

# ONE WORLD

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY  
JOURNAL of SOCIAL JUSTICE



Vol. 17 2017-18

Graphic Designer and Artist Katie Lasko drew this piece of art after reflecting upon her time on the East L.A immersion experience through the Comprehensive Leadership Program. She observed the hands she saw while working with the Actor's Gang, a non-profit organization that seeks to teach the arts to the incarcerated, to ultimately reinforce emotional intelligence through art and performance. Katie also worked with Homeboy Industries, a non-profit run by Father Greg Boyle S.J. (Gonzaga class of 1997). Homeboy Industries seeks to give gang members an education and opportunities to re-assimilate into the workforce through experience in numerous professional capacities. For more information on this immersion, contact Josh Armstrong at [armstrongj@gonzaga.edu](mailto:armstrongj@gonzaga.edu).

# Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

I first off want to thank you for reading this journal. Every piece in here was carefully created with passion, love, and a deep concern for justice in this world, a justice that extends beyond the author's personal lives. After speaking with each of these authors, I can assure you that these stories and works have been meticulously cultivated in order to call others to action to continue to working for justice.

I know a call to action is a huge request in this time. Since the last *One World* was published, more natural disasters, mass shootings, political tragedies, and ecological concerns have occurred than I could have ever dreamt in a nightmare. In my last editor's note, I asked you to keep fighting, even when it's difficult to continue; even when it seems like it is time to give up the fight. I'll be honest readers, at many points in the past year, I've felt that the fight is lost, and the battle is over. I'm tired, and positive is often are the last thing I feel. More often, it is exhausted and angry. I would be surprised if others didn't feel the same way.

I am going to make the same request that I made last year, and that is to keep fighting for justice in this society, but I will add one more request: fight for social justice not out of anger or spite, but out of love for those who are marginalized in these local, national, and global communities; I ask that you be in solidarity with those who do not have the same privileges that we as members of this Gonzaga community do. We are a privileged community; privileged with education, health, opportunity, and the privilege of having a community readily available to help and care for one another. Fight for those who do not have the resources and opportunities available to do so themselves. Give others the light whom the light is never allowed to shine on. And most of all, be an ally, not a savior. Give marginalized communities resources and opportunities, and then allow others to stand and speak for themselves. Understand that showing up to march for social justice is vital, but it is not always vital to lead the march. Allow others to be the voice, the leader, and the face of their own movement.

This is why I find this journal so important to the Gonzaga community. These authors are using their own voices, often for a cause that gives voice to concern of others. They are a force of justice in this community. They may lead their own march, and they may join the movement without being a savior. These are leaders and allies, and I am blessed to be in their presence.

So finally, I want to say thank you to all of those who submitted to this journal. You are a source of love and kindness, a leader, an ally, and your choice to pursue social justice is one of the most noble choices one can make. I want to say thank you to all of those who choose to read this journal. Your interest and care for social justice is most representative of the Gonzaga Mission Statement, and it is what it means to be a Zag. It is what sets the world on fire. And lastly, I want to say thank you to the incredible One World team of editors and artists who put these works together. You all made a commitment to not only social justice but to your peers in the Gonzaga community, and your work this year was full of a creative passion that the world desperately needs. I am grateful to you all.

Keep fighting, readers. Show up, be present, and fight for others. Be a servant, not a savior. And most importantly, do so with love.

Yours truly,  
Olivia Moorer  
Editor-in-Chief



# STAFF

Olivia Moorer, Editor-in-Chief  
Alexis Buhler, Assistant Editor  
Cullen Bryant, Assistant Editor  
David Landoni, Assistant Editor  
Molly Quillin, Assistant Editor  
Katie Lasko, Graphic Designer  
Grace Nakahara, Graphic Designer  
Taylor Carnevale, Editing Intern  
Emma VanderWeyst, Editing Intern  
Richard Wytmar, Editing Intern

# CONTENTS

**Untold Story of an Oppressed Woman // Manojprabhakaran Thirupal 7**

**Silence, Drunk // Josh Bulawa 8**

**Undressed. // Kathryn Benson 9**

**Why I March // Kelsey Forman 10**

**Love Is a Verb // Kayla Kim 11**

**America, We Need to Talk // Emily Klein 12**

**Family Matters // Olivia Moorer 15**

**Women's March I, Women's March II // Harry Smith 17**

**Hope Dies Last // Sarah Keresy 17**

**Sanctuary // Kate Vanskike-Bunch 18**

**Visiting the Boone Hall Plantation as a 7th Generation Black**

**American // Daniel Hodge 19**

**Teaching is Learning // Kate Vanskike-Bunch 20**

**Black Lives Matter and its Greater Meaning // Mikaela Schlesinger 21**

**Veil of Ignorance // Andrew Mercer 25**

**Fallen Soldiers, Mexico Side of the Wall // Rick Wytmar 26**

**Thoughts While Standing at the Sink: the Whitest Thing We Do // Andrew Mercer 27**

**Friday // Paulina Thurmann 28**

**Protecting Dalit (Untouchable) Students From Attempting Suicides in India's Premier Institutions: An Action-Based Leadership Perspective // Manojprabhakaran Thirupal 30**

**Undocumented, Undefeated, Unafraid // Amayrani Chávez-Godinez 33**

**California Joe // Alan Fernando Parra 34**

**Prototype Wall // Rick Wytmar 37**

**Queer Gay Latino Poets // Brahim Villanueva 38**

**Meek Little Monastery // Maya Ensey 39**

**Just One // Alison Riegel 40**

**An Ode to ADHD // Emily Pratt 42**

**A New Kind of Justice // Kayla Kim 44**

**Soccer Stars // Grant Thomas 45**

**Study Time, Sunset Cruise // Elly Zykan 45**

**Mother Hen // Elly Zykan 46**

**Sunday Blues // Elly Zykan 47**

**The Melding of Cultures: Rural Zambia Through A Post-Colonial Lens // Morgan Smith 48**

**Author Biographies // 52**

# Untold Story of an Oppressed Woman

Manojprabhakaran Thirupal

She was born as a new seed in the caste based society

She grew up as innocent as a green plant

She lived with an alcoholic husband from the age of 14

She spent all her days in poverty, oppression, abuse and atrocities

As a result,

She couldn't have a luxurious life

She didn't sell herself to get jewelery

She didn't sell herself to get an opulent dress

She didn't sell herself for her own pleasure

Instead,

She sold herself to get a cup of tea and bread for her children

She sold herself to wipe off the tears of her children

She sold herself to get text books and uniforms for her children

She sold herself to save the life of her children

Ultimately,

She sold herself so her children could uplift others like herself

She sold herself so her children did not need to live in the society she grew up in

She sold herself so that her children could fight unjust societies.

# Silence

Josh Bulawa



# Drunk

Josh Bulawa

# Undressed.

Kathryn Benson

The ninety-three-degree heat screams for shorts and a tank-top. The men's screams from the trucks racing down the street call for jeans and a cardigan, to make sure that the skin above my knees and the sexiness of my collarbones don't create problems, yet again.

It's 10:36pm and they said they would get here by 10. Frustrated, I walk through the restaurant one more time, looking for a familiar face and a familiar language in the midst of this foreign country. He steps in front of me.

“Sweetheart, where's that smile of yours?”

I stop for a second to translate, recognize the question, and push forward flustered. Even in another language, I know the intention.

My gaze accidentally meets his as he traces my figure-down, up, and down again. His look grabs the edge of my shirt pulling it upward. His eyebrow rises knowingly and a curled smile stretches across his face. My pace quickens and a shiver runs down my spine as I realize what it feels like to have a stranger undress me with his eyes.

My breath catches as I scroll through the never-ending stream of posts and another “#MeToo” surfaces among the cat videos and BuzzFeed quizzes. One more that challenges the validity of my own experiences. One more that urges me to post the controversial hashtag.

A high school memory throws me back to an unclasped bra and a hesitation that was seemingly understood. To after, when he went looking for a bra that wanted to stay unhinged, thereby unhinging my trust, my confidence, and my self-worth as something more than a female body.

I am thrown back to freshman year, sitting on a bench in the campus quad reading the letter that my childhood best friend sent out to loved ones to inform us about her rape. The knot in my throat grew larger as I wondered why the fork in the path of our lives led her to sexual assault and led me to luckily never know that pain. Yet, while the

paths diverge, both sceneries were haunted by shadows. I applaud her and the Silence Breakers for allowing me to see myself in this conversation. For giving us the courage to recognize that every woman has a voice in this movement.

My soul begs to be understood rather than undermined. To be unpacked rather than undressed. For those violating eyes on the street to see me as a person of equal worth, rather than an object for their taking. For the men at the restaurant or the party or the date to see my intelligence, my intentionality, my strength, my dedication, my drive, and my passion rather than a mere set of parts under those pesky clothes.

And I know thousands of bad ass women who would say “Me Too” to that as well.



**Why I March**  
Kelsey Forman

# Love as a Verb

Kayla Kim

newtown. san bernardino. orlando. las vegas.  
sutherland springs. columbine. sandy hook. san francisco.  
roseburg. charleston. blacksburg. parkland. every headline brings me to my knees. yet a part of me is not surprised.  
this is our everyday reality. my heart is so heavy, living in a world that takes more than it gives. children and mothers. best friends and lovers. taken too soon. and the sun will rise tomorrow but i no longer know where to go from here. i search my heart deeply, desperately, for hope, repeating love always wins over and over again. i can't say it without the taste of blood in my mouth.  
the days are long and the nights are still dark, cold. the universe still insists on taking more than it gives. at the end of hate is fear, and at the end of mass shootings, empty promises and lifted prayers. each tragedy repeats itself. a broken record for a broken world. the only thing louder than the mourning is the yelling, raised voices saying it's too soon to talk about gun control or guns don't kill people, people kill people. how many more lives will be lost until it's soon enough. will it ever be the right time for you. i am reminded again of how messy and important this conversation is.

i am reminded that the time to talk is now.  
i am still so far from where i want to be and the world is still so broken. the gunshots, they echo. for some,  
the ringing never stops. i want to believe there is goodness in all of us. i want to believe in love. i do not think i am there yet. but i think we should love people enough to believe they are worth fighting for. we should love them enough to care what kind of guns can fall into a person's hands, and whose hands those guns fall into. we should love them enough to improve mental health care, because not all diseases look the same. and we should love them enough to talk and to listen, even when it's hard. especially when it's hard.

