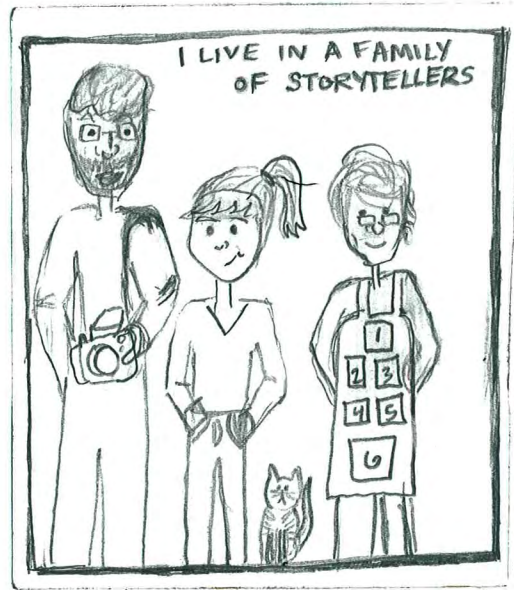


STORIES OF A

Morning Glory



The Ekhart Truth

Photo By J. Tyler Klassen

J. Tyler Klassen
Staff Photographer

Photo By J. Tyler Klassen

MY DAD IS A PHOTOGRAPHER FOR OUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER

MY MOM IS A "DIRECTOR OF COMMUNICATIONS" AS OCCUPATION, AND STORYTELLER BY HOBBY.

TELLING THE VERY HUNGRY CATERPILLAR

EACH YEAR OF MY YOUNG LIFE...

DAD TOOK A PORTRAIT OF ME,

MOM BAKED A CHOCOLATE KITTY CAKE,

AND THEY READ ME A NEW STORY

(ABOUT ME.)

I LEARNED MY STORIES FROM THESE BOOKS

Just give me some wheels

Why can't Sara go to bed?

The day the morning glories bloomed

The story of when Sara came home.

By Mary Klassen (the author) Photos by Tyler Klassen (the father) and Mary Klassen

and pictures by Tyler Klassen

BUT I DON'T TELL MANY STORIES MYSELF

THERE ARE TWO I TELL

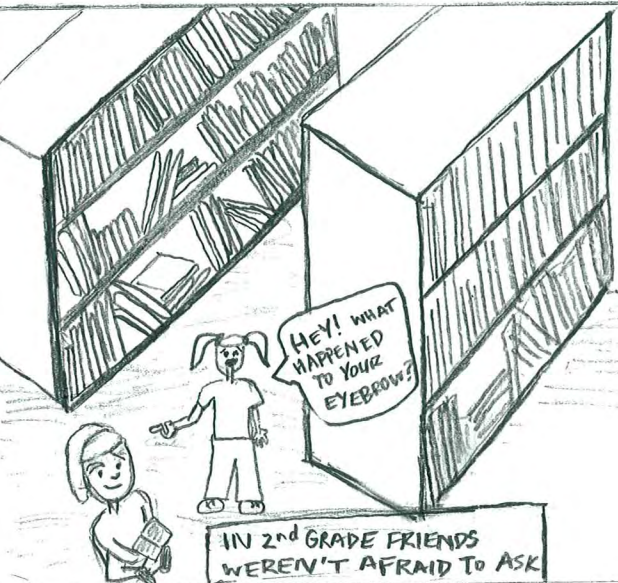


BOTH ARE IN RESPONSE TO QUESTIONS I RECEIVE OFTEN



PART ONE

... Eyebrow



HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR EYEBROW?

IN 2nd GRADE FRIENDS WEREN'T AFRAID TO ASK



MUST BE AN ARTISTIC STATEMENT...

TWEEZERS?
FAZOR?

BUT NOW THEY'RE MORE WARY.

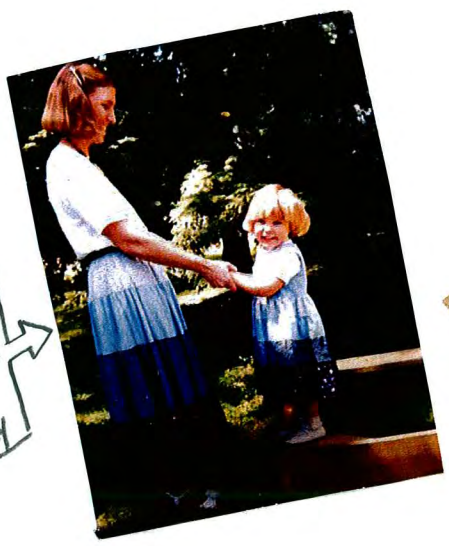
IS HE LOOKING AT MY WIERD EYEBROW?

