

ONE WORLD

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY
JOURNAL OF
SOCIAL JUSTICE

vol. 10



I WAS A
STRANGER
AND YOU
WELCOMED
ME

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Readers,

Thank you for choosing to read this journal. I promise that the writing and art lying ahead are the result of dedicated thought and a deep care for the Gonzaga community and world surrounding us. The process of making this journal has been one of the greatest opportunities I have ever had the pleasure of being granted.

What is so rewarding about working for One World is the reminder I have each day that there are students who care so deeply about the world and their community that they will take time out of their lives to write, paint, photograph; create art for the most selfless cause of spreading justice.

It often seems that this work dies out; that the energy and passion that fuels social justice fades away. That is why I believe in One World's mission so dearly. That energy and passion is now a physical reality, something to inspire others, something to inspire ourselves when the fight for justice seems to be too much.

I hope these works inspire you just as much as they have inspired me. It has been a pleasure to be the Editor of this journal and work with each incredible author and artist. I truly believe their work will impact you as much as it has me.

Keep fighting, readers. Your work matters, your work is making a difference. Continue to engage your mind and your heart; it will engage others', too.

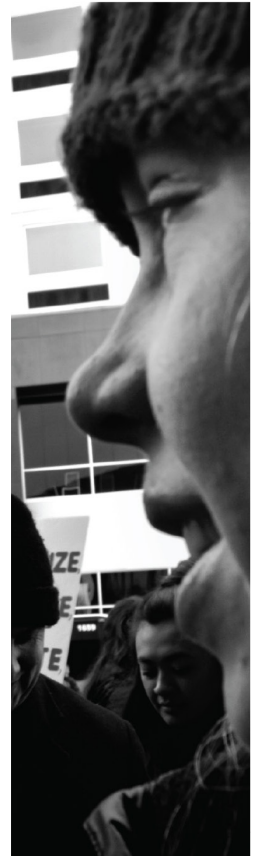
Yours truly,

Olivia Moorer
Editor-in-Chief
Class of 2019



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BE OKAY

BY KENJI LIANNE - BOOEY

There are a few things I like more in this world than a Spokane Sunset.

I've seen the sun set and rise in Japan,
Eaten wüerst in Germany
Snorkeled in the Mediterranean
Taken a train threw the Alps
Bargained with the best in Camden Town
And touched the walls of the coliseum.
And still find it hard to beat the Spokane Sunset.

Last Wednesday morning after a presidential election that is arguably the most important one in U.S. or at least modern U.S. history something beat that sunset.
I walked into my living room just after six and was hit in the face with the sunrise.

I believe that there exist a number of things in this world that embody bliss. The feeling of being overwhelmed in just the right way with joy and love all while being completely aware of all the negative in the world and yet knowing it will be okay.

Things like an infants smile, your dog when you get home or the one time your cat decides you are worthy enough to pet them.
Things like a walk by the river after the first snow before a single flake has been disturbed.

Last Wednesday morning just after six I walked into my living room and was hit in the face by the Spokane Sunrise and simultaneously by bliss.

Everyday we fail. We say the wrong thing or we say nothing at all.
We fail a test.
Sleep through an appointment.
Spill our coffee or just have "a Day".

But the next day we get up and the sun is there or will be there and we tolerate our failures.

As a Human race we fail a lot.
Slavery
Gender rights
Immigration rights
Land rights
War
Slavery

Food deserts
Poor education
No health care
Racism
And slavery, just to name a few.
Today is NOT about being okay with those failures.

Today is about seeing that sunrise being hit by bliss and stepping forward.

Today is about the easiest yet most difficult call to action you will ever receive.

By okay. In New environments and different opinions, when hate is spewed from ignorance as it so often is be okay to love and educate.

Be okay with our world. Want to improve it out of love not disgust.

Because if you hate our world all you impression will hate it as well.

Today is about being okay.

Being okay to love, educate, learn, being okay with being uncomfortable
And NOT being okay with complacency.



WALLS

BY KEVIN DOLAN

I remember driving from my house to his, still sweaty from work, to watch TV, play video games, drink beer, smoke weed, and talk. I would wake up on the couch with my contact lenses glued to my eyeballs, chug water, grab a dirty work polo from the backseat of my car, put it on, and drive to work.

A few weeks before the start of my freshman year James asked me, “Do you ever get paranoid when you’re smoking weed?”

After flying home for winter break my aunt called asking my dad and I to come stay at the house for a while. James had been taken to a hospital, given some bad medication, and was scaring her. For the next few days James constantly looked afraid, anxious, and detached. He struggled to pay attention to conversations, barely slept, and when he spoke only asked random questions about the people and the environment around him.

Privately he told me he believed a friend of his father was going to shoot and kill me, him, and the rest of our family. He said he was going to be framed.

James came up to visit me at school a few months later during the second semester of my freshman year. Gonzaga was playing in an NCAA tournament game, and we drank Coors and malt liquor out of soda cups and water bottles while watching it on my dorm’s common room TV. We played liar’s dice with my friends, laughing and bullshitting. He and I got continuously more drunk throughout the day, and I felt reconnected and happy. James seemed happy too, living some of the college experience he wasn’t able to have.

The next morning we were both hung-over, and when I came back from my Saturday morning tutoring program he was tired and felt shitty. He was also vaguely distant and disinterested in anything I suggested.

My dad came up to school on my last day of finals. A few hours before our flight home my dad got a flurry of phone calls from my aunts, uncles, and cousins.

When we got to the hospital James had the same terrified look I had seen four and a half months ago. As he laid in a hospital bed with large bandages over his forearms, wrists, and the front of his neck, he told me and my dad that he didn’t want to go to hell.

He stayed in Stanford Hospital for about five months. His bleak, desperate creativity shone through the varied ways he tried to kill himself again. In the first month of his stay at Stanford he tried to stab himself in the eye with a pair of scissors, and much later he tied his bed sheets on a water pipe to make a noose. The water pipe broke and flooded the ward, leading to the evacuation of the rest of the patients. James would later say, “Yeah, I kinda fucked that one up.”

Every day that summer I drove the hour-and-a-half rush hour drive from Oakland to Palo Alto. In the beginning he only talked about the ways in which the hospital staff, his dad, and others were conspiring to harm, frame, and kill him. Paranoid schizophrenia was the term the doctors told us. It took a long time for that terrified look to go away. During the last month of the summer we usually just talked and played cards, or, if the nurses allowed it, board games and Wii sports. It almost felt like old times, even if all of that time was spent within the walls.

My memories since then are fleeting and convoluted. It’s been over two years since I went back to school for my sophomore year. I’ve only been home for brief amounts of time since then, so I usually see him about once every six months. He had been out of locked facilities for a while, but through a series of well-intentioned events he is now back in a locked facility halfway across the country. James became another person suffering from mental illness to be a part of the criminal justice system. A hospital window was left open, cops chased him down, terrified, into the forest, and another mentally ill person was charged as a criminal. It is unclear now if and when James will be able to leave Ohio and come home. Until the lawyers can come to an agreement, James

will remain in a locked facility, in this case a hospital.

At the end of my junior year James called me and asked me to fly out to Ohio. I could hear the same terrified voice I had heard in the past. His mom (my aunt), who has been so brave and strong in the past three years, was going to leave Ohio for a week. He relies on his mom, as many people do when they are scared and vulnerable, and without her he believes that those who wish him harm will be able to carry out their plans. I knew that my presence would do little to change his illness, but some mix of friendship, survivor's guilt, and altruism motivated me to fly there.

My time in Ohio was, to make an oversimplification, bittersweet. I listened to him tell me the ways in which the nurses, the doctors, and the other patients (or in his words, actors), were plotting to harm him. I saw the pain in his eyes that came from another person close to him failing to believe his story. We played cards and watched movies and sports. I brought him soda and chips, which he consumed with a voraciousness that would alarm many. We walked the twenty feet of hallway that we were allowed to walk, back and forth, talking out his thoughts. He acknowledged, at least to a certain degree, the validity of my arguments and reasoning, but was consistent in his insistence that people were conspiring against him. We talked of many things that we perceived in his situation, but I did not attempt to dissuade him from his most consistent assertion. "I'm in a prison".

I, and probably the rest of the family, would prefer for James to reside in a locked hospital if given the choice between a hospital and a prison. The distinction is between a hopefully kinder,

altruistic detainment, and what would likely be a less sympathetic detainment. The walls, which separate the person from the rest of the world, are still there. The phone calls, which are difficult to make and feel endlessly repetitive, are still there. The guards, who ensure that the people follow the rules and do not try to escape, are still there. The luxuries, alcohol, drugs, computers, cell phones, and so on, are all prohibited. Independent of the altruism and intentionality, there is little to no freedom. James' imprisonment isn't unique; there have been millions of people whose imprisonments have been unjust or unfair. I cannot convince myself to be angry at people, policies, or society at large, despite their evident and endless shortcomings. James' state is the product of his own genetic inheritance and the actions of many, hopefully, well-intentioned people. When you have to talk to and obey the receptionist, nurse, security guard, and psychiatrist to talk to someone, the walls are unavoidable. And James does not stop existing. The walls lead to numbness. The numbness erases nothing, it only dulls the feelings. There is nothing resolute, nothing final, only existence. An existence that I do not know, and my perception of it is clouded by love, loss, nostalgia, and pain.

We talk on the phone once or twice a week. The other day I called the hospital and the receptionist told me that James had just stepped outside for fresh air, and elatedly asked the receptionist if James had gained more freedoms. "No, he can go down to get fresh air." I knew this meant a brief, once a day, step outside the walls, accompanied by guards, to breathe. I hope he did.

WALKING

BY ANTHONY "AJ" MCCULSKEY

A day in the life,
a day in my life,
a life in a day,
a life lost in a day.
How many?

My head is up
and I can walk without fear
because the destruction of my body is
illegal -

(white) protected
(white) privileged
(white) promised.

My head is up
and I can walk without fear
because there's always that guy
who's fitting the description,
you know it, don't lie
blue-black black-blue
bruised complexion;
selling CD's,
prolly a hoody.
But it's not me.

I'm entitled the CEO, and the doctor,
the Hero cast in a bright light,
so they let me breathe easy
on my way up.

(white) hood
(white) hate
(white) history

My head is down
but still I walk without fear
because they say we own this land,
and police the plantation,

.
(white) anger
(white) anthem
(white) America

My head is down.
My head is down.
I get it now.

A day in the life,
a day in my life,
a life in a day,
a life lost in a day.
How many more?