*-love as a verb*

*-relearning how to love*

*-i thought i knew what love was*

*-the world as we know it*

# America, We Need to Talk

Emily Klein

A few distinct things make me who I am.

I know every word to “Ice Ice Baby” and every line from “Monty Python and the Holy Grail” (If you ever see me around, just ask and I’ll do it in a heartbeat).

I have the same taste in music as a fifty-five-year-old. If I have headphones in, I’m probably listening to The Beatles, David Bowie, or Simon and Garfunkel. If it’s a foggy day, it’s definitely Simon and Garfunkel.

Coffee gives me life.

Most importantly, I’m from Colorado.

I wave my literal Colorado flag with pride. I have two Colorado flag stickers on my laptop, a Colorado flag coffee mug (which combines two of my greatest loves) and a giant Colorado flag pinned over my bed.

There are so many things that I love about my state: the mountains, the Lumineers, even how thin the air is. You will rarely hear me say a bad thing about Colorado...but there is one thing that breaks my heart about where I come from.

Colorado, like many places in the modern United States, has a legacy of gun violence. When I was almost a year old, 13 people were killed at Columbine High School. I lived an hour away. When I was 14, 12 people were killed at the Century 16 Movie Theater in Aurora, Colorado. I lived 35 minutes away. When I was 15, Claire Davis was killed at Arapahoe High School in an attempted mass shooting. I lived 18 minutes away.

I grew up amidst countless calls for ‘thoughts and prayers’ and condemnations of ‘acts of evil,’ vigils for victims and proclamations of ‘never again’ to address tragedies that hit closer and closer to home.

Experience led me to the grim realization that ‘never again’ is an empty promise. In my lifetime, each gun-related act of destruction has always been followed by another. New victims are mourned and we offer new prayers in the aftermath of heinous violence. And then it happens again.

Despite our cries of horror in the wake of every new tragedy, gun violence—mass shootings, in particular—happen again.

In 2007, it happened at Virginia Tech. Handguns were used to kill 33 people. In 2012, it happened again at Sandy Hook. A semiautomatic rifle and a bolt action rifle

were used to commit 28 fatalities. Most of the victims were children who should have had their whole lives left before them.

In 2016, it happened again at the Pulse nightclub in Orlando. The use of a semi-automatic rifle resulted in 50 casualties.

On October 2, 2017, it happened again. A massacre at the Route 91 Harvest Festival in Las Vegas, Nevada killed 58 and injured over four hundred.

The actor?

A single man.

His weapon?

According to The New York Times, at least 23 firearms.

The response?

Thoughts and prayers. Condemnations using the same language as before, with President Trump calling the event an ‘act of pure evil.’ Claims that, in the wake of a mass murder, it’s too soon to talk about gun laws. When asked if the president would consider tighter gun laws to prevent further massacres, press secretary Sarah Huckabee Sanders said, “There’s a time and place for political debate. But now is the time to unite as a country.” I’m going to tell you something you’ve already heard, probably more than once: if there were ever a time to talk about gun control, it’s now.

I’m sure you’ve read some version of this piece before. In fact, I’m sure you have. It may have been after the June 12, 2016 shooting in Orlando, what was—up until October 2, 2017—the worst mass shooting in U.S. history. It may have been after the Dec. 14, 2012 shooting at Sandy Hook Elementary School where twenty of the victims were children less than eight years old. It may have been after Aurora or Columbine or any one of the 131 events since 1966 that The Washington Post classified as mass shootings.

Essentially, conversations about gun violence aren’t political issues: they’re human issues. If we want our thoughts and prayers to actually mean something for the legacies of victims and the people they were forced to leave behind, we need to translate them into actions.

We need to talk about gun violence.

But before we do, I think there is something that needs to be addressed. I understand that environmental influences can factor into a perpetrator’s decision to carry out an attack. This is the context that serves as the foundation for the phrase “Guns don’t kill people. People kill people.” To be fair, there’s a degree of truth in this statement. It is accurate to say that guns can’t cause mass casualties on their own and that we need to consider environmental influences in a fair and unbiased manner. However, I think

that we also must accept that actors who engage in gun violence—especially mass shootings—wouldn't be able to inflict such damage without the use of guns. People aren't blameless but neither are their weapons.

And so we return to the nation's reaction to the shooting in Las Vegas, what is now the largest mass shooting in U.S. history.

Advocates for gun rights seem to be stunned by the horror of Las Vegas. On Oct. 5, the National Rifle Association joined a proposed effort to restrict "bump stocks" that allow weapons to fire hundreds of rounds per minute. Las Vegas gunman Stephen Paddock outfitted twelve of his guns with bump stocks to maximize the damage.

"The NRA believes that devices designed to allow semi-automatic rifles to function like fully-automatic rifles should be subject to additional regulations," the official statement said.

At the time, over a dozen Senate Republicans reported being open to the idea. Republican Representative Carlos Curbelo of Florida drafted a measure to prohibit bump stocks. Sanders even said that, "We're open to having that conversation."

This openness is what is needed. Desperately. Because gun violence shouldn't be a political or partisan issue. It's a human issue.

Possibly limiting a weapon's ability to become fully automatic is the closest we seem to get to the much needed "political debate" about gun control that gets constantly put off until the next shooting. I guess it's one tiny step in the right direction, but we need to address the issue at large until the next mass shooting sets us 200 steps back.

At this point, it's too little too late.

I'm from Colorado and I'm tired of waking up to headlines that send me reeling because more lives were lost in brutal acts of terror and we refuse to address why they happened in the first place or what we can do to keep them from happening again. The time to talk about gun violence is long overdue and we can only hope the time to act against it hasn't passed.

But you've heard this before, and you'll probably hear it again when my words get lost after the next mass shooting.

Maybe I'll be the one writing the same piece in the desperate hope that something will change.

It probably won't.

# Family Matters

Olivia Moorer

“They passed around the n-word as if it were the word ‘like,’” my dad told me when he came back from visiting his relatives from Montgomery last summer. He had gone to the family reunion alone; my mom, my sister and I were not interested in the Alabama heat or the celebration on a Moorer plantation.

Two weeks after he came home, Gonzaga’s service immersion coordinator called me with the news that I would not be leading a Mission: Possible trip to Phoenix, but instead to Montgomery to learn about civil rights and racial justice work. As someone interested in a law career, I was immediately thrilled. But as I told my dad about this immersion, the reality of the situation set in for me. I would be going to a place where my ancestors had been wealthy and prominent, and had owned other people’s ancestors, likely related to today’s Montgomery residents. He warned me that my last name is common in Alabama and that I could meet some of our relatives. That was my ultimate fear for this trip.

My family’s history has always haunted me. Knowing that my family once owned slaves – however long ago – affected me. Whatever hate and torture my ancestors sowed, I reap. How could I be the descendent of such evil people? How could I be burdened with their reward? What if my family name represented not only my direct ancestors, but the Black slaves whose own names were taken away? If there was a God, why would he place me here?

These questions haunted me as I went to Montgomery, but I tried my best to ignore it, to be present and focused on the moment.

On our first day of service, we volunteered in Montgomery’s only African-American Catholic school (Resurrection). It was a place where 8th graders were reading some very enlightened pieces. Images of black heroes (beyond Martin Luther King, Jr.) reminded students how amazing and valuable they are. The 1st graders had quite the amazing vocabulary and spelling skills. During lunch, I challenged them words to spell for me. “Coordinator, Gonzaga, Immersion.” They got them all. One girl, Jenja, asked to spell my name. I pointed to my nametag for her to read. “M-O-O-R-E-R. Hey! That’s my last name!”

My heart skipped a beat and blood rushed to my face. I hadn't met one of my relatives as dad suspected; rather, I met a descendent of those my family enslaved. In that moment, I saw how my white privilege relies on the bent back of a 7-year-old.

From there on, I felt like a visitor. Everywhere I went, learning about civil rights, I felt invalid. That I shouldn't be there. I was an intruder.

Beyond our experience at Resurrection Catholic School, our team explored some of Montgomery's most amazing initiatives – the Southern Poverty Law Center and the Equal Justice Initiative. Both are non-profit law agencies centered on finding justice for those impacted by race or economics. The more lawyers I met (in my eyes, real-life superheroes who wear blazers instead of capes) the more I felt like I belonged. Here I was, listening to a woman from the Southern Poverty Law Center whose first case out of law school was about the lynching of Michael Donald, the case that decimated the KKK; or listening to attorneys from the Equal Justice Initiative who quite literally save people's lives from the treachery of the electric chair. I was looking at all that I want to be. The feeling of certainty that I was supposed to be there in those moments hit me like a train.

And on that train another feeling of certainty came too: that God was with me and had chosen me for this path. It wasn't coincidence that I worked in the Center for Community Action and Service Learning my freshman year, or that I was selected to lead this trip to Montgomery. Through my entire Gonzaga experience, I have felt like I have been pushed down a path, and now I realize it was God showing me where I belong in this world, where he wants me to fight.

When I was younger and first starting to fall in love with social justice, my mother told me that this was God's way of working through me. I think she's right. And further, he has used the very questions I had of his existence to prove that He is real and present in my life.

It makes me realize that my family name or my ancestor's history isn't as important to who I am as who God calls me to be – and he has called me to advocate for those who need justice most.



