



I'm Not the Woman I Used to Be

**30 Poems by Recent
Immigrant Women**



A Women's Health in Women's Hands Resource

Copyright © 2004 Denise Gastaldo (Ed.), Maria Jesús Docando for the poems Leaving What We Know, Our Children, The Weather, "Lenguaje", Volunteer, Life and Work, and Big or Small (translated by Sofia da Silva), and Jaycee Singh for the poem A Word.

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These poems are based on the experiences of women who participated in the research projects Gendered Power: Immigrant Women's Health Promotion and Revisiting "Personal Is Political": Immigrant Women's Health Promotion

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Foreword

Perhaps no experience can be more humbling in community-based research than realizing that nothing can happen without the collective efforts of the women, their families, and the communities you wish to investigate. If not for the belief in our projects and the willing participation, dedication, and support of all those who participated in two studies carried out in our centre, this project would not have been possible.

Women's Health in Women's Hands is an anti-racist, pro-choice, and multilingual community health centre for Black Women and Women of Colour located in Toronto, Ontario. To address the issue of accessibility to healthcare, we have created a unique model of service provision that is based on the understanding that women's health issues are personal, cultural, social, racial, and political, as well as medical. This participatory model focuses on enhancing women's sense of well-being in an environment that allows clients to validate each other's definitions and experiences. We understand that women are experts in their own healthcare. In this context, it is only fitting that we believe research and researchers must view women in the same way. Conducting community-based research requires us, as researchers, to think differently about our responsibility to the women we are studying. We must always aim to give something

back to the communities we investigate and to empower women to use research findings to change their position in society. One can only hope that projects produce tangible and practical results that can be used not only to illuminate the experiences of women directly participating in the project, but also to validate the experiences of many other women. It is with great pride that I look at the poems that have emerged from two studies about recent immigrant women's experiences. I think the collection speaks to the depth of these women's experience with immigration, to their knowledge of their world and their situation, and to their desire to effect change within themselves and other women in their communities. It is with this giving spirit that these women's words have flowed into this project, and it is our hope that their willingness to share their experiences on such a profoundly emotional level can be appreciated by all those who read their words.

Notisha Massaquoi
Program Director
Women's Health in Women's Hands

Introduction

Emotions in Research

Traditionally, people think of research as a serious, controlled, neutral enterprise during which data are collected in an anonymous way. Well, I have news for you. For over a hundred years, another type of research has been employed to study complex phenomena in the way they occur in everyday living. Equally serious and reliable, this qualitative research is especially designed to capture people's cultural and social understandings. Such research allows investigators to approach individuals' or groups' views in a style that resembles their everyday activities (e.g., talks, discussions in groups, doing activities together).

This collection of poems is the result of two research projects undertaken by myself as principal investigator in collaboration with the community health centre Women's Health in Women's Hands. The first part presents poems generated after the exchanges between participants of three focus groups in 2002. Even though I have been undertaking qualitative research for many years, I was not prepared to encounter so much emotion in these meetings with recently-arrived immigrant women. While talking about their experiences, the participants manifested a great deal of emotions: sadness, distress, anger, joy, and pleasure were at the table. Challenged by the participants'

openness and personally touched by their narratives, I decided it was time to share with others beyond the scientific community.

Personally, I believe the average Canadian is not really aware of the challenges immigrants face in Canada. We still believe that people come to Canada to live a much better life in all aspects of it - we commonly forget or are not aware that many immigrants face underemployment and many forms of social exclusion after their arrival. However, these women have a lot to teach us about the immigration process and they do so with emotion. With the help of two nurses who are graduate students at the Faculty of Nursing, University of Toronto, Nicky Slovitt and Julie Tjan, I selected parts of the narratives that convey emotion and slightly edited them. The poems are mainly made of the women's own words and story-telling style, even though some sentences were cut, others repeated, and a few words were added to create poems that convey to the general public the emotions (and ideas) we experienced first hand in the groups.

In the first section, the poems are anonymous because I am ethically committed to not associating any data gathered to any individual participant from the research project *Gendered Power: Immigrant Women's Health Promotion*. Yet anonymity is also a powerful form of representation to immigrant women.

