

ONE WORLD

Gonzaga University's Journal of Social Justice



Vol. 12 Spring 2019

With images cut from 1970 *National Geographic* magazines, this collage highlights the clash between advancing technologies and preserving traditions. The netted birds breaking out of Earth's atmosphere symbolize the opportunity we all have to gain freedom from ignorance through encountering new perspectives. This piece visualizes *One World's* goal: to unite diverse experiences of the Gonzaga community and shine light on unseen injustices that thrive in darkness.



EDITOR'S NOTE

To the reader:

I first discovered *One World* through the soapbox speech of a mentor, colleague, and friend. The keen and impressionable conviction in her eyes told me this work was worthwhile, so I decided to get involved, continuing to open Gonzaga's eyes to injustices both here and abroad, inspiring readers to create palpable change.

Yet tackling social injustices is no easy feat. Because of this, we have included pieces that tell of the world's harsh realities while bringing light to the darkness by instilling hope. We aim to "fire up" readers to see injustice, acknowledge it, and feel compelled to affect change on a personal or communal level. As a first step to that goal, we have included resources at the journal's end for you to pursue topics of interest further. We hope these are beneficial to you.

This 12th edition has been in the works for over a year. It is made of the stories, experiences, personal anecdotes, and justice-seeking social commentaries of students, faculty, staff, and alumni seeking change. The pieces are hand-picked, carefully crafted, included for their intellectual stimulation and concentration on social change. The journal's production I revere with highest respect and all due honor. I am deeply humbled to have had the opportunity to work with Student Media, its staff, contributors, *One World* editors, designers, advisors, mentors—my supports and my inspirations.

I thus owe my deepest, most sincere thanks to you, dear reader, for dedicating your time to the stories, captured moments, and ideas of the past. Thank you for engaging with them in the present. And thank you for carrying them with you into the future. I hope you are able to acknowledge the presented injustices, that your heart goes out to the "least of these" who experience them, and that your mind arrives at a newfound inspiration to actualize social change. Never lose hope, never stop fighting. Our time to create change here has only just begun.

Peace,

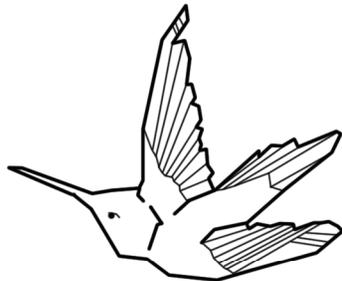
Paulina Thurmann
Editor-in-Chief
She/Her/Hers

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One World submissions are evaluated and selected anonymously.

One World staff would like to thank everyone who participated in the literary and visual arts community on campus by submitting to the journal. Joanne Shiosaki, Kayla Cartelli, and Ellen Maccarone deserve our praise for facilitating an instructive and positive experience.



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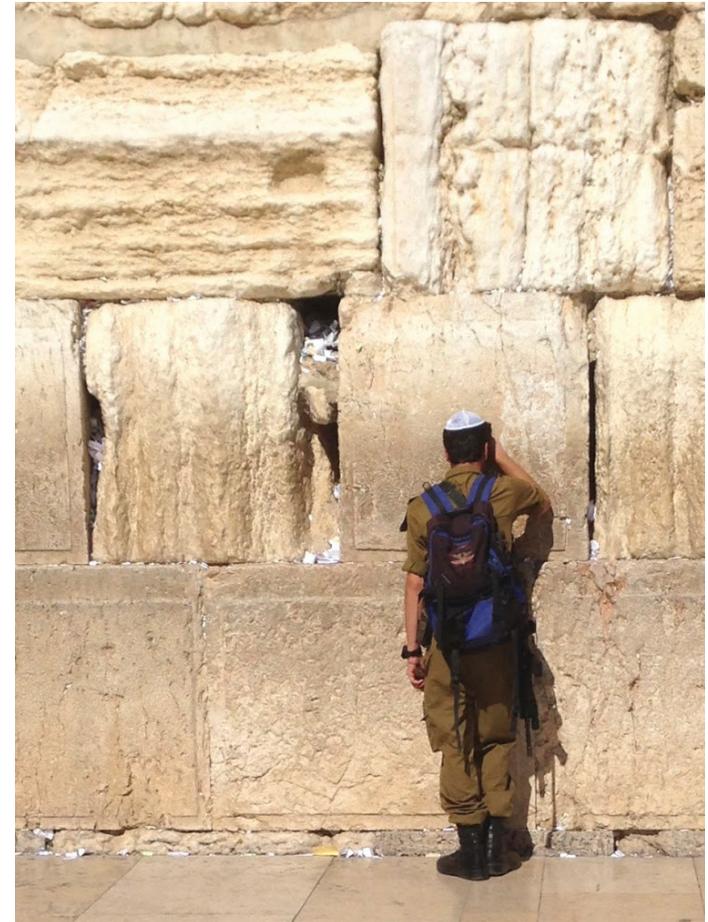
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"When the whole world is silent,
even one voice becomes powerful."

—*Malala Yousafzai*

ENCOUNTER THE WORLD



“This photo depicts a young Israeli Defense Force soldier praying at the Western Wall in the Old City of Jerusalem. The Wall is one of the holiest places of the Jewish faith, believed to be a remnant from the Holy Temple over 2,000 years ago. Jerusalem is sacred in Islamic and Christian religions, as well, yet it is continually a place of division and violence. Today, people pray aloud near the Wall or write prayers on small papers and stuff them into its cracks. Seeing a Jewish soldier there was a poignant reminder that though he fights for Israel, he can still express his faith and hopefully pray for peace. I’d like to believe it is people like him who will bring integrity and strength to problems in the Middle East.”

—Patti Livingstone, Photographer

BABY BROMELIADS



“Maui has just one commercial pineapple plantation left, the Maui Gold Pineapple Company, which was formed by employees of the former company that farmed the same land. The new company is committed to sustainable business for the sake of the environment, the community, and their employee owners. Their environmental practices include a biodegradable material in the fields that aids in planting and reducing the pesticides and herbicides needed. This, combined with their business model that respects workers rights, shows that Maui Gold has a more comprehensive view of the health of the community, its workers, and the environment. The Maui Gold variety of pineapple is only grown here and the practices used to grow it are designed to produce great fruit and protect the land that has been used as a pineapple plantation for close to 100 years.”

—Dr. Ellen MacCarone, Photographer

‘A‘OLE TMT¹

KAU‘I HO‘OPI‘I

The mauna² stands tall
embracing the white specks slowly covering her body,
a blanket of benevolent beauty.
She feels the crying,
hears the screams,
the opening of police car doors and closing of handcuffs on willing
native wrists.
Her tears rain down on the crowds,
fires of rage soothed by the cold touch.
The sound of the pū³ rings through the air.
She feels their bare feet on her surface,
their ‘uwehes⁴ clapping the soil,
applauding her effortless existence
Her people on one side, fists held high,
signs and offerings,
uniforms and guns,
ready with regret in their eyes.
A touch of the forehead and nose, their breathes are exchanged...
silence fills the air

STREAM OF CONCIIOUSNESS FROM EUROPE'S CHURCH STEPS

C H E L S E Y H A N D

as she exhales a cool wind
the silence is broken
as she watches them leave in cop cars,
their wails heightening the rubber's gravel grinding
as they roll away.

Author's Note:

The Hawaiian Islands have been victim to a range of land occupation and devastation for the United States' military and scientific use. Culturally significant lands with an abundance of indigenous species, like Kaho'olawe, Mākua Valley on the island of O'ahu, Pōhaku-loa on Hawai'i island, and Haleakalā on Maui have all been used for military practice or construction for science, just as Mauna Kea, on the island of Hawai'i has been.

The ongoing debate over the construction of a thirty-meter telescope (TMT) on the summit of Mauna Kea, one of Hawai'i's most sacred mountains, has been the center of controversy in Hawai'i between Hawaiian activists and scientists who argue that after an extensive five-year search, Mauna Kea proved to be the best suited place for the telescope's construction and the astronomical advances it could provide.