## Women's March I

Harry Smith

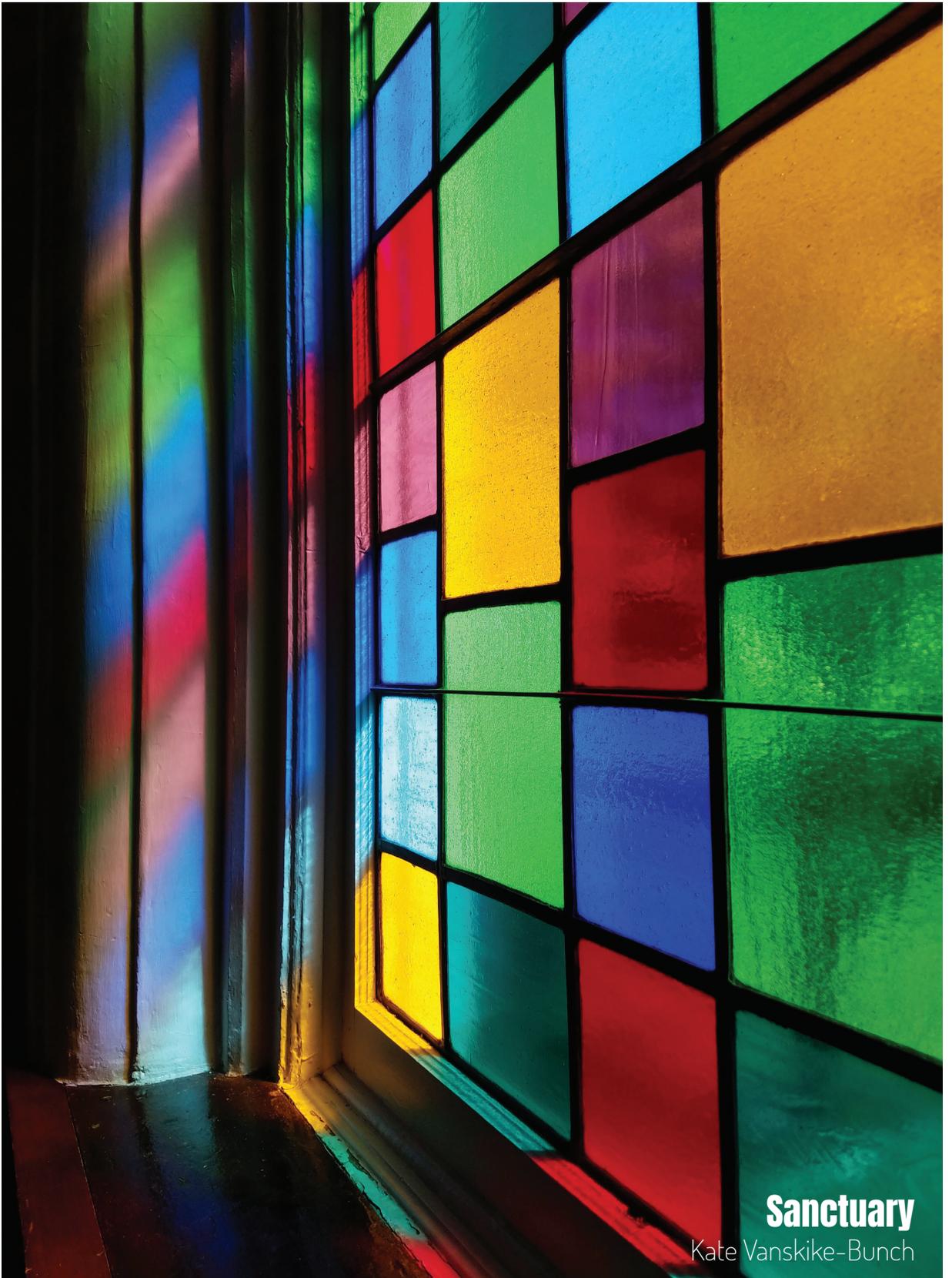
## Hope Dies Last

Sarah Kersey



## Women's March II

Harry Smith



**Sanctuary**  
Kate Vanskike-Bunch

I can feel the weight of my history supported by the soil our ancestors sustained for generations. I cringe, knowing my mass is a burden for their backs. The man maintaining the garden is an immigrant of color. How ironic a symbol for this “living” Antebellum estate. The tour begins. I learn about the homeowner, John Boone, a modest master said to only own up to 60 slaves at a time—worth \$36,990. Our guide considers how difficult it must’ve been to build this plantation with only 60 slaves. As if the slave master would have struggled to build anything. Slavery was mentioned briefly as he explained the economic pattern of the plantation:

indigo, to cotton, to pecans--annual profit was horribly effected by the 13th amendment. Black bodies always hewn beneath the American dream; always one man is hoisted up, his profits from forced labor, fueled by African soul: the dream loots. If not for the brick slave quarters out front, you might miss the dark appendage beneath this plantation—what remains each time the history is romanticized: *Gone With the Wind*. How in one version, poor ol’ massa Boone was forced to sell his land once American indigo was no longer wanted by British vendors— or, how often the new massa traveled weekly to Ryan’s Mart, purchasing upwards of 200 West African Slaves to revitalize the dream. See how the story changes: in one version, massa is able to save the failing plantation, heroic even, so noble even his slaves stayed in brick cottages:

# Visiting the Boone Hall Plantation as a 7th Generation Black American

Daniel Hodge

the ultimate symbol of wealth. In another, the slave writhes under the crack of a whip, the white hand crashes down again. Behind him, generations of suffering slain beneath the same white hand; what knowledge haunts this body. In one version, I dream that the will of the Gullah culture sung strength into the will of their kin. Organizing through code so as to rebel in search of blood, in search of reclamation. What history? What a horribly romanticized history; the white man never to offer reparations: the black body always destroyed in service.



## Teaching is Learning

Kate Vanskike-Bunch

# Black Lives Matter and Its Greater Meaning

Mikaela Schlesinger

152 years after the Civil War, 54 years after The March on Washington, and 9 years after the election of Obama, America is still plagued with the same problem: racism. Racism is the system of structuring opportunity and assigning value based on race, that unfairly disadvantages some individuals and communities (Jee-Lyn García and Sharif e30). The movement #BlackLivesMatter witnessed the discrimination facing black Americans and decided to take a stand in the hopes of creating a society where all lives are valued. Many people do not know much about this movement or feel it's exclusive to just black lives, but according to the founder Alicia Garza, "Black Lives Matter" encapsulates much more than that, believing that if black lives, the most marginalized in our society, matter, then all lives will matter.

Racism is still present in our society, and it causes disadvantages to groups of people just because of their ethnicity. The American Public Health Association have found that racism (a social system that reinforces racial group's inequity) in America, not race (classification of people on a physical characteristic), is a cause of disproportionately higher rates of infant mortality, obesity, deaths caused by heart disease and stroke, and an overall shorter life expectancy for people of color in comparison with Whites (Jee-Lyn García and Sharif e30). Racism is also present in our criminal justice system from the police brutality towards black men and the fact that one in three black men will be incarcerated at one point in their life. The high incarceration rate is primarily caused by the harsh sentences of low-level drug crimes that disproportionately affects people of color than white people. Once released from prison, someone with a criminal background is not given the opportunities to succeed in society from limited access to social programs to discrimination in housing and employment (Jee-Lyn García and Sharif e30). This will have detrimental effects to the person, their family, as well as that society. As evidenced, racism is still a major problem in the United States, and movements have been created to try to combat racism.

"Black Lives Matter" was formed in order to do something about the continued police brutality toward young black men and the racism that still is occurring in our country. In July 2013, George Zimmerman was acquitted for the shooting of unarmed, black teenager Trayvon Martin. In a Facebook post, activist Alicia Garza wrote, "Black people. I love you. I love us. Our lives matter" (Langford and Speight). Garza's friend Parris Cullors used Garza's words and

created the hashtag #BlackLivesMatter. With their friend Opal Tometi, they created the movement “Black Lives Matter” as a form of social media activism. The movement and hashtag really started trending after the death of Michael Brown by a police officer in Ferguson, Missouri in 2014 (Langford and Speight). The hashtag brought a lot of attention to the issue, and “Black Lives Matter” became a nationwide movement. Alicia Garza describes her mission for the movement she started, “Black Lives Matter is an ideological and political intervention in a world where black lives are systematically and intentionally targeted for demise. It is an affirmation of black folks’ contributions to this society, our humanity, and our resilience in the face of deadly oppression” (Garza). The movement was started to end the discrimination that black people face in our society and is today still working to create a fair society for all people by using a unique approach.

“Black Lives Matter” has been termed “not your grandfather’s civil-rights movement,” because of its style of activism that utilizes social media and small local movements. The movement started with a hashtag, but this hashtag contained much more value than just three words. Authors Langford and Speight write that black lives matter and are significant. It illustrates to people that people of color have a positive presence to our society and that violence against them cannot be ignored. It also shows that white privilege is still present and that we do not live in a post-racial society (Langford and Speight). With people realizing the importance of what the Twitter hashtag stands for, the movement was able to spread through social media to places all over the world. The efforts were then able to move to boots on the ground activism. Russell Rickford wrote, “The hashtag leapt from social media “into the streets” (Rickford, 35). With social media platforms, information can spread quickly about protests and rallies to protest police brutality or inequity towards people of color. Another unique approach to “Black Lives Matter” is that it has taken a local approach of activism that doesn’t have one distinct leader, but instead uses a large amount of smaller groups. While there are three founders, two being queer black women, the movement “favors democratic inclusion at grassroots level” (Cobb). Cobb uses the analogy that the movement prefers to have 10,000 candles lit, rather than one spotlight. This has been represented by the fact that thirty individual chapters have formed throughout our country and one more in Toronto. The ideas of “Black Lives Matter” have been able to spread to all parts of the country because of its unique approach of social media and local efforts. “Black Lives Matter” has made a significant impact so far, but many people still have not accepted this movement.

There have been many objections to the “Black Lives Matter” movement, but with an understanding of the movement, many of these complaints are illogical. Through social media and its ability to give many people a voice, there has been an excess of spreading ideas, both positive and negative. One of the most common complaints about “Black Lives Matter” is that

it is an anti-cop movement. People often point to the ambush of five police officers in Dallas by a black man in 2016. However, this man had no affiliation with “Black Lives Matter” (Harriot). Also, the founders of “Black Lives Matter” state nothing about being against cops in their mission statement instead, they call for an end to racial discrimination and “chronic police violence in black neighborhoods” (Garza). This is not calling for violence towards police or an end to police. Rather the movement calls for equality among people of color and white people, especially in terms of how the police treat them and for laws that don’t discriminate against people of color.

