartfelt stories of four other fellow adoptees. When my friends talked about their Chinese culture, the one thing I had wished I could share with them, I no longer felt a stinging disappointment, but rather a melancholy acceptance knowing that I didn't have to be like everyone else. Differences are what make our world prosperous and diverse, and understanding those differences is something everyone should be able to do. Although I will always carry the burden of my past, I will more greatly carry the strength I have found in my continuing journey of acceptance.



T I T L E : " *c h o s e n* "

M E D I U M : a c r y l i c

o n p a p e r

Many people talk about adoption in a very negative light. God sent my foster parents in the form of angels who saved my life. I was born with hearing impairment. That meant that I could not listen to anything around me very well. It hindered my ability to learn speech or anything else for that matter.

When I was five years old, they told me that someone in the USA wanted to be my parents. At first, I was confused. I thought, maybe they do not know about my hearing disability. After all, why would someone want damaged goods? I was five with no hearing ability and very limited speech. Even so, they sent me a photo book. They seemed very kind and happy people. I

wondered, why do they need someone like me in their life?

Fast forward about 11 months; they came to visit me in China! They were just as kind as the pictures showed them to be. I could tell that they understood that I knew I was getting adopted. They showed me how to sign and since I had no speech, any form of communication was a welcome change for me. I asked them to teach me sign for everything. Poor guys had only started learning the sign, just for me. That night, I saw them sign up for a program that taught them sign language even more.

We flew back to the USA. They bought me hearing aids, clothes, books and kept on teaching me sign language. They met with a deaf tutor, scoured the county for deaf people, tried teaching family and friends, sign language, took me to multiple ENT and audiologist appointments and quickly realized the new hearing aids weren't helping me. They also discovered the strong opinions in the Deaf community about cochlear implants, speech, sign language, etc. They were torn because there was such a divide on what the right thing to do is within the deaf community.

One day after watching that film: "One deaf child," they knew they had to give cochlear implants a try for me. Nine months after being home, I had surgery on my right ear and a month later it was activated. I was terrified at first, but I grew to enjoy new sounds over the coming weeks

and months. I remember about a month after being activated, I heard the sound of a bird chirping outside, and I wanted to know what it was. It was beautiful!

They worked closely with our audio-verbal therapist who was able to help them know how to teach me to listen. My speech began improving significantly. They had made the right decision. They have continued with English, using sign language when needed. I was learning to read and write at home and was quickly catching up with my peers.

After two years after my first implant, I made the decision to get my left ear implanted. Once again, just a couple weeks later I was starting to distinguish different sounds in that ear as well.

Later, they brought home other foster kids and I learned to share with my siblings. I am grateful for their generosity and the hard work that made me a working class individual that I am today.



T I T L E ; " a c h a n c e
i n t h e w o r l d "

M E D I U M : a c r y l i c
o n p a p e r

There must have been something in the water on Facebook this weekend, because when I logged into my account, I was greeted with a newsfeed full of photos of adoptees who were searching for their birth parents. The faces were young and old, black and white, and they all bore similar expressions of hope — hope that someone somewhere would see their photos and read the information on the posters they held that might lead them to their birth families.

As I looked at the photos, I realized that I found myself unable to relate to any of the adoptees who were searching for answers. All of the adoptees had clues and tidbits of information they could use to help locate their birth parents. If I were to create a poster, it would be empty. The only clues I have to the mystery of who my birth parents were are my face and the blood running through my veins.

So many birth parents out there are well-intentioned and selflessly relinquish their rights to their children because they aren't ready to be parents or they can't provide their children with the necessities and opportunities they need and deserve. Some have the opportunity to choose their children's adoptive families and some enter

into open adoptions. Other birth parents have their rights involuntary terminated as a result of abuse, neglect and/or poverty. Sadly, there are also birth parents who never had any intention of relinquishing their rights and had their children taken from them as a result of corruption, kidnapping and other horrible injustices. Lastly, there are birth parents like mine, who chose to abandon their children for reasons unknown.

As an adoptee who was abandoned and left without any identifying information, the questions that will never be answered cause me the most pain and heartache. The words left unsaid are the things I long to know most about who I was and where I came from.

I have no memories of my birth mother's face. I don't know if she ever held me or told me that she loved me. Did she sing me lullabies and rock me to sleep? Did she comfort me when I cried? When she looked into my eyes, was she reminded of my birth father or, perhaps, her own mother? She didn't leave me with information about my name or the date and time I was born. She didn't tell me if I was born at home or in a hospital. She didn't tell me if I was a good baby or if I was colicky. She didn't leave me a photo from when I was a baby — a milestone captured on paper that so many people are so blessed to have. She didn't tell me why it took her a whole year to decide that she couldn't keep me.

The words my birth mother never said — never left me with — have formed a void in my life that has left me feeling empty and incomplete. I would give anything to know

the health and lifespans of my ancestors. While I was searching for medical answers of my own a few years ago, I would have given anything to have known if anyone in my birth family had lupus. I would give anything to be able to pass tidbits of family history onto my sons, rather than staring at the blank pages of their maternal family medical histories.

My birth mother never told me if my laugh sounded like hers. She never told me if I inherited my stubbornness from my birth father or my love of music from my birth grandmother. She never told me if I have siblings. I will never know who in my birth family shares my love for writing and photography. I will never know if my birth mother thinks about me or wonders about the person I have become. I will never know if she wanted me to find her. I will never know if I was wanted or loved. I will never know why she felt she couldn't keep me or why she chose to abandon me.

The things she never said — the things she took with her when she left me behind — are keys to a mystery that will never be solved. The action of leaving me — of abandoning me — will forever be a source of pain and loss in my life. But, the words that I imagine were in her heart and on her lips when she left me are the words that give me hope. I hold onto the things she never said with the belief that those words were filled with love and sadness, pain and promise, and hope for the dreams she had for me.

The words that I hold closest to my heart are the words she never said.



T I T L E : " s o c l o s e
y e t s o f a r
a w a y . . . "

M E D I U M : a c r y l i c
o n p a p e r

I found out that I was adopted four years ago. It was strange to know that the people who I called my mother and father for eight years were actually my aunt and uncle. I found this out when my aunt and uncle (actually my biological parents) and my foster parents were having a heated discussion over guardianship. The nature of me being adopted is something that confuses me enormously.

My biological parents have six children and have been under financial duress ever since I can remember. My foster parents have no children so I grew up believing that I was an only child. I was always provided a comfortable home and good food. Moreover, they attend to all my needs and to be honest, there is no wish that my foster parents have

failed to fulfill yet.