With a permit for the telescope's construction issued in 2011, the actual groundbreaking ceremony in 2014 was halted by numerous protests. These protests continued into 2015, with 31 people arrested in April of that year for blocking the road to the summit of the mountain. This led to the state's Supreme Court invalidating the construction permit. However, in October of 2018, after years of ongoing debate, protests, more arrests, and testimonies from native Hawaiians, 'a'ole TMT supporters, and other Hawai'i residents, the Supreme Court of the State of Hawai'i upheld the construction permit for the \$1.4 billion telescope project.⁵ The protests, personal stories from native Hawaiians, and arrests that have surfaced over the past years have hit home for many that do not support the construction of this TMT on Mauna Kea.

My aloha goes out to all po'e Hawai'i (Hawaiian people) who continue to fight for what they believe in. Aloha wau iā 'oe e ku'u Hawai'i, ko'u po'e Hawai'i. Mahalo nui iā 'oukou no kō 'oukou onipa'a 'ana, kō 'oukou kāko'o no ka lāhui Hawai'i, a me kō 'oukou aloha palena 'ole no kō kākou home a me kō kākou waiwai Hawai'i. E ho'omau 'oukou me ke kūpa'a 'ana me ka ikaika, ha' aheo, a me ke aloha no nā mea pono.⁶

1 No Thirty Meter Telescope

2 Mountain

3 n. Large triton conch or helmet shell (*Charonia tritonis*) as used for trumpet

4 nvi. Hula step: one foot is lifted with weight shifting to opposite hip as the foot is lowered; both knees are then pushed forward by the quick raising of the heels, with continued swaying of the hips from side to side

5 Kimmelman, Ruben. "Hawaii's Supreme Court OKs Construction Of Giant Telescope Despite Native Objections." NPR, NPR, 1 Nov. 2018, www.npr.org/2018/11/01/662603605/hawaii-s-supreme-court-oks-construction-of-giant-telescope-despite-native-objec-ti?t=1544207511896.

6 "I love you my Hawai'i and my Hawaiian people. Thank you to you all for your determination, your support for the Hawaiian nation, and your endless love for our home and our Hawaiian values. Please continue to stand firm with strength, pride, and love for what is right."

Part 1: when we began building

Her words, my sister's,

scratched the surface of a poorly painted story

we have both been actors in since the day we were born

without knowing we were being fed the lines,

as she spoke on the front steps of the first church building she

ever saw in Europe:

"I've never been to a place with the physical history that grandpa

always talks about making up Europe, the type he says is culture.

I've been to Africa, but he told me there isn't history there...in the

sense of buildings marked by history...the way it is in Europe"

but history is a story

actually, multiple stories.

only some we listen to more than others

To my Pa,

The fact that “there is no history” in Africa
is Africa’s history.
because it was stolen,
their wealth,
as if culture were a singular experience to be sought after,
and not a reality that has been shoved into my brain since the day
I was born
and not a series of different realities that people who you do not consider
civilized
live out every day of their lives.

And even though you don’t see it—no—the reason you don’t see it
is because it left on boats to build the West,
to build the churches we stand in now
that are also themselves a human construction of a system (religion)
that has sometimes been as suffocating as the labor that stole the life
of the less valued laborer
of a country you have deemed to “have no history.”

And while we sit in the space built from the broken backs of people
whose wealth we have stolen and left in poverty,
we too are poor but don’t know it.

Don’t know it because we have let a bank—the dictator over our
material lives—decide for us,
without ever recognizing a decision had been taking place,
what poverty is.

Part 2: the trees started talking, but we couldn’t hear them

But even the ores from our boats filled with gold,
as they tore through the water,
screamed painfully “we are poor we are poor we are poor”

Yet we didn’t hear their warning,
because, to us, they were able to somehow exist as ores and yet not
also trees
with the life worthy of a voice to be listened to.

So due to our deafness, the oceans knew centuries before we did
that we would go on to build the “civilizations” my grandpa would
one day awe at,
under the violence of a dictator and at the expense of our own
wealth.

Two dictators, actually.

“Progress” and “Development,”
that demand relentlessly from their creators
a type of consumerism that leaves no human spirit feeling full.
The more we buy, the less we feel we have.
For the exact moment we believe the most meaningful things in life
can be owned,
we condemn ourselves to some degree of death
because I don’t believe we can own without harming
or harm others without harming ourselves.

Their blood is on our clothing, on the cobble stone beneath our feet...
and the blood beneath our skin recognizes theirs, in part, as our own.
Who are “they?” Who are “we?”
Maybe we are hurting because, even to speak of the harm done, we
think of “you” as a separate thing entirely than “me.”
Maybe because we have long ago forgotten we are whole.
You, me, the earth
Why write them as three separate words on a page on a computer
screen, which was made from precious metals in a country we
probably can’t name or locate on a map
but will gladly send our waste to when we are done looking at it.

But it is not a place as far, as separate, as our minds have oriented
it to be.

We may not breathe in the toxic fumes of our waste, but we are
hurting too.

Because “them” and “us” are the same.

It is only diction that has placed us worlds apart.

And although we have forgotten,
although we now only see others’ pain long enough to remind
ourselves that we don’t want to remember the ways we are connected,
the earth cannot forget

that we both came from its arms once,
to leave scars in its flesh.

But if we are of the earth, wasn’t the blood that was shed upon its
surface our own?

Maybe if we allowed ourselves to remember that our souls
somewhere are anchored to one another,

to the earth and to all entities exist,
we would figure out how to do less harm.

Because, deep down, we can ignore
but not erase
our connection.



It is etched in the earth's memory,
far more vividly than our own,
that we hunted and gathered upon its surface,
once wandered without feeling lost.

The earth remembers our violence too.

Because violent systems scream...
reverberate from generation to generation...
yet are not always heard.

Probably because "civilization" is but the way of holding our ears
plugged and our eyes shut long enough to believe we were born into
we would figure out how to do less harm.

something higher than the earth we stand on
and the backs we have broken in order to build our castles upon it.

Part 3: story I've heard—on the cost of happiness

And with the gold crowns we have stolen to deem ourselves superior
and all our material belongings
and our empty pursuit of progress (in which direction we ourselves
are unaware of),
life becomes a constant fighting our way towards what we perceive
will make us happy,
even as these things come from violence unto others
and therefore also ourselves.

Because we are only ever told, from the moment we first understand
words,
the story of happiness
and almost never told the stories of violence
and are especially never told the ones where the pursuit of happiness
is in fact the violence...
that "follow your dreams" in order "to find a happy and meaningful
life" is indeed one of the most violent things we can tell our children
as they play fairy tales in their princess dresses.

And even though my grandpa has asked me since I was five what I
wanted to be when I grow up,
hoping in his heart and later in his words that it would be a writer,
he won't ever read these words I write
because I'm afraid he won't understand

that even the question of "what do you want to be when you grow up"
validates and perpetuates the same story he was likely told by his
grandfather
that meaning is something we look,
and consequently can lose,
for ourselves.
that growing up means making money
because we can only ever buy happiness in this life,
as if it were not a concept we ourselves constructed.

But the only laughter I'm hearing in this fairy tale
is that of the cash register
because even though it is designed to be thrown away,
it feels no jealousy for the life of its designer
and laughs hauntingly at humanity's own insanity that keeps us,
over and over

again and again
endlessly like a wave on the shore,
coming back to the store to buy the newest gadget
as if it is the cure to our plague of unhappiness
and not the reason.

and the repetitive laughter,
it haunts me,
yet we somehow can't figure out how to stop listening.

Part 4: if the builders could see the flowers, also called hope

But from within this clamorous script, how are we to hear the birds
chirping?

How are we to see the stars?

Feel at home in the universe?

Feel joy at the depth of our finiteness

and yet understand the fraction of our own infinity, in the whole of
that which we belong.

To one another, to the earth.

We matter.

Life has come before.

It will come after us.

It is with us now.

The things we do on this earth and to this earth matter.

There is no way to live this life in order not to be meaningful.

From here, what is there to possibly progress?

Are we not already whole?

From the place in which we started.

And if the ending and starting points are but the same spot on a map, is not the entirety of our lives just a part of something cyclical, much larger and yet inclusive of ourselves?

