

conscience roars in my ears for years" (77). Her father's admonishments to his children cut deeper into the wound: "She'd be alive today if you behaved yourselves!" (102). Much later in life, Mary found out that her mother had died of a self-inflicted abortion.

As if that weren't enough, Mary grew up with the vexing memory of a frightening experience she was too embarrassed to share with anyone, which might have alleviated her humiliation. It happened in a park where her extended family was having a picnic. Playing alone, she had strayed from the crowd when a man in a galabieh, an Arab lemonade vendor, approached her. Nailed in place, she could not move. He grabbed her hand and.... There was no escape. She would have been molested if her cousin had not shouted from afar and run toward them (16). Mary recalls this incident several times in *The Immigrants' Daughter* which indicates that it left a deep impression on her young soul.

More disturbing was her anxiety related to a dreadful "event" in the past which, although it was never revealed to her, she knew had left permanent scars. "When Papa and Mama talked in hushed tones, in Turkish.... I suspect they are reminiscing about people who died during the 'event' and whose photos are now stashed in that room. I am afraid to go in that room at night because of the ghosts I may find." She remembers how her mother would sometimes scream and shout in Turkish, alone in her bedroom, as though she were fighting with someone, but she never explained these mysterious spells (3-4). She did confide to Mary once, wiping away her tears: "I lost my Mama when I was fourteen. I became an orphan... It's tough when you grow up without a