"I STAND WITH YOU" BY MILINDA "MINDY" SMITH

WHITE MAN'S LAND

BY MATTHEW SHEBER HOWARD

Stand.
Or don't stand
For this nation's anthem.
But where do you stand?
On the backs of blacks;
Black bodies –
Dismembered.
Disremembered.
Dispossessed.
All Lives Matter;
Espouse that shit if you must.
But don't you dare forget
That, in this nation,
You're governed. By
White Man's Lust.
All lives don't matter;
Not in the U.S.A.
Only White lives matter today.
Just not if you're gay.
So, sorry to all you Others out there;
You're shit outta luck,
Must suck.
Your being,
Whatever essence you naively claim,
Will forever be in opposition to My Name: Straight.
White.
Male.
you are the inferior.
I am the Superior.
I define you.
Wait, passive voice:
you are defined by Me.
America says so.
Look it up;
Better yet, look around.
Rest in Peace –
Rest in Peace
to the whole goddamn slew.

What's that? Can't breathe?
Wasn't your breath anyway.
You breathe when I say.
I'm White.
you're Wrong.
So move the fuck along.
Trump says make it great again,
But what's wrong with it now?
You and me, Donald –
You Big White Machine.
We run this fucking country.
Our ancestors chained and raped theirs.
Now we lock up murder their sons.
Like Kanye said,
They're the new slaves;
We're God's chosen ones.
So don't go changing shit,
Michael Brown.
Trayvon Martin.
Eric Garner, too.
You've got it just the way you like it.
Where do you stand?
That's right.
You stand on White. Man's. Land.

'GATHERING FOR THE WOMEN'S MARCH ON SPOKANE,
WHERE PEOPLE OF ALL BACKGROUNDS PARTICIPATED
IN THE CELEBRATION OF DIVERSITY, FEMININITY,
EQUALITY, AND DIVERSITY. HERE, A SPOKANE NATIVE
AMERICAN POUNDS HIS DRUM TO THE RHYTHM OF
OUR UNWAVERING STEPS.'

Photo and caption by Emma Christansen



JUNE 22, 2015
BY JORDAN MARTINEZ

“Rot in Hell! Fuckin’ faggot trash!” a bitter face snarled. It was an ugly expression with caterpillar brows scrunched, flared nostrils and teeth bared like a rabid beast.

But Carlos wasn’t bothered by the ugly look. What had startled him were the eyes. They were horrible surrounded by that fierce scowl, but Carlos figured they could have been beautiful. He could imagine those eyes twinkling warmly at him or darkening in laughter. Instead, they were ice.

The person spat on him.

God, give me strength, he addressed the sky as he wiped the saliva off his eye with his scarf.

He held his sign closer to his chest. It wasn’t a clever sign. He just copied one he saw on CNN that first day. “Don’t mess with Dumbledore’s rights!” Carlos got a laugh out of it, remembering the media uproar J.K. Rowling caused a few years back by outing the elderly wizard as gay in one of her interviews. Dumbledore was written out in rainbow letters and drowned in sparkles. Exactly what he saw on the TV. Five minutes to paint, ten to dry and fifteen supervising his little sister with the can of glitter.

Thinking back, he was glad he hadn’t let Amelia come with him. He didn’t want her to be like some of the other little kids there, who couldn’t even read what was scratched onto the signs they were holding.

His fingers accidentally ran over the cold, wet spot and felt the residue of spit drying on his cheek.

Oh yes. Carlos was endlessly glad Amelia hadn’t come along. She was too little to get spat on. And he might’ve ended up arrested had anyone tried.

In the morning, it hadn’t mattered who was there or why. Everyone’d been lazily dragging their posters through the air or drinking bitter coffee beside pickets that’d been stabbed into the mushy, midsummer mud. It felt like any other boring adult gathering; people were hanging around murmuring, “Hope the weather stays nice” here and, “Did you know milk went up another few cents this week?” there. Once, Carlos heard a

bubbly voice say, “Let’s cross our fingers for a decent turn out, I heard we’re getting news coverage today!” as if to remind the crowd why they were all standing around doing nothing that morning.

Of course, the two sides were obvious to each other, but everyone was happy enough to ignore their opposition until the first news vans showed up and then all hell broke loose.

Nobody was safe from the hate. Most of the Obergefell supporters were dressed to multi-colored excess or carrying almost-offensive signs declaring their pride in the most ridiculous and obnoxious ways Carlos had ever seen. Mostly, through pop culture references, dropping names like Cher or Ru Paul. There was even a group dressed like the Village People, the sight of which inspired Kal to excitedly grabbing Carlos’ shoulder. Their presence created such an eyesore that just looking at them was enough to get some protestors screaming.

Carlos only knew of one exception, a plain sign Kal’s mother had pointed out earlier that day with black letters that read, “Shelly and Ellen. Together 41 years. Married 6 years. Life Feels Different When You’re Married.” Nobody really knew how to react to that one since it was too peaceful to fit in with the other signs. The women holding it had been old and sweet looking, smiling at people as they passed.

Carlos couldn’t look at them after Kal’s mother had remarked to her husband in a stage whisper, “Can you imagine? Forty-one years!”

The Hodges supporters were more direct, skipping the dress up and going straight for the paint. Many held obscene orange and yellow signs that slapped hateful sayings and Bible verses on the same posterboard. They were protesters that took every chance they could to holler abuse at passersby, shoving closer and closer to Obergefell people, picking fights.

Absently, he pulled the fabric around the wet spot, stretched it and then tried to scrub the nasty spot away with another part of the scarf.

Maybe he shouldn't have come. He wasn't even gay! He didn't belong there. Carlos wouldn't have shown at all if not for Kal practically begging him. He smoothed the fabric.

Kal and Carlos had been friends for as long as either boy could remember.

He couldn't remember the last time he'd seen Kal grin as widely as he had when he agreed to go to the demonstration at the courthouse and, although he'd never tell Kal, Carlos could admit that he liked being the reason for that shit-eating grin.

He thumbed the blue stripe.

It was with that grin in mind that Carlos put together the...ensemble he wore that day. For as much as he knew he'd regret it later, Carlos put together the most stereotypically flamboyant get up he could with the double goals of making Kal laugh himself sideways and offending as many of the WBC assholes as he could.

Carlos had swaggered onto the scene in red stilettos, fishnet pantyhose, a rainbow tutu he had to borrow from his cousin, a sparkly white, deep-neck blouse and the most obnoxious wig his mother could find. He completed the mess with devil horns. Anywhere else and he would've been the biggest joke in town, but Carlos dressed to challenge all the people he'd seen in previous pride marches. Kal laughed 'til he choked and draped a rainbow scarf over his shoulders. If Carlos saw his eyes mist up as he did so, well, that was Kal's business.

Naturally, his sister giggled and his mom fussed. She'd been scared he'd get his ass handed to him, being a part of this demonstration, but reluctantly agreed to let him join Kal's family since they were all going and the determination of the herd wore her down. Carlos had actually been excited for his first peaceful demonstration.

That had been hours ago, when his white blouse wasn't sweat stained. Before the blisters had formed at his heels, and when his tutu hadn't been riddled with holes from every time

someone startled him with their screaming and his picket stabbed his thigh through the material.

He didn't know before that the demonstration was going to continue until Obergefell's case had a ruling. Had he known, Carlos didn't know if he'd've still agreed to go.

He could honestly say that he had never been more miserable in his life. The wait was excruciating, the weather beastly and the company monstrous. Oh, and he couldn't forget the fact he lost contact with Kal and his family when Kal decided he just had to get some ginger beefcake's number. Carlos figured he could've found him again whenever he wanted — the crowd was smaller — so he wandered off himself to try getting the stories of the people around him. Before he knew it, the small crowd was overbearing. He knew getting spat on by some prick was one of the milder things that could happen to him in a crowd that large, but Carlos was not about to wait around for someone worse to beat the shit out of him for the stupid tutu he was wearing as a joke.

Carlos felt the layer of a stranger's drool on his cheek, caked and thick under the heavy heat of the sun.

This whole protest was a joke. It was a fucking joke to think he could change anything. Yeah, he'd done it for Kal, but where the Hell was Kal right then? Where the Hell was anybody Carlos knew? This demonstration was supposed to be small. Their city wasn't all that big anyway, not compared to New York or the demonstrations there.

The dark stain on his scarf had grown as he pulled at it, spreading insidiously as the damp faded into the fabric.

Carlos glared at the Bible-bashers across the rope and asked himself why he was still wasting his time at this endless protest. He was alone, weary and, truth be told, scared as shit of the vicious battleground this 'peaceful' fucking protest had become in such a short time. His only claim to the cause was Kal, who was nowhere in sight and hadn't

been for, what the bank clock told him was, three hours. His and Kal's families must have been worried sick and the protest looked like it was escalating into violence in some places, and he couldn't do anything but watch and hope nobody he knew got hurt. But what if they did get hurt? How would Carlos even know? What if Carlos was the one who ended up injured? Who would find him? How would they find him? What would they tell Amelia?

His finger suddenly broke through the worn, wet spot. He blinked at the new hole now separating the blue and green stripes of cotton.

Kal knew he loved him; he knew Carlos fully supported him in every way possible. Kal would understand why he would be the first to go home. It wasn't like his being there would actually change anything important.

He turned away from the hateful "God Hates Fags" signs with a guilty huff.

A tan, weathered hand gripped his gently and squeezed. Though for the effect it had, Carlos

might've thought the leathery hand had reached inside and, with inhuman strength, crushed his apathy out of him before the thought could become more than a wisp. His eyes snapped to find the owner of the hand, catching on two of the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. They were brown like fertilized soil, framed with the evidence of decades of cheeky grins, but now weary and ancient. Carlos suddenly knew those eyes had seen a lifetime of pride rallies exactly like this one; and had been just as abandoned then as Carlos felt now and probably three times as scared. He glanced lower and was stunned to see a small, watery smile spread from cracked lips to touch freckled cheeks.

In that second, Carlos understood the sanctity of the rally for this stranger and for Kal and decided. He turned to the newcomer, offered his best smile and said, "Hi, I'm Carlos."

RIGHT: "CHILENA SOCCER MATCH"
BY ANDREW MERCER

ZAMBEZI, ZAMBIA NORTHWEST PROVINCE

BY ANDREW MERCER



This is not a dark place. It is not poor. The people don't run around naked. Their bellies aren't fat with hunger. They don't all live in squalor. They do not all live in the bush. It is a safe place. They are not always at war. It is not in shambles. It is not what you see on TV. It is not what you read about in the news. It is not what you hear in the halls. They don't need to be like the West. It is not all doom and gloom. It is not what you think.

