

2nd Place Tie
2020
3rd Grade

Olivia Peters

3rd
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A few years ago, I went to my great-grandmother's funeral. I wish I could've met her before she died. This story is about my great-grandmother, Wei Ming-Hua, and how my grandfather came to be. During the Chinese Civil War, in 1948, my great-grandparents planned to meet in front of a boat that would bring them to safety. At that time, it wasn't safe to be in China because people were fighting. Ming-Hua was also pregnant so if she stayed, she would be risking the life of her child. The boat would take them to Taiwan. Ming-Hua waited, but her husband never showed up. So she boarded the ship without him. When Ming-Hua arrived in Taiwan, she had no money and no home. Six months later, Ming-Hua was at the local clinic giving birth to a son. Ming-Hua knew that she wouldn't be able to provide for him. Fortunately, she met a family that was looking to adopt. The family adopted her son and named him Jui-Ming. Ming-Hua was very sad watching her son leave with another family, so she visited Jui-Ming on holidays. Jui-Ming thought his mother was just an aunt who visited him every so often and had no idea that he was adopted. When Jui-Ming turned 15, his adopted family told him the truth about his birth mother. For a while, Jui-Ming was upset that everyone had been keeping secrets from him. As Jui-Ming got older, he started to understand that Ming-Hua had loved him. This photo shows a picture of Jui-Ming (left) and Ming-Hua (right). Hearing this story, I realized that my great-grandmother and I both love our family very much and I feel very thankful that my great-grandmother gave up so much for her family. If it were not for her, I wouldn't be here today.

