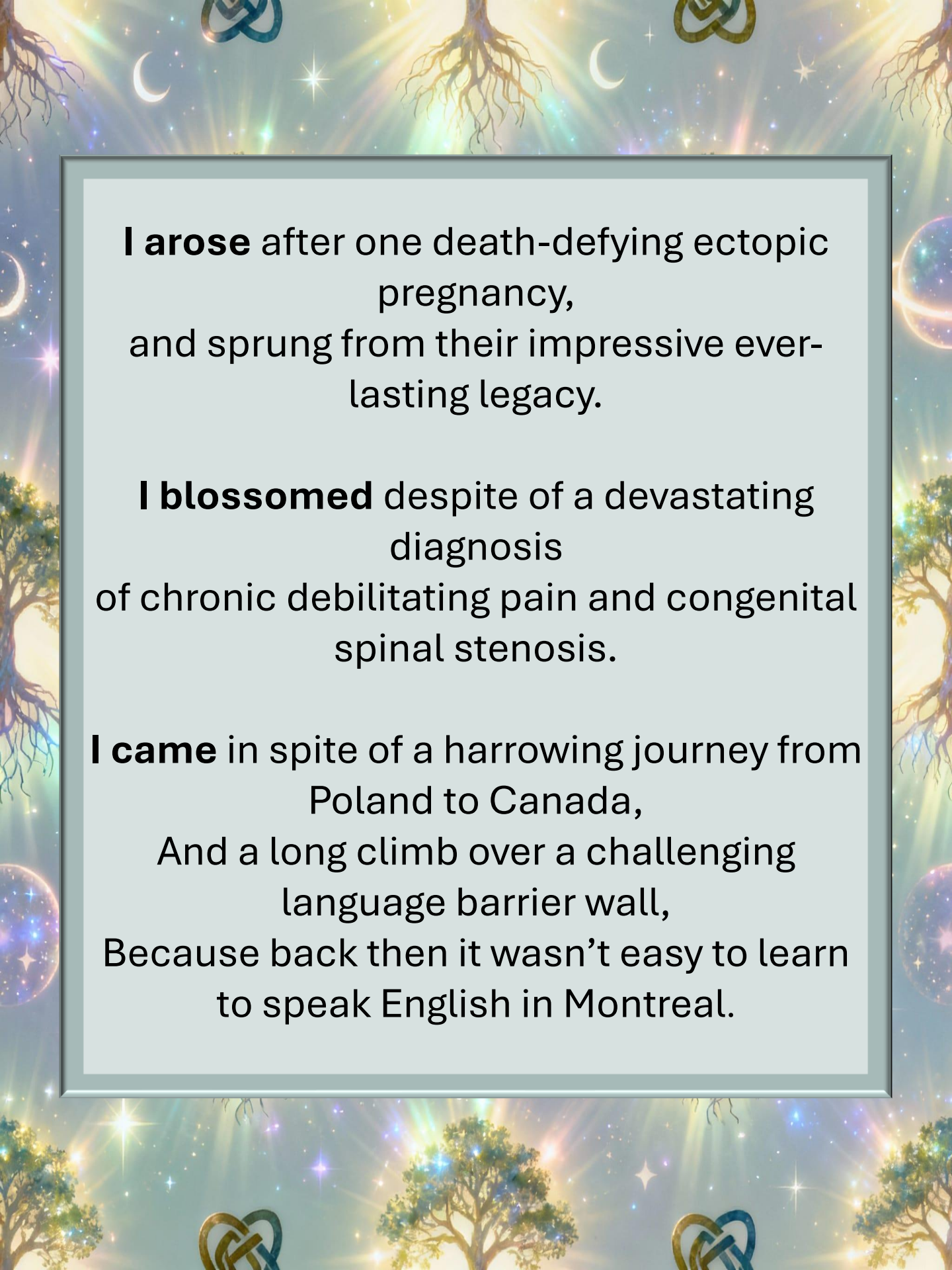


BLOODLINE (Version 1)

By: Wendy H. Yudkovitch

I arrived despite of many miscarriages,
addictive poisonous nicotine,
and Hitler's malicious hate.