By immigrating to Canada many women go through a profound transformation of their identities in a kind of erasure and recreation process. Most immigrant women have to deal with multiple shifts, such as from professional to unemployed, from fluent speaker to someone unable to communicate or with a "thick accent"; from citizen of a country to immigrant. Hence, from a representational perspective, these powerful poems are anonymous because women don't like who they became, because even when they do enjoy the process, they don't recognise themselves anymore, because they are learning to be an immigrant or because each poem speaks about hundreds of individuals' experiences, and no single author can be identified.

In the second part of this booklet, the participants of the study *Revisiting "Personal is Political": Immigrant Women's Health Promotion* took the idea of doing poems into a different direction. Due to the participatory nature of this project, authorship was approached differently. Participants could choose to have their names associated with the poems or not.

Maria Jesús Docando, a study participant, and I worked together to create this section. We asked the participants of the project to list key topics that represented our previous discussions on the process of recent immigration for women. Out of some 15 topics

identified, we used the transcriptions of our meetings to locate people's comments or discussions about these subjects. While Maria Jesús wrote in Spanish a summary of the ideas to produce half of the poems we later translated to English, I kept most of the original texts I had encountered in producing mine.

These poems reflect the participatory nature of this second project. In some, shared ideas are captured in a single poem, while in others multiple voices can be heard, occasionally challenging each other. The poems here presented express a myriad of emotions which reveal the complexity of immigrant women's experiences. The search for inclusion, opportunity, justice, inner and social peace is what they share; being an immigrant should not mean you can't any longer be the woman you used to be.

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PART 1

Poems from the research project
Gendered Power: Immigrant
Women's Health Promotion

Spring 2002

Project funded by the Connaught Research Fund,
University of Toronto

New Canadians: Where Are We from?

And where are you originally from?

. . . Granada

My name is N., and I'm from Trinidad

My name is G., I come from Uganda

My name is M., I come from St. Vincent

My name is Y., and I'm from Ecuador

I'm L., I'm from Mexico

I'm F., I come from Mali

I'm G., I am from Lithuania

I'm P., I'm from Colombia

I'm N., and I've been here for eight months, more or less

And I'm from Argentina

I'm E., and I'm from Iran . . . I'm a refugee

My name is M., ah, I'm from East Africa

I know Jamaicans, Trinidadians . . . staying by themselves

And where are you originally from?

Good Test

When I'm given a good test,
I'm very happy
When I learn English,
I'm very happy
If I'm learning . . . learning is good
Then I have a good job
For a better life
Because of this very good country
I can go to school,
I can learn, um, higher school and university . . .
When I no problem with English
I'm going to learn
Because I'm very like learning and education

Context: This participant struggled to communicate with us in the focus group because of her limited English. Her poem illustrates how important learning English was to her well-being and personal sense of achievement. She told us how proud and happy she felt when she did well on a test. Her hope was to obtain a higher education degree in Canada, and doing well in English was the first step.

On Strength

I used to be happy, lively,
But now something has changed
It's not the same me I used to be at home

Oh no

Not at all

First of all, I'm not doing a job

I feel I should be doing

Willing to start it

Make sure that at least I get a job,

Which will make me happy

So that rules my life

So I want to do something

Which I'll feel good about myself

So I'm no longer myself at all

I'm a different person totally

A different person

Yes, but I try to pretend I am happy, but right now . . .

I'm not

So many changes

So it's not the me . . .

I used to know myself as I am, but . . .