So why will we kill in the pursuit of happiness and why do we not understand that to kill is quite to die ourselves?

Maybe we can't understand until we look down, unafraid, into the abyss of all we cannot control because isn't it fear of all we've built that keeps us consuming in the first place?

all those plastic night lights that keep away the darkness, keep away the stories of humans we have hurt in our ignorance and

amnesia of self.

I hear the pain in their voices now, creeping slowly into my vision of the world around me and I'm trying not to be afraid of the marks I have made because I think, somehow, the world is forgiving of me because I think it knows far better than we ever could that it makes us up and that we could not be wiped from its memory even if we asked to be.

And, darling, it's trying to tell us.

But we are afraid if we listen, we will not be able to fix what we have broken.

That we have indeed done an unforgivable act.

That we can be banned from the land as if we did not belong to it. And the cuts we have caused with the shards of glass we have shattered, did they not begin where we thought the world could belong to us?

Opposed to the other way around?

When we thought we could control the ground, to tame and to buy and to own in our hands,

that which is and always has been holding us up.

We're deaf because we are afraid, maybe, of that connection
to the place we began and the place we will return.

Because we don't want to realize that in our war against the earth
and each other,
we have fatally wounded someone.

Because we don't want to hear the impoverished cries dwelling
deep within a dark and sorely understood abyss.

But until we listen, until we look down the dark well,
we won't realize this person and their cries are merely a reflection
of ourselves.

And this shattered glass, is it somewhat beautiful?

Its beauty is possible,
if considering we were merely taught
that dark may as likely have been named light
by the people who so long ago decided what words meant
and how we would carry them on our backs, to oppress others and
blind ourselves.

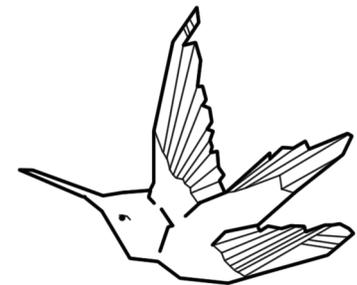
Yes, this stream of consciousness has turned into a deconstruction

of the very language it has been written in.

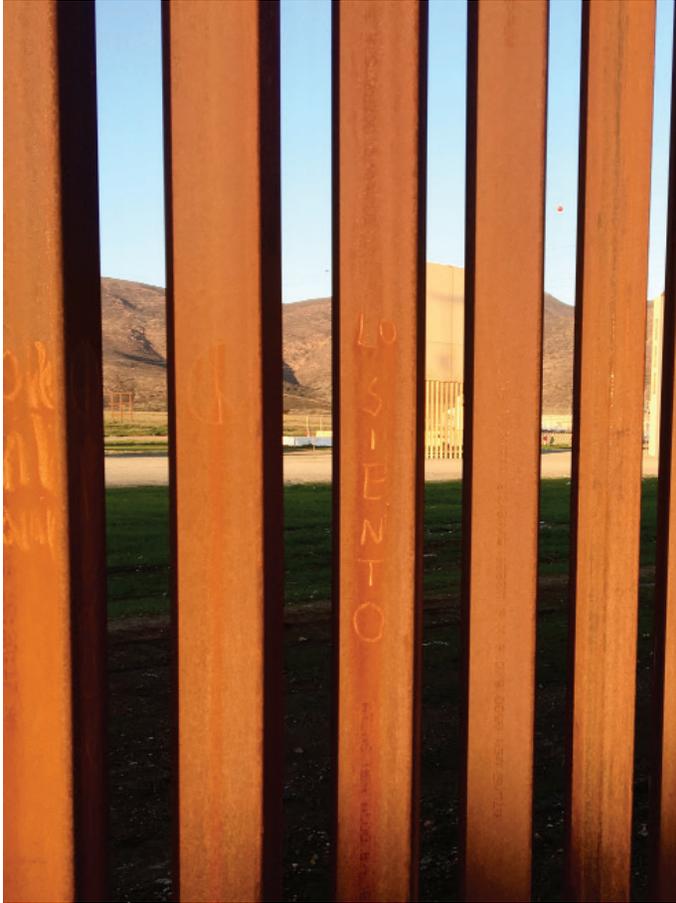
So I know this is all only an opinion, and that use of the word "I"
falsely separates "you" from "me,"
but I think to be human still is to be something beautiful
and that there is so much hope
in the unknown countless beautiful things we can build
when we decide it's okay to finally stop building, to let the wild
flowers just grow

(as I suppose they probably did in Africa in the places my grandpa
saw no church):

freely, and over all the blood stained dirt
left by the corpse of our civilization.



30 FEET



“In an industrial area of Tijuana lies a hidden section of wall that over-looks prototypes for more intense and inhumane walls. It needs to be ‘30 feet tall,’ we were told. 30 feet is the scientifically proven height where humans feel disorientated. ‘Sorry’ doesn’t even begin to cover what I felt looking back at my country through the cracks of the wall.”

—Anna Ogilvie, Photographer

IMPRESSIONS FROM A CONVERSATION WITH ARMANDO

PAULINA THURMANN

I find this funny, no, peculiar, no, unsettling, no, sad, no... a

word I’m missing—

discouraging...

The people—THESE people—who come to “build bridges” and

“love on” us, the Outsiders, the “Others.”

And they come armed with charities and donations in overflowing trunks and...

their cameras.

They take and snap and shoot what is not theirs: these words they create about us are words, that harm—words that snatch agency from some, and place it under someone else’s, jurisdiction.

And they give me what I could do another day without—they’re

called “goods”—but they withhold what I most desire: voice.

Perhaps, then, these *things* ought to be called “ungoods.”

They say (quite loudly) that they “speak, proclaim, shout, cry out for the voiceless”

when what they really do is use their voice to overshadow mine.

They do not amplify; they superimpose.

They do not fight; they move a finger, snap a picture, and leave.

The past, we become.

The present, is done.

The future, is theirs and I— am numb.

I, am only rediscovered, if YOU haphazardly scroll deep enough into the feed, and happen upon a “darling” post captioned “living my best life” or “my heart goes out to them” or even “just got back!

What an incredible experience.”

A “voluntourist” cannot be *present with* a brother in need, only next to.

A “helping hand” cannot be lent with a camera in the other.

A body that serves cannot be “good” without an intention to parallel it.

No.

My life is not “incredible.”

I, am not your like, or your retweet, or your blog, or your journal entry, or your pen-to-paper passing journal thought on your seat-cushioned, air-conditioned ride home. Back to where you began: the ice-cold, gold plated, smooth-riding reality that exists for you—it’s so separate from mine. Different realms, wavelengths, origins, mindsets, goals, tunes, lives.

No.

I am more.

I am my own.

I own dignity.

I am armed with courage and the will to stand by myself, FOR myself.

I come to fight— REALLY fight— against the voluntourists who USE my life as a museum exhibit, a zoo enclosure, so detached and yet “we have more in common than you’d think.”

MIERDA¹.

My life is not your Instagram post.

“I” am not your Instagram post.

Please do not TREAT me, as such.

—I am not your Instagram post

Author’s Note:

This piece was written following a mission trip to Tijuana, Mexico this past summer. There, I spoke with a man named “Armando” (pseudonym), who briefly mentioned his growing concern with a newer population of “voluntourists.” He voiced that he has noticed these people perhaps no longer coming fully present with a deep desire to make long term change, but rather coming with an army of cameras, recorders, and cell phones that make no sustainable, tangible difference in the lives of those they came “desiring” to authentically interact with. In fact, these devices detract from the experience. Coming out of this experience and this piece, I think it is important to recognize the importance of humility and genuine intention in any sort of volunteering effort. [Disclaimer: in the reflection above, I wrote in the first person (from Armando’s perspective), though I by no means intend to generalize, override, or speak on behalf of any larger population that I do not belong to. I am merely attempting to voice/amplify a concern Armando alluded to, with the hope that it reaches more hearts than just mine.]