What I fail to understand is this: my biological parents chose me to give up for adoption even though they had six others to choose from, was I such a bad kid/baby that they didn't want me anymore. Why is it that I am the only one that they can't provide for, yet they can take care of my brothers and sisters?

Over the past four years, I have been tossed between my foster and biological home. My foster home is in Lahore and my real parents live in Faisalabad. Whenever, my adoptive parents lose an argument over guardianship, I get sent to Faisalabad. First time around, I was really excited to meet my brothers and sisters. However, as I dressed and talked differently than them, they could never fully relate to me. I always feel like an outsider when I am with them. Even with this cold treatment, I thought, at least I am not lonely. This optimism was short-lived as I soon found out that you can be lonely in a crowd.

I tried to take refuge from this feeling by taking up hobbies like reading and journaling. I was in a good place for some time, after the bullying had stopped at school: I finally made some friends. However, soon my real parents grew miserable of my simple demands of a computer, books and stationery. They begged my adoptive parents for money to fulfill my desires; but their condition was to entrust me back to their care so that my demands could be met. I threw a

tantrum, as I didn't want to leave my friends. Once I was back, my needs were met and I decided to ask for things that I didn't need so that they would also grow tired of me and I could be sent back. However, there was nothing that I asked was unaffordable for my parents. The ever-looming sense of dreadful loneliness came back. I knew my foster parents love me from all their heart but I can't help but feel angry at when they decided to give me up. A school year passed and I managed to make a friend here as well. However, my biological parents came back to claim me. I was back to my old friends, but my old friends had moved on. I was made fun of being unwanted by my brothers and sisters. They were cruel enough to circulate the truth about me at school. Being ridiculed has made me so angry; I want them to be afraid of me, so I hit them. I can stand them when they laugh at me. It feels good when I can see fear in their eyes. I was expelled from my school, so I had to move back.

I don't want to be tossed around being unwanted and I don't want to obey anymore. This is my life: ever-changing, ever-moving but never settling.

MERCHANDISE

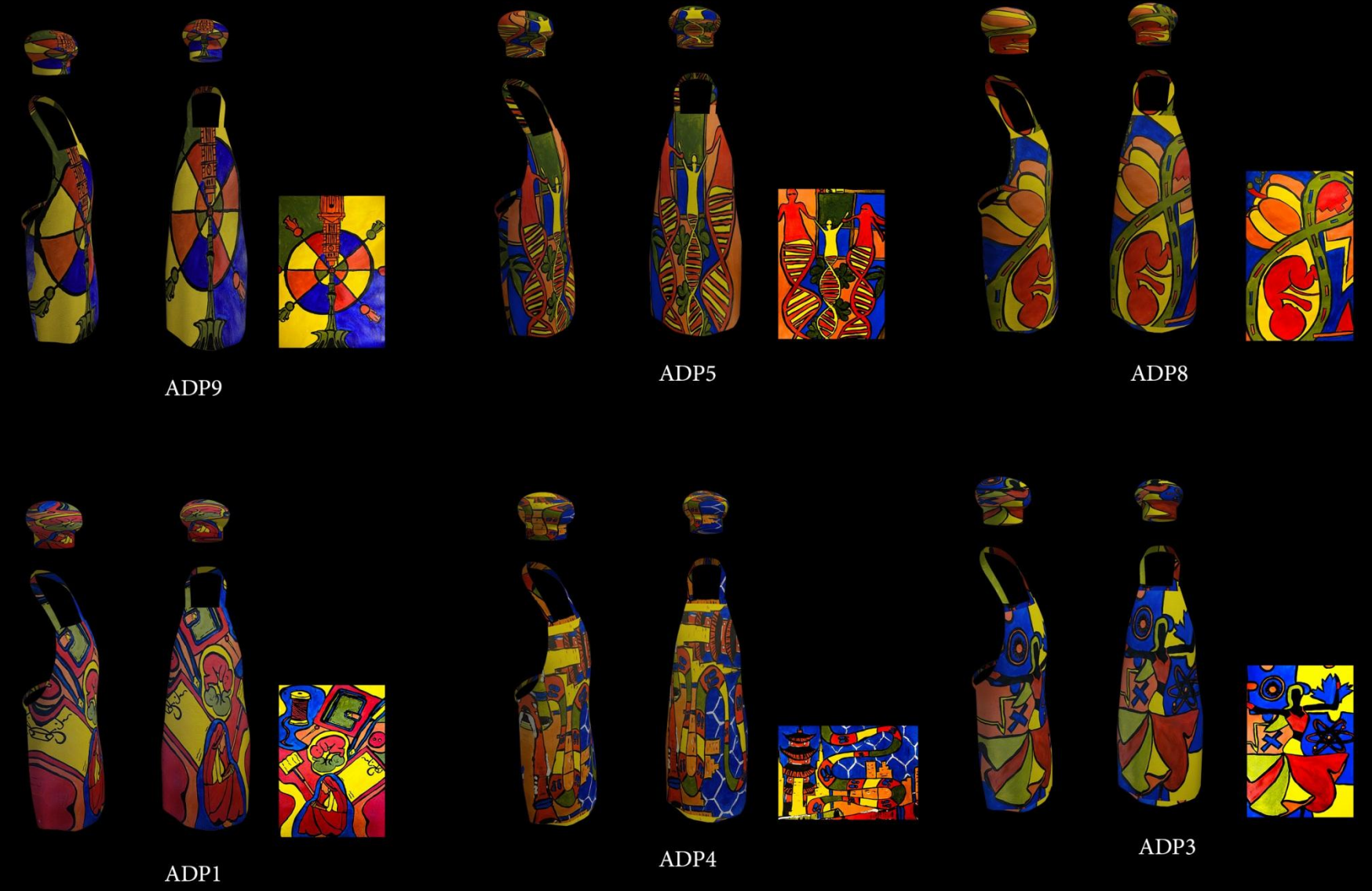
KITCHEN LINEN



P R I N T O P T I O N S



Print# ADP6
PRODUCT: Apron
SIZE: 24" x 36"/Variable
MATERIAL: Cotton Polyester blend
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



ADP9

ADP5

ADP8

ADP1

ADP4

ADP3

a p r o n



Print# ADP5
 PRODUCT: Storage Jars
 SIZE: 6"x8"
 MATERIAL: Glass
 PRINT TYPE: Vinyl Sticker Print

