

Foreword

By Pedro González Arbona

It was in March when I was given the opportunity to return to USA to make a visit with an American family during the month of July. After my great experience in Los Angeles the previous year, I decided to go to Seattle without knowing very well what I would find. I had only seen a photo of the Space Needle. After filling out a survey of the Organization "EF", they assigned me a family based on our similar interests. It was the Nelson family.

From the moment that I came to Seattle in July 2010, I was fully embraced by the four members of their family. I already had experience in the very great cultural differences between the Americans and the Spaniards, so this time was much easier to adapt to these changes.

Throughout the month, I was engaging in a deep relationship with the Nelson family and when the time came to leave, outside of my parents I had never felt like part of another family before. From September 2010, my mother and Ardis began to communicate via email and Skype despite language barriers (my mother knew little English and Ardis absolutely nothing Castellano).

It was that same month when we received the news that my maternal grandmother was suffering from a deadly tumor. My mother and Ardis continued communicating and giving support at difficult moments. Finally, in January 2011 my grandmother passed away. A few weeks later, Ardis mother also died. I had not heard of the difficult story of Ardis' life with her mother during my stay in Seattle, although my mother did over time. Little by little, email after email, it was like the relationship between Ardis and my mother was getting stronger, becoming increasingly more profound and spiritual.

After this brief introduction in which I have tried to tell roughly the start of their relationship with all these events, Ardis tells this great story of consolation and redemption from her perspective.

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