¹ Bullshit

BEATRICE



“Zambezi, Zambia is a developing town, growing yet small and dependent on other cities for support. There is a market in the center area to which the locals visit for food, shopping, and most other resources. There are men and women of all ages working at various booths and buildings throughout the roads and walkways. As a visitor, it looked to me as though there was a lot of similarity in what was being sold, including the tailors present. Beatrice is one of many tailors located in the market. Tucked away through a small walkway in the market up a short staircase, Beatrice uses her sewing machine to work tirelessly at various jobs, always interested in doing more for rare visitors like myself. Most male tailors I identified worked on more practical, daily clothing alterations. Whereas the female tailors I identified worked on more ceremonial, formal, intricate chitenge clothing pieces like those displayed in the poster behind Beatrice in the photo. In the strife to live a financially comfortable life, the life of a tailor is difficult in that it is hard to be different than others. Beatrice is one of a handful of other tailors I would visit daily to develop a relationship and to support her business efforts.”

—Kelen Ahearn, Photographer

CEDRUS LIBANI

NATALIE LOUIE

Cedrus libani,

Grow for

Goodness. Light. Peace.

Let your branches span latitudes

From sunset to sunrise.

Gather. Bend. Be.

Let your root connect pathways

To water.

Release. Breathe. Renew.



Author's Note:

A tree that is often mentioned throughout the Bible and the Tanakh, the Cedar of Lebanon, is a symbol of strength and righteousness. During my time studying abroad in Israel and Palestine, I engaged with religious, political, and ethnic tensions between various polarized communities. This poem sheds light on the interconnection between inner peace and tangible, observable peace in regards to the right of land.

EVERYDAY INEQUALITY



“‘Everyday Inequality’ was taken on October 4, 2018 in Stellenbosch, South Africa near the university where I studied abroad. It depicts a black woman working as a parking attendant and resting on a see-saw sculpture found outside an older university building. Although we tend to think of apartheid ending with Nelson Mandela, there are still many ongoing forms of oppression and implicit racism in the every day lives of black South Africans especially in education and employment. To me, this image represents the way inequality often exists in plain sight yet we tend to walk right past it. It also challenges me to engage with the messy social problems in our world and bring awareness to global issues that demand justice.”

—Christina Miller, Photographer

PERSONAL NARRATIVES



GLAMOUR GIRLS

“‘Glamour Girls’ was taken on August 19, 2018 in Cape Town, South Africa. The photo focuses on my two South African cousins, Tayla and Zoë, posing amidst a grid structure at the local neighborhood park. Weaved into many conversations, my cousins showed me the power of education in bringing about social justice. Despite what limits or bars they may have in front of them when it comes to opportunities, they let their dreams and passions fuel their hopes for the future. To me, this photo represents the power and hope that is found in educating the next generation and echos Nelson Mandela’s famous quote that ‘education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world.’”

—Christina Miller, Photographer

WHITEWASH

MATTISE WOOD

Anyone who knows me knows my voice

My loud, often raspy, crumpled wrapper of a voice

What are less known are my whispers

The thoughts I say under my breath

When my mouth is too weak to hold the words back

But my anxiety is too strong to let me speak.

I am identified as a leader and one with a voice

Yet, I wonder, are the thoughts unheard and unnoticed

Still a part of the leader I am?

To some, what is unheard is unimportant

Standing tall, speaking loud is the power complex desired

And often required.

But who decides the importance of what is said

Does it depend on who is listening?

Or who is talking?

While my skin color screams privilege,

My gender translates into oppression

Making my voice a delicate balance for acceptability.

To speak soft and act laissez-faire

Is the outline for my gender

But I find myself often coloring outside the lines

The opportunity to be heard is a rare find

Especially for those who are silenced.

Their shouts are muffled while privilege grunts are publicized

And those who need to be heard go unrecognized

To share my voice of privilege with those who are without

Is nothing of nobility but everything with humanity

Leading from within is what seems to me,

Points to success of myself and those around me

To build towards a goal takes hard work and determination

But with coherence and support, it is not an impossible destination

But to call oneself a leader, is a word without description

To be a leader requires no specific characteristic, class, color, or

education

Although the title may assert power

The qualities might not fall in line.

What a leader IS holds a lot more importance than what it is NOT

The characteristics that define a leader

Vary from perspective to perspective

A white girl from Spokane may have different expectations

Than a refugee from Venezuela

But I find myself wondering

Who was the leader in that classroom?

The college undergrad teaching slang for a grade requirement

Or the immigrants being forced into a defined culture

That is not their own

Difference is an undeniable and unique aspect of our world

Whether it comes in the form of religion, opinions, or political parties

There is always opposition,

There is always oppression.

To attempt to understand, to learn

Is how we combat the ignorance and inequality

Because what makes a leader isn't one who ignores

But one who acts on the issues they are seeing.

Our world is at an odds-ends and our country is no better

We depend on pride and power

Being different from the majority is synonymous with being against

We are losing allies when that is all we need

Leading is no longer a matter of who is at the front of the pack

But who is searching for a better route

My voice is loud, but my whispers too often replace it

To remember my privilege, to assist those who are without

Is to use my voice for those who are voiceless.



A WITCH IN SALEM

KECIA HOWARD

I am a witch in Salem

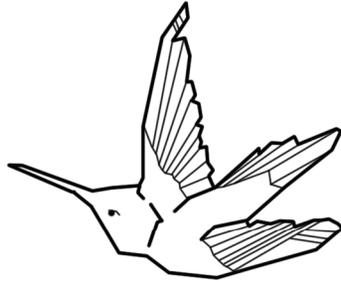
I have been burned, betrayed

Time and time again

By the hands and egos of men.

I am withered and old

In a young body



I am a witch in Salem

I have a broom made

Up of the sweetest of dreams

That sweeps away the bitter reality.

And yet, my house is covered in

Cobwebs and a dust that resembles

The faces that I can't seem to

Get rid of.

I am a witch in Salem

And I have a cauldron

Full of potions and spells

Anything to keep me from

Remembering the pain, of waking

Up one morning and feeling

The aching between my legs

Remembering the reality of what it means to be used.

I am a witch in Salem

Persecuted by strangers

Wearing familiar faces.

Wagging fingers and looks

Of disdain cover their eyes.

Hands of all colors reach for me

Tearing my clothes like rags.

I am a witch in Salem

The wafting stench of my terror

Coats their nostrils as they rain judgement

And ogle at the girl who cried wolf

At the girl who couldn't speak out

At the girl who couldn't say no

Even when she wanted to.

I am a witch in Salem
I am in the Gallows
Their words of false accusations
Craftily strung together
Hanging around my neck
The hush of the crowd constricts my throat
As they wait for me to drop.

I am a witch in Salem
I am a novelty
They want to plaster me on every page
A lesson to learn from.
Stories to tell their children what not to do
Who not to trust
How not to dress
How not to talk.

I am a witch in Salem
And I am hanging.

Author's Note:

Lately the #MeToo movement has caught fire and become very popular. Women everywhere are speaking out about the abuse they endured, and often times the lack of help that they received when they told someone about their assaults. This poem is meant to draw attention to the underlying story of someone who is painted as the one in the wrong when really they may be the victim. It's time to stop pushing these stories under the rug. It's time to start hearing and believing.

psalm for the genderqueer

Z O E J A S P E R S

the days where my mind shirks back from "girl"
the nights when my body screams "boy"
when it cries out to be narrow hips and flat chest and sharp edges
when the curve of my waist and flesh on my bones
become too heavy to bear
my God comes to me

She wraps me in Her arms
and She whispers in my ear
"sweet child
I am in every curve of your body
and every ache of your soul
the swells of your shape are not those of a woman
the curves of your body are those of you
and they may never take that from us"
Her fingers trace Her scriptures on my skin
Her warmth marks Her love on my soul

my body is not perfect
but it is perfectly designed by Her divine mind
so when they call me abomination
my peace lies in knowing I'm a creation
of Her beautiful light
I once thought my own body a curse
too fat, too scarred, too feminine
She caresses it like a blessing
so holy, so sacred, so elegant

my body is Her temple where
I'm still wrestling with addressing what it
might mean to love my God's creation
my body is a prayer in a tongue
so beautiful and strange
I don't yet have the words to speak
my body is a hymn half-written
still in the making
still becoming
but God damn if I don't want to
sing it to the heavens

JULY 6TH, 2014

CHRISTINE CARERO

I drove on the rocky pavement,
pulled into the parking lot,
and scraped your body off the sticky asphalt.