P R I N T O P T I O N S



ADP6



ADP8



ADP9



ADP1



ADP3



ADP2



ADP4

s t o r a g e j a r



Print# ADP@
PRODUCT: Coaster
SIZE: 10"
MATERIAL: Wood
PRINT TYPE: Transfer
Print



ADP6



ADP5



ADP4



ADP3



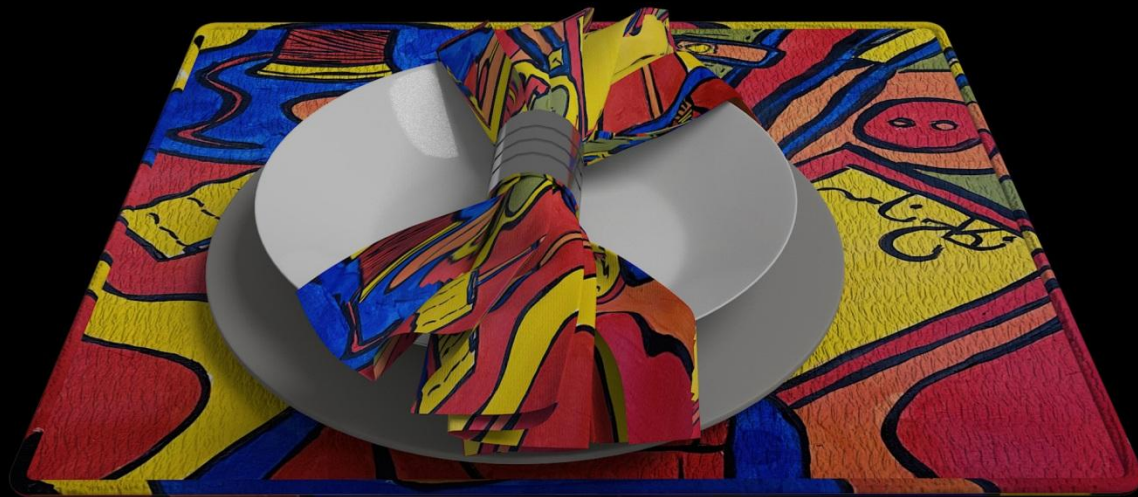
ADP1



ADP8



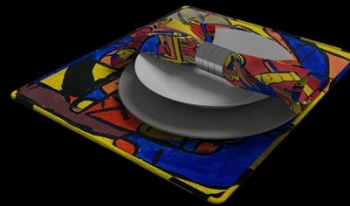
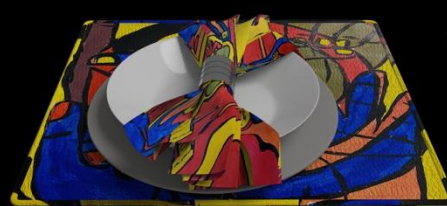
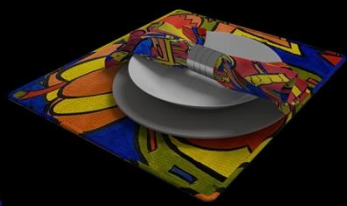
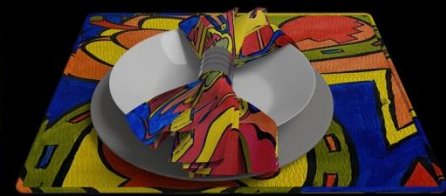
P R I N T O P T I O N S



ADP9



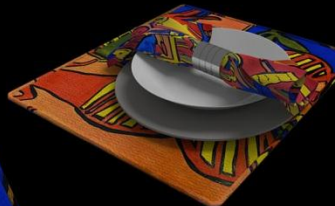
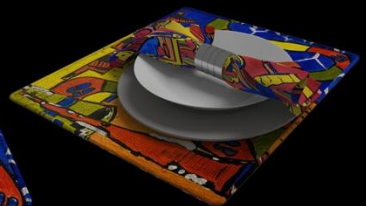
ADP8



ADP6



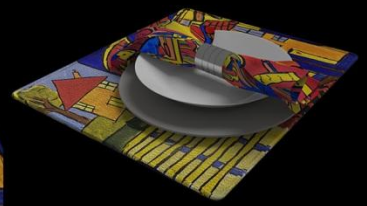
ADP4



ADP5



ADP2



Print# ADP1
PRODUCT: Table Mat & Napkin
SIZE: 18.1"x12.9"
MATERIAL: Canvas Cotton (Embroidered)
PRINT TYPE: Sublimation Print

m a t / n a p k i n



Print# ADP3
PRODUCT: Tea Cozy
SIZE: 12"x9"
MATERIAL: Waterproof
Polyester (Quilted)
PRINT TYPE: Sublimation
Print

P R I N T O P T I O N S



t e a c o z y

P R I N T O P T I O N S



Print# ADP1
PRODUCT: Tablecloth
SIZE: 42"-55"
MATERIAL: Poly-cotton
blend (embroidered)
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



ADP5



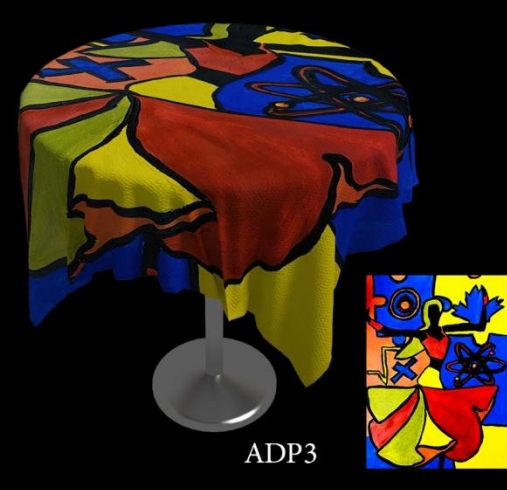
ADP6



ADP9



ADP8



ADP3



ADP4

m a t / n a p k i n



Print# ADP5
PRODUCT: Oven Mitts
SIZE:35"x7.5
MATERIAL: Poly-Cotton
Blend (Quilted)
PRINT TYPE: Sublimation
Print