Another invalid objection to “Black Lives Matter” is that it condemns white supremacists for being racist and violent, but some believe that “Black Lives Matter” also share those qualities. However, the movement is not calling for people of color to gain superiority over white people, instead it is calling for people of color to be treated as equals to white people. Another sign of the anti-racist community that “Black Lives Matter” embodies is at rallies people of all races are present, but one rarely sees different races at a White supremacist event. “Black Lives Matter” says it is “Committed to acknowledging, respecting, and celebrating differences and commonalities” (Harriot). To those who claim “Black Lives Matter” incites violence, “Black Lives Matter” was founded to end violence towards black lives, not to create more violence in the world. The organization also states, “We are committed to embodying and practicing justice, liberation and peace in our engagements with one another” (Harriot). This illustrates that “Black Lives Matter” doesn’t want any more violence in our society and instead it chooses to demonstrate its goals with peaceful protests and other methods. While these are a few common complaints of the movement, the idea that “Black Lives Matter” is exclusive to others is probably the most common complaint about the movement.

Many people believe that #BlackLivesMatter does not value their life, but in reality, #BlackLivesMatter does include that #AllLivesMatter. Angela Davis, a known activist for people of color, women, and many other minority groups, ended her talk at Gonzaga University by saying, “If black lives were really to matter in this world, then that would indicate that all lives matter... and when we can say that when black women’s lives matter, then the entire world will enter with them.” This quote is significant because it represents that “Black Lives Matter” does stand for all lives, and by saying that the most marginalized groups lives matter, then that represents that all lives matter. Garza states, “When black people get free, everybody gets free.” Black Lives Matter supports equality for all as represented with its close work and inspiration for the women’s movement, queer movement, Chicano movement, and many other marginalized groups. Now one might ask why not say #AllLivesMatter? Garza responds to this by saying, “When you drop ‘black’ from the equation of whose lives matter, and then fail to acknowledge it came from somewhere, you further

a legacy of erasing black lives and black contributions from our movement legacy.” We would once more be denying the value of black lives and not acknowledging that people of color are being discriminated against in this society. The other founder of the movement, Patrisse Cullors points out “If all lives mattered, then we wouldn’t have to say ‘black lives matter’” (Langford and Speight). Black lives are being discriminated in our society, and in order for all lives to matter, black lives must first start mattering.

“Black Lives Matter” started from a hashtag created in outrage over the racial system plaguing black people in America, and with its unique approach it has turned into a movement that fights for the equality of all people. Many people wonder about the next step for the movement, especially when racism has seemed to grow with the election of Donald Trump, who recently failed to condemn the White supremacists in Charlottesville (McClain). Russell Rickford argues that the future goals should be to expand to include even more embattled groups in its grassroots movement. Dani McClain suggests that the movement will move towards electoral politics to try to create change in the system. Whatever directions the movement chooses to move in, it is important that creating a post-racial society is always the goal. “Black Lives Matter” has made an amazing impact on our society, but it needs to be accepted in order for its message of all lives matter to come through, and this starts with “Black Lives Matter”.

#### Works Cited

- Cobb, Jelani. “The Matter of Black Lives.”, 2016a, “The Matter of Black Lives A New Kind of Movement found its Moment. what Will its Future be?”, Mar 24, 2016b.
- Garza, Alicia. “A Herstory of the #BlackLivesMatter Movement.”, Oct 7, 2014,
- Harriot, Michael. “For White People Who Compare Black Lives Matter to White Supremacy.” The Root, Aug 23, 2017
- Jee-Lyn García, Jennifer, and Mienah Z. Sharif. “Black Lives Matter: A Commentary on Racism and Public Health.” American Journal of Public Health, vol. 105, no. 8, 2015, pp. e30, MEDLINE,
- Langford, Catherine, and Montene Speight. “#BlackLivesMatter: Epistemic Positioning, Challenges, and Possibilities.” Journal of Contemporary Rhetoric, vol. 5, 2015,
- McClain, Dani. “Can Black Lives Matter in the Age of Trump?” The Nation, Sept 19, 2017.
- Rickford, Russell. “Black Lives Matter.” New Labor Forum, vol. 25, no. 1, 2016, pp. 34-42.



# Veil of Ignorance

Andrew Mercer

“How good it is to love live things, even when what they’ve done is terrible, how much we each want to be the pure exonerated creature, to be turned loose into our own wide open without a single harness of sin to stop us”

We don’t want to believe that it was us

Who killed him

Who pulled the trigger and fired a hail storm of lead

Who lead him down the street to his death

Who couldn’t handle his life

So we extinguished it quick

So quick that we don’t even remember why

We don’t have to remember why

Because we don’t want to believe that it was us

Don’t want to believe that we created the space

The space where he doesn’t deserve to live

The space that doesn’t allow him the breathe

We don’t want to believe that it was us

Don’t want to think that his life wasn’t worth it

That he’s not as important as us

That because he wasn’t super

He wasn’t worth it

That because he ‘only’ raised a family

He wasn’t worth it

We don’t want to think about the pain

The pain following the death

The shut down of their insides

Of the erasure of their value

We don’t want to believe that it was us

You don’t think you’re the killer

You never expect that you’re the killer

It’s certainly a twist



Editor’s note: this piece highlights the challenge of waiting for structural change, espeically when one benefits from the institutions that are already in place.



## Fallen Soldiers

Rick Wytmar

## Mexico's Side of the Wall

Rick Wytmar



# Thoughts While Standing at the Sink: The Whitest Thing We Do

Andrew Mercer

Who set fire to this house  
Lit the match and watched the flame  
Dance up and down the lines of oil and kerosene  
Criss-crossing the stairs and foyer  
Jumping in and out of the windows and doors  
Igniting the elms and evergreens outside  
Licking the bones of creatures here before the  
beams

Who set fire to this neighborhood  
Walked from house to house  
Stood there and watched as the flames tangoed  
from porch to  
porch  
As they kissed the skeletons in the graveyard  
below  
As they fed on the ground  
Leaving behind broken and burned black and  
brown patches  
For others to stare and laugh at  
Places to tell their kids to avoid  
Places to step into for a minute  
A minute to prove how tough and admirable  
they are  
A minute to prove how courageous and  
knowledgeable they are

Who set fire to this city  
Marking livable places  
Separating the green and white  
With thick lines of red and orange  
Creating spots for parks and prisons  
Spots for new projects to tinker with  
Spots for people to experiment and  
control  
Spots for the piles of burned brown  
and black dirt  
Cloaked in orange whispers of hate  
and pain

Who set fire to this nation  
We ask, as we wash ash from our hands



Editor's note: institutional privilege often blinds people to marginalization taking place. To learn more about privilege and bias look on *Privilege 101: A Quick and Dirty Guide* from [everydayfeminism.com](http://everydayfeminism.com).

# Friday

Paulina Thurmann

It's Friday morning! I think, today Mail comes!  
I'll listen intently till Front Doorbell hums  
I hear Mother calling, I rush to the hall  
"Breakfast's ready," she yells, phew, glad that was all  
On goes White Polo, up over Blonde Strands  
Tuck into Plaid Skirt, and tighten Waist Band.  
Walk on Downstairs now, and sit at Table,  
eat Egg, Toast, Tomato as fast as I'm able.  
Bus is here! Time to go, I grab Backpack  
"See you later, mom!" I say, "I'll be right back!"  
Hop on Bus and my friends are calling,  
RUMBLE  
TUMBLE

Bus sounds make it feel like Blue Sky is falling!  
I get to School, walk Inside, (Teacher likes me well,  
She knows me by my very name and tells me that I'm swell.)  
Spelling, English, History, then Math,  
Andy Jackson tells a joke, and makes our whole class laugh.  
Then School is over, I pack up my things,  
Out the gate and to the bus, as soon as loud Bell rings.  
Back on Bus, more  
RUMBLE  
TUMBLE

I get to my stop, hop off in a bumble.  
"Hi, Mom!" "Hi, Sweetie, now how was your day?"  
"It was fine!" I exclaim, and rush out of her way.  
Out to Mailbox! we go; PenPal should have wrote me.  
We've been writing a while, she'll visit soon, I'm hoping!  
I get down to Sidewalk, and pull down Mail Lever,  
I hope that she's wrote something truly clever!  
Run back Inside, to the table with Scissor,  
Tear open the top seal to see what she delivered  
I read, kind of slowly, at school I've had practice  
Sometimes I guess, and I feel like an actress  
I get to the bottom, the P.S. is the best part  
It says, "I'm coming to see you, In February or March!"  
Oh joy! She'll be coming, I have to write back!  
I run to get Paper, Pencil, Tape, and Mail Sack!  
I write the words carefully, tell her to get excited  
Fold it all neatly, tape Envelope shut, I'm delighted!  
Then Homework, Dinner, TV, and Teethbrush,  
I hop into Mom's bed and she tells me to hush.  
She leans over gently, I'm near asleep, drifting away,  
She whispers, "Genevieve, if you close your eyes now, tomorrow'll be a good day

# Friday

Paulina Thurmann

It's Friday morning! I think, today Mail comes!  
I'll listen intently till the wooden knock drums  
It'll still be awhile, first I'll gather Water  
Else Mama might say that I'm not a good daughter  
On goes Day Shawl, over Brown Curls abound  
I step towards short Door Slat, but Mama whips me around  
"Daughter, listen closely now, no water today  
Stay safe with me here, you're not going away"  
Today? What's today? What's the matter with Mama?  
But before I can finish, she starts praying Allah  
Then BOOM  
CLAP  
WHISTLE  
POP  
Mama grabs my thin arms and throws me on top  
We run to Outside. My ears starts to ring  
There's smoke and there's dust and I can't see a thing  
She throws me down, yelling, "I'll be back, stay by this rock!"  
Then runs somewhere off behind me, but I don't want to look  
The thumping of boots and the rhythm of gunfire  
It's not the Home Day you promised, Mama, you are a liar!  
Another BOOM  
CLAP  
WHISTLE  
and POP  
Sky is falling, the sound needs to stop!  
I look round behind me, where's House? And Play Tent?  
Where they used to stand now is rubble and cement.  
"Mama!" I scream now, Where did she go?  
Then I leave my Stay Rock, and start crying slow.  
"Mama! Mama!" How could she leave?  
I wonder and wander without a reprieve.  
Down Street, I'm at Mail House now! It's a little gone and misshapen,  
I wonder if Bomb Drop knows about this small haven...  
Wait, Mail House! It's Friday! I'll look for mine!  
I search the broken box rows, and find hut twenty-nine.  
Mama won't mind if I stay here a while,  
I'll come find her soon, after I read Letter Tile.  
Tear open Seal, take out Letter and see  
What PenPal from U.S. has written to me.  
But this letter... it's not mine, I think it's for Mama,  
It starts, "Warning to all the worshipers of Allah."  
Allah? Why Allah? I think to myself  
But Ground starts shaking fast, and I hide in Big Shelf.