I laid you in the backseat of my dad's car,
spun the dial of the radio,
and drowned out your whimpering.

We were 17.

Three hours later your mom found you
half dead, mouth open, wrist slit
on the bathroom floor.
She mopped your blood up
with the sleeve of her own sweater.

The last time I saw you,
I brushed my thumbs

over the hollows of your cheeks,
I pressed my forehead to your own,
“Please just try to get better.”

It was hard for me to lose my best friend,
It was harder for you to get clean.

You melted into rumors
like the black tar off your spoon.
Our small town bubbled up with stories,
you burned out too quick.

If I wanted to,
I could open the letters you write,
I could answer the blocked ID that you call from,
I could accept your mother’s invitation for lunch,
But I don’t want to.

Because I can’t keep picking you up off street corners
I can’t keep the up with the hospitals and rehab centers
I can’t keep watching you sweat out empty promises
I can’t keep holding your blood in my hands

Last week I bumped into your sister,
she said you’ve been clean for six months,
she said you’ve been waiting for my call.

I said I hope –

The next time I see you,
I will place my thumbs on your filled out cheeks.
We will drink coffee,
the unopened letters between us.
We will talk about
the treehouse we built when we were 10,
the time we skipped prom to drive the coast,
the window we broke playing baseball in the yard,

and we won’t say a word about heroin.

Author’s Note:

On this date, my best friend fell victim to the drug epidemic sweeping the United States. We were juniors in high school. I have seen firsthand the effect that opiates have on a vulnerable population. She was lucky enough to have a positive end to her story but so many others are not as fortunate.

THE ARTIST

SOPHIE HUNTER

He holds a paintbrush.

Steady, ready.

The colors trickle onto the canvas.

He holds your life in his steady hands.

He starts with your eyes, as they say, these are the windows to your soul.

As he paints, he feels the overwhelming sensation of joy.

The joy and wonder your eyes have witnessed.

He paints your nose.

The aroma of roses, tea, spices, and fresh air fill his nostrils.

The smell of fresh baked cookies, the smell of home.

He then moves to your lips.

The harsh and encouraging words that have both slipped from your mouth, he knows it all.

The warm, sweet lingering feeling of a kiss and the taste of laughter.

He concentrates on your hair.

The strands that tickle your face.

How your hair feels in the wind and the feeling of crushed snow melting on your scalp.

Your ears.

Your ears have heard some of the sweetest sounds; the soft lull of a mother's song and the symphony of chatter.

He sets down his brush.

He finishes the blushed mosaic that is your life, that is you.

He hands you the canvas.

An exchange of money and small talk is made.

You go off into the crowded street, never again to think of the man who now knows you so dearly.

He will be forgotten, but he will not forget you.

He fills each piece of his work with emotion and passion, he painted your life.

He painted you.

But you will never remember him.

You will never think twice of his eyes.

Never to think of all the tears that have been split from his brown, soulful eyes.

Never to think of his eyes that ached for the sight of his country, of his family.

You will never think twice of his nose.
The same nose that betrayed him by smelling the light fragrances
of fresh baked goods.
The fragrances he had been denied for years.
And his lips.
The lips and silver tongue that spoke the language of the enemy.
The lips that saved his life.
You will never even consider his hair again.
The tamed mess it was, his hair looked as though he longed to fit
into this new land.
And his ears.
These ears have been subjected to screams and harsh words.
Words plump with hatred, bigotry, and lies.
All of these will be forgotten.

You will forget what he looks like.
But what you will neglect, is his heart.
His heart, one that is brimming with hope and ambition.
When you handed him that small lump of money, his heart soared.
His heart swells as he can hear his 2-year-old daughter's laughter
as she dances around in her new pair of shoes.

See, his heart that you have neglected,
his heart no longer has room for hate.
No longer does he loathe those who took him from his home.
Instead, his heart overflows with love and compassion.
Even for those that have hurt him.
Even for those who don't see him.

But you never saw any of this.
You saw a small, insignificant man who could use a penny or two.

Author's Note:

My grandfather, Ekrem Omer, was born in Crimea. During his childhood he would draw pictures of his teachers and by the age of 12 he was painting in oils. While he had no formal art school training, he visited an art school where he would spend his free time painting with the art students. Throughout high school and a year into medical school, he painted to support himself and pay for his education. Christmas Eve, 1941, he was captured by the Nazis and taken to an internment camp for a year and a half. I know very little about his time there, what I do know makes me very proud to be his kin. My grandfather had spoken multiple languages, German being one of them. He had used the "language of the enemy" to protect others around him and ultimately save his life. This piece was inspired by my grandfather and what I imagined as some of the struggles he went through post World War II while raising his family in America.

THE FAT KID

ANONYMOUS

“You know,
That’s not good for you.”

I ate French fries
With my turkey sandwich-
Whole wheat.

“You know,
I’m just looking out for you.”

They ate a blueberry bagel
With cream cheese
And OJ.

I looked down at my food
Disappointed
As they watched my triple chin form
And wrinkled their face



Disappointed.

Did YOU know
You are eating pure sugar
Processed
Refined
Hidden

Did YOU know I’m trying my best?

Did YOU know I’m probably 3 times as active as the average kid?

I walked into the doctor’s office
They weighed me
They pulled out the BMI chart

Obese does not encompass
How many miles I can run without stopping.

Obese does not consider
All the fruits and vegetables I eat.

I am not my adipose tissue.

I am my brain

My thoughts

My words

My actions

My achievements

Your diet is not mine. Please leave *mine* alone.



Editor's Note:

We live in a country where weight has become a taboo. The number on a scale now haunts our shopping experiences, our restaurant date nights, our summertime pool trips, our doctor visits, our bagels-in-the-morning business meetings. But the problem, contrary to popular belief, lies not in the body of the beholder. Politicians, physicians, and gym coaches have told us to eat more leafy greens and opt for the stairs. Meanwhile, they benefit from employment in a country where access to a gym has become a luxury and McDonald's costs less than a salad. America, it's time we wake up. It's time we stop pointing fingers at the individual, instead gazing up at the looming presence of our assumptions, our dissociation, our biases, our hasty criticisms. We all have a body, and we ought to do our best with the one that we have. It's time we leave the others alone.

SOCIAL COMMENTARIES



I WANT TO FEEL SAFE AT SCHOOL

“This photo was taken on March 14th, 2018 on National School Walkout day. I decided my sign would say “I want to feel safe at school” because at that point I didn’t care so much about what political party thought what. All I knew was that I shouldn’t have to worry about my safety more than my studies. Americans have a gun problem, but the bigger problem is that we are ignoring the voices of our youth.”

—Angela George, Photographer

“STUFF HAPPENS”: REFRAMING OUR RESPONSE TO GUN VIOLENCE

JOSHUA DEKLOTZ

“Stuff happens,” noted former Florida Governor Jeb Bush in response to the Umpqua Community College shooting in Oregon in October of 2015¹. To many, this response seemed coldhearted and out-of-touch with citizens and victims of gun violence. However, this “stuff happens” attitude towards gun violence is a surprisingly common belief, especially among lawmakers. Those with a similar mindset as Bush would argue that nothing can be done to prevent these types of shootings, and that We the People should therefore accept them as an unfortunate but unpreventable side-effect of the American right to bear arms.

