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# SHARED MEMORIES

DISTANT MEMORIES is about collecting and curating memories. Viewers of the body of work at exhibits were asked to share a memory recalled.

Below are samples of the intensely personal narratives shared that span the emotional spectrum. These narratives will be included in a second edition of a limited run of photobook, with a release date in 2019. Selections of the narratives can be part of solo shows.

We had a black upstairs phone, to place a call you had to give the operator the phone number. Our number was Glenwood 2334. Boy that was close to 70 years ago.  
-Karen Mortillaro, Topanga CA

My mother... She is the source of many memories. Pushing me on a swing, taking us to the park to feed the ducks, loving us unconditionally. I miss... my mother.  
-Michelle, Quartz Hill, CA

This exhibit flashed me back to visiting my grandparents in Oregon and picking blackberries with all my cousins in the summer.  
-Lauren, Los Angeles

My Dad, an avid bodysurfer, took me to the beach every weekend. He would launch me in the waves, determined to teach me the sport he loved. I'd spin over and over, taking in ocean salt in my mouth and nose, face hitting the sand. "Never turn your back on the ocean" he said.  
-Erica Martin, Los Angeles

Living in Japan and having the opportunity to learn about the culture is a memory forever in my heart.  
-anonymous

I have never been able to touch my toes. When I was in 7th Grade at Manna Jr. High School in San Francisco, my P.E.

teacher tried to force me to touch my toes - and call me a physical freak.  
-anonymous

I remember dragging my son attached to my leg to this opening.  
-Cathy Immordino, Los Angeles CA

My sister gave me a humming bird feeder just like your photo, with the recipe for the sugar water inside. The birds came to my small patio. I loved it! I moved and forgot it but when I drove by my old apartment, it is still there!  
-Nancy Haselbacher, Los Angeles CA

Memories of relatives who were pregnant flowed through my mind. The long wait for birth is a beautiful thing.  
-Jaime Villalobos, Palmdale CA

The light cold breeze walking on the hills of San Francisco. Absolutely fabulous show!  
Oh, those Bette Davis eyes!  
Art is like a bridge.  
-Jaime Villalobos, Palmdale CA

This reminds me of the amusement park my grand mother took me to!  
-Diane Grooms