And so it's a big difference

A big difference

The loneliness

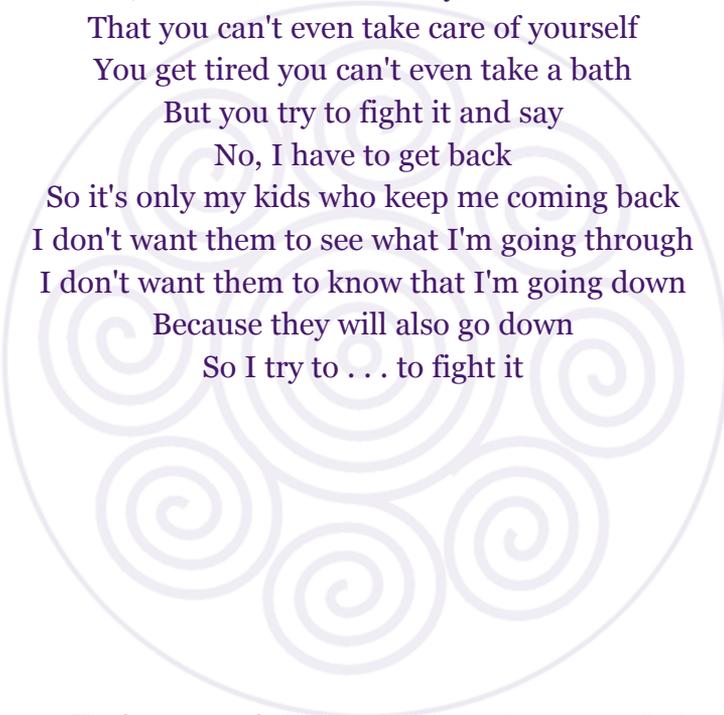
No genuine friend

So many problems

So the family not being around too

Makes you lonely

And sometimes you get really depressed



Very, very depressed
But you fight the depression all the time
But some moments you really feel like you are going
really down
But you try to fight it and come back
Yeah, there are times when you feel so tired
That you can't even take care of yourself
You get tired you can't even take a bath
But you try to fight it and say
No, I have to get back
So it's only my kids who keep me coming back
I don't want them to see what I'm going through
I don't want them to know that I'm going down
Because they will also go down
So I try to . . . to fight it

Context: The focus group facilitator asked the participants to talk about how they felt their lives and health had changed after coming to Canada. This woman felt that she had been a happy person in her own country, but she felt depressed since coming to Canada because she lacked a job, true friendship, and family here. She derived her strength from her children.

Short a Penny

And one thing bad about Canada
Is that if you go to the store
And you are short a penny
They wouldn't give you what you want
Even if you are short a penny
You're buying a bag of rice
And you short a penny
They won't give you the rice
But, in my country,
Even if you are short a penny
A dollar or two short
"Oh, short a penny, okay."
They give it to you
But not in Canada

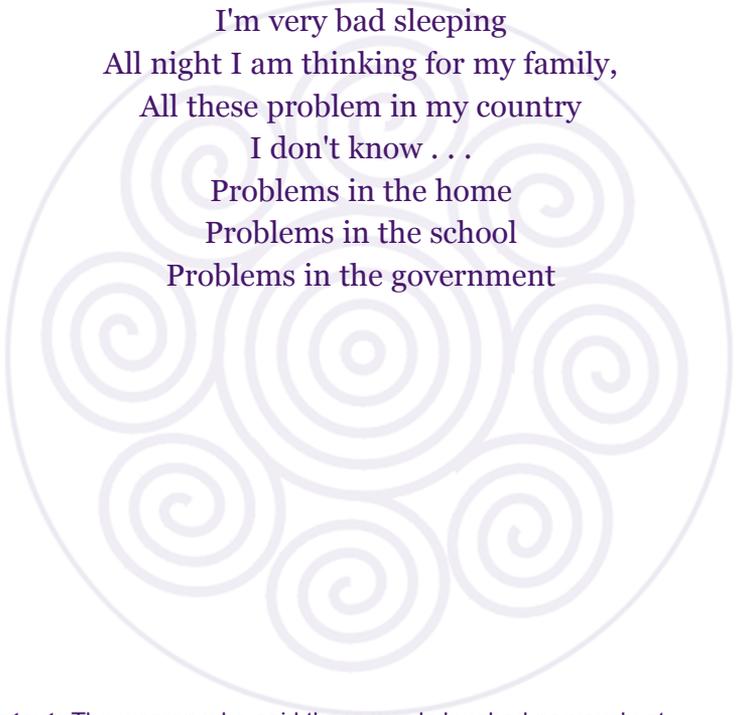
Context: Many times immigrants consider it to be inappropriate to be critical about Canada. So, participants were asked to comment on "good" and "bad" things about coming to Canada. This immigrant woman felt there was a lack of friendship and sense of community amongst Canadians.

