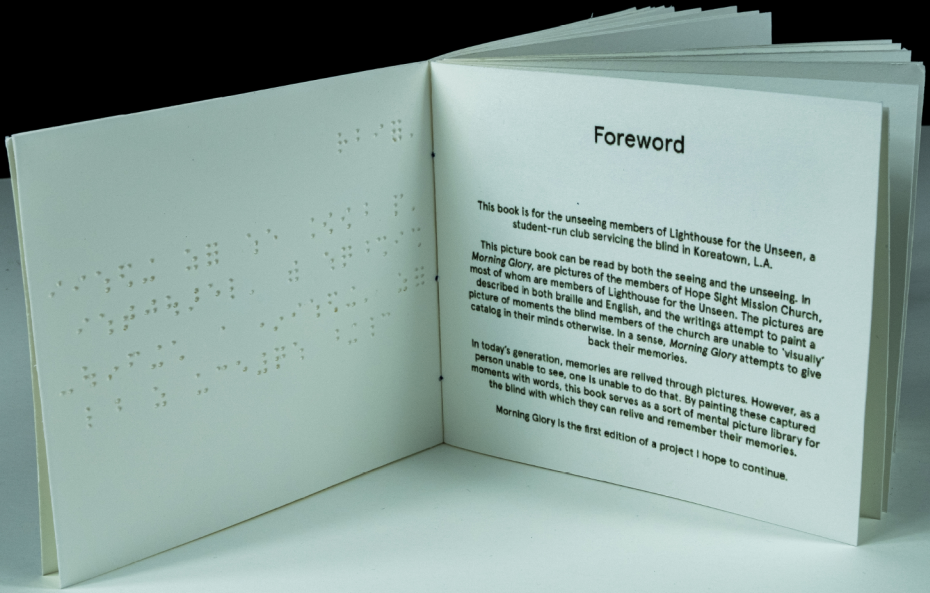

Morning Glory
by Gina Kim
The Morning Glory flower (Ipomoea tricolor) draws its name from its habit of opening in early morning. It blooms in reaction to the first sight of light: it can perceive light.



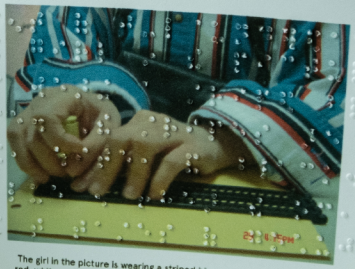
Foreword

This book is for the unseeing members of Lighthouse for the Unseen, a student-run club servicing the blind in Koreatown, L.A.

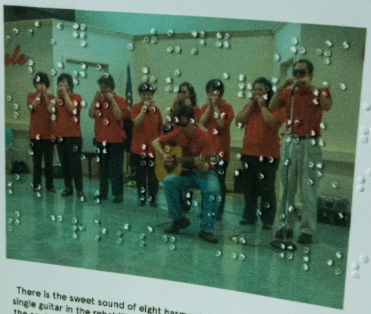
This picture book can be read by both the seeing and the unseeing. In *Morning Glory*, are pictures of the members of Hope Sight Mission Church, most of whom are members of Lighthouse for the Unseen. The pictures are described in both braille and English, and the writings attempt to paint a picture of moments the blind members of the church are unable to 'visually' catalog in their minds otherwise. In a sense, *Morning Glory* attempts to give back their memories.

In today's generation, memories are relived through pictures. However, as a person unable to see, one is unable to do that. By painting these captured moments with words, this book serves as a sort of mental picture library for the blind with which they can relive and remember their memories.

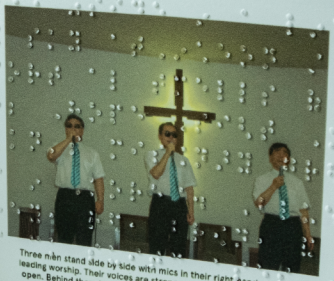
Morning Glory is the first edition of a project I hope to continue.



The girl in the picture is wearing a striped blouse. The stripes are blue, red, white, and black. Blue enough to hear the ocean, red that tastes of gochujang, the white scent of just-laundered clothes, black that is colder than night.
The girl's face is not visible. She is writing on a sheet of paper in braille with a slate and a stylus.



There is the sweet sound of eight harmonicas and the soft twang of a single guitar in the rehabilitation center. The music fills the ears of both the seeing and the unseeing. All nine band members are wearing bright red shirts as hot as fire; they stand out.



Three men stand side by side with mics in their right hands: they are leading worship. Their voices are strong and sure, and their faces are open. Behind them is a yellow-lit cross, its light the white-yellow of noonday sun.

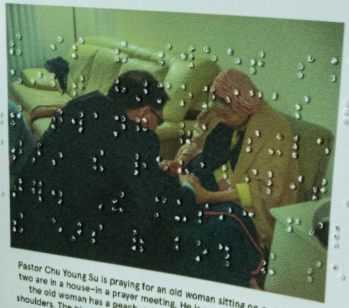
The room is small, so the music seems louder than it is.