In their love, my salvation lies. In their warm embrace. In the long, drawn out handshakes. In curiosity. Their ingenuity. Their passions. They don't not have access to technology. They don't do nothing to help themselves. They don't only worship weird idols. My salvation lies in their connection to history. In their love of family. In their pursuit of knowledge. They are not disease ridden individuals. There are great leaders. They do not all live in tiny, mud huts. My salvation lies in their need for community. In their unencumbered ability

to make one feel at home. This is not a dark place. No. This is a light place. A rich place. A put together place. A place of love. Of hope. They are not primitive. They are not dumb. They are not childlike. This is a place of tailors, who craft individual pieces of art that fits the spirit of the person who wears them. Of children, whose joys come in spending time with others. In exploring new places. They are not lacking innovation. Not all politics are full of corruption. They do like to work. They do have dreams and ambitions. This is a place of children, who laugh and giggle when you say something wrong. Of children whose dreams are never wrangled in. Of teachers who do everything they can to try and foster these dreams. Of vendors, who just want to spend 5 minutes talking to you. And to have you buy something. Of neighbors, who invite us into their homes. And show us what it means to share everything. Of people who are connected to their histories. Of people who are trying to make this a better place for all who live here. This is not a sad place. This is not a dark place. This is a beautiful loving and warm place. This is Zambezi. This is the story of individuals. Who all, in unwitting collaboration, changed my heart. This is not the story of all. But this is my story. This is Jackson's story. Madame Malulu's. Hope's. Mary's. This is their story. This is Africa.

JUNE DAY IN PORTLAND

BY SIDNEE GRUBB

One June day in Portland, my one world cracked open. The color and variety of others bled into me. Class, sexuality, gender, identity, spirituality, race. None is black and white. These are not mere terms in a book. On this single day I lived alongside the plethora of their embodiments. This is that day.

Class. Systems.

4:30pm The overheated office of a small, progressive publishing company. A plain brown girl sits at a plain brown table, addressing plain brown envelopes.

Putting postage on envelopes, I notice a visage upon them. I later learn that the stamps feature a portrait of Bishop Richard Allen, the founder of the African Methodist Episcopal church. His master had a revelation that owning slaves was sinful, so he allowed his slaves to buy back their freedom. Bishop Richard Allen sought out pastoral services, but was only allowed to lead them at five a.m. Eventually his congregation grew too large and he was asked to lead his services in a separate area.

He supported himself with a variety of odd jobs.

I cannot ask the Bishop if he ever felt the way I did; painfully free and at times, more bound than ever. With his new found freedom came new bindings. This earthly life, his earthly life, my earthly life is blessed, but it is no heaven. Slavery may have been finished for him, but a church system, economic system, and prejudice built up walls where he may have anticipated doors. For him, the binds of slavery were lifted by a mixture of luck and labor. The Bishop became a black man with influence and opportunity, at the time an oxymoron. At this time, too, an oxymoron.

There are many things I am, but there are also many things I'm not. I am a high school graduate, college student, half white, and currently employed in my career field. My family is not in poverty, and I am not a teenage mother. I am free from many of the limitations my mother, my grandmother, and my

great grandmother experienced. I found myself in Portland that summer by a mixture of luck and labor.

But I'd have to support myself through a variety of odd jobs.

I left work that day, cheery and excited about gardening for pay. In the soil, under the sun. I remember my mom joking that even though I was a fancy college kid at my summer internship, chock full of privilege, I couldn't escape my Mexican roots. The roots that coiled deep into the ground, always laboring.

Gender. Acceptance. Change.

5:16pm Blues and greens of the TriMet bus. The plain brown girl watches the doors open like a stage curtain, climbs the tall steps, and takes in the driver- toe to head.

Brown Mary Jane's filled with pink patterned tights under a silk skirt. "Hi! I'm Amy!" Every utterance is an exclamation of cheerfulness. Her hair is pink and she is very different from me. I know this because she compliments my jacket. I hate this jacket, but I do like her tights so we exchange the sentiments, both still in possession of things we don't feel like possessing.

Amy is transgender. She tells me that Portland may be growing, but she's excited about it because in Portland people accept her, "Maybe if the world comes here it will rub off on them."

I'm starting to like this jacket now, since Amy likes it.

I ask Amy if I'm on the right bus and even her sympathetic tone is half excitement. She pulls the bus over just for me, practically escorts me to my correct stop and tells me to be her friend on Facebook as the door transitions from open to close.

Identity. Creation. Understanding.

5:30pm An overgrown infestation of bamboo and blackberry bushes. The plain brown girl approaches a home overgrown. Inside is a kind woman, Meghan. Inside is Naomi.

A wandering voice, as if a smaller version of

itself must yell from inside the caverns of their chest to be heard. I wonder about them, their square jaw and big hands cradling charcoal at the kitchen table. Their art is soft like watercolor at times, but hard lines and characters at others. It is beautiful and unpredictable like the nature overgrown in their backyard. Meghan asks me to use neutral pronouns when speaking to Naomi, an artist- not a gender. I gaze into the eyes of the creature they crosshatch on the page and feel the cravings of curiosity and clarity inside me. The same ones experienced when faced with great and perplexing art, or infinity of personhood.

Fear.

6:20pm A liquor store, an emergency pregnancy clinic, a run-down Plaid Pantry, and two vandalized bus stops surround the plain brown girl.

I am uncertain which bus stop is the one that will take me home, but as a thin white man with threadbare shoes approaches me I wonder if he has answers for me or only more fuel for the wariness I feel. His speech is rapid. His one long run on sentence has an unpredictable cadence,

“Excuse me miss hi I like those pants it’s been a long day for me could you uh,” here he speeds up even faster, “couldyoucallmysisterandtellerI’mcominghomefordinner I don’t have to touch your phone or nothing”

I feel afraid, threatened. Instead of speaking this truth I say,

“Yeah sure what’s the number.”

“If you could just put it up to my ear”

I see his hands twitch.

“No I’m not going to put it up to your ear.”

His face flushes and with gritted teeth and with furrowed brow he flips me off. The two big steps he takes towards me back me into the corner of the bus stop. This time he won’t hurt me though, a simple middle finger and whirlwind of swear words is enough. And it is, I’ve had enough.

I call my housemate and when I tell her where I am she says, “Oh yeah,

that’s not a very good part of town.”

I don’t know what she means by good, but I look around and see two pregnant teenage girls enter the clinic to the north. I see an unkempt black woman pull a blanket out of a garbage can to the west. I see an obese man and young boy walk out of the Plaid Pantry to the south, arms full of Doritos and powdered donuts. I see the man I’d just interacted with, yelling at someone new in the liquor store parking lot, east, because they refused to buy him booze.

I talk myself down from the threatened feeling of a being up on a pedestal, my own personal ledge. What’s around me is the reality, it is people, it is their reality colliding with mine. The fear I feel is unfounded, because there is no ledge alone.

I tell her not to worry about me, and I set my sites on the bus map.

Spirituality.

6:23pm Old hat with an American flag, a slight limp, white skin, a slight tick in his shoulders and a stutter approaches the plain brown girl.

He says, “You’re at the wrong bus stop.” It’s not a voice from on high, in fact the words barely escape his mouth without being stuttered to shreds, but it feels like a miracle. “The bus is almost here, don’t worry. But you’ll want to be across the street.” As I’m profusely thanking him a black man walks by on a cell phone. The white man steps out of his way, “Excuse me” he says. The black man says, “Fuck you.” The white man ticks and shrugs his shoulders. I thank him again and his voice wavers like a tightrope walker wobbling, “Hey, next time I need help...” as he trails off I jump in to prop him up, “It will come back to you, you’re right.”

Race.

6:38pm A stopped bus, not at a stop. The bus driver excuses himself. The plain brown girl watches and listens with wide eyes.

I hear him through the window, “The black one in the front row.”

Police board the bus. The white man

next to me tenses and the other colors and non-colors and plain brown girl-me tenses.

“We need you to get off the bus, sir.”

The black man stays seated, he is not tense, his body is relaxed, his face is tired. “Why is that?”

The police man chuckles with nervousness and says, “You match the description of a man involved in a drive by shooting about three blocks away.”

“Of course I do.”

Personhood.

6:39pm A bus full of colorful people, and the plain brown girl.

He boards the bus and it rolls forward as I watch him, even closer than I did when fear had us all clenched. I watch his empty hands and I watch his eyes slowly opening and shutting. I watch the wrinkle in his forehead deepen. I watch his lips move as he says over and over, “Why does this happen to me all the time,” over and over. It’s a question, but he doesn’t say it with questioning in his voice.

I reach out to shake his hand,

“Hi, what is your name?”

“I’m Joshua.”

“Nice to meet you Joshua. I’m Sidnee.”

“You too Sidnee. I’m sorry about that, it happens a lot to me. I look like a lot of people.”

“No. You look like a Joshua. You don’t have to be sorry about that.”

Class. Gender. Understanding. Acceptance. Change. Identity. Creation. Understanding. Fear. Spirituality. Race. Personhood.

Bishop Richard Allen. Amy. Naomi. White men. Black men. Joshua. The plain brown girl.

Justice is the journey together.

To be just, is to live in a state of observance.

To be just is to become an accumulation of the things you have experienced.

Am I more just because I lived in these moments? The plain brown girl encounters the big complicated world.

For me, justice falls somewhere between realized and imagined. Living in my one world, I will never learn. But by loving the world, I can be taught.

“MORNING CHORES” BY TYLER HAMKE
CHILDREN IN ZAMBEZI, ZAMBIA WALK DOWN THE STREET
EARLY ONE MORNING



FROM ANGER TO EMPATHY

BY MOIRA ANDREWS

On May 28th, 2016, our group of Gonzaga in Zambezi students made a trip along some beautiful, unforgettable, and sometimes painful bumpy roads to a village not too far away from our home of Zambezi, called Chitokoloki. I, as a member of the health team, was particularly excited about this trip because there is a mission hospital located in this village. It is the largest and best equipped hospital for hundreds of kilometers. Upon arrival, we were all introduced to the Canadian doctor who has worked there for years. He gave the health team a tour of the hospital and the rest of our students got a tour from another staff member. Within the first few minutes of the tour I grew uncomfortable, not because of the conditions of the hospital or the patients receiving care, but because of the doctor's attitude and his treatment of the human beings in the hospital beds. Before entering each room of the hospital you could hear chatter and often laughter from outside the door. Silence quickly filled the space as the doctor entered and the five of us hesitantly filed behind him. Our presence was known in every room we walked into, not just because of the color of our skin or the shell-shocked looks on our faces, but also because of the booming voice of the doctor as he explained each room in detail to us. His voice was the only thing filling the space following the moments of silence. Our presence and the voice of this man was able to silence every room full of joy, pain, laughter, and sorrow. We unintentionally managed to make a scene in every room we walked into. He spoke about the patients and their diagnosis as if they weren't in the room. He didn't lower his voice around the new mothers and their babies nor the patients sleeping and in deep, deep pain.