Holes

I'm no happy in the home
All water because of holes . . .
In the snow coming down
We share bathroom and washroom,
All people very dirty
I have a problem
Told me one year's wait
If I'm learning . . . learning
They give a job . . . better life
Immigration ask me first . . .
Why I come in Canada
Told them for better life
But now I don't know

Context: Initially this woman appeared slightly hesitant to discuss her current housing problems with the other group members. Prompted by group discussion, she complained that her current house was filled with holes and described the people she lived with as dirty. She then discussed her plans to increase her education in order to obtain a better life. Ironically, she recalled a past conversation with an immigration officer in which she said that her primary motivation for immigrating to Canada was to achieve a better life; however, feelings of anxiety and uncertainty surfaced as she deliberated about her present situation.

Those Left Behind



Now I have problems
I don't know . . .
I'm trying for better
I can't
I'm very bad sleeping
All night I am thinking for my family,
All these problem in my country
I don't know . . .
Problems in the home
Problems in the school
Problems in the government

Context: The woman who said these words laughed nervously at exposing to the group that she has emotional problems because of her concerns for the people she had left behind in her country of origin. She conveyed feelings of sadness and loneliness for the family and country she left behind. These feelings were evoked when the question, “What is it that women do to try to make themselves feel better or healthier?” was asked.

Depression

It's not only the material stuff like pills
There's the psychological part too
If you feel sad, you try,
You just have to encourage them,
Relax, and just take one step at a time
There's only the part of medicine or vitamins
If your mind is not okay your body isn't going to be okay
Sometimes when the father is sad, he starts to feel sick
Then the mother starts,
Then the whole family starts feeling sick
They say they could have a "flu"
But it's not just the "flu"
It could be more deep
They are depressed
They don't understand what's happening
Not mental problems, insane - no
You are depressed
Your body is reacting

Context: The group was asked, "Is your well-being interconnected with the well-being of others? If so, how?" In answering, this woman described the special relationship and interconnectedness she experienced with her family in the face of illness and depression.

Freedom

Good things are...
My Country you can walk the street late,
But no light
Here all over the street is light
You have freedom up here...
You walk, you go to work
You Own!
You don't have to depend on anybody
Once you are working,,,
Yes, you own anything you want
You don't have to depend on anybody...
Depend on anybody to have what you want
People help you a lot up here

Context: In responding to the question, "What are the three best things about coming to Canada?" this woman focused on the freedom she experienced living in Canada. She expressed emotions of joy and pride as she commented about being able to work and support an independent lifestyle.

It's not like me...

I had a bad experience during labour
That's my big fear I have now . . .
Fear I have something like that happen to me again

E., she's coming from a country that is very hard
She likes this country because it's big difference between
this country and her country

N. is very logical that she has sadness,
Of not having her children here with her
She's lucky to be able to speak the language

I see them more brave than I
They can manage,
They are able to do things by themselves

It's not like me . . .
I depend on my husband
I really don't dare to go out alone

In my country I'm really independent
Here I feel very . . . very . . . like suffocating
Because I can't

Because they talk to me sometimes . . .
I can't say anything,
I can't say no, because I can't

I have fear . . . terror sometimes . . .
I really don't . . . don't dare to go out alone,
To any place on my own

I don't feel well about myself in that sense



Context: In this focus group a woman comments on some of the good and bad experiences other group members have voiced during group discussions. She is able to relate to and appreciate common experiences that have elicited emotions of fear, joy and sadness within these women's lives. She discusses her own fears of not speaking English very well and expresses how this barrier negatively affects her interaction with English-speaking individuals. Strong emotions such as fear, distress, doubt and shame are evident as she discusses her compromised independence and loss of self due to language barriers.