Beyond The Individual

To many people, gun violence is viewed primarily as a political issue rather than an issue of public health—not warranting a timely response as a public health issue would, but instead requiring a time-consuming political debate. However, victims of gun violence cannot afford a time-consuming political debate about gun laws. It would seem the general concern for the wellbeing of the state and its citizens would provoke an outcry for change from both citizens and lawmakers in the midst of the

¹ Martin, Jonathan, and Flegenheimer, Matt. “Jeb Bush Is Criticized for Saying ‘Stuff Happens’ in Reaction to Shootings” *The New York Times*. 2 October 2015. Accessed 12 February 2019. <https://www.nytimes.com/politics/first-draft/2015/10/02/jeb-bush-is-criticized-for-saying-stuff-happens-in-reaction-to-oregon-shooting/>.

mass shooting numbers the U.S. sees today. Alas, the apparent apathetic response to gun violence stems from the politics surrounding the second amendment. Many believe nothing can be done to prevent gun violence that complies with the second amendment, or that the risk of violence is worth the reward of personal protection guns offer. The political approach is not working. The issue of gun violence must be reframed as an issue of public health instead of an issue of politics if a substantive decrease in gun violence is to occur. In other words, “stuff” does happen, but just like any other public health issue, there is “stuff” that can be done to help.

A Narrative of Inaction

There is a noteworthy phenomenon in America in which increased occurrences of gun violence do not influence citizens’ viewpoints on the issue. As shown by a Pew Research study, Americans’ beliefs on gun regulation are solidified to the point that even mass shootings such as the Sandy Hook Elementary School shooting in 2012 did little to change public attitude toward gun control or to create substantive policy change in Washington despite widespread public advocacy and support for legislation.² Surprisingly, the wake of the Sandy Hook shooting that left 20 children and 6 teachers dead³, as well as countless other mass shootings leading up to the Las Vegas shooting in October of 2017 and the

² Drake, Bruce. “A year after Newtown, little change in public opinion on guns.” Pew Research Center. 12 December 2013. Accessed 12 February 2019. <http://www.pewresearch.org/fact-tank/2013/12/12/a-year-after-newtown-little-change-in-public-opinion-on-guns/>.
³ CNN Library. “Connecticut Shootings Fast Facts.” CNN. Updated 2 January 2019. Accessed 12 February 2019. <https://www.cnn.com/2013/06/07/us/connecticut-shootings-fast-facts/index.html>.

Parkland shooting in February 2018, have produced an impressive lack of political action towards a solution to the problem. One would think that an event such as a mass shooting of children in an elementary school on its own would logically stimulate a public response followed by political action. As seen through events like nationwide school walk-outs and the March for Our Lives, the public response is there, but the political action isn't; therein lies the rub.

Despite continuous mass shootings and elevated gun violence statistics, America continues to see a narrative of inaction when it comes to policy resulting in change. The U.S. holds 5% of the world's population, but 31% of the world's mass shooters, and has the highest gun-homicide rate among high-income countries.⁴ In response, instances of gun violence are routinely followed by exhaustive media coverage, regularly scheduled flurries of "thoughts and prayers," and an energized push for gun control in Congress, which soon dissolves after people move on with their lives and after the bills fall short because of lawmakers' inability to agree on the politics of gun legislature. As of February 2018, not a single piece of gun legislature has passed in Congress since the Sandy Hook Shooting⁵, which begs the question: Why not? The framing of gun violence as a political matter rather than an issue of public health has created this stagnant narrative.

⁴ Fox, Kara. "How US gun culture compares with the world in five charts." CNN. Updated 9 March 2018. Accessed 12 February 2019. <https://www.cnn.com/2017/10/03/americas/us-gun-statistics/index.html>.

⁵ Barabak, Mark. "It's been a generation since Congress passed a gun control law. Will young protesters change that?" The Los Angeles Times. 22 February 2018. Accessed 12 February 2018. <https://www.latimes.com/politics/la-na-pol-school-shootings-guns-20180222-story.html>.

A New Line of Thinking

The maintenance of public health and wellbeing is of the utmost importance to a modern developed state. It is natural for a society to work for change in response to an issue such as gun violence that endangers its members. Over 30,000 annual gun-related deaths and twice that amount in injured victims warrants the classification of gun violence as an issue of public health, as would any other issue causing as much widespread death and injury.⁶ Phenomena such as car accidents and epidemics receive the designation of "public health issue"—why should gun-related violence be treated any differently?

An article published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* by David Hemenway and Matthew Miller describes the "public health" approach to solving a social safety issue. This method leaves politics out of the discussion. The public health approach to gun violence starkly contrasts the "stuff happens" viewpoint held by many, which poses that not much can be done to fix an issue, so remedy shouldn't even be pursued. However, the public health approach "focuses on prevention [of the issues]—usually as far upstream as possible." The method "tries to create a system in which it is difficult [for perpetrators of gun violence] to make mistakes or behave inappropriately and in which mistakes and inappropriate behavior do not lead to serious injury." Finally, this method

⁶ Gun Violence in America." Everytown Research. 1 February 2019. Accessed 12 February 2019. <https://everytownresearch.org/gun-violence-america/#DailyDeaths>.

“is broad and inclusive — it examines all possible interventions, including changing social norms and passing new laws, and it tries to engage as many people and institutions as possible in a multifaceted way.”⁷ As a society, we have a duty to “examine all possible interventions” when it comes to reducing gun deaths. Anything less is a disservice to the 30,000+ lives lost to gun violence each year. Dismissing gun violence as an expected norm with the “stuff happens” attitude is not leading the United States any closer to a decrease in gun violence and dismisses our duty to the common safety of society and its citizens.

Framing gun violence as an issue of public health opens a new line of thinking in how to solve the problem through an effective multi-faceted approach. The author of the aforementioned article, David Hemenway, professor of public health at Harvard, summarizes the public health approach nicely: “It is usually more effective to change the environment than to try to change people. The U.S. should use the same harm reduction approach to gun violence that it uses to treat other public health threats, like automobile crashes or air pollution—employing a wide variety of methods to reduce the problem.”⁸ Although some would argue that there are no practical measures that can be taken to prevent gun violence, Hemenway suggests otherwise in another study published on the effects

7 Hemenway, David and Miller, Matthew. “Public Health Approach to the Prevention of Gun Violence.” *The New England Journal of Medicine*. 23 May 2013.

8 Roeder, Amy. “A public health approach to stemming gun violence.” *Harvard School of Public Health*. 4 October 2017. Accessed 12 February 2019. <https://www.hsph.harvard.edu/news/features/public-health-gun-violence-vegas/>.

of comprehensive gun reform in Australia following the 1996 Port Arthur Massacre. After the shooting, Australia banned high-power firearms, instituted stricter licensing and background checks, and initiated a mandatory government buyback program of all banned weapons. Although these measures may seem radical to Americans, they are a point of pride to Australians, as gun violence (homicide and suicide) is at its lowest in 25 years despite population growth. Additionally, while there were 13 mass shootings in the 18 years prior to the policy, there have been no mass shootings for 14+ years in Australia following the policy implementation.⁹ The Australian model of response toward gun violence successfully illustrates the Public Health method in action: targeting the problem at its source and preventing the issue by changing the system. While the Australian model can by no means be as easily applied to the United States, it is nonetheless evidence of success stemming from the Public Health Approach to prevent gun violence.

The Right to Bear Arms: a Complication

Hemenway’s multifaceted public health approach to gun violence in the U.S. ignores one crucial fact: Americans love their guns. Therefore, an idea like the mass gun buyback implemented in Australia is not as easily applied to America. Seen as a symbol of freedom and protection, there is no denying the long history and pride American’s take in the right to bear

9 Hemenway, David and Mary Vriniotis. “The Australian Gun Buyback.” *Harvard School of Public Health Bulletin*. Issue 4. Spring 2011.

arms protected by the second amendment. To this day, ardent advocates of the second amendment scream “unconstitutional” every time a piece of gun legislature is proposed in Washington. The debate over the implications, intent, and restrictions of the second amendment politicizes the issue of gun violence and limits the scope of the debate to solely politics and perspective, ignoring how gun violence is a pertinent issue of public health that demands action. This begs the question: Why is the debate not centering around public health and how to solve issues of gun violence? The answer lies in people’s attribution of blame. Many people don’t see guns as the problem. A study published in the journal, *Social Science Quarterly*, explores how whether someone owns a gun affects their perception of mass shootings and assignment of blame. The results indicate that “gun owners are more likely to identify popular culture and parenting as causes of shootings whereas non-gun owners report popular culture and gun availability as main factors.”¹⁰ People who don’t see guns as the cause of gun violence are unlikely to vote for gun control legislation. The public health approach has great potential to appeal to many people regarding the best way to reduce gun violence. Regardless if one thinks gun violence stems from guns, culture, parenting, or anything else, the public health approach incorporates all of these in search of the best solution. If discourse around gun legislation continues to function through

10 Joslyn, M. R. and Haider-Markel, D. P. “Gun Ownership and Self-Serving Attributions for Mass Shooting Tragedies.” *Social Science Quarterly*. 2017. 98: 429-442. <https://doi.org/10.1111/ssqu.12420>.

the lens of politics, and people continue to advocate for their viewpoint as a political one, nothing substantive will ever occur. There will always be people advocating for gun control, and there will always be gun owners who will interpret the second amendment in favor of unrestricted gun rights and never vote for gun legislature.