I SHOULD EXPLAIN...

I TELL THE STORY ANYWAY... IT'S WELL-REHEARSED.

FIRST, A NOTE FOR CONTEXT...

WHEN I WAS LITTLE I WORE HOME-MADE CLOTHES AND HELPED MY MOM BY CUTTING OUT COUPONS



THESE ARE THE OUTFITS WE'RE WEARING IN THE STORY

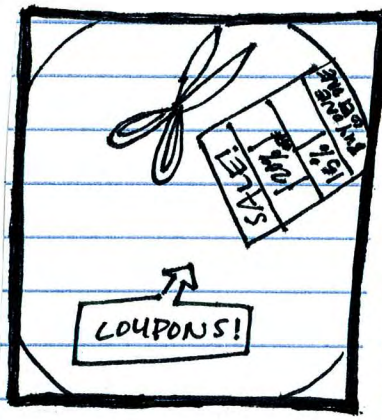
IT WAS A SUNDAY MORNING AT MY GRANDPARENT'S HOUSE IN NEBRASKA.

MOM AND I PUT ON UR MATCHING CHURCH CLOTHES

AND I WENT INTO THE DINING ROOM TO WAIT FOR EVERYONE ELSE.

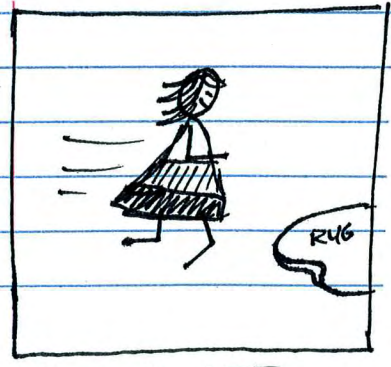


GRANDMA CALLED ME OVER.



SUBCONSCIOUS PROCESS

I'm enthusiastic, I'll run to help!



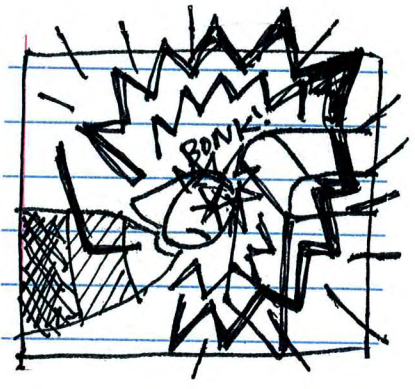
I TOOK OFF,

DIDN'T SEE THIS

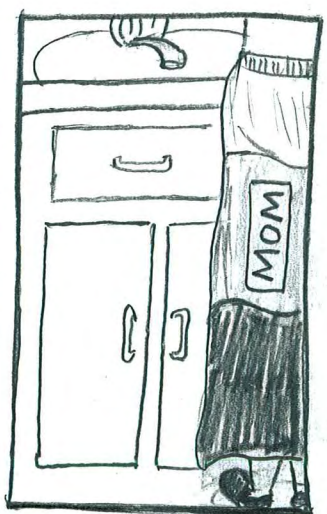
RUG
TRICKY FOLDED EDGE



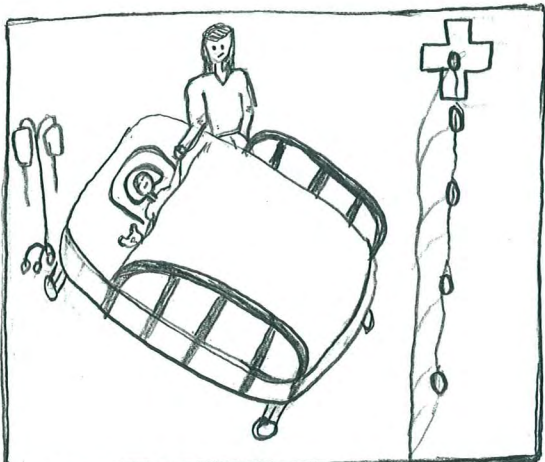
AND



FELL.



I DON'T REMEMBER THE RIDE TO THE HOSPITAL.



AT THE HOSPITAL I SQUEEZED MOM'S HAND AS THE DOCTOR GAVE ME 12 STITCHES



I HAD TO WEAR A DUMB BANDAGE FOR A WEEK!

AND THE HAIR NEVER GREW BACK.