Family Matters

I don't worry about getting shot
I left the country
I feel safe even to walk at night
Kind of safe and good transportation
Easily accessible
Free medical treatment
Free education
I don't have to worry about money for the kids' schooling
And even myself
At least I can find some way, somehow . . .
To study
Negative things . . . too much work
There is always too much work
You work so hard
Time is too fast
Everything is too fast
You have no time to relax
It makes you tired
You don't enjoy even the good things
It strains your relationship,
There's no time,
No family time
You're always running . . .
And eventually you find that families break up
That one makes me sad
So, what is life all about?
So there are good things
But if the family is breaking up
I get puzzled

And I don't feel happy at all,
I feel like I hate Canada so much for that



Context: Upon answering the same question this woman expresses happiness with the freedom to access medical treatment and education and the safety she feels living in Canada. Similar to the previous woman she also experiences feelings of loneliness and sadness. She contributes these feelings to increased work which takes time away from important things in her life, such as her family.

Alone

I'm not happy because I miss my family
I have a friend here but not too many
It's very difficult to talk to my family
I feel bored every day
The only thing that makes me happy is that I have S
And that I'm able to communicate with my family over
the phone
Sometimes once a week, sometimes every day
My husband was to follow
But he was refused a visa...
So I am alone

Context: In response to the question “What are the differences between your home country and here?” one woman expresses feeling of sadness and loneliness as she describes that immigration broke her family and she has limited contact with people in Canada and those left behind.

Stuck and Struggling

Her husband was to come
My husband was here
He didn't want to be taken as a second citizen in the w
workplace . . .
So he decided to leave me
So I'm here struggling now
Alone with the kids,
I'm struggling alone
The kids are here
So I'm stuck here
There are so many forces around me
I don't know what to do
He just woke up and said,
"No, I'm not longer staying here"
I thought he was joking
I couldn't believe . . .
The kids couldn't believe
We didn't fight, nothing
I'm sure he got depressed . . .
It's complicated
I don't know what to do
I just pray . . .
God, you know where I am, I don't know

Context: Another woman, in response to the comment expressed in the previous poem, revealed that her husband had actually accompanied her to Canada with their children, however left them to return to their homeland due to issues he encountered within the workplace. Emotions expressed by this women include, frustration, disbelief and sadness.

A Woman's Energy

Stressful
You feel obliged
You have to take care of baby
Now I'm a single parent,
It becomes harder,
Now it's even worse,
That nobody else is gonna do it
Sometimes I don't get time to do it myself
But all the time,
The little time I have
Is taken to them
So the emotional, the physical,
They are looking towards you
Sometimes I feel like just going . . .
It's a relationship
You have to do it
But it's so draining,
It drains the woman's energy

Context: In group discussion the question “How is the relationship between being a woman, taking care of oneself and taking care of others?” was asked. This woman expresses emotions of anxiety, sadness and isolation as she describes the hardships and time constraints after becoming a single mother due to immigration. She was very open in sharing her feelings with other members of the group which in turn, helped other members to share their personal experiences as well.

Caring for Ourselves

Men are less interested in their health
They just live by the day
Women try to prevent getting sick
Men don't do as much as a woman
Women take more care of themselves than men
Men are less interested in their health
I take care of myself, my baby and my mum
For me, my family is very important
So just only three . . .
Three family members
And so we just have to take care of ourselves

Context: This participant expressed resentment towards men; she was critical of men's lack of commitment to caring. She discussed how men and women assumed different roles with regard to promoting health, and she observed that women have more responsibilities than men. The participant's words indicated a sense of pride that resulted from her continued self-reliance and independence.

My Father

In my country,
I wasn't allowed to go out regularly
Only school and church
You didn't have any freedom
My father was a police officer. . .
We weren't allowed to do or go anywhere
I guess he'd forgotten the line between family and his job
It was difficult, very difficult
I knew I had to do something about it,
But I just wanted to finish high school before leaving
I finished and I went to Sweden first and then
I came here
I never really talk to him since
No good blood between me and my father
I only knew him for five years . . .
He just likes to control my life and you didn't have
anything to do
You weren't allowed to have any other friends
So it was very sad.
In Canada,
I can do what I want and talk to who I want,
Have as many friends as I can
And get close to my family that is here that I
never really knew

If I go home now,
He's gonna just take care of my life again
I wouldn't be able to do what I want
It doesn't matter how old I am,
It's just you're back home and what he says goes,
So, you follow or you're gonna regret it



Context: This dialogue ensued after the interviewer asked "How was it before coming to Canada? Did you feel that your life and your health changed when coming to Canada?". This participant described what appeared to be a very patriarchal relationship that existed between her father and herself back in her home country. She expressed frustration, anger, and sadness when she described her limited freedom while living with her father. Upon moving to Canada, this woman found joy and happiness in her increased independence and in her new freedom to be able to meet new friends and family.