Meddling From Interest Groups

Currently, there is a discrepancy between the way that the U.S. population feels about gun control measures, and the way Congress votes on them. Polls show that there is a general consensus among Americans—both gun-owning and non-gun-owning—about certain forms of protective gun legislation such as background checks at gun shows, preventing gun sales to those on the watch or no-fly list, and preventing the mentally ill from purchasing a gun.^{11,12} Still, politicians are unable to pass even the most non-controversial measures. Logically, one would wonder why there is such a discrepancy between American values, and the gun policy that is implemented. In other words, “Why is Congress not passing laws that the overwhelming majority of Americans support?” The answer lies within the politics of gun rights. Research from *Legislative Studies Quarterly* shows how massive spending from lobbying agencies

11 Ingraham, Christopher. “Experts and the public agree on how to stop gun violence. Politicians don’t.” *The Washington Post*. 2 October 2017. Accessed 14 February 2019. https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/wonk/wp/2017/10/02/experts-and-the-public-agree-on-how-to-stop-gun-violence-politicians-dont/?noredirect=on&utm_term=.e4c918133be7.

12 Igielnik, Ruth and Anna Brown. “Key takeaways on Americans’ views of guns and gun ownership.” *Pew Research Center*. 22 June 2017. Accessed 14 February 2019. <http://www.pewresearch.org/fact-tank/2017/06/22/key-takeaways-on-americans-views-of-guns-and-gun-ownership/>.

such as the NRA can influence votes in the House of Representative on gun control measures, thus aligning interests of lawmakers away from those of the larger public and further politicizing the issue of gun violence.¹³ Furthermore, in 1996 the NRA pressured Congress to threaten to strip the Center for Disease Control (CDC) of funding for gun violence research because the NRA accused the CDC of having political bias by releasing research in favor of gun control measures. As a result, the CDC and other research agencies have stopped conducting research on gun violence in fear of losing funding.¹⁴ This is an example of how the politicization of gun violence has led to a tangible hindrance of progress when it comes to reducing gun violence. Research needed to convince Congress of the gun legislation’s viability—or lack thereof—has been at a standstill when it is needed the most. Efforts of outside interest groups such as the NRA give a possible explanation as to why Congress is not voting in alignment with the population. When gun violence is viewed as an issue of politics, interest groups like the NRA have a large role in critical decisions made about public health and overshadow the opinion of the people.

13 Langbein, Laura I., and Mark A. Lotwis. “The Political Efficacy of Lobbying and Money: Gun Control in the U. S. House, 1986.” *Legislative Studies Quarterly*, vol. 15, no. 3, 1990, pp. 413–440. JSTOR, www.jstor.org/stable/439771.

14 Frankel, Todd. “Why the CDC still isn’t researching gun violence, despite the ban being lifted two years ago.” *The Washington Post*. 14 January 2015. Accessed 14 February 2019.

Moving Forward

If the realm of public discourse in America regarding gun violence continues to revolve around politics, an agreeable solution to substantially reduce gun violence may never be reached. The polarization of the political viewpoints on gun-violence must be reframed in the context of public health. Regardless of thoughts and prayers, gun violence is not an issue that will simply disappear, so saying that “stuff happens” as an explanation for gun violence is synonymous with complacency. As of right now, the conversation around guns cannot occur without mention of politics, but the difficult question citizens need to ask is whether personal politics are even relevant to this conversation? A simple shift away from politics and toward public health in the way America thinks about gun violence may yield significant results and end the cycle of inaction in response to gun violence. Once the public can discuss gun violence free from the lens of politics and the taint of outside interest groups, maybe we’ll “start preventing people from getting shot.”



ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS



“I drew ‘Rock, Paper, Scissors’ cathartically, allowing me to express some of the anguish I felt over the separation of immigrant children from their parents. My voice awakens in my art—I communicate the most powerful statements by creating challenging pieces. I want ‘Rock, Paper, Scissors’ to speak for itself, though it is admittedly loaded with symbolism, especially in the colors. I hope you enjoy my piece; do not be afraid to contemplate its meaning, and take heart because love will always win in the end.”

—Kira Twigg, Artist

AN INVERSION FOR HER

EMMA MORRIS

Read Forward and Backwards

Do as you're told

You don't have to

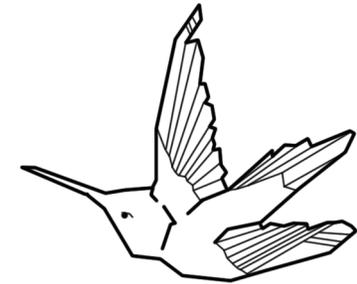
Think for yourself

If you are smart enough to

Stay in your place

You don't have to

Abandon your role



Author's Note:

Women are often expected to submit to a subordinate role and must fight harder than their male counterparts to succeed in endeavors that do not conform to this role. We live in an exciting age where what it means to be female is flexible and changing, opening up a world of opportunities that were once pipe dreams. Females around the globe are shirking the veil of perceived inferiority and demanding change. Read the poem forward for society's traditional expectation of women to submit to work gendered as feminine, such as the traditional examples of cooking and cleaning. Read line-by-line in reverse to transcend this expectation and celebrate what women accomplish beyond this confining role.

BORDER WALL



“The Tijuana, Mexico border is a hub of activity. Vendors are staked out across the crowd, families picnic on the beach, and music weaves through the crowd. However, the border wall itself is painted with sayings that hint at the tragic reality for many. Names of family members whose lives have been claimed by border complications or who have been separated from loved ones are scattered across the slats of the wall, along with images, pictures and sayings. This is a stark contrast to the other side of the border, on U.S. land which is barren and bleak for miles. The only thing visible is the tire tracks of the U.S. border patrol etched into the sand, which speaks to the government’s harsh policing of our neighbors—our resistance to accept them, love them and see them as they are. Human.”

—Kecia Howard, Photographer

BRINGING IT HOME



CELEBRATION, JULY 6TH

“Rocky Mountain Village is a camp that hosts over 700 people with developmental and/or physical disabilities. Campers from Colorado and surrounding states come for the best week of their year. At camp, campers are encouraged to seek out ability and activity often not offered in their day-to-day lives back at home. The community engages in friendship and love with no boundaries. When it comes to the population of people with disabilities, there are limitations and a lack of dignity typically recognized from society. Most campers are placed in homes removed from family and/or removed from access to opportunity like typically-abled people like myself are immersed to. Each week of camp, we host a talent show for campers to perform anything of their choice the final night of the week. Here is Dave, a regular camper, singing his favorite song, ‘Take Me Home, Country Roads,’ with the Rocky Mountains behind him. You can see in his face how joyful and fulfilled he is to be there. It’s an honor to provide him a space to feel his best self, and celebrate such.”

—Kelen Ahearn, Photographer

ANYTHING HELPS

BRYCE KREISER

It's a beautiful day in the 509

As I stride down West Main, I see Dave again

Posted on the curb in his usual place, his sign reads:

Anything helps

Anything? I ask myself—that's a pretty low bar to set

Yet I wonder to what degree it gets met by us,

We “responsible” ones, so concerned with matters of consequence

As we hustle by, the storefront opposite the curb is really quite riveting!

We rationalize utter ignorance of the human humbling himself beside us

A sandwich? A dollar? A greeting?

A smile?