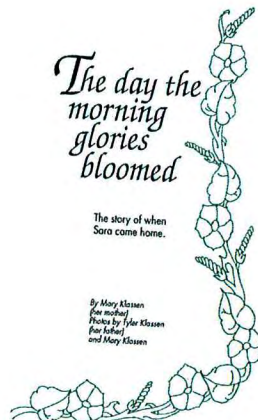




PART TWO

... Tattoo

IT COMES FROM THE FIRST
STORY OF MY LIFE

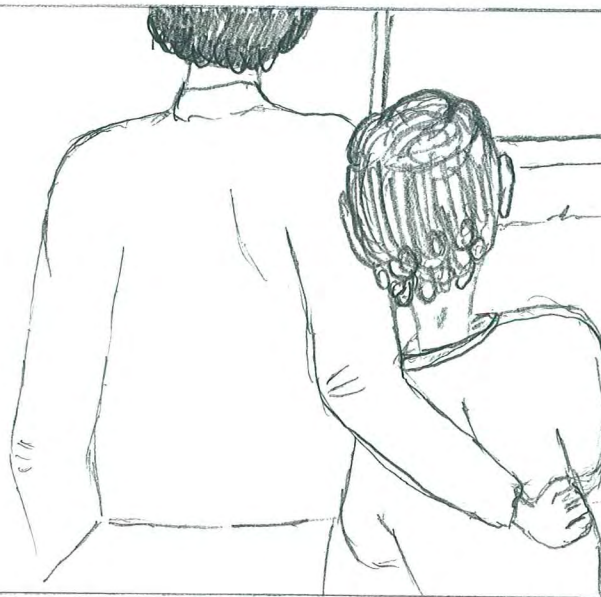


AND THE STORY
I AM STILL LEARNING.

IT STARTS LIKE THIS...



A MAN AND WOMAN WERE WAITING FOR A BABY



THEY WERE ALSO WAITING FOR THE SEEDS THEY HAD PLANTED TO BLOOM.

1802



THE DAY SARA RUTH CAME HOME...
THE MORNING GLORIES BLOOMED!

BIRTH FATHER

BIRTH MOTHER

MOM

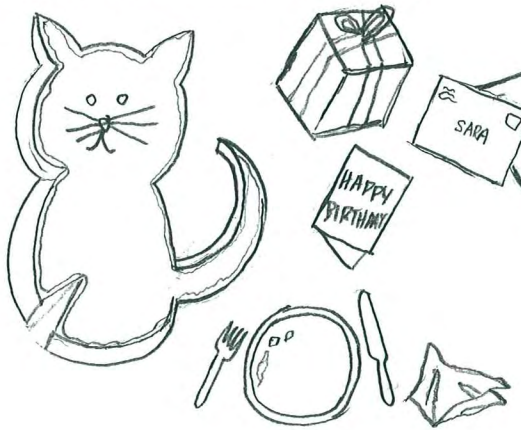
I WAS (AND AM) ADOPTED.



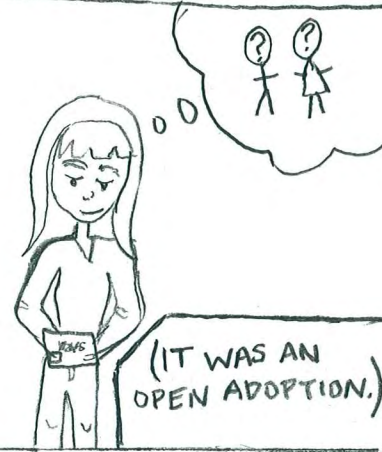
DAD, TAKING THE PHOTO

ME

EACH YEAR OF MY YOUNG LIFE

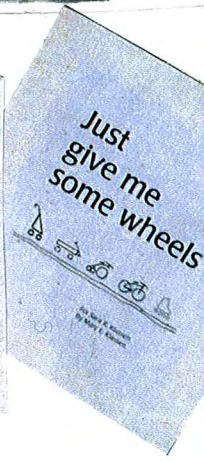
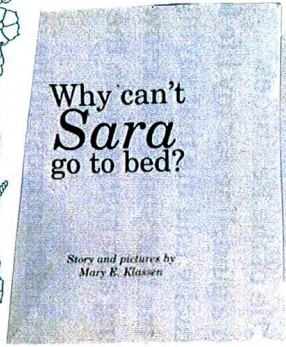
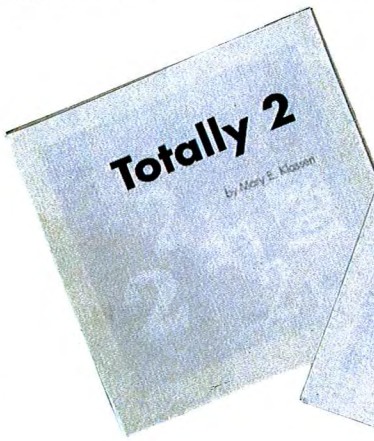