I curl up real small and think about nights when Mama used to say,  
"Samira, if you close your eyes now, you'll wake up to a better day.

# Protecting Dalit (Untouchable) Students from Attempting Suicides in India's Premier Institutions: An Action-Based Leadership Perspective

Manojprabhakaran Thirupal

Globally, the Caste based discrimination in India is one of the serious human rights issues in the world (Babar, 2016). Today, even after 71 years of independence of India and abolition of caste system in 1955, the Dalits and Adivasi's are still untouchables as they denied of four basic tenets (justice, equality, liberty and fraternity) promised in the preamble of Indian Constitution. Although, the Indian constitution established many safeguard provisions to protect the Dalits (untouchables) people but still Dalits and Adivasi are facing various forms of discrimination and atrocities throughout their life journey. Dalits are oppressed and discriminated in villages, educational institutions, job market, and in the political environment (Desai and Kulkarni, 2008; Kumar, 2016). Even though they are numerous forms of discrimination and atrocities against Dalits, this reflective article discusses the young emerging Dalit and Adivasi students and/or leader's discrimination and oppression in the educational institutions, which is propelling them to commit suicides. This institutional caste oppression and discrimination propelled many Dalit students to take their lives unwilling and forcibly. During the period between (2007-2011), aptly 25 Dalits students committed suicide in premier institutions in India (Kumar, 2016). This approximate 25 number covers only the cases that are filed by their parents and relatives against institutions that directed their children to commit suicide. Since there is no report or study, the actual number of Dalit students committing suicide in the country's premier institutions will be much higher. However, the National Crime Record Bureau mentioned that aptly 27,000 crimes were happening against Dalits (untouchables) yearly (as cited in Babar, 2016). Therefore, atrocities against Dalits is still existing and nowadays, the some of the top educational institutions acting as a punishing enterprise against Dalit students in India, which propelling them to commit suicides.

Within this context, first, I believe that in implementing three action based interventional programs such as bridge program (6-12 months of intensive training for Dalits through practicing adaptive leadership). Adaptive leadership focuses on developing individuals through incorporating new types of learning to overcome challenges which are not encountered before (Heifetz, 2009). Second, implementing leadership training program, that specifically concentrates on training university faculties to practice two major principles of servant leadership that was indicated by Spars (1955) such as Listening and Building Community. Individual failures are the main root cause for the existence of discrimination in any society (Greenleaf, 1997/2007). Third, establishing open and safe forums for intellectual leadership dialogue between Dalits and Non-Dalits including

Adivasi students will be a pivotal step that create them as a next generation of social committed leaders to serve each other's development which certainly leads to creating a caste- free society.

First, the creation of universal bridge programs in all universities in India will be an appropriate solution to mobilize students to train and perform better in India's so called premier institutions. Dalits students often come from rural background who are educated in the low-quality regional language government schools and they get places in so called top institutions through India's reservation system of positive discrimination, but they often find it difficult themselves to compete with other students (Non-Dalits) who come from so called quality private schools. Overall, the quality difference between these two types of school education is one of the main reasons for the growing rich and poor gap in India, which means those students who studying in low-quality public school in rural side are often consider as waste human resources- not sellable in local, national, and global market since they lack in various competencies including business language of India (English). On the other side, students who studied in private school in city sides often perform better in the university level and easily acquire jobs in both the national and global level. In the academic institutions, educational leaders' expectations on Dalit students becomes an oppressive factor that contributes to their suicide attempts. Primarily, Dalits students commit suicide as they lack in English language and other competencies that are needed to perform in the university level, particularly in top institutions (Kumar, 2016). Adaptive Leadership helps to mobilize individuals to develop skills through incorporating new type of learning to overcome challenges which are not encountered before (Heifetz, 2009). Practicing Adaptive Leadership through bridge program helps to mobilize, motivate, orient, and help Dalits to focus on to train themselves to tackle all types of issues in the India's premier institutions. However, the educational leaders in academic institutions need to focus of practicing servant leadership principles such as listening to the voice of marginalized and building community for effective progressive changes.

As Spears (1995) clearly mentioned, leaders need to show interest in listening to their members and reflect upon their own inner voice to add value to their effective communication and decisions during crisis time. It important as Dalits come from poor and first generation background who expect someone listen to their story to get personal advice to tackle the challenging oppressive situations, overcome their difficulties, and achieve their goals to sustain in the caste -based society. Further, it is fact that in many Indian universities faculty often provide academic advice to individuals to perform better in academics but the individuals nowadays, particularly marginalized students requiring life advice from the faculties as they are first generation learners, which means they don't have anyone in their family to provide education plus life advice to identify their path to move forward in their life journey. At this point the

principle of building community plays a vital role and help educational leaders to commit themselves for the development of marginalized students to achieve their life goals rather than the just academic performance in their university.

Greenleaf (1977/2002) said: All that is needed to rebuild community as a viable life form for large numbers of people is for enough servant-leaders to show the way, not by mass movements, but by each servant-leader demonstrating his or her unlimited liability for a quite specific community-related group (p. 53).

The establishment of open and safe forums creates a unique environment for intellectual leadership dialogue between Dalits students, Non- Dalits students, professors, and management committee members since there is a huge gap existing between these groups to openly and expressly discourse the existing caste oppressions within the university systems. Nowadays, Caste is omnipresent in India (Kumar, 2016). This open and safe intellectual leadership dialogue will be a pivotal step for both groups to understand implications of caste- based practices at all levels of society, and prepare them as next generation of socially committed leaders; to serve each other's development, to educate individuals who may not understand the implications of caste-based practices and to lead India to a path of a caste- free country. According to Zimmerman, "the nation's ability to respond and prosper will depend on the quality of leadership demonstrated at all levels of society" (Zimmerman and Burkhardt, 2000, p. 2). Therefore, deliberately enforcing action based leadership interventional approaches such as bridges program – focusing on adaptive leadership, leadership training program – focusing on servant leadership principles, and open & safe forums—would prudently prevent Dalit suicide attempts in India's premier institutions. Ronald Heifetz, a pioneer in adaptive leadership studies states, "it can take time for other people to catch up to a new idea" (Heifetz, p. 56).

#### Works Cited

- Desai, S., and Kulkarni, V. (2008). Changing educational inequalities in India in the context of affirmative action. *Journal of Demography*, 45 (2), 245–270.
- Kumar, W. (2016). Caste discrimination in institutions of higher learning: Lesson unlearned. *Round Table India, For an Informed Ambedkar Age*. 1-3.
- Greenleaf, R. K. (1977/2002). *Servant-leadership: A journey into the nature of legitimate power and greatness*. Mahwah, NJ: Paulist Press.
- Heifetz, R., Grashow, A., & Linsky, M. (2009). *The practice of adaptive leadership*. Boston: Harvard Business School Publishing.
- Spears, L. (1995). Tracing the growing impact of servant leadership. In L. Spears (Ed.), *Insights n on servant leadership: Service, stewardship, spirit, and servant-leadership* (pp. 1-12). New York, NY: John Wiley and Sons.
- Zimmerman-Oster, K., & Burkhardt, J. C. (2000). *Leadership in the Making: Impact and insights from leadership development programs in U.S. colleges and universities*. W. K. Kellogg Foundation.
- Babar, V., A. (2016). International human rights law and the menace of atrocities on Dalit communities in India. *SAGE Journals*, 8 (1), 111-123.

**UNDOCUMENTED  
UNDEFEATED  
UNAFRAID**



**Amayrani Chávez-Godinez**

# California Joe

Alan Fernando Parra

It was a dusty morning when I set off to find the missing calf with Jose. I had been working at my family's ranch in Mexico for three weeks and was beginning to dread the end of the summer because with it I would have to leave the beautiful fields of Santa Barbara. Jose had made it a norm to rise and set with the sun, "El sol le da vida al campo," he would say- the sun gives life to the countryside. Ash from his cigarettes fell on the table next to his black coffee as he asked me to saddle the horses because güerita, the runaway calf, had been spotted in the western mountain range. By the time we were ready to head out it was 7:15 and Jose had bought a new pack of Sheriff's for the day, by this point in the summer our routine was set.

Jose was almost six feet tall and it showed as he stood next to his horse Moro. He had a stocky build that had only gotten larger since I first met him and I had never seen his hair because it was always covered with a cowboy hat or a cap. He spoke few words and always looked like the sun was hitting him in the eyes, a look adopted by everyone from the village of Magdalena. Jose talked about his family often, but I had met only one of his children before, other than that the man was more or less a mystery. As we left the finca I remembered that afternoon spent in a neighbor's ranch watching old Mexican westerns with Joel, Jose's middle child. The fearless vaqueros surveyed the land in search of honor only found in protecting their loved ones with no regard for their own life, too focused on what must be done. Fueled by curiosity and nostalgia for that afternoon, I asked Jose about his family. Immediately, I saw the reflection of those old movie cowboys in Jose. I looked at him in the eyes but he looked past me, he was somewhere else. He held his gaze until he suddenly said, "En los Estados, California." His eyes were suddenly like mirrors, I looked at him and a wall Jose had kept up since we met came down. I saw the pain that it brought him to talk about it, and I understood why he hadn't for so long. When the dust settled nothing was said, we continued on our horses in search of güerita.