P R I N T O P T I O N S



ADP1



ADP9



ADP6



ADP3



ADP4



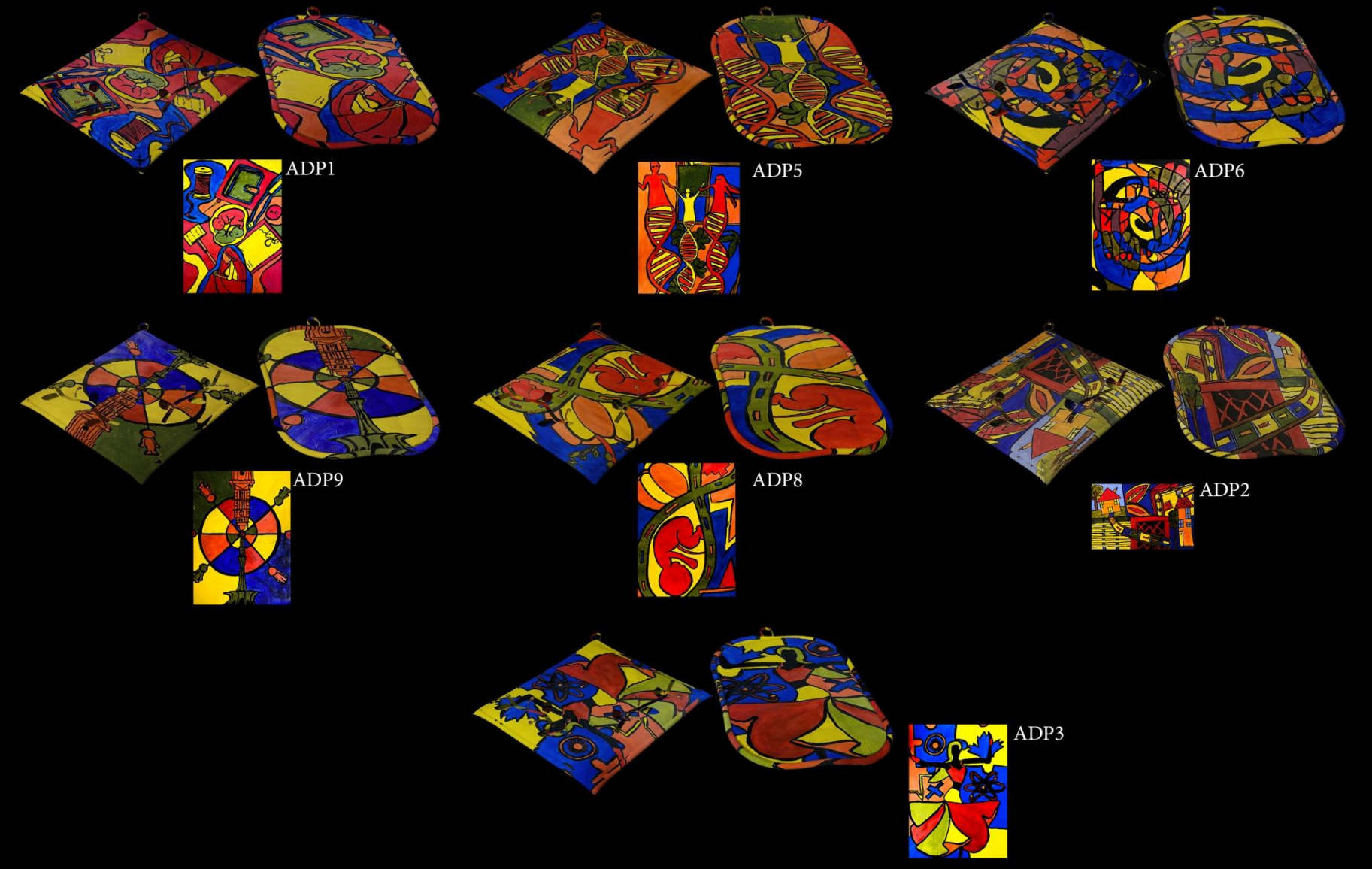
ADP2

O V E N M I T T S

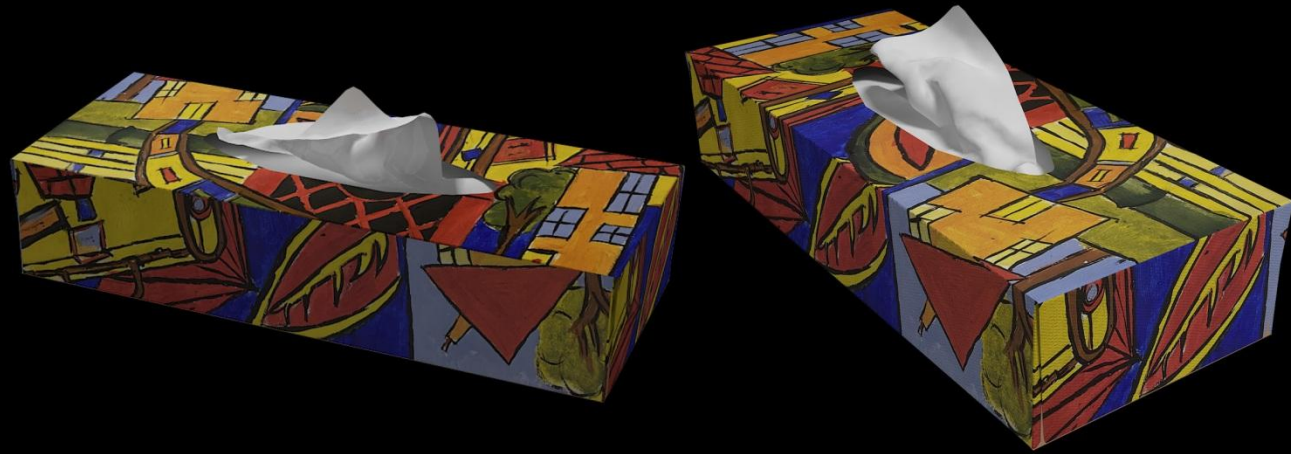
P R I N T O P T I O N S



Print# ADP4
PRODUCT: Potholders
SIZE: 8"x12"
MATERIAL: Polyester
(Quilted with thick cotton
batting
PRINT TYPE: Sublimation



p o t h o l d e r

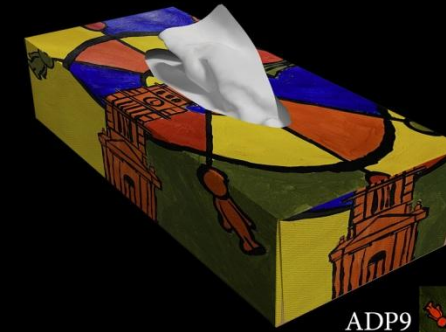


Print# ADP2
PRODUCT: Tissue Box
Cover
SIZE: 4" x 9"x 2.5" tall
MATERIAL: Wood
PRINT TYPE: Transfer
Print