There was a distinct moment where my many feelings of fear, discomfort, and anxiety were rapidly cast away by incredible frustration. My stomach turned and I felt an emotion come over me that I had not experienced in a long time: anger. The six of us walked into the women's care ward. We walked over to a woman who appeared to be covered completely

by a blanket, and before I could even stand still for a moment, he ripped the blanket off of her and exposed her bare body with the exclamation, "this woman is here with full body burns from her husband setting her on fire". I was shocked, I wanted to look away, not because of the condition of her body, but because I felt like we had disrespected and violated her. It didn't make sense; where was his value and concordance of patient privacy? At this time I was relieved to see we were headed for the door to leave, when to the dismay of all of us, he made a quick movement towards a woman peacefully sleeping in her bed. With no warning, he shook the woman awake and grabbed her by the head and shoulders. This woman sat up groggy and confused. He took two seconds to show us her swollen eye, and with no signs of gentleness or any exchange of words with the woman, he lead us out of the room. I felt horrible. My presence led to further discomfort for both of these women, but then again, it was this man who seemed to lack every sense of patient privacy, not to mention human decency, that did this to them. How could a doctor who works at a mission hospital, who has worked there for years, treat his patients like this? I was angry, and I was angry for a long time; that is, until my first experience at my geriatric clinical rotation on October 12th, 2016. I came home from that eight-hour day in tears and with a heavy heart, realizing that throughout the entire day, I had been acting and talking like the doctor we met in Chitokoloki. How could I? I want to be a nurse because of the daily chance for vulnerable human connection, yet I walked through the blue carpeted and unfamiliar smelling halls being afraid of making eye contact with clients. I compared my assigned patient's chart and diagnosis with the other nursing students in my cohort. Before entering each room, instead of thinking about the unique human individuals in each bed, I went from room to room with only the desire to learn and get things done quickly. I dismissed human beings with incredible stories, I only saw them

as figures with “cool” diagnoses in hospital beds.

Following the tears, I had a feeling of anger towards myself, but also an unexpected feeling of empathy for the Chitokoloki doctor. I was a hypocrite for judging this man so harshly. I, like him, failed to address the humanity within a healthcare setting. I am not excusing his or my behaviors, but I can see his perspective and feel, to an extent, what it is like to walk in his shoes. It is something the two of us need to work on. The surprising and eye opening part is never did I think I would use the word “us” to describe the doctor and I. I feel empathy for a man that brought me to tears of anger and that is something I will always carry with me. All of us fail to recognize the true infinite worth of every human being on earth, myself definitely included. I was in no place to judge him for failing to notice that. Social justice means standing up for the men and women that are unheard, but I cannot stand up until I take a good look at my own failures in perpetuating social justice issues. My view of the world will never be

perfect and unbiased, but once I am aware of my own ignorance and prejudice, I can better stand up and advocate for others. I can better understand ALL those around me, not just those who are vulnerable, but also those that I completely disagree with. There is a difference between advocating for the oppressed and condemning the oppressor. There is a fine line between being helpful and hateful, and it is often hard to see and understand that difference. Instead of feeling only anger toward actions I don't agree with, I need to channel this into action. This is something I will be working on for a while, and I am looking forward to the question-filled, hard, yet beautiful journey that lies ahead.

Kisu Mwane.

“CLASS TIME” BY TYLER HAMKE
A CLASSROOM SITS EMPTY IN MIZE AS ZAMBIA
CELEBRATED A NATIONAL HOLIDAY



MORE THAN NUMBERS

BY ANDREW MERCER

“Who can answer this question?”

Steven’s hand shoots towards the tin roof like a chindele, (white person in Luwale), jumping from a cockroach scurrying across the convent’s dusty floor. He sits there, waiting for the verdict of the benevolent ruler of the classroom, Madame Mululu.

“Alright, my friend.”

Steven stands up on his orange-tipped cleats and practically floats across the broken concrete floor to the decrepit blackboard at the front of the room. His oversized white button-up tails behind him. He stares at the board, reading again:

A teacher wants to share 3 1/5 bars of chocolate equally among 8 children. How much chocolate does each child get?

His fingers grip the ghostly chalk, preparing to lead 44 other eager Zambian children through the board and to the promised answer.

$$3 \frac{1}{5} \div 8$$

The problem stares at him, daring him to make a move to try and answer it. Taunting him with the hope of praise, but the equal opportunity for failure and embarrassment. He is not fazed. Steven expertly rehearses the method he just learned.

$$16/5 \div 8/1$$

“Turns into,” he states,

$$16/5 * 1/8$$

Staring across the room, Steven sees the nods of approval from Madame Mululu and his fellow learners.

$$16 * 1 = 16$$

$$5 * 8 = 40$$

He scribbles the numbers on the board as the class shouts them along with him. At this point, Steven is leading the class. He is in charge of teaching the other students how this problem is supposed to be solved. He seems to be foaming at the mouth with this chance to be the center of attention, to lead the others through this seemingly impossible task.

“What goes into both 16 and 40?” asks Madame Mululu. The class buzzes with little voices whispering to each other, trying to figure out the correct number. Someone squeaks in the back right corner of the room.

“8.”

And they are off, trying to decide the correct numbers through their division.

“8 goes into 16 two times. And 40... 5 times”

$$16/40 = 2/5$$

“So the correct answer is?” asks Madame Mululu. Steven turns to the board, starting to write the answer at the bottom.

“At the top, my friend.”

Steven tries to write the answer next to the question.

“No, the other board!” laughs Madame Mululu. Steven turns to the other side of the board and begins writing, standing on the tips of his cleats.

Each student gets 2/5 chocolate bar.

“Is he correct?” Madame Mululu looks at the rest of the classroom.

“Yes” reverberates off the stained, crumbling yellow and blue walls.

“Okay, we will clap for him and he will walk back to his seat, not slow.” Madame Mululu relays to Steven and the class, even though all their little hands have already began to clap. They know what is about to happen. Steven knows what is about to happen. His face gives away the joy that he feels. His smile is so wide, every tooth is visible in his mouth, shining and putting his joy on display for all of us to see.

Clap, clap,

A rhythm develops with each slap of hands together. It reverberates throughout the walls, off the dust-covered glass, and back into Steven, back into us all. Steven starts to shimmy and shake, pose and slide down the aisle to his seat. He turns around like he is on a catwalk and throws both hands out to his side, and slides, completely disregarding the no slow walking rule. No one cares. We all crack up, letting the joy of this moment roll throughout us, moving our hearts and our minds. In this moment, we are all right. We are all one with Steven. The shared love and joy is felt by all, even this chindele sitting in the back of the room.

THEY GOT 'EM

BY CALLEN ATEN

The sweltering Nevada heat wrapped around my skin, suffocating it and forcing sweat droplets to roll down. The awning of the DMV only protected me from getting a sunburn. My partner and I stood within the white painted box fresh with enthusiasm ready to register folks to vote.

Within the first 30 minutes of standing outside, the glass doors of the building swung open. A DMV security guard with black shoulder-length hair spiked to perfection on the top and sides stormed out of the building firmly gripping her gun plastered on her right hip while her left hand was tugging at a young black teenager's bent elbow. He was about 15 or 16 wearing sagging dark-wash jeans that were showing his plaid underwear and forcing him to waddle as he walked out of the building. His other arm was being pulled by a Nevada Highway Patrol Officer in all-black uniform. The two officers escorted the young man to the steps of the DMV that led to the parking lot and told him to leave the property, accusing him of trespassing.

Instead, he stood in the parking lot and called someone. As the two officers stared at the boy, they called for backup. They didn't talk to him, and he didn't move. The smile I used to draw people into conversation vanished from my face and my mind started trying to put the pieces together as quickly as possible. With no context of what had happened in the building, and for his own safety, I was hoping that the boy would just leave.

While waiting for the other officers to arrive, a middle-aged white man wearing a camouflage hat, a white t-shirt that had been worn thin, and white-wash Wranglers walked up the steps into the building. On the side of his hip rested a handgun covered by his slightly transparent shirt. He walked right up to the security officer and lifted up his shirt to reveal the weapon.

The man smirked, tucked his shirt in, and confidently walked into the building.

The officer looked out into the parking lot to see

the teenager still there. She turned to me and said, "There is something seriously wrong with this kid. He is not mentally stable. First, he threatens an officer and then refuses to leave the property. He is a danger to the public." She was confident that the paleness of my skin implied I was unquestionably on her side.

My jaw clenched. Did she not see the irony of letting an armed man into a public service building without any questioning while she was gripping her own gun watching a teenager, with no weapon, stand in a public parking lot?

Shortly after, "backup" showed up in the form of a giant SUV followed by two officers on motorcycles wearing knee-high leather boots and tight black leather gloves. They spotted the boy in the parking lot and approached him. Without saying anything, the four officers formed a tight circle around the boy, trapping him from leaving. A few words were exchanged and the kid fidgeted as he responded.

Aware of the possibility of this entire situation to get out of hand, my heart started racing. Flashes of the Facebook Live video of Philando Castile and Black Lives Matter signs ran across my mind. The countless Facebook arguments over privilege and racism came rushing to the forefront of my memory. I was frantically trying to connect the social media world with the events happening around me.

I wasn't the only one who noticed a familiar narrative unfolding in front of us. A woman in her early 30s stepped out of her car on the way into the building and stumbled upon the incident. She whipped out her cell phone and began recording.

The security guard standing next to me saw this as a great injustice, walked up to the woman and yelled, "How dare you record that?! Turn off your phone right now! He threatened an officer! They aren't going to hurt him!" Her spiky black hair barely moved as she ripped the device away from the woman and turned it off before returning it to the owner.

Two of the officers began handcuffing the boy from behind, as the other two watched from the

front. The original police officer that escorted him out stood just at the bottom of the steps leading to the parking lot. A white man in a denim button-up shirt and dark-wash jeans walked out of the DMV, walked down the stairs and towards the officer. His crimson baseball hat read “Make America Great Again” in embroidered lettering as white as his skin. His cowboy boots left dents in the hot asphalt. He brought up his hand and put it on the officer’s shoulder.

“Congratulations! You got ‘em.” The words rang out like he was congratulating a buddy on the first hunt of the day. The teenager sat in the squad car and was nothing more to him than a trophy. It didn’t matter what the teenager was accused of, the man knew that the teenager deserved any and all harassment thrown at him.

I stood paralyzed, aware that my jaw had dropped as I stared at the man in the red hat. He didn’t care that I was genuinely interested in fixing a broken criminal justice system because the irony of it was that I was expected to represent a certain narrative and it was on me as an “ally” to challenge that narrative. I frantically tried to discern what challenging the norms

would look like in this situation. The safe option of recording the events was quickly shut down. I wished that I had had time to carefully construct a statement to say to the man in the red hat or even the spiky haired officer. But, this wasn’t Facebook, and everything happened instantaneously.

Shortly after, a white woman in her early 20s walked out of the DMV for a smoke break right next to where I was standing. She wore a white tank top and boot-leg jeans. One leg of the pants was rolled up to her knee and the other hit the concrete with its frayed ends. Her teeth had a hint of gray from decay and poor hygiene. The rotten smell of tobacco floated in the air as she looked out at the boy being ducked into the car.