Over the years I had gotten to live and work at the rancho for weeks at a time and Jose had seen me grow from a plump child who couldn't even dig a hole to a somewhat lanky teenager that had helped him with everything from irrigation pipes for the fields to roofing the house, Jose seemed to know a little about everything. "El chiste es no nomas ser vaquero," Jose would say pointing to the fact that his number one tactic for success was making himself as useful a person as he could be. It was a philosophy carried out in daily life as he had become accustomed to fending for himself at the rancho. He would work until the sun set and his feet ached, that's how he knew

he had gone through a good day's work. Jose would take off his boots and lay on the hammock by the porch to look out into the fields in the afternoon, and most nights he slept with the sound of howling at his windowsill and the news coming from the 20 inch tv mounted on his dresser. After this past stay at the ranch, I understood why Jose could sleep through anything and had become accustomed to Jose's way of life, but what I didn't know was how much more there was to Jose's silent nature.

Our conversation that morning began surrounded by a golden valley under the hot Sonoran desert sun. It had begun to shine down on the windy landscape and the horses left a path in the dead grass all around us. "I got my first job when I was 13," Jose said, "That's when I started smoking cigarettes, the mechanic that had taken me under his wing smoked like a chimney." He never told me where it was he worked exactly or even where he was from but those were more words than I had heard from him in days. "I was poor and alone, sending everything I earned to my family in my pueblo. It all worked out until I couldn't afford to feed myself and my family anymore, a problem that was worsened by the violence and fear that surrounded our pueblito." Jose recalled he was about 20 when he decided he had no choice but to move to California and with this revelation he began to tell the story of how he first crossed into the US. "I crossed with my cousin, he had a birth certificate that I used to cross. Crossing was the easiest part, all I had to do was say 'US Citizen' at the frontera, but not all of the people who I met in California had it so easy. I remember how my friend Gabriel told me the 8 days he spent in the desert were some of the worst of his entire life. His skin dried until it his feet were puddles of blood, but I made it to our ride and we were taken to California." As Jose told me about the animals and violent border patrol agents other immigrants encountered in the desert, we continued on the path toward güerita and came across a well. We sat next to the little oasis covered in green and I listening furiously to the stories Jose held so vividly in his mind, feeling guilt and understanding how tall and heavy the shadow of the wall was for Jose as it was for so many people who had loved ones who had suffered for the opportunity to pursue a better life. It was made clear to me that in the US coming from another land justified the hunting down and terrorizing of a people already suffering in a dry hell of exhaustion and constant danger for the hope of a better life. It was a scary realization.

We continued on once again and left the well at about 10:30. When I asked Jose what he did in California and he told me about the construction job that he managed to land after 3 weeks of looking. Jose said the work was rough because the people he worked for knew the advantages of having an undocumented worker too well. They worked him overtime and paid him less, but he didn't care, what he cared about was the fact he could help feed his two younger siblings and mother. "The job was hard but it wasn't torture. Clara made it okay either way." Clara was Jose's

ex wife who he met two years after arriving to the United States and two years before having his first child. “I was so in love with her at that age,” he told me, “Things seemed much simpler, I had a good life and I was happy. After being in California for 7 years I had a three year old and another on the way. It seemed like it would be home, and it was... it still is for Clara.” They sat there in silence, covered by the shade of a mesquite. His spurs spun slowly pushed along by the wind, “I didn’t think he was capable of giving everybody away like that,’ he said.

Jose went into work on a Monday like any other after working for the same people for 7 years and said hello to his coworkers. What he didn’t know was that this would be his last day. The Friday before, one of his longtime coworkers had been laid off, which wouldn’t have been especially relevant except for the fact that he blamed Jose entirely for his unemployment. Throughout the years he saw how Jose stayed after work and came in early on a daily basis, he felt Jose had been making him look like a weak link for years and that Friday he did something about it. After calling ICE all there was left to do was wait. It was noon and everything was still, they ate the lunch their wives had packed for them when all of the sudden he saw it. The white van covered in dirt with a big green stripe running through it. He heard a blood curdling “LA MIGRA” and ran, but it was an ambush. There was nowhere to run.

After being caught Jose sat in the dented metal bench inside the truck thinking of Raul and Joel, would they grow up without a father? His mind was completely preoccupied with question of how he could get out of this. The thought of every birthday party without a father at the helm broke his heart, the thought of Clara having to pay all the bills made him panic when he got a grip on the idea that she would have to raise his boys alone. “Everything happened so fast, yet I was stuck in limbo for so long. It took weeks until I could even see Clara,” but even when she could, her job kept her from visiting him which kept his boys away. He said he felt powerless the entire time “In a matter of five weeks everything that I had worked for was ripped away from me,” he said “Everything I cared for was far away, I couldn’t put together enough money to go back to my pueblo from where I was dropped off right on the border, the same border that isolated me from my wife and kids.” As he told me this he looked away, but when he turned and showed the tears that were streaming from his face, I couldn’t help but cry with him. He tried to keep his composure but it was all lost when he said, “The last time I ever saw Raul was behind bars, I told him to take care of his mother but I saw how scared he was. He didn’t understand what I had done wrong, they were still too young to even understand that they would not see their father again for a long time.” A long silence fell upon us. Then, as if to remind us of how quickly a life can change, we saw a coyote with a trail of blood behind him and a big bone in his snout. My eyes followed the short blood trail where I found what was güerita. “Our nature is to find where the grass is greener, but

we forget that there are those who prey on the weak and those who believe there is not ever enough pasture for anyone other than themselves. Either way, those who seek greener pastures are rarely met with even the most basic humanity,” Jose said.

In the Mexican culture, the base for everything is family. It is central to the day to day, family above everything else. What can a man do when the most important thing in his life is taken away from him. The sacrifice that he made in being away from his pueblo to provide for his family led him to build a family of his own, a family that was taken away because of the soil he was born on, because he didn't speak English on American soil, because he was a foreigner. A broken heart takes time to mend, but the heartbreak of the loss of the future he had planned for Clara and the kids haunts my friend Jose. It's because of this that for me, social justice is standing up for Raul and Joel, who lost their father because of the wall. Social justice is being a voice for Clara, who lost the only support she had when she lost Jose because of the wall. More than anything, in its most essential form, solidarity is empathizing with the stories of the people that the United States has left for dead, dumped in a foreign country, or abused because of a lack of some papers; and then, fighting for them.



## Prototype Wall

Rick Wytmar

# Queer Gay Latino Poets

Brahiam Villanueva

They don't exist.

Or, I mean, they do, but no one cares,  
they are so predictable, those who have been kissed.

They write of love, of lust, of hate.

Of that evasive homeland.

The universe—as a breaking crate.

Their world, they fail to create.

The liberal ones are annoying.

The conservative ones are fake.

And god forbid

one of them claim,

“I am neither, or, just simply awake.”

They don't believe in God.

The ones who do, don't get it.

They claim a desire to belong,

but pens and paper are their conduit.

# Meek Little Monastery

Maya Ensey

Meek little monastery,  
are you wet with tears?  
I saw you stop your worship when he came out as a queer.

Meek little monastery,  
He who walked on water  
would have loved and held them close,  
would have called them sons and daughters.

Meek little monastery,  
are you made of glass?  
Can you see the struggle coming from the lower class?

Spread love and the love will be spread in turn.  
Everyone is equal,  
everyone deserves to burn.

Everyone sins, love them all the same.  
“People are people,”  
everyone proclaim.



Editors note: this piece is a reflection of an experience we often hear about the Catholic Church; I would like to remind readers that this is an experience that the Church works dilligently to make sure followers do not experience. For more information about work being done for LGBT inclusion, please read *Building a Bridge* by Father James Martin, S.J.

# JUST ONE

Alison Riegel

New shoes, new clothes, new me.  
I dropped hundreds to look fresh and clean.  
My hair's all curled, my makeup's done,  
Can you hold my bags? They weigh a ton.  
Position me up on your highest shelf,  
To collect dust and suffocate myself.  
I have an image to hold,  
A watch that shines gold,  
Meanwhile, a thousand stories go untold.  
Injustice clouds the world like a shadow of black,  
Just to remind us of the courage we lack.  
The world drowns in sorrow while we live like there's no tomorrow,  
Wasting the time that we've borrowed.  
We smile and pretend that all is well,  
Staying silent as the world goes to hell.  
In the distance, a small child cries,  
As he watches his mama die,  
Meanwhile, nobody is asking why.  
Pain swallows the heart like a whale down deep,  
And we can finally begin to see.  
The world is too big for our hands,  
But it just takes one to make a stand.  
Let's start at the beach, walking, you and me,  
Watching the starfish drown.  
They lay in a line, dying with time,  
And I hold one in this hand of mine.  
The silent scream, begging for dignity,  
But knowing they need me to come through.  
I stare and I stare, the melting of my heart leads me to care,  
And I toss the starfish back.  
It breaks the water's surface,  
The ripples reveal my purpose,  
And I look down the rest of the track.  
"There's too many!" I cry.  
"I'll never save them in time!"

But the starfish earlier smiles.  
A simple throw and a little hope show,  
That saving one life makes it worthwhile.  
Fear is the norm, turn a blind eye to them all,  
If we don't look, maybe they won't really fall.  
Their stories untold, tragedy tucked in our silence,  
Because we refuse to be defiant.  
I have to move along, into the pain I belong,  
And be one of many who are strong.  
Fear of the unknown, fear of the pain,  
Could've held me back for decades.  
But the child that cried, stole my heart and my mind,  
And I know I'll never be the same.  
I'm tired of sitting pretty, letting dust overwhelm,  
As I waste up on this high shelf.  
Forget the A-list, no more ignorant bliss,  
I'll stand and scream for them all.  
You can take all my things,  
You can take all of me,  
But I won't let you bury their fall.  
The voices of pain in the sea of the world deranged,  
Are sounds I will no longer tune out.  
My heart breaks today in millions of ways,  
But together we can make a change.  
We can't save them all if we go it alone,  
But together evil can be overthrown.  
You'll feel discouraged, you'll feel overwhelmed,  
But just keep reminding yourself:  
Pick up the single starfish dying back on that beach,  
And start with a single toss.  
Because at the end of the day,  
When there's nothing left to say,  
That's one less life we've lost.