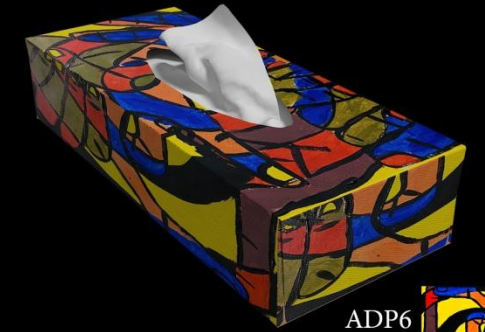
P R I N T O P T I O N S



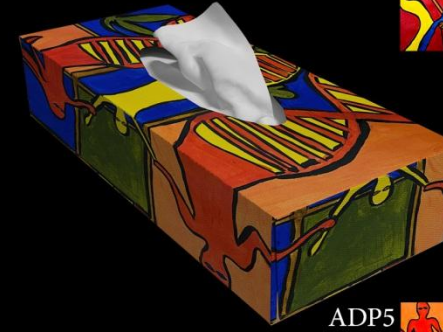
ADP1



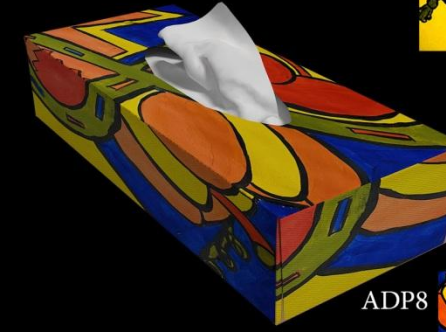
ADP9



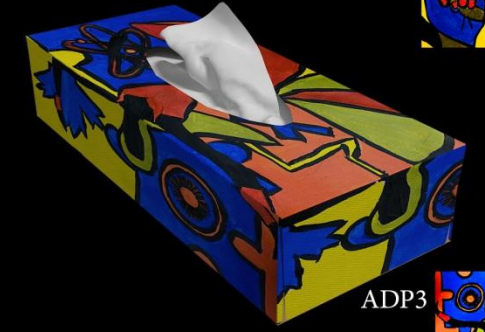
ADP6



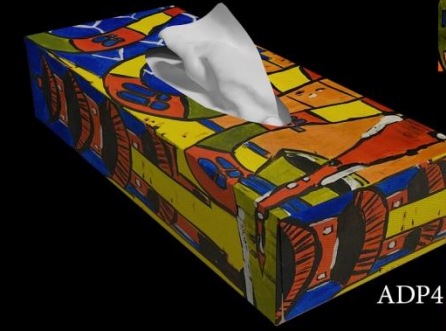
ADP5



ADP8



ADP3



ADP4

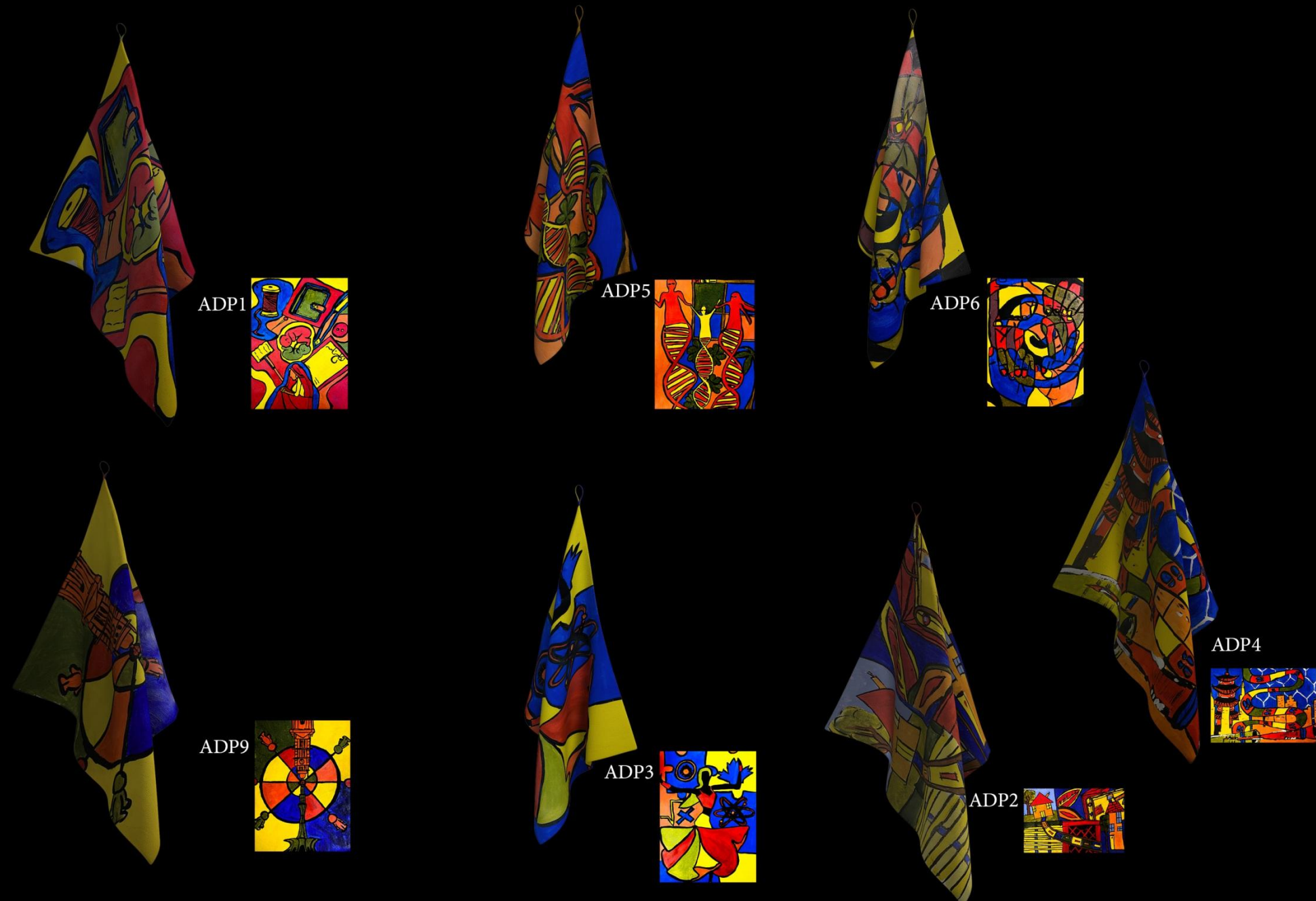


t i s s u e b o x

P R I N T O P T I O N S



Print# ADP8
PRODUCT: Kitchen Towel
SIZE: 20"x30"
MATERIAL: Terry Cloth
PRINT TYPE: Sublimation
Print



k i t c h e n t o w e l

P R I N T O P T I O N S



Print# ADP8
PRODUCT: Tote Bag
SIZE: 13"x15"
MATERIAL: Canvas Cotton
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