“Hey, Officer!” She chuckled and smirked, then said, “Tell him he looks like a fucking idiot now!”



“THIS SIGN CAN BE FOUND IN THE KAYAMANDI TOWNSHIP OUTSIDE CAPE TOWN. SEEING THIS OUTRIGHT PLEA TO END VIOLENCE AND HATRED SHATTERED ME TO MY CORE. IF A COMMUNITY 10,000 MILES AWAY FROM MY OWN CAN START TO CHANGE, WHY CAN’T WE? IT ALL STARTS WITH SOMETHING SIMPLE LIKE JUST BEING KIND TO OTHERS.”

Photo and caption by Emily Dittig.

PROGRESSION

BY LINDSEY HAND

voice:

the ability to represent one's thoughts and feelings

the assurance that your expressions will be heard and understood or at least genuinely attempted to be understood

the necessity to speak for one's self rather than being spoken for

the abolishment of proving you are not what the assumed stereotype about you is

the grand release from the feelings of fear that your words are inadequate and invalid because someone with power said they are unworthy

the freedom to speak in the way that feels like home to you—tone, language, tongue, accent, diction

how to keep power:

smother their voice

make them believe that a million small people can't stand up to one big institution

tell their story for them

look them in the eyes and say "I am inherently better than you"

take away something they love (children, food, freedom to move, passion, safety)

separate us and them into two categories: human and not



"OUR MAMA KATENDI"
BY KATIE POLACHECK

NATURE, THE NATIONS AND THE LIMITS OF HUMAN FREEDOM

BY ADAM BARTHOLOMEW

From *Healing All Creation: Jesus, Genesis and the Gospel of Mark*, a forthcoming book by Adam G. L. Bartholomew and Joan Connell.

The growing ecological crisis on our Planet Earth has driven some contemporary theologians to ask, How do developments in modern science and Christian theology provoke a dialogue that might yield greater understanding of the world in which we live and how we may better care for it? The technological culture of Western Europe and North America treats the world of nature as though it is nothing more than a resource for humans to use in any way we choose. Many believe that if God created the world, God has clearly abdicated any further role in its workings. God has left the world of nature to humans. Humans are now on the throne of God. Christians often justify this understanding of our role on the basis of God's words in Genesis 1:28: "fill the earth and subdue it. Have dominion over the fish of the sea, the birds of the air, and all the living things that crawl on the earth." (New American Bible Revised Edition)

Can humans be like God? What is God like? What power truly governs the workings of the world? Are humans equipped to take over that role? Many people today are deeply offended by any suggestion that we are not free to do anything we choose. They rebel against any attempt to limit their freedom. As free people, we have come more and more to believe that our freedom is absolute, as though every person can operate in total independence of another. We imagine that we are limited only by a social contract to which we as autonomous individuals freely consent. The world of nature, of course, does not share that freedom. Nature is not as capable of accepting or rejecting any sort of social contract with humans.

The growing environmental crisis is making it clear that humans cannot take control of what happens in the world. We have no absolute independence in relation to each other as human being,

and the world of nature has claims upon us whether we choose to accept them or not. We are learning this the hard way after a period of what Dawn M. Nothwehr, "Bonaventure of Bagnoregio's imitatio Christi as an Agapistic Virtue Ethics," terms "imperial ecology" (132). Nothwehr claims this ecology was bequeathed to the world by Enlightenment Deists. In their view God is the great designer and producer of the universe. God made the world to be a great machine that, once set to running, needed no further participation on the part of God. That left humans free to tear it apart, redesign it and rearrange it at will. The machine itself is, in Alfred North Whitehead's words, "meaningless matter in motion" that lacks any moral standing and makes no moral claims about its well-being.

Leaving the question of God aside, it has become clear that humans do not have the freedom to take the world apart and reconstruct it in any way we choose. We are discovering the limits nature places upon our activity. Nothwehr quotes R. Eugene Turner, an expert on wetlands, as distinguishing between an "Ignorance Based World View" (IBWV) and a "Knowledge Based World View" (KBWV). The former assumes that the areas in which we have scientific certainty are small and relative; the latter, that our gaps in scientific knowledge are mostly small and insignificant. Nothwehr observes that the human contribution to global warming is rooted in taking a KBWV approach to our natural environment. The irony is that the assumption that our knowledge and understanding is sufficient sets an unacknowledged limit on what we are willing to learn and try (140-141).

The fundamental problem is our delusion that we are independent and nothing can limit us, not even nature, let alone God. We don't see ourselves inextricably bound in relationships in which other humans make claims upon us as much as we make claims upon them. In Genesis 3, Adam and Eve choose not to respect God as one who has a claim

upon them. But this God does not ask of them anything not characteristic of God's own self. This God has created a creature that limits Himself by virtue of the creature's relative freedom. So if this creature were truly to become like God, it would respect the limits placed upon it by all with which or with whom it is in relationship. In the absence of a belief in God, it ought to be clear that nature itself limits

us. For those who profess to believe in the God of Israel and of Israel's Messiah Jesus, mutual limitation ought to be fundamental to our conception of who we are as humans. In Genesis 3 this becomes clear from both God's limiting command, our God-given freedom to obey or disobey, and nature's response in the form of a spectrum of broken relationships.

'THE DIARY OF ALAN KURDI'

BY ABBY ANDERSON



THIS IS WHAT HOMELESSNESS REALLY LOOKS LIKE

BY SABRINA VILLANUEVA AVALOS

\$1,105 per month. This is what social security disability pays you when you've worked for over 35 years of your life but aren't well enough to do so anymore. Apparently, this is supposed to cover the cost of living in the Bay Area.

Let's put that into perspective:

Rent (2bd, 1bath apartment): \$2,500/month, if you're lucky.

Gas/Electric (on the care program): \$50-\$70/month, but don't you dare turn on your heater.

Car insurance: \$100, if you're able to own one, and you can afford the additional maintenance.

Phone: \$130, you could find a better deal I'm sure, but it won't make a huge difference in the long run.

Cable: \$130, not necessary, but what else does one do when unable to work?

Food: \$300, and that is assuming you're a coupon queen with a small stomach.

Don't forget water, sewer and garbage, which thankfully we no longer have to pay, but when we did, it was \$125.

Don't even ask about miscellaneous items. Shampoo, tampons, toothpaste. You get the picture.

I also truly hope you are in perfect health, because if one day you're not, you probably never will be again.

$\$1,105 - \$3,335 = -\$2,230$. So, what do we sell?

I thought I learned the value of a dollar when I was younger and my mom explained to me that the toy I wanted or the gum I always asked for actually adds up. But man, you really learn the value of money when you run out of it. And as a result, you lose everything else too.

August 2012: I was 14 years old when my mom announced our eviction notice from my childhood home. I grew up in a predominately white, upper middle class city with all of the amenities one could need in life. Of course, having a single parent is never

easy, as money is always tight. But she always made it by, until her unfortunate diagnosis of Parkinson's Disease came about. That was when our lives became one giant waiting game. We earned a small \$577 from disability while waiting for social security to process. Nobody ever told us it would take 18 months to get approved for it (approval usually takes longer for most people, so I guess I should consider myself lucky?). So what do you do in this year and a half of no income, you ask? Move. Everywhere. Constantly.

Our first stop was a 16-day stay in a semi-decent hotel, which was about a 15-minute drive from my school, or a 45-minute bus ride. So 8am school became a 6am journey until a few days later when I came to find my bags packed and ready to go to the next stop: an even longer stay at a much less decent hotel. Let's just say it's the hotel that makes people say, "I'd rather pay a tiny bit more for sanitation and a safer location". But hey, you can't expect strangers to pay for the Hilton, can you?

Our time in this motel was six weeks long until we were placed in our first family shelter. Never could I have imagined that we would end up living in a homeless shelter. Twenty-four families split between two floors. Each floor had one kitchen, and we shared a joining bathroom with our neighboring family, with no locks. Each day you sign in and out at the front desk; curfew was 6pm for everyone, and if I wanted to go stay at a friend's house, I had to fill out an overnight request form. Small price to pay for a roof, I suppose.

November 3rd, 2012: Happy 15th Birthday, Sabrina. The shelter even provided cupcakes. Score.

Fast forward to our move to transitional housing, finally located in the same city as my high school, a surprisingly nice one bedroom apartment, fully furnished. Same rules apply: curfews, weekly assigned chores to each family to maintain the building, mandatory workshops. Plus, two lists

each week of ten jobs and apartments you applied for. Yep, that is really useful for a person who isn't even able to work anymore, let alone fill out her own paperwork considering her disability.

December 11, 2012: Mom acquires new medical issue requiring hysterectomy. Add six weeks minimum bed rest. Oh, and happy late birthday, Mom.

I think it's important to note that this shelter marked the first time I felt comfortable since we began jumping around. It provided a small bit of stability in an extremely unpredictable situation. We had a guaranteed amount of time there in our own personal space. They even provided us with bags full of food to cook a full Thanksgiving meal, and I cannot tell you how much I missed Mama's cooking. For a short four months, I felt a tiny bit at home. That is, until our time came to an end, even though our wait for social security had not.

March 20: Your time in the shelter system is up. We need to make room for a new family.

So apparently, public schools have the ability to find out where you live, or rather, where you don't live. And when they find out that you no longer live in the address listed on your file, you know, the one actually in your school district, they have the power to make you transfer if you don't move into the district. Unfortunately, my grandparents do not live in my school district, so while their house became my mom's new home, my best friend's floor became mine. Hello, true independence. Goodbye, mother that I've lived with for my 15 years of life.

April 7: First ounce of good news in seven months! We have been approved for a disability housing voucher to cover majority of our rent in our county. Now the challenge: finding someone to accept it.

Just a quick education lesson: there are a number of different voucher systems, but the main

well-known one was called Section 8, it has a different name now, which is federally funded. These programs assess how much money you make, and require you pay a certain amount towards your rent, and they will cover the rest. Here's the deterrent for landlords: if the funding for the program stops, but the tenant pays their part, they cannot be evicted. AKA, landlords are screwed if the government decides they can't afford it. Forget about the incredibly negative stigma that comes with low-income families to begin with, but add this unfortunate circumstance to the mix? No one will rent to you, and that is perfectly legal.

But we didn't have Section 8, we had a county-funded voucher through Shelter Care Plus to cover us for the rest of my mother's life. Do landlords care? No. We learned that after visiting over 100 apartments from East Palo Alto to San Mateo (that's seven cities, FYI). People love your story until they learn you can't pay them yourself. Wanna know what it feels like to be looked at like you're an alien? Get a housing voucher and try to find someone who will take it.

June 7, 2013: "The results from your biopsy came back. Looks like we'll have to schedule a partial mastectomy followed by 43 days of radiation."