The Three Worst Things The Three Best Things

The three worst things . . .
To have left my country and my family
To have lost my independence
Here I'm refused to work,
To be able to go out
And do normal things that a person can do
The person that can speak the language
The worst is not being able to speak English
So I feel that I have lost a little bit of my independence
The best is I have my children
I have my husband
I am able to continue with this pregnancy
And be able to have the baby
There are many people that really are concerned about me

Context: The participants were asked to describe the three best and the three worst things about coming to Canada. The hardships immigrant women face are illustrated through this woman's words. She experienced frustration and anger at not being able to work or go out and do things that Canadians normally do because of her limited English. Although she experienced feelings of loss and isolation, she found comfort in familial relations.



PART 2

**Poems from the research project
*Revisiting "Personal is Political":
Immigrant Women's Health Promotion***

Fall 2003 - Winter 2004

Project funded by the
Canadian Institutes of Health Research

The Bridge

Immigration is like entering a bridge
When you get onto a bridge, you know there is an
entrance and an exit
My problem is that I got onto the bridge,
However, I don't know whether I am at
The beginning, the middle
Or the end of the bridge
I also don't know where the bridge will take me
I feel anxious; I don't know how much longer I have to
keep going
I can't tell if I am just at the beginning or if I am almost
out of the bridge
My only hope is to reach the end; this is what keeps me
moving
But this is such a hard process
I never thought the bridge was this long.

Context: Maria Eugenia explained to the group how she understood her immigration process; she spoke in Spanish and Denise translated. The group really appreciated her use of "the bridge" metaphor.

I Was Very Important

I remember my country, my last job
I was very important
If one day I did not go to work, people would say
Mrs. Jean Charles, we missed you,
Mrs. Jean Charles, we needed you yesterday,
Mrs. Jean Charles, you have to do that today,
I was really appreciated
But here I don't have anything like that
Here I don't feel important
I can't do the same job
But in my country, I used to be important.

Context: Maggie used to be an accountant in Haiti. After 2 years in Canada, she is now taking a personal support worker course.

Walking Partners

We walk every evening
We go out and walk
Maybe for one hour
We don't worry about winter
We know winter

We walk every evening
We had a dog, but he was 14 and he died
We continue without dog
We walk and we speak a lot
We speak of everything, family, plans,
We exercise and I hold his arm while we walk
People see me and my husband and say: hello lovebirds!

Context: Nataliya explained to other members of the group how she and her husband supported each other through the immigration process.

Women's Double Price

Men and women are equal
They work outside
They do the housework together

Every man is different

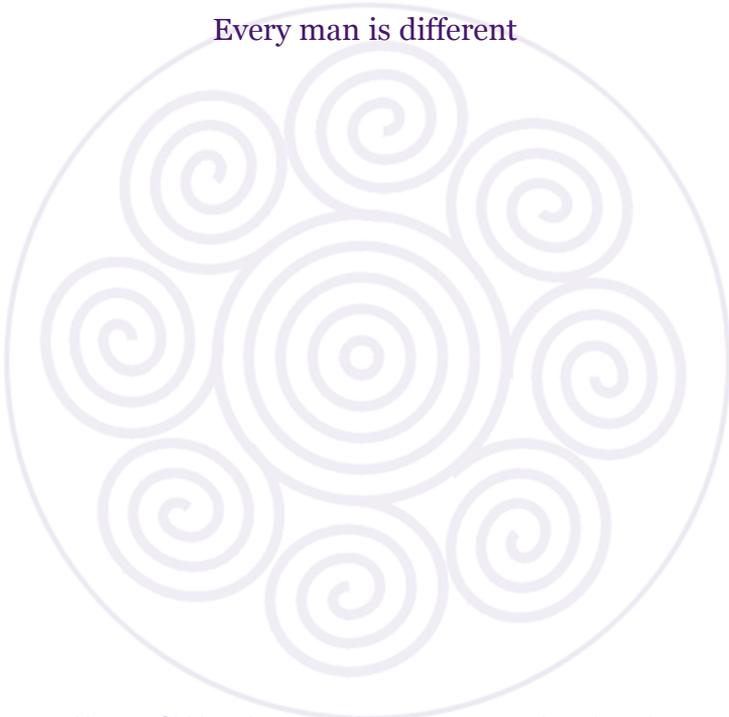
Women and men are equal, but not in all things
Some men refuse to do the domestic work
They think they are "the husband"
They are supposed to relax at home
They don't understand that you work too
Men have more rights than women in any house

