

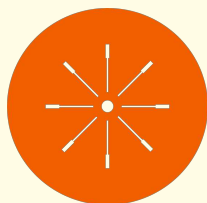
# PERSIMMON

THE ZINE



IDENTITY

APRIL 2025





# THE FRUIT WILL COME

At my grandparents' home in San Jose, they planted several fruit trees – jujubes, figs, goji berries, and, of course, persimmons. Growing up, my siblings and I would help by climbing the trees, whose leaves and fruit had turned a deep shade of orange-red, nearly concealing the sweet treasures from our sight. They tasted sweet like honey, with hints of cinnamon. Nature's candy, as my mom would say.

My grandma would watch with joy as the roots she nurtured gave way to the fruit of her labor.

There's a Japanese proverb that goes something like, "Planted chestnut and peach seeds take three years to bear fruit, persimmons take eight years." It often takes different amounts of time to bear the fruit of one's actions.

In healing, we learn that time matters. That change is gradual. We work together – patient and practitioner – planting seeds of intention. We nourish them with presence and care. And with time, we trust that the fruit will come.



DAD WITH A BOUNTY OF PERSIMMONS



## THE ROOTS THAT HOLD US

My father was one of the first Vietnamese doctors of Chinese Medicine in the Bay Area. He created opportunities in America.

He helped his mentor, an herbalist from Vietnam, open an herb shop. That shop gave him a space for his life's work. It gave my aunt a place to practice acupuncture. It gave my sister a second chance at life.

She was only four when doctors feared it was leukemia. But it was my father's trusted mentor who treated her with herbs. And she healed.

That's the power of investing in others and creating spaces to belong. I carry the lessons passed down through my father, his mentor, and my family.

To me, creating this practice wasn't just about opening a clinic. It was about continuing a lineage of care. Of building a space where others can feel seen, supported, and reminded that healing takes time—but it is always possible.

RAGE

IT'S OKAY

FEEL IT

LET IT OUT

# THE WEIGHT OF HOLDING IN

I was raised to be quiet, calm, and composed. To keep things inside. To keep things together.

What I didn't know was that I was keeping in pain. Hurt. Anger. Grief.

Mental health struggles permeated my family, but it lived unspoken, heavy like fog. We didn't have words for depression, anxiety, or emotional overwhelm. We had "You are too difficult" or "You just need to stop" or silence.

But silence has weight.

And over time, all that holding in turned into rage. A rage that blinded me. One that scared me. One that made me feel broken.

It took years to realize that rage was a teacher – it was a signal. It was my body and spirit telling me that I had boundaries. That I had worth. That I was tired of pretending everything was okay.

I began to listen.





# PHOTOS OF DOGS







# THE COURAGE TO FEEL

Healing, for me, has meant learning to feel. Not just the “calm”  
emotions – but all of it.

To feel honestly is a homecoming.

I’m doing what my ancestors couldn’t.

I’m learning to witness instead of judge.

In my work, I don’t just insert needles or prescribe herbs – I invite  
people to slow down, to listen inward, to notice what’s alive in them.

Sometimes, that’s physical pain. Sometimes, it’s emotional patterns  
that have gone unnamed for years.

I see how closely our bodies and minds hold our stories. And how  
healing ripples out when we feel safe enough to feel.

I believe in creating space—for grief, for growth, for remembering, for  
joy.

# A BRANCH OF MY OWN

I named Persimmon Acupuncture not just for the fruit I grew up harvesting, but for what it symbolizes: Transformation. Time. Medicine.

The sweetness of a persimmon comes with time. With ripening. With patience.

This practice is the fruit of seeds planted long ago – by my father, by his mentor, by the communities that cared for one another across generations.

But it's also a new branch. A space to do things differently. To feel. To heal. To be seen in our authenticity.

To those ready to feel, to rest, to shift, to become.

To honor our lineages – forwards and back.

This is for you.



# WHERE OUR STORIES MEET

Days after my partner and I got married, I got the call.

My mom, in Vietnam with my dad, told me, “Your father is a goner.”

Just like that. Dead.

I flew across the world for his funeral—my first time back in Vietnam since studying there nearly two decades ago.

We buried him in the land he left and returned to.

Everything felt distant. Numb.

Like I was floating through someone else's story.

Months later, I got a text from my dad's phone.

But it wasn't him—it was my estranged brother.

He sent me a flyer for a DVAN Vietnamese author event happening in twenty minutes.

I almost didn't go.

But something in me said: Go.



# WHERE OUR STORIES MEET

That evening became a thread back to a culture I had felt distant from, especially after burying my father. I didn't know I was walking into a community that would carry me through my grief—and beyond it.

Sitting in that room, listening to Vietnamese authors speak our histories into being, I felt seen.

Held.

Re-membered.

In the months that followed, DVAN became a source of inspiration. Their stories, their voices, their quiet insistence that Vietnamese stories matter—that our stories matter—gave me permission to share mine.

To write differently.

To hold space for all the contradictions: loss and celebration, rupture and return.

DVAN helped me find a language for the in-between places I live in: as a second-generation healer, a grieving daughter, a cycle-breaker.

This story wouldn't exist without that night—or the ones that followed.

Thank you, DVAN—for being a bridge, a spark, and a homecoming.





This zine is a reflection of the incredible community  
around Persimmon Acupuncture.

To every client, collaborator, mentor, and friend who  
has been part of this journey — thank you.

Your support, energy, and connection make this  
practice what it is.







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