ADP5



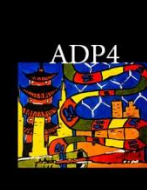
ADP9



ADP1



ADP8



ADP4



ADP3

t o t e b a g

DISPLAY



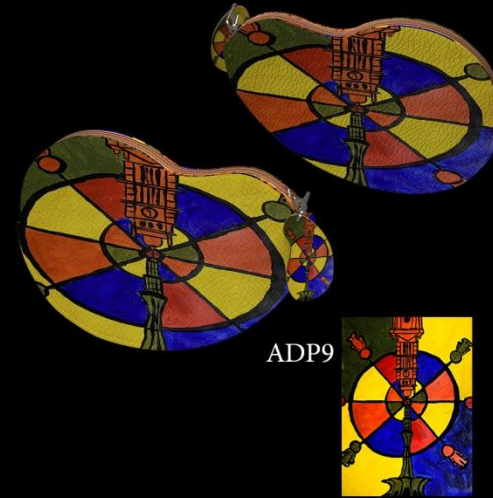
MERCHANDISE

ACCESSORIES

P R I N T O P T I O N S



Print# ADP1
PRODUCT: Coin Purse
SIZE: 3"x5"
MATERIAL: Leather
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



ADP9



ADP6



ADP5



ADP8



ADP3



ADP2

c o i n p u r s e



Print# ADP9
 PRODUCT: Market Tote
 Bag
 SIZE: 15"x13"
 MATERIAL: Canvas Cot-
 ton
 PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



P R I N T O P T I O N S



ADP6



ADP5



ADP1



ADP8



ADP2



ADP3



t o t e b a g

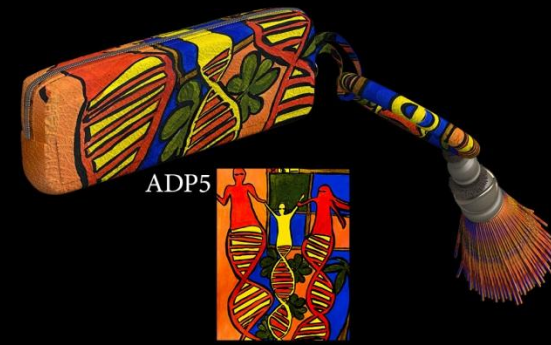
P R I N T O P T I O N S



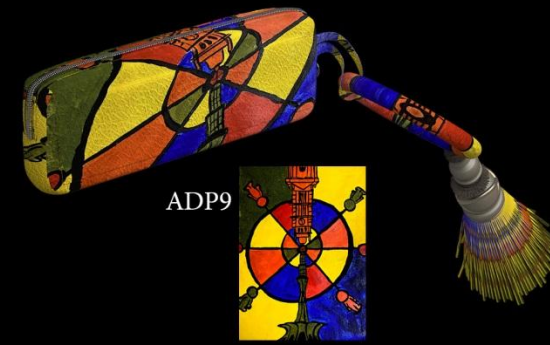
Print# ADP8
PRODUCT: Keyholder
SIZE: 3"x5"
MATERIAL: Leather
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



Print# ADP1
PRODUCT: Key Ring
SIZE: 6"
MATERIAL: Leather
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