All three of them wear cotton button up shirts with satin blue ties; their ties are the blue scent of soap.

Pastor Chu Young Su is holding the hands of an old woman; they are in prayer as they have just ended Bible study. There is a Bible open in front of them. The old woman has gray, gray, almost white, hair. Her face is pinched in concentration and honesty.

There is the loud whirring of a blowdryer in the dressing room. The dressing room is old, with patched windows and pale yellow wallpaper the scent of old cigarettes. A younger Pastor Chu Young Su is getting his hair done by a woman before his performance. The room smells of hair gel and hairspray. On his face is a small smile.

Denise is on a stage, playing both a harmonica and an autoharp. The music is both soft and hard: it is nostalgic. Behind her, on the wall, is a lit cross. It glows behind her like a beacon. She is alone on the stage, but her body moves with the music. Her head sways, her hands sing, and her feet tap.



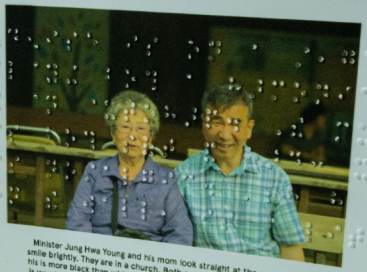
Pastor Chu Young Su is praying for an old woman sitting on a chair. The two are in a house–in a prayer meeting. He is wearing a black suit, and the old woman has a peach-colored blanket around her stooped shoulders. The black suit is the black of the smell of burnt coal, and the blanket is the peach of the feel of skin.

The old woman holds onto his hands firmly, and both have their eyes closed in prayer.

Summer tints Korea's air the warm yellow of the taste of *gehrhanmari*.
Pastor Chu Young Su is in Korea on a mission trip. He stands in front of a garden of leaves and pink, red, and white flowers.
The leaves are the green scent of spring, as is the air. The flowers smell like the pink, red, and white of Valentine's day.
The pastor is wearing a blazer the color of the pillowy feeling of dry sand.

Pastor Chu Young Su has a serious expression on his face. His eyebrows are pinched, and his mouth is stern. He is looking at another man; the two men are having a discussion about their faith. They are in Pastor Chu's office. It is morning.

Six people are sitting, facing the afternoon sun; it stains their skin and the bricks they are sitting on yellow with warmth. Yellow: that feeling you have when near a fire on a cold day. Behind them are palm trees. The sky is a clear Californian blue. Blue enough to feel the ocean water on your feet. They are resting their feet before walking around the city.



Minister Jung Hwa Young and his mom look straight at the camera and smile brightly. They are in a church. Both now have graying hair; however, his is more black than white, and hers is more white than black. His mom is wearing a purple embroidered jacket–the purple of the clean scent of lavender. Minister Jung is wearing a blue plaid shirt. It looks like a medley of the sea at different times of the day.

The sky at Incheon Airport also smells of rain; Hope Sight Mission's missionary group is in Korea. Blue, grey, red, brown, and black suitcases stand side by side in a line. The blue sensation you feel while swimming: that omnipresent coolness, that's blue. The grey scent of dust, the bright red of embarassment, the soft brown of the feeling of sand, the faded black of a summer night.

The sky is grey but bright, and the air is clear.

The sky smells of rain. The two men are in Hope Sight Mission Church in Koreatown, L.A. Minister Jung Hwa Young is led into a car by a friend; he is heading to Korea to do missionary work. In his left hand are drum-sticks, and in his right hand is the warmth of his friend's hand. Both look worried but excited.

They are holding worship in Hope Sight Mission Church. 10 members, both unseeing and seeing, sit in a circle and play their instruments. There is one guitar and ten harmonicas. The people sit on gray folding chairs in a small room; the music fills the room. The church is small, but their faith is strong.

A group of 7 pastors and church members raise their voices in prayer and worship. There is only one guitar, but there are seven voices. The picture was taken during a summer church retreat. The light is green and tints the entire room lime green. Lime green: the smell of cleaning solution. It is night.

Minister Jung Hwa Young stands between two pots: one with white orchids, and the other with fuchsia ones. The white of the soft taste of whipped cream, and the fuchsia of the scent of a woman's perfume. Behind him is a lit cross. It glows bright blue.
Minister Jung has a mic in his hand; he is leading worship. He looks up with a strained expression.

Pastor Chu is making kimchi for the members of Hope Sight Mission Church. The basin he is making it in is as big as his body. The kimchi is the hollow red of Korean red pepper flakes. It is summertime and the sun is bright.

There is a group of over 10 people in the picture; they are taking a walking class at Griffith Park. They are walking down an empty street littered with dried leaves.

It is fall time. The trees have red, orange, yellow, and a little bit of green on them. Red, orangie, and yellow are the colors of fall: colors of warmth on a cold day. The sky is turquoise, the sound of a child's voice.

Pastor Chu is smiling brightly. He was in his office when this picture was taken. He is wearing a charcoal blazer; charcoal, the wet smell of cement on a rainy day. His hair is sat and pepper.