Every man is different

Are they?

Men can seize advantage more
Women can't do that
Back home men find the money
The lady stays home
But after immigration everything changes
Because now I find the money too

So I think women have a double price
Double price than men
You must do work and you must do everything for the
family
But men just do their work
Every man is different



Context: Hansa, Shirley, Juan, and Musu's conversation about how gender roles changed after migration to Canada.

I Want to Be Equal

If you have a very happy, very good family, you feel
important
I'm a good housekeeper; I do everything for my husband,
for my daughter
They don't do anything at home
But I think I am not a very important person
If I had a job, I think my husband and I would have an
equal relationship
But I don't have a job
Maybe he does not think,
But I think I am lower
Because in China we both had jobs
Here I try to find a job, although it's part time...
Parenting is also a full time job; the only thing
we are not paid
But I don't think it's a job
Parenting is not your career
It's your natural job
But not your social job
If after a few years, my English is good and I can have a
full time job
I think I will feel better

Context: Juan comments on the impact of not having a full-time job on her self-esteem, while Aarti argues that parenting is also important.

Others See, Others Don't See, We See

When people look at us, they see new immigrants
We look like new immigrants because of our appearance,

Our physical features, our accents

Some think we are competition for jobs

Others see us as perfect to do the jobs Canadians don't
want to do

Also, people don't see what we bring

Our degree of preparation

We see ourselves as people with many capacities

People with good training who face challenges in Canada

We see ourselves as friendly, warm people who can offer
a lot to this country

We also see we are not used according to our potential,
our talents

Canada is losing big time

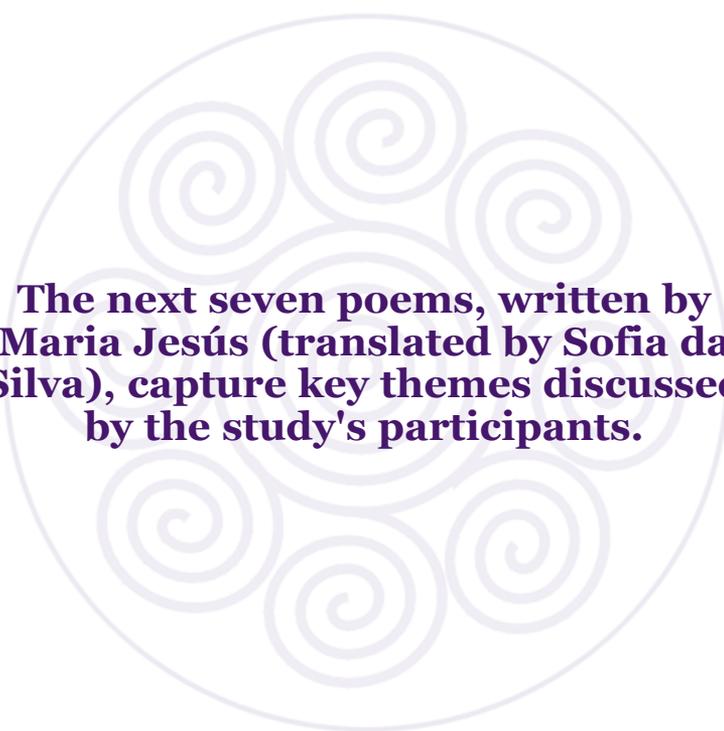
Context: Ana has a 5-year university degree, works as a cleaner in homes and does volunteer work. Maria Eugenia who has technical education is currently unemployed, searching for a job and working as a volunteer.

