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Cover letter

In this essay, I will discuss an artifact that holds personal value to me and explain the reasons behind its significance. My goal is to provide readers, who I anticipate will be classmates and faculty members, with insight into how I perceive culture and value. When selecting the artifact, I explored my home in search of an item that could serve as a cultural representation. Eventually, I had a moment of realization when I came across an old, dusty photo album containing pictures of my grandparents, parents, my sister, and me.

My approach was to brainstorm ideas related to the photo album and then narrow down the information to what I deemed relevant. In this process, I found myself contemplating the concept of culture and its integral role in shaping my appreciation for the album. Throughout the essay, I discovered that my core values revolve around family and happiness. I often reflect on joyful memories to navigate the challenges of daily life and recognize the importance of familial connections and contentment.

I thoroughly enjoyed working on this assignment as it allowed me to delve into my own cultural identity and examine the values, I hold dear. This exploration fostered a greater understanding of cultural identity and empathy toward the cultures of others. One area I would like to improve upon is conveying a more nuanced depiction of the complex emotions evoked by objects like the photo album on paper.

Following the completion of my initial draft, I received valuable feedback from my peers and Professor Buño, which encompassed areas such as cover letter and grammar style, as well

as suggested additions to enhance the essay. Overall, the process of writing this essay was a rewarding experience that enabled me to align my writing goals with the expectations of my audience in terms of genre conventions, medium, and rhetorical situation. It also encouraged me to engage in genre analysis and multimodal composing, which facilitated effective writing across various disciplinary contexts.

Personal Artifact Essay

It is not a photo album. It is *the* photo album. Stored in the profound and recondite corner of my mom's closet, it is protected by a leather book cover that prevents dust from entering it. Being so dense, just a few people on Earth can lift this 10lb photo album: My dad and me. Once the tight zipper is opened, a million photos will overwhelm anyone nearby. We can start from my mom's infancy; An old, semi-teared image from 1975 displays a little girl in bare feet while eating a coconut with just a spoon. Also, I can see a little fat boy swimming in a river, which nowadays I call dad. However, what is the origin of this mysterious artifact?

It all started when my parents got married. Both had pictures of their childhood and adolescence, which they stored in a cardboard box. Nevertheless, as time passed, new memories were created, and new photos were taken, so they had to find an effective and safe container to put all these valuable memories: They got the leather album.

This 20-year-old album was a great choice. My family and I don't open it very often, but everyone in the house gets the same feeling that anticipates a session of photo appreciation; it is like a magic voice that lets us know when to open the album. So, this artifact has a powerful aura; whenever I open my mom's closet and see the dusty surface of the album, I can feel the nostalgia rush coming through my mind. Also, it makes us reunite as a family occasionally. We all have busy schedules, but when the photo album time comes, nothing can stop us from sitting on the living room couch and describing past times when a photo was taken. This is a family tradition, making the album an essential part of our culture.

This album holds a profound significance in my life as it serves as a tangible representation of my identity and roots. Within its pages, I discover snapshots of pivotal moments that have shaped who I am today. From the earliest pictures of my birth to the cherished images of my family and the places I frequented during my childhood years, this album is a treasure of memories that keeps me connected to my past.

Whenever I find myself longing for a sense of belonging, this album acts as a captivating window into a world filled with joy, laughter, and love. As I flip through its pages, I am transported to a time when life seemed simpler, and the carefree nature of my childhood enveloped me. The photographs capture the essence of those precious moments, preserving them in vivid detail for me to revisit whenever I need solace or reassurance.

What makes this album even more meaningful is the realization that this cultural practice of documenting and cherishing memories is not unique to me alone. It is a tradition that has been passed down through generations in my family. As I delve deeper into the album's contents, I am

struck by the familiarity of the faces that stare back at me, tracing their lineage and connecting the dots that lead to my existence.

It becomes apparent that my parents, too, were inspired to create their album, preserving their memories from bygone eras. This realization further strengthens the bond between generations, as I witness the continuum of this cherished practice throughout my family's history. The album serves as a testament to the enduring nature of familial ties and the importance of heritage.

Leafing through the yellowed pages, I see glimpses of my grandparents, captured in sepia tones, their lives and experiences woven into the fabric of my own. It is a humbling reminder that my story is intricately intertwined with theirs and that their values, traditions, and wisdom have been passed down to me, shaping the person I have become.

This album is not merely a collection of photographs; it is a living testament to the power of storytelling and the transmission of cultural heritage. It serves as a bridge between past and present, reminding me of the sacrifices, triumphs, and shared experiences that have paved the way for my journey.

In a world that often feels ephemeral and fleeting, this album stands as a steadfast reminder of the permanence and endurance of family bonds. It holds the collective memories of those who came before me and beckons me to continue the tradition, creating new chapters to be added to its hallowed pages.

As I reflect on the significance of this album, I am filled with gratitude for the generations that came before me and their commitment to preserving our family's history. It fuels

my desire to pass down this invaluable practice to future generations, ensuring that the album remains a cherished artifact that binds us together, transcending time and space.

In essence, this album is not just a collection of photographs; it is a testament to the power of memory, the strength of family, and the beauty of heritage. It serves as a concrete expression of who I am and where I come from, reminding me of the profound impact of past generations on my present and future..



I was amazed when I asked my grandparents if they had their photo album. To my surprise, they went to their bedrooms and returned with big, dusty books they had kept in their closets. These albums were filled with pictures of their childhood and teenage years. It was like seeing older versions of the album I have at home.

I was curious. So, I asked them about the story behind these albums, and they eagerly began sharing memories from the past. They told me about moments like when my mom was just three years old and would ask my uncle to climb the tree in their backyard to get coconuts. My grandma became emotional and shed tears as she realized that all they had now were memories and photos. She also shared with me the tradition they had of gathering in the living room with my grandpa, mom, and uncles to remember their shared history. Although my grandma's sadness about the passing of time was evident, it made me feel a sense of joy to know that I could carry on this tradition that is a part of who I am. It reminded me of the importance of preserving our family's stories and memories.