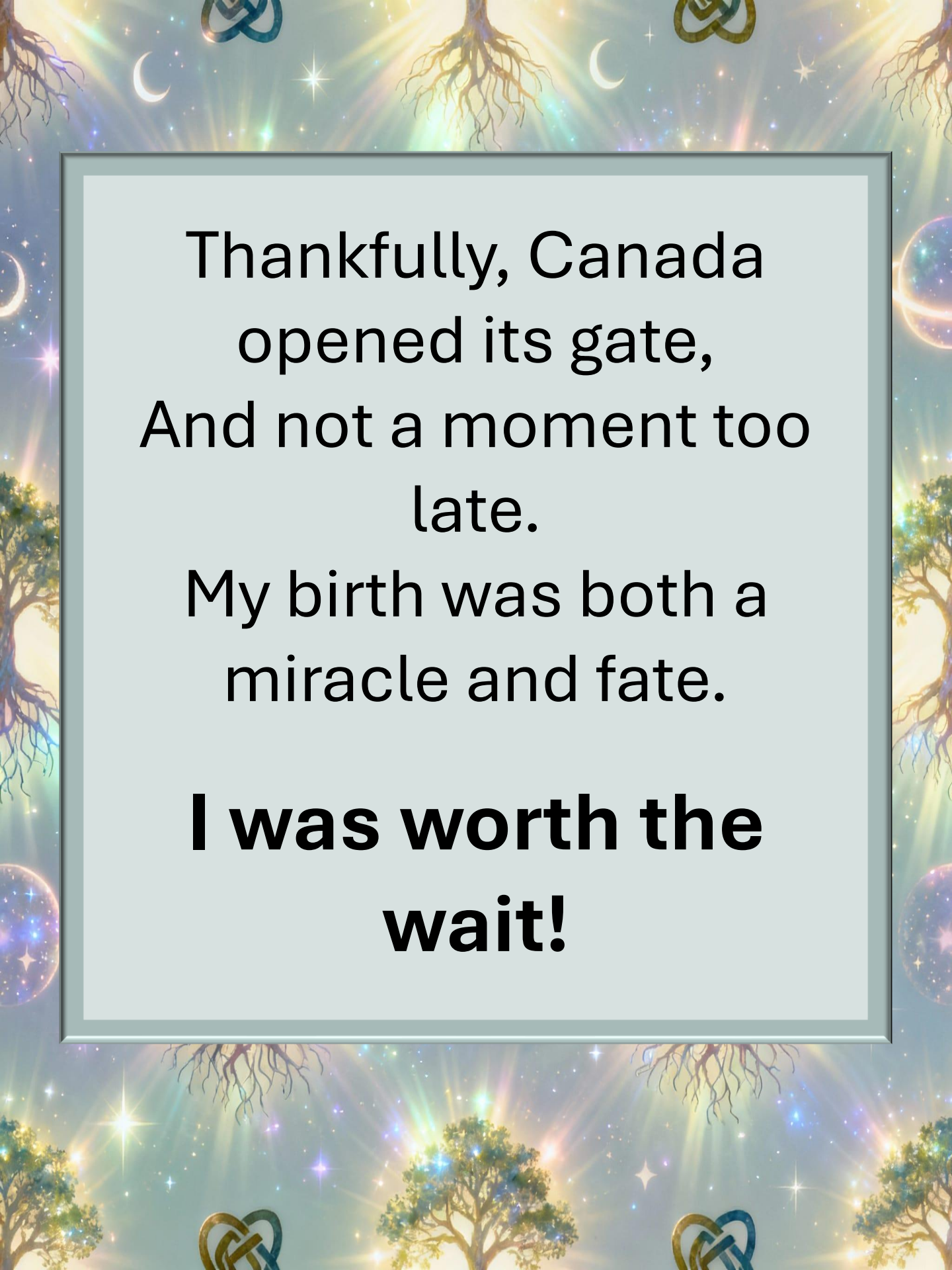
I stem from determined spirits,
Who never quit and fought to make it.
Fighters, lovers, wise intelligent teachers...
Passed down strong genetic character trait
features,
that flow through my blood,
Painted by their love.



I arose after one death-defying ectopic pregnancy,
and sprung from their impressive everlasting legacy.

I blossomed despite of a devastating diagnosis
of chronic debilitating pain and congenital spinal stenosis.

I came in spite of a harrowing journey from Poland to Canada,
And a long climb over a challenging language barrier wall,
Because back then it wasn't easy to learn to speak English in Montreal.



Thankfully, Canada
opened its gate,
And not a moment too
late.

My birth was both a
miracle and fate.

**I was worth the
wait!**



BLOODLINE (VERSION 2 – WIP)

**For educational purposes, this is my
process...**

I arrived despite of heartache and loss,
Battling back from miscarriages, hope at a cost.

Addictive, poisonous nicotine's snare,
And Hitler's cruel hate that filled their air.

I sprung from spirits fierce and wise,
Who never yielded, always would rise.

Fighters, lovers, teachers true—
Their grit and wisdom carried us through.

Strong character traits I proudly show,
In every vein, their courage flows.

**My blood is painted with their love,
A legacy I'm always dreaming of.**

BLOODLINE (VERSION 3 – WIP)

For educational purposes, this is my process...

Thankfully, Canada opened its gate so wide.
They departed just in time, no longer needing
to hide.

From Poland's land to Canada's shore,
A journey of courage, longing to soar.
Over language's wall, they fought and swore,
That learning English would open many doors.

In Montreal's streets, with hope in their eyes,
They faced many challenges yet continued to
rise.

Stories of strength & dreams that never die,
Relentless spirits reaching the skies.

BLOODLINE (VERSION 3 – WIP)

For educational purposes, this is my process...

**My birth—a miracle, fate's gentle bend.
A cherished treasure, worth the wait in
the end.**

Despite a diagnosis dark and grim,
Of pain that sapped the strength within.
**Yet through many challenges, I
found my beat,
Rising strong, resilient, and
complete.**