A Word

A gracious word may smoothen the way,
A joyous word may light the day,
A timely word may lessen stress,
A loving word may heal and bless



Context: Jaycee wrote this poem to remind the group members about the importance of being positive and taking things as they come.



The next seven poems, written by Maria Jesús (translated by Sofia da Silva), capture key themes discussed by the study's participants.

Leaving What We Know

We miss our homeland...

Customs, foods, friends...

We miss

Celebrations, cultural traditions, music

Our lives, we miss them...

Yet, leaving what we know, what was ours,

We knew how long the road would be

The difficult situations we would have to face

But we decided

Now we have two places in our hearts

One for our country

The other for our new country

It is hard, yes it is, but if we believe,

We are able ... we can keep alive the memories of our
previous life

And we incorporate the new life,

The new life we have chosen.

Our Children: Before and After

Our children...the product of our love,
The product of our desire, of our union
They are our present and our future
Before, we lived tense, troubled, startled
Different reasons for this: economic, political problems,
differences in social
class, differences of ideas, points of view.
After we arrive, we live in a secure, stable country.
Our children live confidently,
Our children have education,
Our children have access to culture, to sports,
Our children practice a religion and
Our children have health and free access to health care
They grow healthy and happy
They share their traditions
They respect their neighbours and their neighbours
respect them.
In one word: they are happy...after.

The Weather

We come from different parts of the world,
The sun shines in our homelands, almost year round.

We laugh, we go out, we dance, and we share,
We cook our favourite foods on the patios, the streets, in
the open air.

But here, everything is different: the summer flies by
The brilliance of the sun, the bright days, happiness
The holidays...don't last long.

The winter is grey, cold and snowy...it's long and
prolonged...

Affecting our mood,
We may feel nostalgic
We may feel depressed and isolated.
We may come to feel sad, sad and alone.

Our children turn inwards
In these times, you have to be creative, talkative and
smile

Smile, although we don't feel happy
But, in spite of everything...we smile at life.

“Lenguaje”

We are born in one place
And we learn our native language.
Abundantly rich it is: we are able to express what we feel.
As time goes by, we think about immigrating, for
A better life....
And we collide with the barrier of speaking another
language
Rich, abundant in adjectives, this other language
Eloquent in its expressions but...unknown for the
majority of us
All of a sudden
You discover with urgency, you need to learn it
This new language: "El English."

Volunteer Work

Starting all over again...how difficult!

New themes

New elements

New interpretations...

New experiences... how difficult!

You come to think if you are able or not

Or worse, if you want to or not...

But then the day arrives ...how difficult!

What lights our way to the horizon?

We think...

the journey was not in vain

the intention was not in vain

the destiny was not in vain

We thank ourselves for going on with strength

We think...

the beginning was hard

deciding took time

the path opened up uncertain!

So that in the end... triumph shared

We honoured the will

Creating for humanity

Working with love

And waiting always for the best!!!

Life and Work

We face many realizations in life: we are born, we grow,
we study, we find jobs

We decide to try life in other countries
Yes, it's time to immigrate: new life, new friends, new
neighbours

The long and tortuous search for work...

We work to survive...at first,
As time goes by, work becomes stimulating

Work we can be proud of ...finally.

Long, long road

We have no experience,

We are always new,

We studied abroad

There are no...

No quick fixes, no ways

To show what we do know,

To help with what we know,

To share our experiences,

To give suggestions...

But I know we can.

Big or Small: You Are My Family

Life goes on, troubled and tense
We live with our families...but time flies.
Sometimes weeks pass and...
How awful! We have dedicated so little time to family.

Work is troubled...
Life turns at a quick pace, like the arm on a compass
And family is at its centre
If we don't have a family life, we live crushed, burdened

And time passes...
And we see how our children grow...
Our children get involved with other people and other things
And when we awake...we yearn to have had more time...with our children as they grew.

It's family, the unity, the cooperation...
The only way to strengthen us,
It's family, with their support
That tells us..."Keep going, don't give up"
It's that, simply, family.