Dave sits, waits

Helpless, hardened, hurt

Hopeful

How did you get here, Dave? Where are you going?—I wonder,

Pouring over my e-mail,

as if I care to address business concerns on this beautiful Saturday morning

He is human, man, son, brother, uncle Dave

Or

A problem, a disease, an eyesore, an uncomfortable reminder that a cost of the system in which many of us thrive leaves some on the curb

In which category will I see him?

I walk over, and I take a seat.

Author's Note:

I wrote this piece in response to something that I've struggled with for a long time: how to engage with homeless people humbling themselves to beg. Personally, I feel an obligation and desire to engage with those people and give, but such desire conflicts with the social norm of discomfort and ignorance of such individuals. I know that as an upper-middle class person, I thrive in our economic system, but also that, for many reasons, not everyone does. On January 25th, 2018, 263 people were homeless and unsheltered in Spokane, according to the 2018 Spokane Regional Point-in-Time Count¹. I wrote this note while a petition was being circulated for Gonzaga students to enjoy a day off of class amidst a snow storm. Many people were struggling to make do outdoors that night. People are struggling tonight, too. It's something to think about. Fight the discomfort and don't look away from those that are struggling; they're people. Look them in the eye, say hello, maybe even give them a sandwich or a dollar. This isn't a prescription to fix homelessness, but hopefully it moves you to combat the social norm of ignoring people who struggle with it.

¹ “CHHS Documents.” Utility Billing Rates - City of Spokane, Washington, 11 Feb. 2019, my.spokanecity.org/chhs/documents/. <https://static.spokanecity.org/documents/chhs/plans-reports/reports/2018-point-in-time-pit-executive-summary.pdf>.

**“THERE IS NO LOVE WITHOUT JUSTICE,
BUT THERE IS NO JUSTICE WITHOUT LOVE.”**

VIRGINA MONROE

Christian author Bob Goff wrote that “there is no love without justice, but there is no justice without love” in the final pages of his most recent book, *Everybody, Always*. I did not think I could love a book more than I loved Goff’s first book, *Love Does*. However, after finishing *Everybody, Always* I felt more hopeful than ever before about the brokenness and injustice in the world. The book is about “becoming love,” a large part of which is loving your enemies.

I once took a class called “Isms: Racism, Classism, Sexism,” taught by Dr. Sara Diaz, and we spent much of the semester learning about systemic injustice in America. At the end of the semester we got to talk about different approaches to justice. Now that we had a better understanding of how injustice happens and what it is, we had to ask, “What are we going to do about it?” We discussed various models of justice: distributive, procedural, retributive, and restorative (or corrective), but none of them seemed to get to the root of the injustice itself. Dr. Diaz offered us a model called “transformative justice.” This type of justice, as she defined, “Recognizes that oppression is at the root of all forms of harm, abuse, and assault. As a practice it therefore aims to address and confront those oppressions on all levels and treats this [recognition] as an integral part

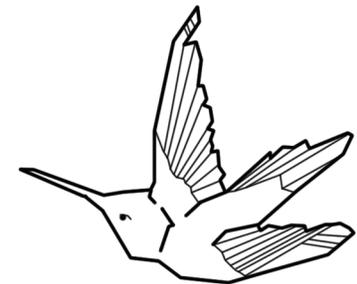
to accountability and healing.” In short, we can’t only want justice for the oppressed—as a culture, we have to stop dehumanizing the oppressor. The ‘oppressors’ are people with their own stories that have shaped their life experiences, and they likely have friends and family who love them. While that doesn’t mean we shouldn’t hold them accountable, I believe it means we need to stop and love them the same way Jesus would. Once we start loving people like this, I think the transformative justice model is easier to understand. The framework of transformative justice embodies the “Everybody, Always” mindset Goff writes about.

Faith and justice are not mutually exclusive. I want to share my vision for justice with you. Jesus spent his life serving the marginalized and empowering them to use their voices; that’s what I want to do with my life. I used to say I wanted to “speak for people who can’t speak for themselves”; I realize now that I was wrong to say that. What I actually want to do is use the privilege I was born with, and get people to listen to the voices of the marginalized. People don’t need me to speak for them, and I don’t want to; I want them to feel heard. I’m learning that it’s really hard to hear someone’s story and remain indifferent. As humans, I think there’s something inside us that breaks when we hear how other humans have been mistreated. This means not only listening to stories of the marginalized, but to those of the oppressor as well. That is where transformation starts.

Transformative justice is not making excuses for systems and people who have treated other humans as not fully human. It means arguing that we cannot dehumanize even more people. I struggle with this everyday. As a woman who is passionate about social justice, I don't want to think about the ICE (Immigration and Customs enforcement) workers as real people with real stories. I want to just tell myself that they're inherently bad people, who only care about hurting others. How could people be separating migrant children from their families if they weren't horrible people? It is so much easier to ignore the fact that they, like me, are people who have stories that have led them to who they are at that moment in time. Giving in to feelings of hopelessness and anger is easy. What is hard is to reconcile the injustice people are perpetuating while still recognizing their full humanity. I don't have all of the answers, but I think Jesus would tell me to love those people—to find the root of the injustice and work on that, but don't dehumanize them. *Everybody, Always* reminded me to look for Jesus and find Him in everyone—including the people who seem to be the hardest to love. Transformative justice is difficult and so is loving your enemy, but it's worth the hard work.

What would our world look like if we fully embraced transformative justice? I think it would look a lot like what Jesus had in mind when he said to love our enemies. We weren't promised that it would be easy, but we were promised it would be good. I'll be honest, it's especially hard for

me to do this today. As I watch innocent children being separated from their families my heart breaks and fills with anger and the need to do something. I don't know how to love my enemy in this situation but I'm guessing I can start by asking God for some help—I don't think He'll mind. Loving our enemies is hard, and I most definitely do not have it figured out, but I do know that, like Goff says, "There is no love without justice, [and] there is no justice without love."



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ANNA OGILVIE is a senior who loves capturing stories, challenging the status quo, and hearing the truth.

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KIRA TWIGGS is originally from Spokane, Washington. Born and raised in Spokane, she discovered her passion for illustration at a young age. Kira loves to draw human features, specifically faces and hands. This interest has developed since her toddlerhood. Kristin Twigg, Kira's mother, earned a major in art from Gonzaga University. Kira credits her artistic development to her mother's devotion and instruction. In the spring of 2015, Kira won the Judge's Choice Award in the New ESD101 Regional Art Competition for her entry Sprightly. Currently, Kira draws as inspiration strikes. She claims "Rock, Paper, Scissors" (summer 2018) as one of her best pieces yet.

MATTISE WOOD is a junior studying Biology, Women's and Gender Studies, and Leadership. Her piece "Whitewash" was originally meant for a class project but as she was writing it, she knew it meant a lot more than a grade to her. The political climate that we are in requires all of us to stay informed and be educated on the leaders that we have representing us—and understanding if those leaders are representing the right values.



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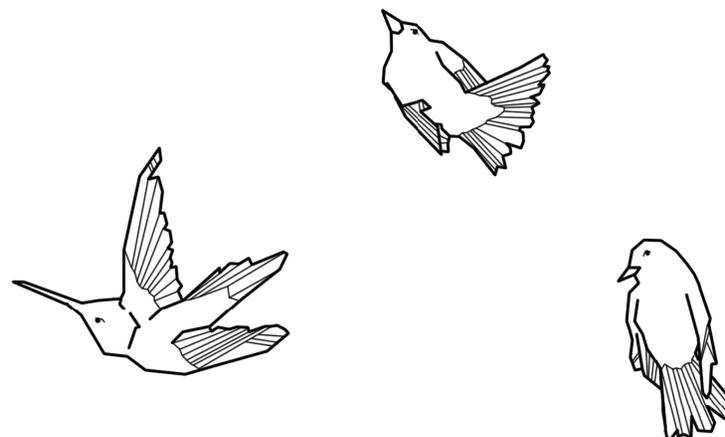
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National Sexual Assault Hotline: 800-656-4673

National Crisis Line: Text 741-741

National Suicide Prevention Lifeline: 800-273-8255

24/7 Trafficking Hotline: 888-373-7888



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**Questions? Want to work for *One World*?
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