We spent four months getting doors slammed in our faces because nobody wanted our guaranteed rent. Four months not being able to live together. Four months of learning how to navigate the world on my own five days a week because the only way I could live with my mom was if we slept in our car somewhere together (illegal, by the way). Four months of wondering how quickly the cancer will spread, how quickly the county would take away our voucher if we took longer than the 90 days to find a place. Four months wondering how the hell we got into this mess in the first place. Four months until the small glimpse of light at the end of the tunnel.

July 7, 2013: A landlord has agreed to accept our voucher. We take the apartment offered, sight unseen.

We walked into our new home—a former drug house, I'm convinced. Walls painted hot pink and purple, oil all over each carpet, holes in the walls of every room, in a run down area most definitely infested with bugs of every kind. We spent two months cleaning and replacing all of the items that needed it because if a case worker walks through and decides it's not a healthy living environment, they don't approve the place, and our landlord turned out to be the biggest slumlord I hope to ever have to meet. However, after the months of moving, waiting, and hoping, we were given a home again, and nothing would stand in the way of that.

September 13, 2013: Move in day.

378 days. That is how many days I woke up each morning wondering whether I would have a bed to sleep in the following night. That is how many days I watched my mom slowly deteriorate from Parkinson's, cancer, and chronic depression and anxiety. That is all it took to lead me to a future of insomnia and a constant need to work my ass off to make sure I could care for my mom if she ever got to the point where she couldn't any longer.

Of course, this journey of financial struggle is not over. Disability pays us a whopping \$1,105 per month (after our recent \$2 raise), and my mother still struggles with her progressing illness every single day, although she did beat cancer. And considering our new administration's plans on healthcare reform and housing, conditions will worsen for many. This is a situation I never believed I would be in either. I used to look at people on the corner and wonder why they didn't just go get jobs to earn their own money, and I used to think it was their fault for losing everything they had. But my life has taught me how far that is from the truth, and we were not the only family in that shelter that fell on hard times out of our control.

So no, we did not become homeless because

we were lazy or because we didn't feel like going out and getting "real jobs". No, we did not become homeless because my mom filled herself with drugs and alcohol to a point where she lost track of her priorities. No, we did not stand on a corner holding a cardboard sign begging for money, although I can't say I never considered it. No, we did not take advantage of the welfare system because it was better than earning our own money. And no, we did not resort to crime in hopes of getting out of this situation, but again, I can't say it was never a thought.

Prior to submitting this piece, I was given some feedback from a friend to make the ending positive to provide readers with some hope that there is a light at the end of the tunnel. But in all honesty, that is not the case for millions of people who face this problem every single day. I'm not here to sugar coat poverty, I'm here to show you the truth behind it. And I hate to break it to you, but it does not always end happily. Don't get me wrong, I am in a much better place than I was four years ago; I made it to college, a dream that I never would have thought possible before, and I feel that I am that happy ending we're all looking for. However, that is not the case for others. I am part of a lucky few. My journey has truly inspired me to pursue a career to give back; I value more than anything what I've learned from the people I've met and the challenges I've overcome. But now, I feel like it's my job to bring these issues to light, both for those who face them, and for those who are unaware. I know it's awkward and hard, but educating ourselves is the first step towards improving a global issue that will be immensely rewarding for so many people.

So yes, I was homeless, but no, I will not be silenced.



"CHRIS VANCE V. PATTY MURRAY DEBATE
OCTOBER 23, 2016"
BY GRACE NAKAHARA

MAMA VIOLET AND
HER HUSBAND
STEVEN HOST
GONZAGA STUDENTS
AND LOCAL KIDS
FOR A DANCE PARTY.
Photo and caption by
Tyler Hamke



"JAMES AND MARY
THE TAILORS"
BY KATIE POLACHEK

"WE ARE ONLY AS BLIND AS WE WANT TO
BE" - MAYA ANGELOU
IT IS EASY TO COVER OUR EYES AND
DENY WHAT WE ARE SEEING I CHALLENGE
YOU TO REMOVE YOUR BLINDFOLDS AND
SEE THINGS FROM DIFFERENT
PERSPECTIVES. ONLY THEN CAN
WE BUILD A MORE COMPASSIONATE
AND UNIFIED COUNTRY.

Photo and caption by MiLinda "Mindy" Smith



"BAILANDO TRAS LAS EDADES"
BY MACKENZIE SHERRY



WAKING UP THE WORLD

BY SARAH KERSEY

Every part of me wanted to trample up the stairs in desperation, yet no matter how much my heart ached to slam my foot against that plush carpet, I only managed to tiptoe. I remember the quiet defeat that gripped my heart when I opened my parent's bedroom door into the darkness and neither of them woke up to the sound of my internal screaming. Thinking about it makes my chest hurt. I wanted them to wake up. I wanted them to roll over and see my shirt that was ripping at the seams and I wanted them to see the tears dragging down my face in that horrible silence. I wanted to shake my mom awake like I used to when I was six years old whenever I had a bad dream. But I couldn't wake up from this. I couldn't find a way to look my mother in her soft eyes and tell her that her precious little girl had just become what society defines as a victim of sexual assault. A part of me knew I couldn't - or maybe I just didn't want to - bear to see the agony that would make a home in the crow's feet that hug my father's temples. They didn't wake up and I didn't attempt to change that.

When I think back on the night that I didn't wake up my parents, my thoughts often stray from my own personal experiences. It is so difficult to remember the traumatic things that have happened to us, no matter how much impact they carry in our daily lives. It is so much easier to disassociate from ourselves and our own realities and think about other people's experiences instead. There this was girl I went to elementary school with who always wore those pink hair ties with the beads shaped like hearts on them and she always loved to play tetherball. I think about how she hit that ball like it was her worst enemy, even though it never once tried to fight back. I wonder now if she felt like that tetherball, so pushed around and beaten that she couldn't stop swinging. She moved away that year, the day after she showed up to school with a black eye and a lip cracked open, spilling out all of her secrets. We all heard stories — we all heard rumors, too — but we were all too

young to understand. All I knew was that whatever had been going on had been occurring for quite some time; that day she came to school looking like a rag doll was the first day she ever spoke of the unspeakable. She could never find the courage to talk about it before it became a headline in everyone else's world.

It is so difficult for us as a society to talk about the unpleasantness that exists in our lives, and that's completely understandable. No one wants to think of the horrors that little girl endured. No one wants to think about the petrifying line graphs that show the commonality of sexual assault that occurs in our world. We see it in the news and we see it on social media in the form of statistics, but that is as real as it gets for most. Admitting to ourselves that people we know — our neighbors and our friends — are a part of these numbers is stomach churning. So we don't think about it. We treat the issue as far away. We separate our loved ones and survivors into two separate categories and neglect to acknowledge that sometimes those categories overlap. Unfortunately, as my family would grow to realize, I contribute to the overlap.

The boy who sexually assaulted me somehow got it into his head that he had a right to — metaphorically speaking — go on a field trip without a permission slip. It was a blind date, we had mutual friends, and I thought it was safe. I remember that first crushing moment of horror when I realized what he was trying to do. I remember saying no. I remember it happening anyway. I remember the sound — the sound of those seams that held the neckline of my shirt together — ripping. I fought back until it didn't feel like an option anymore. I remember the aftermath. I remember getting out of his car and into my own, telling him I could never see him again. He laughed, said he understood, winking at me while saying something about how he was 'irresistible'.

I remember how 1 a.m. felt tangible in the air when I watched that boy leave for the first and final time as the police car pulled up and replaced him. The officer informed me that the park had closed two

hours ago and it was time to get on home. I nodded, said I was sorry, and made my way home feeling vanquished. That police officer didn't know what had just happened and I didn't make any attempt to change that, either. I didn't want to face the questioning; I rationalized my silence by thinking that it would be far too difficult to convince the officer that it had really happened. That I, the poet with a 3.8 GPA, had been stupid enough to fall into that trap.

The boy who assaulted me is far, far away now. He is not a danger to me anymore. He did not understand the gravity of his actions at the time. That doesn't make it excusable.

It took me four months to work up the courage to tell my parents what happened to me, and that felt like a lifetime. I don't know how many years of pain that little nine-year-old girl with the pink ponytails went through and it makes me sick to think of it. Maybe if we as a whole society were able to start acknowledging the problem instead of choosing silence, things could be different. Maybe that young boy who walks through the hallways with his head down to hide his shame could find the courage to watch those tiles blur all the way into the counseling office. Maybe we could see a drop in those line graphs. Maybe my uncle, with no knowledge of the trauma I've endured, would stop buying me pepper spray for Christmas "to take out with me when I'm alone." Maybe we could avoid the pain.

I didn't know how to tell anyone for a long time. I felt incredibly stupid. I felt as if it was my fault and that maybe if I had fought back a little harder, I could've stopped it. I felt as if I had become the girl who let boys take advantage of her when she barely even knew them. But that's where the error in my thinking was. I had it stuck in my head that I had somehow wanted this. Society tends to reinforce the idea that attention from the opposite sex is what makes us desirable: that it should be considered a privilege to be wanted so strongly that your very own presence becomes irresistible.

The thing is, I never wanted this.

When it comes to sexual assault, there is no consent. There is enforcement, insistence, and a smothered refusal.

What happened to me was not my fault.

I am not a victim. I am a person. Addressing survivors of sexual assault as victims in an epidemic makes us sound like casualties. I am not a casualty. I am the girl who laughs. I am the girl who writes poetry. I am the girl who wants to see all of Europe and who will probably accidentally drive on the wrong side of the road while she's there. I am the girl with a fully intact, living family who loves her. I am the girl who is now in a healthy, committed, long-term relationship with a boy who would never dare hurt her. I am the girl who has a safe place: home. I am the girl who was sexually assaulted by a stranger she barely knew the summer before she turned 18. I am the girl who is living in the aftermath, striving for a better future, rather than being a statistic.

Four months later, when I did find the courage to talk to my parents about what had happened to me, I was greeted with unyielding support and love. I sought out help from loved ones, experts, and other survivors. Even though I still shake when I talk about that awful night, I make sure that I share my story. I realized that in order to eliminate the fear behind talking about sexual assault as a society, we have to talk about it amongst ourselves. I took this challenge upon myself and decided that this movement to speak up would have to start with me. Since that night, I have written poems and essays about my trauma, shared my story with loved ones and strangers, and recently, I gave a speech about my sexual assault and the effects rape culture can have. I spoke about the ways that we as Gonzaga students can stop contributing to rape culture and how my own personal experiences have helped me better understand the problem itself. I hope that someday I can raise enough awareness about the realities of sexual assault to live in a world where the statistics no longer exist.

That night, I didn't tell the officer what happened. I didn't tell my mom or my dad. I didn't tell my sister. I didn't tell them all until much later, after the fear had left my consciousness and I realized I was not responsible for the trauma that was forced upon me.