ADP5



ADP9



ADP4



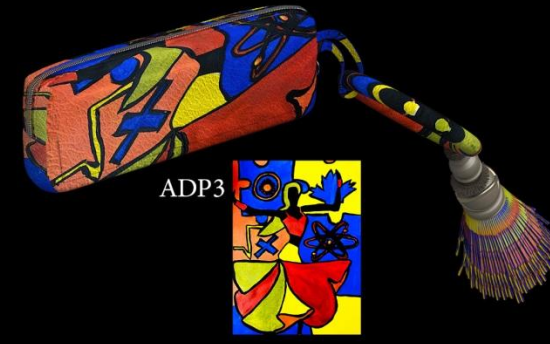
ADP2



ADP6



ADP1



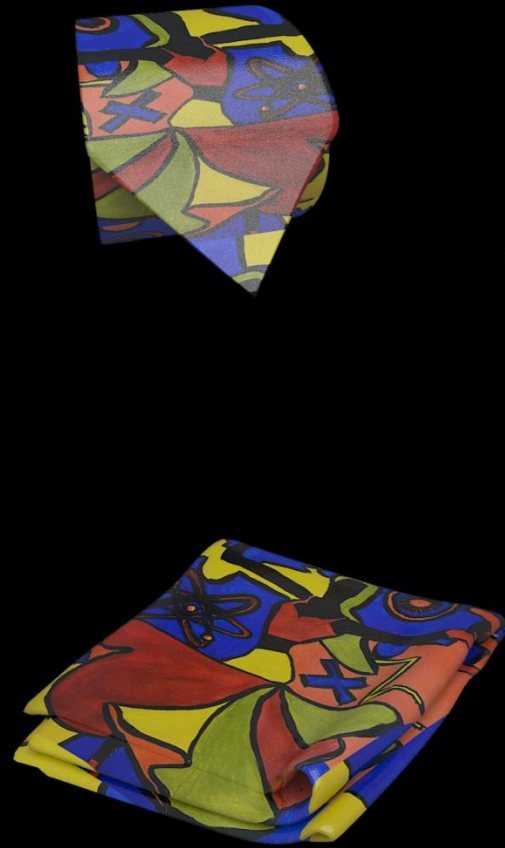
ADP3



k e y h o l d e r

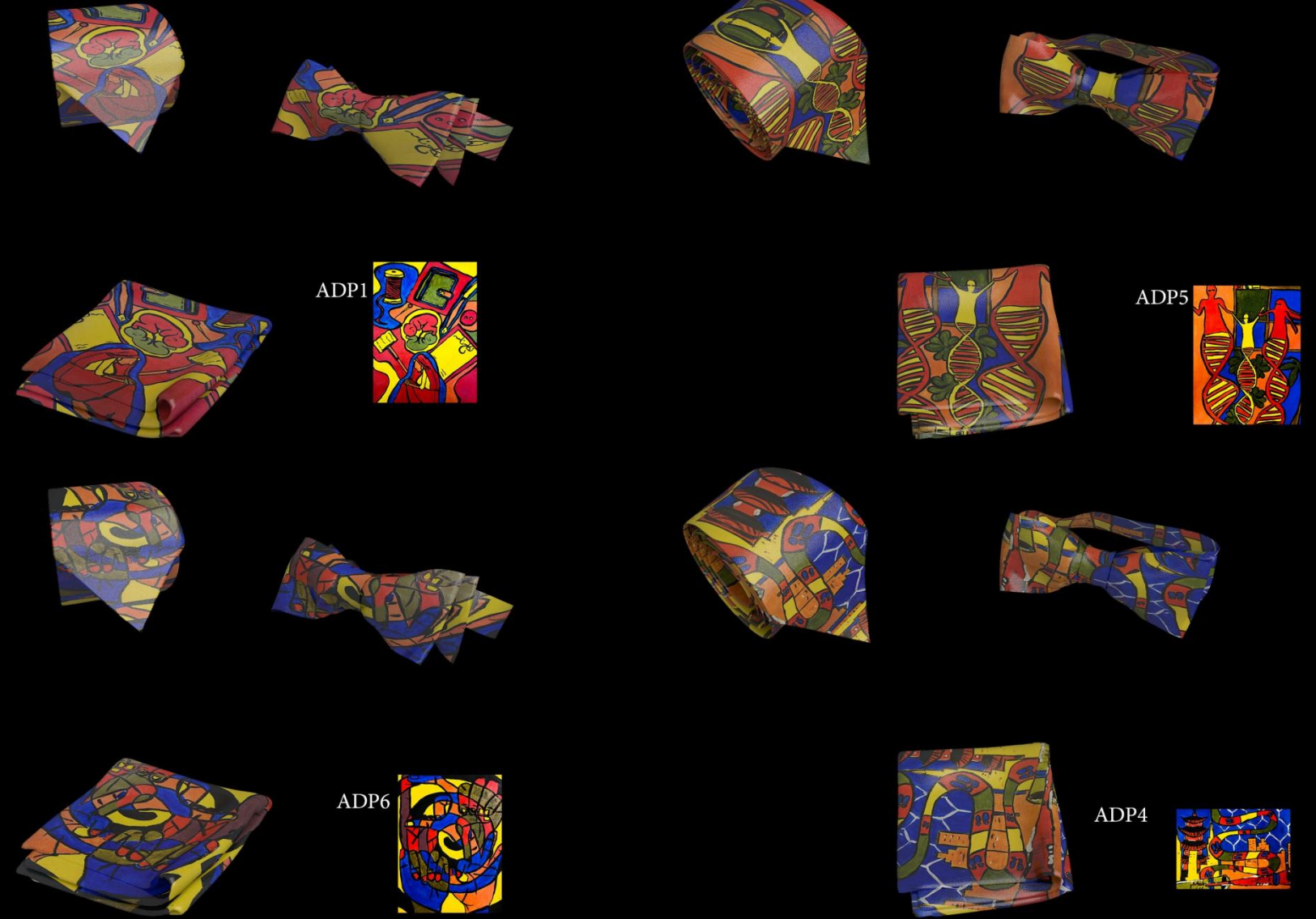
PRODUCT: Standard Tie
SIZE: 3.25"x3.5"
MATERIAL: Silk
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print

PRODUCT: Bow Tie
SIZE: 2.5"x3.25"
MATERIAL: Silk
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print



Print# ADP3
PRODUCT: Pocket Square
SIZE: 10"x10"
MATERIAL: Silk
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print

P R I N T O P T I O N S



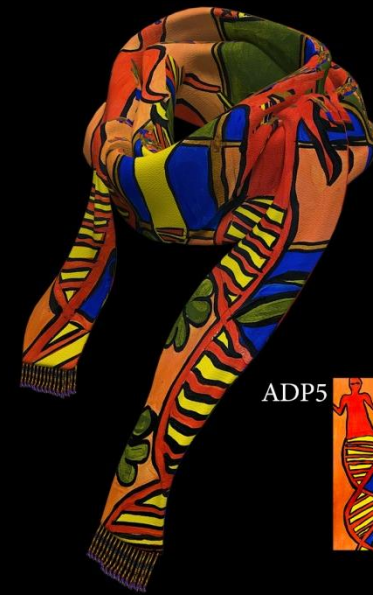
t i e / p o c k e t s q u a r e



Print# ADP4
PRODUCT: Scarf
SIZE: 20"x60"
MATERIAL: Polyester
Wool
PRINT TYPE: Sublimation
Print