# An Ode to ADHD

Emilie Pratt



Editors note: ADHD affects the ways that students can perform in school, and is often not accommodated in the education system. For more information on ADHD, visit <https://add.org>

Mystery surrounds and school work drowns  
The poor child who toils and is always foiled  
For nothing she earns in her efforts to learn

Potential is the word most often used

When describing this child

Her self-esteem is left abused

Beaten down by books

Always subject to funny looks

When her pencil she taps

Or her arms she flaps

With every teacher as her foe

Asking her where does her mind go?

Her only answer is I don't know.

Unable to express the way her mind acts

The only things left are all of the facts

She can't finish her homework

She won't sit still

But oh, no she doesn't need testing

That's too hefty a bill.

I don't know turns quickly to I just can not

And she wishes she could return her brain like the sweater she just bought

They say there are so many out there just like her

Actors, scientists, acrobats and entrepreneurs

With brains that work differently but beautifully clear

But her brain feels more like her greatest saboteur

Supportive parents are great

In fact, she has two

But she also needs a mentor with great courage who,

Can say with matter of fact,  
Hey Kid, I've been there, I've done that.  
Some of it works but a lot of it won't  
You blame yourself but please just don't  
It's never been you that's failed time and again,  
It's this school system, we simply don't fit in.  
I know it hurts but please don't cry,  
This is a safe space where we can learn to try,  
We'll try until we get it right,  
We'll try again and again deep into the night  
Because there's nothing you can't do, don't you see,  
You just have to do it differently.  
A year goes by with art projects galore  
She's better now than she was before  
Through art she learns grit and resilience  
She's found she's actually good at science  
The scars run deep, she's not quite healed  
But a few simple tools have changed the way she feels  
Accommodations, and audio books  
Some education to stop the funny looks  
These are simple and easily provided  
But without them we are all so divided  
It's not fair to the others some quickly say  
But we argue it's just leveling the field of play  
Unlock your potential... that's what you always say  
So, for the love of God stop standing in our way.  
-An Eye to Eye mentor

# A New Kind of Justice

Kayla Kim

the state of the world screams to me of my own innocence. there is blood spilled, but my hands are clean.

those fingers point accusingly at others, muttering “thank god i am not like them” and “thank god i am

the good guy in all of this” and i really believed it. after all, i said all the right things and shared all the

right posts and marched for all the right rights. i watched a documentary once, wore a woke tee shirt

twice, and called it a day. so many days lost to complacency, deciding i had done enough for your

liberation. little did i know that i had had justice wrong all this time. making the fight about me, instead of

the problem. walking over, instead of sitting at the feet of, those affected. shushing, instead of amplifying,

the voices of the oppressed. bringing an agenda, instead of checking my own posture, when partnering

with others. and i am learning these days that justice looks a lot different than i thought. it's not always

about starting non-profits, or showing up to rallies, or writing facebook posts. sometimes it's about

listening and sitting in people's pain with them. sometimes it's pulling weeds or setting up chairs. and

sometimes it's just being a person who is willing to learn and fail and grow. it is slow, laborious, and

unglamorous work at the service of others, and it is so entirely worth it.

*-a new kind of justice*



## Soccer Stars

Grant Thomas



## Study Time

Elly Zykan



## Sunset Cruise

Elly Zykan



## Mother Hen

Elly Zykan



## **Sunday Blues**

Elly Zykan

# The Melding of Cultures: Rural Zambia Through a Post-Colonial Lens

Morgan Smith

In the summer of 2017, I had the opportunity to travel to Zambezi, Zambia to study abroad and learn about the culture of the Zambezi community. Located in the Northwest Province of Zambia, in many ways Zambezi is the end of the road for travelers—a village largely untouched by Western tourism, but that has been greatly impacted by Western culture through colonization, globalization, and Western media. While abroad and in the time since returning to the United States I have experienced a tension between admiring a culture and respecting its place while also acknowledging the ways it is problematic through a post-colonial lens. In using my own experience as the text, outlining two specific events that act as representative of a larger experience, I realize that they, like any text being read by a specific reader, carry traces of my standpoint and the lens with which I view the world. Through the experience of cultural immersion in Zambezi, Zambia post-colonial theory provides a context within which individuals can appreciate and problematize native cultures and the Western world's influence on those cultures.

The nation of Northern Rhodesia, later Zambia, was colonized by the British from 1888 to 1964. With just over 50 years of independence British culture is still a strong influence on Zambian culture from its educational and religious systems to British news and media outlets still being extremely popular and English being the national language. While there is a larger presence of Western culture and thought, Zambezi maintains strong ties to its tribal roots as much of the village identifies with being a part of the Lunda or Luvale tribes and the language and cultures that accompany these identities. It is in this mix that one can identify the cultural mixing that Anzeldua describes in *Borderlands*—the peoples of Zambezi embody neither a fully Western or tribal identity but rather something that draws upon both.

A key space that one can observe the mixing of traditions is in the Catholic Church—a space and ceremony that resembles that of Catholic Churches elsewhere in the world, but is also full of the music, singing and dancing that is prominent in most gatherings Lunda and Luvale traditional gatherings. While the Gonzaga Group was visiting a village about 45 minutes, via sand roads, away from Zambezi called Chitokoloki, the first stop was the Catholic Church of the village. In typical Zambian fashion, the Gonzaga Group was met by a large crowd to welcome us to their church, paying respect that the group had chosen to join

them for a short while, a ceremony that had occurred in various fashions in every village the group had traveled to. Upon the conclusion of welcome the church body and the group sat down under a large tree in front of the church building were elders greeted once again and then proceeded to ask Zambia Gold, a non-profit off shoot of the study abroad program, for a large loan which could be used to support the building of a guest house which, in turn, would be used to support the church. The group, who did not have the finances to grant the loan, denied it while trying to emphasize the mission of Gonzaga-in-Zambezi; to build relationships with Zambian communities rather than provide loans or financing—while this does occur on occasion .

The interaction between the Gonzaga group and the members of the Catholic Church in Chitokoloki provide an example of the long history of western intervention and ‘saving’, both in the Christian tradition and economically/culturally, that is present in the history of Africa and other colonized regions. This experience is often manifested in the white savior complex which is present in the “colonial subjugation” that occurred during colonization (Tyson, 403). This subjugation emphasizes Western “superiority and, therefore, [the colonized] own inferiority” which is maintained decades after the colonization officially ends (Tyson, 403). The notion of Western superiority, especially in an economic sense, creates a perception that Western culture or aid from Westerners is necessary for the colonized people to be successful or survive. This notion closely relates to the phenomenon of “mimicry” that creates “shame experienced by the colonized individual concerning their own culture” and a further sense of “unhomeliness” in not being able to fully identify with one’s culture and a dependence on foreign culture to attain what you need (Tyson 403). Expanding this idea of needing Westerners or Western culture, a post-colonial lens drawing on Marx’s points out the degree to which superiority and power of the West is tied to economics and the assumption that the individuals in the Gonzaga group hold unlimited economic power.

Diverting solely from the economics and power differential of this interaction, a post-colonial framework also provides a space for one to question the presence of the group of white individuals in the village and the harmful effects of that groups presence on the distinct culture and dependence of the community. The village of Chitokoloki is known in the region for being the home to a mission hospital—staffed mostly by visiting doctors and nurses from Europe and the United States. While the missionary hospital differs in capacity to the “global tourism industry” its presence, along with the Gonzaga groups presence in the community, parallel “the industry’s presence in vulnerable postcolonial nations” which cannot be separated from “the presence of Anglo-European colonial forces” in the past (Tyson 413). The presence

of Western groups perpetuates “the lens of colonialist ideology, a lens through which the worldwide poor are considered better off as a result,” a framework that again pushes the notion of the white savior complex and overwrites the talent of individuals from the village and the distinct culture that is present in these areas (Tyson, 415). The focus of the presence of the Gonzaga group and a white savior complex fails to allow the village to seek innovation from within and rely upon the individuals within their own culture who can better the community. Additionally, it discredits a pervasive value of community and care that is present in the tribal culture of this region.

In attempt to learn more about the culture of the Zambezi community and as a part of the African Catholicism course the students were taking while abroad, Luvale language and culture lessons were offered three times per week. Towards the middle of these lessons the Gonzaga group was learning about rites of passage in the Luvale tribal tradition and these rites importance in the African Catholic tradition. As a part of this students were invited to attend a Makishi ceremony which is used to welcome boys into adulthood, around age 13, through dancing and embodying masked characters that represent virtues the boys should strive to embody as they become a man. While this rite of passage is sacred to the community and the Church, it provides tension between the values of Christianity, and therefore in some degree Western culture, and tribal tradition and culture.

Makishi ceremonies are celebrated throughout the Northwest Providence of Zambia, an area that the majority of Luvale Zambians reside. When a ceremony occurs, it is attended by much of the local community, as they come together to welcome the young boys, now seen as men, back into the community and representing a communal effort to continue accompanying the boys into manhood. Its continued existence and importance in the tribal culture represent a part of the “resistance of colonized peoples against their oppressors” and the way that Western culture was not blindly or fully adapted as Eurocentrism leads individuals to believe (Tyson, 399). The Makishi’s ability to maintain the Luvale language in its ceremony’s also works to counteract the “colonialist ideology” which uses the colonizers language to reinforce the assumption of their superiority, it that the Makishi represent the coming of age of the child and their own identity in the tribe (Tyson, 400). In these ways, it represents a post-colonial view of traditional culture. While some of the practices that are taught to the boys during their time in Makishi are seen as problematic by a Western lens, especially the objectification of women that takes places as a result of the teachings that occur prior to a Makishi ceremony , they do provide other valuable lessons and provide a grounding of care for the individual by the community. Though it has, in practice, resisted “colonial

subjugation” it does come into tension with the Christian practices that were introduced through the Anglo-European colonial presence.