I didn't wake up my parents that night.

But now, I intend to wake up the world.

LOVE WITHOUT BORDERS

BY AMANDA HARDT

Border.

Take a moment to think about the first thing that pops into your head when you hear that word. Perhaps you think of something large like a wall or a fence, or maybe you think of something small and simple like a flowery rectangle around a greeting card you get from your grandparents on your birthday. Perhaps you think of the questions our own country is facing with our border. There are so many different images we can think of when we hear that word.

Everything in this life has a border, including one's own emotions. I know my emotions and feelings have borders, and sometimes these borders I have around my emotions can become detrimental. Our emotional borders, rather, are biases deeply ingrained and so innate to our beings that we cannot seem to break through them, or even worse, we don't even recognize that they need to be broken. Some people's emotional borders are so dense that even a lifetime of pure love clawing at them will barely scratch the surface.

It often takes an epiphany, or a reality slap right to the face for one to finally recognize and break down my own barriers. As cliché as it sounds, I experienced one of these epiphanies. It took 12 weeks, 13 different countries, 17 bottles of SPF 400, 3 pairs of sunglasses, two pairs of Chacos (may they rest in peace) and one 8-year-old South African boy with a talent so pure and innocent to bring my borders down like the broken walls of Jericho.

The summer after I graduated high school I was blessed with the opportunity to participate in a mission trip to Africa. As previously mentioned, I spent a total of 12 weeks there and four of those weeks were spent at the Coffee Bay Missionary School in South Africa where I was fortunate enough to teach my own handful of elementary-aged students. One of my students was the 8-year-old boy with the pure, innocent, and incredibly powerful talent I mentioned earlier. His name is Siphó (Cee-pho). I imagine what I learned about love from Siphó is similar to

what a mother learns about love from her children. He was absolutely adorable and charming, had a great smile, and the most infectious laugh I've still ever had the pleasure of hearing. It was his authenticity, his story, his life, his pure, innocent talent of loving so fully and unconditionally that taught me everything I know about love without reservations.

My first day as "Miss Manda," because the "uh" sound at the beginning of my name was deemed unnecessary right off the bat, I knew that Siphó was something special. The kid latched on to me like a stage-5-clinger-who-literally-won't-let-go-of-my-leg-because-he's-secretly-a-koala-bear, latched. Siphó loved to laugh and smile and to make others do the same. He had broken English but was incredibly articulate in his compassion for others. Rarely have I seen individuals with as much value and care for others as this little 8-year-old boy has. Two weeks into my teaching, I found out why.

Siphó was one of 7 children being raised by a single-mother. His biological father, whom he shared with four of his older siblings had abandoned their mother in 2007 when he was only two years old. The other two children, Siphó's younger siblings were from two different fathers. Both beautiful miracles from one of this world's ugliest sins. A sin that by the mere age of seven years old, Siphó had already witnessed. Twice. Siphó's mother was raped by two different men over the course of three years. Siphó and his siblings were all in the vicinity to witness the unspeakable. Twice.

Upon learning this, questions, anger, sadness roamed through my head. Such a terrible thing done to an innocent woman, children with their own innocence shattered, and a child who, despite the cruelty seen could return love to the world; it all made me question the borders in my own life.

Siphó loved me, a complete stranger, when he had every reason to run away from me. And he loved everyone the same way. This child who has seen nothing but abandonment,

poverty, violence, and cruelty placed a value in love and relationships that is truly inspiring.

The last week we were in Coffee bay I learned what Sipho meant. Sipho is the Zulu word for gift. Sipho is a gift. He was a gift to me, and what he embodies is a gift to humanity. Sipho's optimism and compassion are a gift. A gift of knowledge and awareness, something intangible that I will never be able to repay.

Sipho taught me so much during my four weeks in Coffee Bay. But still, four years later, I say with confidence, the most important thing he taught me was about love. He taught me how powerful love is and how it can change anyone's entire world regardless of who they are or where they come from. He taught me how to love myself and others. Sipho taught me how to love without conditions, to love without reservations, to love, without borders.

"BOY WITH A PAINTED SMILE" BY MARIE NISCO



NEIGHBORS

BY KATHRYN BENSON

“If the world were a village of 100 people, 5 would be from the US and Canada.”

When I was seven, I got a book. The ingenious picture book by David Smith, *If the World were a Village*, enthralled me. I tore through the pages, captivated by statistics that reduced the world to a mere 100 people in order to process and understand the demographics of our world in small, bite-size pieces.

I envied this village for its potential proximity; I imagined villagers strolling down the street to experience a new culture, food, language and religion. As a second grader, I longed for the day when I too could experience the world just as my beloved villagers did.

Thirteen years later, this village is still trapped within the pages of a book that once gave me hope.

If the world were a village, Americans would live in a white mansion that has an eerie resemblance to one on Pennsylvania Avenue. However, unlike the wired black fence that welcomes tourists to its iconic architecture and manicured grass lawns, this house would be surrounded by a wall--one that outsiders can no longer see through.

A wall built from bricks of intolerance, hate, insensitivity, and stubbornness.
A wall built from fear of the unknown, the different, and the other.
A wall that grows taller and stronger every day that we allow it.

On one side of this wall, there are people in need.
An orphan, a mother, a family of four.
There are people who want to come home. They've been evicted, even though they paid their rent.
There are innovators, doctors, and scholars who desperately want to bring their minds to this doorstep. But there is a wall in the way and they now fear the builder.

We are ordered to stay inside the house. In the great hall, a machine cranks out more cookie-cutter residents. There is no color in their minds, for the wall keeps the brightest colors hostage.

Some of us can hear the cries that come from the people pounding on the bricks.

Most choose not to.

Not only does this wall keep the villagers out, it also keeps us in.

So I beg you to show up.
Bring your hammers of resistance, education, and understanding. This wall must come down.

This world is a village, and down the street, there are 95 neighbors that are worth getting to know.

ANTHEM OF THE HOMELESS

BY IAN LOE

The people walked the marble wall in the slow and tender way they are allowed to at monuments and museums and galleries. I joined in the ritual graciously—forging my own quiet route, grasping at the words carved into stone:

“Anthem of the Homeless” is a song currently in the production and recording stage of Christian rock band Memoria’s song formation. The lyrics of this song speak from the perspective of the homeless, pleading to the ignorant and the uncaring to open their callous hearts and see that this inaction is unacceptable in a nation where we have so much to give and yet our hands remain clenched around things deemed trivial to our lives, yet just out of reach of the needy and the homeless. Set to come out in February this year, the band hopes the song will spread a message of awareness about the plight of the homeless, in order to spark activism and gain volunteers for charities around the Spokane area.

Anthem of the homeless

We are the voiceless masses in the streets

We are the ones they can’t ignore

They cast their eyes to the ground and see our feet

Naked on the cold hard floor

We are the weary hands that built these walls

Until they threw us to the wolves

Without a hope or a prayer in the dark at all

We follow the blind like fools

So tell me why

When did reality get tangled in

With all our darkest fears?

When did humanity become so blind

To all our brothers’ tears?

A thousand times we’ve wondered why

We’ve lived a thousand years

And now I finally realize

Our cries fall on deaf ears

We have no home, no hope,

No life, no land

Only sickness and disease

And as the strength fades from our shaking hands

The pain brings us to our knees

Though it’s said everyone has a cross to bear

Should the cross be built of stone?

If not a soul can strike the emergency flare

How can we stand on our own?

So tell me...

When did reality get tangled in

With all our darkest fears?

When did humanity become so blind

To all our brothers’ tears?

A thousand times we’ve wondered why

We’ve lived a thousand years

And now I finally realize

Our cries fall on deaf ears

No refuge for the sickness

No solace for the sane

If death becomes the witness

And ignorance the blame

No sound can pierce the silence

With conscience still to gain

When life is long behind us

All will be the same.

We watch our lives

Slowly waste away

You spend your time

Looking the other way

When did reality get tangled in

With all our darkest fears?

When did humanity become so blind
To all our brothers' tears?
A thousand times we've wondered why
We've lived a thousand years
And now I finally realize
Our cries fall on deaf ears



"THIS MAN WAS STANDING WITH HIS WIFE AT BUS STOP ON THE CORNER OF BROWN AND SECOND AS I TOOK EACH OF THEIR PHOTOS. THE WOMAN TOLD ME THEIR SITUATION - LOSS OF HEALTHCARE AFTER A HEART ATTACK AND SLEEPING AT CATHOLIC CHARITIES AT NIGHT. THE MAN ASKED IF I WOULD LIKE TO MEET ELVIS, THE DOG. THE PORTABLE CARRIER WAS LABELED "SERVIS DOG: ELVIS" IN SHARPIE."

Photo and caption by Brooke Smith

I LOVE YOU
BY KEVIN DOLAN

bottles, moles, screaming
tomorrow: again

happiness:sadness
exhilaration, lonely
smoke, dance
depend

morning shower upstairs; bowls downstairs
damp high

“Every IPA or snap donated helps somebody who needs it more.
Add keef to the bowl and get a free tote bag!”

the world is fucked
sexist comment #933
melanin-deficient supremacy
post-fact; fake news

“lemme take a snap before we go”

February 6, 2017¹

¹ Self-care, or dependence, is paradoxical. It numbs, and clouds the window just enough to muster the courage to walk outside. This state of steady catastrophe, and the anger, fear, distrust, and despair that it seems to perpetually produce, requires more courage than ever.

SIDEWALK RULES

BY ANTHONY "AJ" MCCULSKEY

"If you are neutral in situations of injustice, you have chosen the side of the oppressor. If an elephant has its foot on the tail of a mouse and you say that you are neutral, the mouse will not appreciate your neutrality."
— Desmond Tutu

*High-step potholes,
and mind the mud
as oil-slicked pools
catch rays like
spiral passes.*

*Swing round' street lights,
juke passers-by and
euro-step to the garbage-can,
finish with a slam.*

But keep left on Washington,
cus' the right's bite strings,
a German shepherd's brutality.

Fresh faces meet fresh air,
say hi and smile,
through the store window
finally wave to that checkout girl.

*In an instant a patrol car passes,
speeding by its colors blend
blurring the lines along with it —
reddish blues, reddish whites,
blood stains from freedoms lost.*

Don't turn your head-hide your face,
inhale and straighten up -

Innocent glances and
head nods in appreciation.

"We've got a 10-24: Suspicious Persons in the Area".

Stop.
Wait.

Try to fly up MLK Way,
but leave the Dream behind;
that's a risky color to rep'.

You're hired – elected
to fill the vacant (de)ceit,
a cell just for your cells, not your sins
because you're Wanted, not needed.

Your spirit fogs against the hood,
then runs down it like a tear,
a fountain of youth
evaporated under the sun
just before the body hits the ground;
choked out by the Heat.

A siren sounds, "Don't move!"