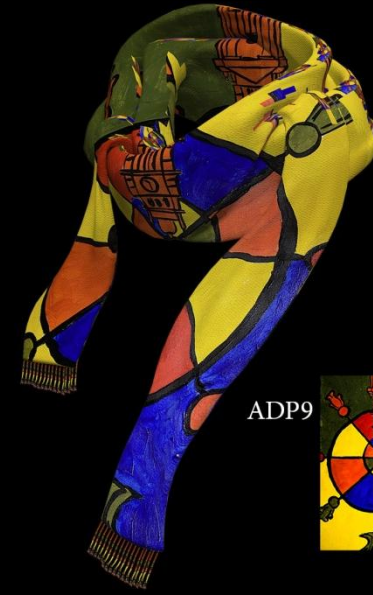
P R I N T O P T I O N S



ADP5



ADP6



ADP9



ADP1



ADP2



ADP3

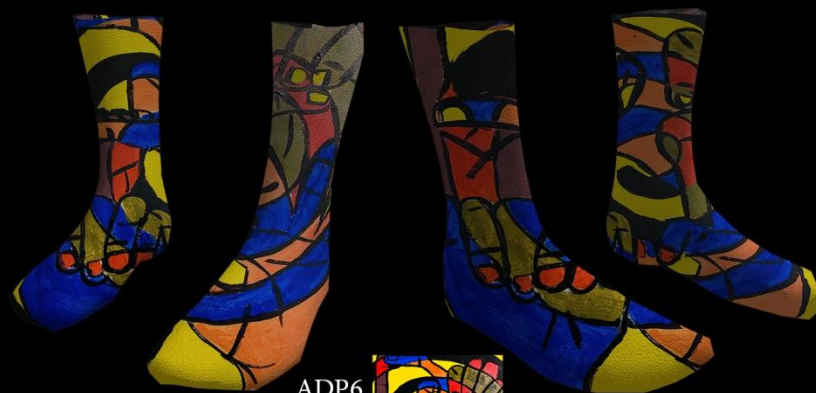


S C A R F

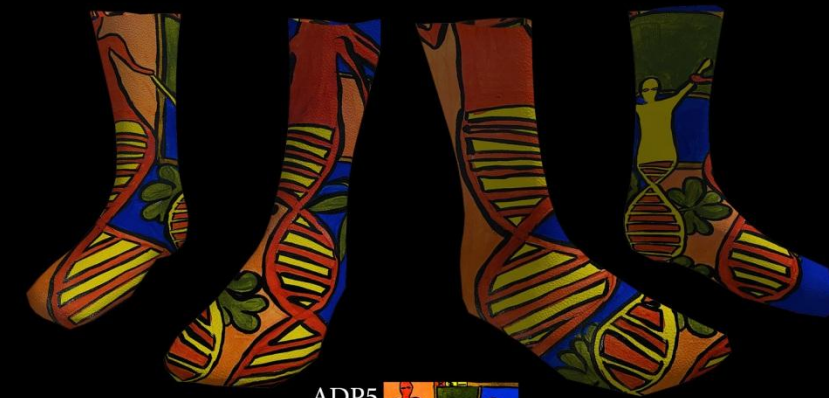


Print# ADP5
PRODUCT: Socks
SIZE: Variable
MATERIAL: Polyester
Wool
PRINT TYPE: Digital Print

P R I N T O P T I O N S



ADP6



ADP5



ADP9



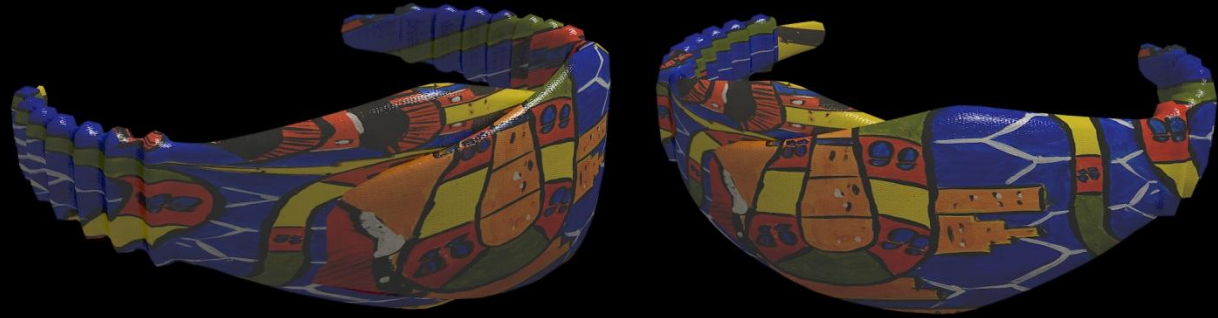
ADP4



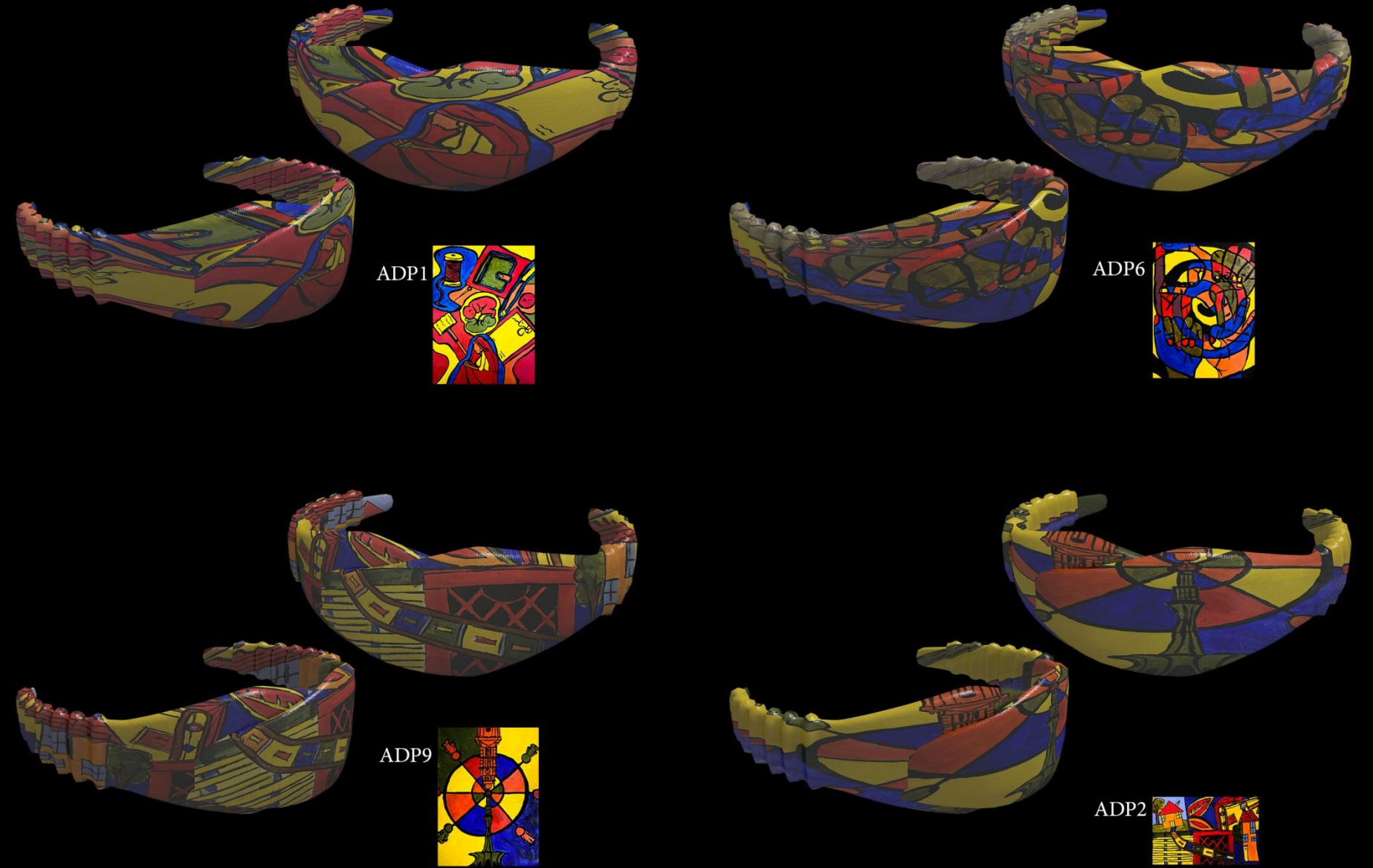
S O C K S



Print# ADP4
PRODUCT: Headband
SIZE: Standard/Variable
MATERIAL: Silk/Cotton
PRINT TYPE: Digital
Problem



P R I N T O P T I O N S



h e a d b a n d



END