I OPENED A CARD AND GIFT FROM MY BIRTH FATHER'S FAMILY



AFTER KITTY CAKE AND A NEW SARA BOOK

I GREW UP IN THE STORIES OF THIS FAMILY. BUT I ALWAYS WONDERED ABOUT THE OTHER FAMILY



WHAT WAS THEIR STORY BEFORE AND AFTER THE MORNING GLORIES BLOOMED?

I have never met my birth mother.

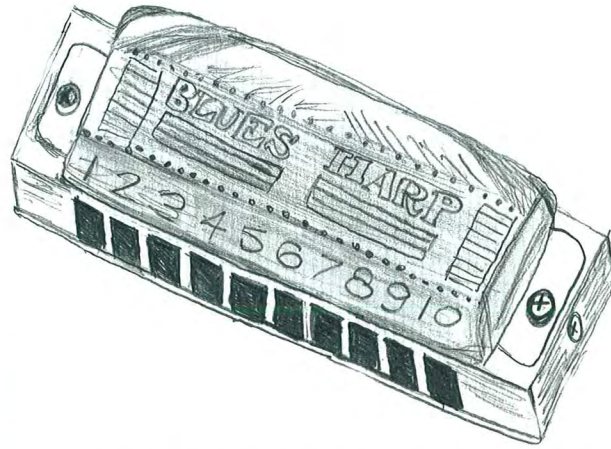


But someday soon I might take the train to Chicago

And meet her there.

I Will Never Meet My Birth Father.
He Died When I Was Twelve.

BUT I MET HIS MOTHER



SHE GAVE ME THE HARMONICA HE PLAYED.

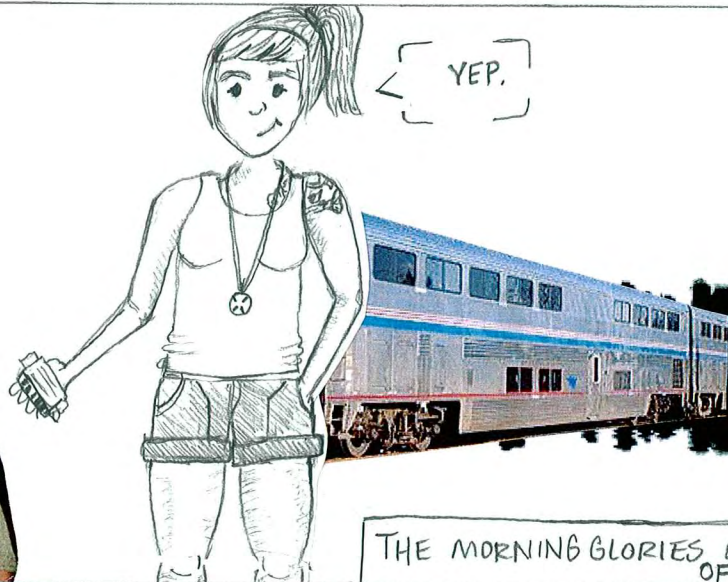
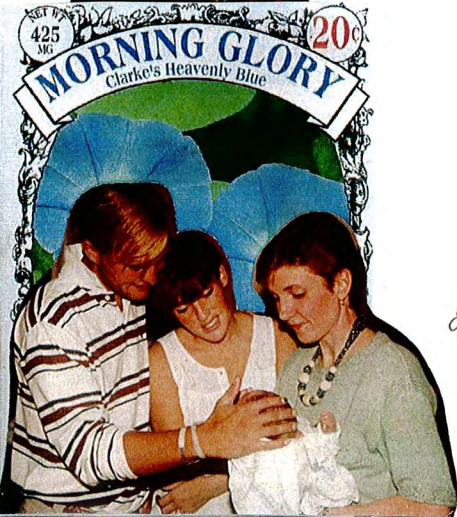
I MET HIS SISTER



SHE GAVE ME THE NECKLACE HE WORE.



AND I WENT TO THEIR (MY) FAMILY REUNION; EVERYONE TOLD ME THAT I HAVE HIS EYES.



THE MORNING GLORIES ON MY SHOULDER REMIND ME OF THIS UNFOLDING STORY, OF FAMILY.