*There's screams,
then weeps.*

Don't look now,
but it's happening again;
hideaway in the
glass-screened foxhole.

Take to my phone. Type. Send. Tweet.

"Suspect Down"

I looked to press record,
but the iPhone's dead;
suffocated by

that leather-scaled snake:
Its venom cloaked in the crack.

Its historic heart still beating.

I witnessed

the serpent come,
coiling itself around me,

begging for stillness

so the plague could continue to poison:

For it knew well –

my defiance would announce its expiration.

FOR AND WITH, NOT OF

BY LUKE JOHNSON

Gonzaga is a school oriented for social justice... for white people. I am a white male in classrooms full of young white people taught by older white people taught about dead white people and we act confused when racism continues to be a problem on our campus and in our society. This is the white supremacy that we live in. It is by no means unique to Gonzaga; we as an institution cannot be isolated from the society around us.

When we teach social justice, we teach it for white people. When we teach race, we teach race for white people. When we teach anything else we teach it for white people. We are intentionally developing the whole person intellectually, spiritually, physically, and emotionally, if that person is white. My identities are the norm of the classroom and my experiences are valued in the curriculum and to the professor. I can read a text and my personal experiences allow me to read what the professor sees as important. I have never been in an academic space that was suited for someone else. I have never felt excluded from the curriculum. My history has never been delegated to a

day or a week in a course. I am constantly reaffirmed that my story is important. My culture is not relegated to extracurricular activities and club meetings.

I wish that were the case for all students. I wish that every one of my peers could feel valued in our academic spaces. I wish that we could identify and resist the white supremacy in our social justice education. I wish that we taught social justice, not social justice for white people.

As white people, we can make our space better for our peers. We can bring up issues in our classrooms so that our friends don't have to. We can go to events and educate ourselves on things outside of our history and experience. We must stand in solidarity with students of color, students of different cultures, students belonging to marginalized religions, immigrant students; we must stand in solidarity with the entirety of this campus. We can bring that knowledge into the classroom and bring justice to our Gonzaga social justice.

PEACE CORPS PHOTOS BY MARY KELLY
TAKEN IN NIGER IN 1990. THESE PHOTOS DEPICT
MILLET STORAGE IN THE FIELDS AROUND THE
VILLAGE WHERE MARY WAS STATIONED



THE SOUND OF HOPE

BY MEGAN O'MALLEY

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere. We are caught in an inescapable network of mutuality, tied in a single garment of destiny. Whatever affects one directly, affects all indirectly.
Letter from Birmingham, Alabama Jail, April 16, 1963.

Make a career of humanity. Commit yourself to the noble struggle for equal rights. You will make a better person of yourself, a greater nation of your country, and a finer world to live in.
March for Integrated Schools, April 18, 1959.

True peace is not merely the absence of tension; it is the presence of justice.
Stride Toward Freedom, 1958

These words etched a hollow place in me, below my collarbone. A sense of peace tucked itself behind my scarf there. It felt almost foreign—I was wrapped up in the stick of multiple flights and sore feet and no sleep. More than that, I was still covered in shock.

I was standing in D.C. three nights after the first national election I could vote in, the race steeped in isolation and power and violence. It wasn't over.

I applied for the Ignatian Family Teach-In for Justice, hosted in D.C., last semester because I was tired of a faith that didn't care for justice. The conference of Jesuit students began as a gathering to honor the El Salvadorian martyrs, and has grown to honor these Jesuits in an even more profound way—by missioning young people to work for justice. I spent the first few months of my senior year researching immigration reform and revising the points my committee wanted to address during our congressional office visit. I was a bit outside my comfort zone, but excited to be a part of something bigger. I was excited to be a member of a community I believed in deeply. And then the world froze that Tuesday night and I didn't want to go.

I spent days after the election holding and being

held. It was a blur of anger and empathy and feeling the weight of my privilege. We were in a sort of limbo, one that didn't expire when our plane rolled into Arlington, or at the sight of the White House through the gate or even as I entered the Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial that night before the Teach-In began.

But, it was these words that began to shift something in me—a feeling of hope that would begin to form my path through the uneasiness and the sore feeling of disconnection. Hope would speak in different tongues that week—a conversation on the metro, Fr. Greg Boyle, SJ giving his alma mater a shout-out before encouraging us all to “ventilate the world with compassion,” seeing other people who craved for a spirituality that was itching to act, eager to speak.

I was lost in thought that night at the memorial, tracing Martin Luther King Jr.'s legacy, my eyes adjusting to the dimly lit wall, and then I heard a sudden chorus begin to sing: Hold on. Hold on. Keep your eyes on the prize. Hold on.

I turned to see a circle had formed in the center of the memorial. Everyone at the memorial gathered closer—our hands clapping, clinging to the spiritual, the sound of hope.

SPOKANE WOMEN'S MARCH PHOTOS
BY KATIE POLACHECK



CONTRIBUTORS

Abby Anderson is a senior at Gonzaga with an art major and chemistry minor. She enjoys using art, specifically painting, to express the human experience and to make people question themselves and the world around them. Other than painting, she enjoys watching Gonzaga basketball, eating cheese, working for GSBA, and talking to her mom on the phone.

Moira Andrews is a junior nursing major that is intrigued by the stories of all human beings and believes in the connectedness of all. She's awed by how much she continues to learn from her journey in Zambia this summer. It's a journey that will never end.

Callen Aten is a junior from Carson City, Nevada studying Sociology with minors in Social Justice and Entrepreneurial Leadership.

Adam Bartholomew was ordained as a United Church of Christ pastor in 1968 and as an Episcopal priest in 2002. He received his Ph.D. in New Testament from Union Seminary in New York in 1974. In 1970, he participated in the Seminar for Doctoral Students conducted by Dr. Rudolf Schnackenburg in Wuerzburg, Germany. He taught as Adjunct Professor of New Testament at Lancaster Seminary in Pennsylvania for 25 years while serving parishes. He began teaching as an adjunct instructor at Gonzaga in 2014. He is married to The Rev. Linda Bartholomew, Rector of the Episcopal Church of the Resurrection in Spokane Valley, WA.

Kathryn Benson is a sophomore studying Economics, Latin American Studies, and Spanish.

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Emma Christianson is a sophomore Psychology and Political Science Major with an interest in law school. She is from the small, quaint town of La Conner Washington, where she lives on a small farm with her family and animals.

Emily Dittig is a senior art major at Gonzaga University. She studied abroad in South Africa in the Spring of 2017.

Kevin Dolan is from Oakland, CA, a senior studying sociology, wears mismatched socks, and once told a young child to write about fish butts.

Sidnee Grubb is the daughter of a single mother, partner of a good man, and master of her own destiny. She likes to communicate, which demands both speaking and listening- both of which shape her experience of this crazy world we live in. The human struggle is great, but a human struggling is greater.

Tyler Hamke is a Senior Mechanical Engineering student Gonzaga University. In the Summer of 2016 Tyler traveled to Zambezi, Zambia through the Gonzaga study abroad program and was able to experience this wonderful country first person. He shares his experience in Zambia through his camera, hoping to let others feel the same love this country showed him.

Lindsey Hand is a senior studying Community Development in Business, minoring in Entrepreneurial Leadership and Women and Gender studies.

Amanda Hardt is a senior Sport Management Major, Communications and Promotions minors First Generation College Student. She has two hometowns, Chicago, IL & Apache Junction, AZ.

Luke Johnson is a senior studying Computer Science, Women's and Gender Studies, and Mathematics. He serves as an RA, the Director of Diversity and Community for the Gonzaga Student Body, and as the Director of Recruitment and Retention for the National Residence Hall Honorary at Gonzaga.

Mary Kelly is a returned Peace Corps Volunteer; Community Engaged Learning Coordinator at CCASL and mom to 4 bright energetic boys.

Sarah Kersey is a freshman majoring in English and double minoring in Journalism and Writing. She loves photography, poetry, naps, and most importantly, petting strangers' dogs while walking through campus.

Kenji Lianne-Booey's favorite poet is Langston Hughes.

Ian Loe is a guitarist in Memoria, a Christian rock band formed in Post Falls, Idaho dedicated to fighting social injustice and spreading Christ into the lives of listeners through hard-hitting yet honest lyrics, heavy vocals, and an orchestral rock style. Alongside his brother Rory Loe and Samuel Cooper, Ian hopes to someday spread the band's messages to a world desperately in need of reform and hope.

Jordan Martinez was born and raised in Lawrence, Kansas, Martinez grew up in a thriving music scene and cultural hub right at the heart of the United States. She was blessed to have heard many of the stories that shaped the lives of her community throughout her young life and decided to explore the stories of the Pacific Northwest while pursuing a Music Education degree at Gonzaga.

Anthony McCulskey is an English and Italian Studies major.

Andrew Mercer is a recent grad who is pushing off being a real adult by staying on campus and volunteering in CCASL. Full time adventurer, quarter time writer, Netflix aficionado, and professional child.

Marie Nisco is a student studying Special Education and Psychology at Gonzaga University who has a passion for photography. She finds purpose in capturing life through her lens. Whether it be two friends holding hands on a bus ride through southern California, street art in Portugal, or her 85-year-old grandmother cutting the cake at her latest birthday celebration, Marie captures these moments with the intent to preserve and share life's moments with others.

Megan O'Malley once met a very distant relative in a fudge shop in Ireland. This has been her fun fact since. Other facts: she was raised in the sunshine and sweat of Phoenix, Arizona, found a home as an English major, and will be listening for the sound of hope in post-grad life come May.

Katie Polacheck likes taking pictures. She hopes to keep taking them.

Matthew Sheber Howard is a junior English major from Denver, Colorado. He loves all things Colorado, especially the Denver Broncos. He hopes to teach high school English one day, and maybe even inspire a young writer or two.


Mackenzie Sherry is a senior at Gonzaga majoring in Spanish with a business minor. She's from Denver, CO and loves traveling. She a semester in Granada, Spain and one day came across a ton of people dancing in the square.

Brooke Smith is a senior English writing major with a minor in communications. Her senior project (and hopefully her career after college) is centered around homelessness in Spokane.

MiLinda Smith grew up in Cheney, Washington, believing we are all equal and that racism and sexism was a thing of the past. She stands with those who are oppressed and works to change this world into one that is kinder, one that embraces people of all races, genders, religions and values.

Sabrina Villanueva Avalos is a sophomore studying Psychology with a minor in Sociology. Her goal is to one day become a counselor for at-risk youth facing hardships, considering she knows what that feels like as you'll soon read about in my piece. Being an Assistant Editor for One World this year inspired her to share my own story, as she think we all have valuable experiences that we can use to educate others.

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"YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND
THAT NO ONE PUTS THEIR CHILDREN IN A BOAT
UNLESS THE WATER IS SAFER THAN THE LAND"
- WARSAN SHIRE, "HOME"