In the month spent in Zambezi, there seemed to always be some form of church or worship happening in one of the many churches that are present in the village. With about 90 percent of the country identifying as Christian there is variety of forms of Christianity present, most of which were introduced during the period of British colonization, and have since gained a mixed tribal religious identity. In speaking with one community member regarding the Makishi ceremony they explained that while it is important to teach the boys about tradition, it faces tension, especially in terms of sexual relations, with the established teachings of the Christian church. The tension that is present between the church, acting as Western culture, and the tribal beliefs and traditions creates the experience of unhomeliness in constantly having to forsake a part of one’s identity to fit into the constraints of the other. The inability to cast one single identity on the person creates a “perpetual state of transition” between different aspects of the “mixed breed[‘s]” identity (Anzaldúa, 2009) Additionally, the person sharing about this agreed that while there is a tension, the church’s teachings of chastity and delayed intimacy seem to be more influential in the community than the teachings of tribal tradition. To this degree, ideals presented by Western culture are privileged and superior to those of tribal history, another example of Western superiority and “cultural subjugation” (Tyson, 403). In this way, post-colonial criticism seeks to recognize that while traditional practices have been maintained, even after colonization, they have still been influenced by colonial thought and Western culture.

The British colonial influence on Zambezi, Zambia is still a strong influence on the culture that is emerging from the region and the daily lives of those who live in the remote village. Individuals, using a post-colonial framework, provide context for the many ways colonialism still influence the Western perspective of once colonized and developing nations. While post-colonial theory provides that the precolonial culture can never be observed or analyzed because of the far-reaching nature of colonialism, individuals can recognize a blended culture that has emerged and is continually evolving as the product of colonialism.

#### Works Cited

- Anzaldúa, Gloria. “Borderlands/La Frontera.” *The Norton Anthology of Theory and Criticism*. Ed. Vincent Leitch. Second ed. N.p.: Norton & Company, n.d. 2098-2109. Print
- Tyson, Lois. “Post-Colonial Criticism.” *Critical Theory Today: A User-friendly Guide*. N.p.: Routledge, 2015. N. pag. Print.

# Author Biographies

**Kathryn Benson**, Author of “Undressed.” is a junior majoring in Economics, Spanish, and Latin American studies and is proud to be a voice in these difficult conversations.

**Josh Bulawa**, Photographer of “Silence” and “Drunk” is a sophomore Nursing major who has done photography since the seventh grade. Though he has many opinions on social justice issues, one of his highest ranking causes is to change the problem of sexual assault on college campuses. He hopes to study abroad in Zambezi, Zambia at some point in order to broaden his views of the world.

**Amayrani Chávez-Godinez**, Creator of “Undocumented. Undefeated. Unafraid.” is a senior from East Palo Alto, CA and is studying English Literature and Solidarity & Social Justice. #BlackLivesMatter #CleanDreamActNow #ProtectTPS

**Maya Ensey**, Author of “Meek Little Monastery” is a Sophomore at GU. She is studying English, Communications, and Leadership.

**Kelsey Forman**, Photographer of “Why I March” is a senior at Gonzaga studying Business Marketing and Spanish.

**Daniel Hodge**, Author of “Visiting the Boone Hall Plantation as a 7th Generation Black American” is a writer who feels every poet just wants to be loved. Perhaps that’s why he’s an alumnus still submitting work.

**Sarah Kersey**, Photographer of “Hope Dies Last” is a sophomore English major with a writing concentration who changes her mind about what her minors are at least once a week. Currently it’s Women and Gender Studies and History, but that’s subject to change. She loves animals, naps, good books, writing, and most importantly, Target. She can always be found in one of three places: the Student Media office, the second floor of the library, or in her dorm room taking yet another nap.

**Kayla Kim**, “Author of “Love As A Verb” and “A New Kind of Justice” is a sophomore studying Sociology and Elementary Education with a minor in Social Justice and Solidarity.

**Emily Klein**, Author of “America, We Need to Talk” is a sophomore studying English Literature and International Studies. She believes that words can be one of the greatest forces for good.

**Andrew Mercer**, Author of “Veil of Ignorance” and “Thoughts While Standing at the Sink: The Whitest Thing We Do” is a recent graduate who still haunts the basement of Hemmingson while pretending to be an adult in the CCE office. He loves home gardening, stories, *The Office*, long walks with his wife and dog, and short walks to Thomas Hammer.

**Olivia Moorer**, Author of “Family Matters” is a junior studying English Literature, Political Science, Leadership Studies, and Women’s and Gender Studies. She enjoys long walks on the beach and being a social-justice warrior. She strives to be Leslie Knope in everything she does.

**Alan Fernando Parra**, Author of “California Joe” was born in Phoenix, Arizona but was raised along the Arizona-Mexico border. He is currently a sophomore at Gonzaga studying English.

**Emilie Pratt**, Author of “Ode to ADHD” is a junior biochem major from Silver Spring, MD. She has ADHD, Executive Functioning Disorder, and Dyslexia, and helps run the Eye to Eye chapter at Gonzaga where Gonzaga students with learning disabilities mentor middle school children with similar or related learning differences. She hopes that through raising awareness about learning disabilities, stigma and discrimination can be reduced, if not eliminated, and that in the future all of the 1 in 5 students with a learning disability will have equal access to education and accommodations.

**Alison Riegel**, Author of “Just One” is a senior at GU graduating in May with a degree in Psychology. She is currently a resident supervisor at a local shelter and wants to make a difference where she can, one life at a time.

**Mikaela Schlesinger**, Author of “Black Lives Matter and Its Greater Meaning” is a Freshman at Gonzaga, studying Biology on the pre-med track with a minor in Psychology. She loves the outdoors and to play soccer and tennis. Mikaela is from La Crosse, Wisconsin, and has a yellow lab named Tucker.

**Harry Smith**, Photographer of “Women’s March, I & II” is a freshman Broadcasting major at Gonzaga. He is pursuing his degree in order to gain knowledge in how to use the media around everyone to emphatically tell stories and work toward a more unified world.

**Morgan Smith**, Author of “The Melding of Cultures: Rural Zambia Through a Post-Colonial Lens” is a junior from the beautiful, breathtaking Bothell, Washington. She is an avid coffee and tea drinker that names all of her Spotify playlists after trees that remind her of the music.

**Manojprabhakaran Thirupal**, Author of “Untold Story of an Oppressed Woman” and “Protecting Dalit (Untouchable) Students from Attempting Suicides in India’s Premier Institutions: A Action-Based Leadership Perspective” is Student of MA Organizational Leadership, Majoring in Global Leadership at School of Professional Studies at Gonzaga University.

**Grant Thomas**, Photographer of “Soccer Stars” is a member of the Class of 2019.

**Paulina Thurmann**, Author of “Friday” and “Friday,” is a freshman GU student, originally from San Jose, California. She has always been involved in social justice, and has worked a lot in particular with the homeless and immigrant populations both in Spokane and abroad. In her free time, she enjoys reading Paolo Coelho, Mitch Albom, and Rupi Kaur, respectively. Paulina also enjoys writing--typically essays and articles (on relevant current events and social justice issues), poetry occasionally-- and has contributed in the past to her school’s newspaper in the social justice and photography sections, with themes ranging from gun control, to women’s rights, to foreign policy. Looking ahead, Paulina aspires to be some kind of social worker, sociology teacher, or non-profit organization affiliate.

**Kate Vanskike-Bunch**, Photographer of “Sanctuary” and “Teaching is Learning” is the Senior Publications Editor and Content Strategist at Gonzaga University.

**Brahiam Villanueva**, Author of “Queer Gay Poets Don’t Exist” is a History and English double major with a writing concentration. He hates scary movies and long walks anywhere-- especially the beach.

**Rick Wytmar**, Photographer of “Fallen Soldiers,” “Mexico Side of the Wall,” and “Prototype Wall” is a sophomore studying Political Science and Business from Palo Alto, California. His favorite flavor of ice cream is cookie dough.

**Elly Zykan**, Photographer of “Study Time,” “Sunset Cruise,” “Mother Hen,” and “Sunday Blues” is a senior studying Mathematics and Secondary Education. During her travels to Zambezi, Zambia, she delighted in capturing memories with her camera to share with Zambians, fellow Zags, friends, and family. Her travels taught her the importance of engaging with the world around her and taking things slowly, slowly, or rather, chindende, chindende, as the Zambians like to say.



Thank you to all who helped make this journal happen. Thank you to all of our contributors for their dedicated work and commitment to social justice. Thank you to all those who inspired these pieces. And thank you to everyone who may be inspired by this journal to fight to make a change.

Thank you to those working in Student Media. Thank you, Joanne Shiosaki for your excellent leadership, humor, honest opinions, and enthusiams for this journal. Thank you, Kayla Cartelli, for your sarcastic humor, total honesty, opinions on details down to the weight of the paper, and being a mentor to all those who worked on this journal

Thank you to *One World's* advisor, Ellen Maccarone, for your expertise, advice, and for caring so deeply about this journal and achieving justice. It does not go unnoticed.

Thank you!

Thank you for reading this journal. One World Volume 11 was published March 9, 2017 at Lawton Printing in Spokane, Washington, with the assistance of Trevor Werttemberger. This journal was edited by Alexis Buhler, Cullen Bryant, Molly Quillin, David Landoni, Emma VanderWeyst, Taylor Carnevale, Richard Wytmar, and Olivia Moorer. It was designed by Katie Lasko and Grace Nakahara. It was printed using felt paper, 100# paper for the cover and 80# for the inside pages. It is 7 inches by 9.5 inches. Additional journals can be attained by emailing [one-world@gonzaga.edu](mailto:one-world@gonzaga.edu). If you want to submit next year, please contact [oneworld@gonzaga.edu](mailto:oneworld@gonzaga.edu)

**“To those who use the authority of a criminal tradition to lop off the hands of their defeated brother with a sword stained with his own blood ought to return the lands to the brother already punished sufficiently, if they do not want the people to call themselves thieves.”**

**José Martí**  
**“Our America”**