

The background of the cover is a photograph of a street scene. In the foreground on the left, a colorful van (yellow, green, and blue) is parked. The street is paved and leads towards a building with a blue and red facade. There are trees and utility poles in the background under a cloudy sky.

# ONEWORLD

SOCIAL JUSTICE JOURNAL

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

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# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

2014-2015  
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## *Dear Readers,*

Over these past four years working for OneWorld, I have learned a lot about social justice. When I first started my freshman year, I wasn't sure what social justice entailed, or even how I could possibly make a difference. Now during my senior year and working on my last issue of OneWorld, I realize that social justice is so much more than just doing actual service, and has a different meaning for everyone.

The experiences I have been through in my senior year have greatly influenced my perspective on social justice. Through several interactions with members of the Gonzaga community, I learned what it was like to completely lack control while being powerless and voiceless. So many people who experience injustice have no voice. Through my experience, I found myself thinking, "God, why will no one listen," or "I just wish there was one person to advocate for me."

While my experience of social injustice is but a minor speck compared to bigger issues in the world, I began to understand the feeling of helplessness. At Gonzaga, we never truly experience the hardships that people face each and every day in Spokane and all around the world. Sure, we can go on immersion trips or travel to Africa. But those instances where we actually see injustice are only temporary. It is not a reality that is part of our daily lives.

Included in this year's OneWorld is a section on what social justice means to the Gonzaga community. For me, social justice is simply creating awareness and being a voice for those who have none. I challenge you to search for your own meaning of social justice and to take action in whatever way you see fit.

All the best,

Jessie Fleming  
Editor-In-Chief

Interested in writing?  
We are looking for stories of social justice that  
will inspire our community.

Email us at  
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# LEAN ON ME

*By Cody Street*

**I**lent a hand to help you so you can become strong enough to help yourself. Do not despair, find solstice in knowing there are those who care. You matter to me, I will help you off your knees. Rising to new heights your dreams now have the wings to take flight.

## ONEWORLD 2013-2014

We are already one, but we imagine we are not. OneWorld exists to rediscover that while we are many in our cultures, religions, and struggles, we are one in our common identity. We yearn to remove the barriers of ignorance and indifference because the most basic and unchanging truth that unites us is the infinite value of the human person. OneWorld emphasizes that unity by raising awareness of social injustice, inspiring action, and transforming our hearts, minds, and society.

Photo by Kailee Haong

# JUSTICE IN JANUARY

*By Gladys Suarez*

*This story was written following our first day in Nogales and our visit with the border patrol.*

You call them “alien.”

As you spoke, your words soon became foreign to my ears.

My mouth became dry like a desert and I imagined tiny brown men and women walking across my tongue, drowning in an abysmal terrain.

I saw baby boys being carried with *rebosas* (a shawl).

I saw thirsty mothers falling to their knees waiting to be caught.

I saw fathers feeling pathetic—having so little to offer their families.

As you filled my head with words like “alien” and “cartel-driven,” I could not help but feel like you stole their voices. They do not all come to bring drugs, they do not all come to throw rocks at you, but you have left many with little choice.

My little brown people ran out of my mouth, a stream of consciousness, but you kept speaking.

They jumped onto my shoulders and they warmed my heart towards the photos of the two hundred workers you detained in Nogales.

And you kept speaking of these dangerous “alien” people, but the only strangers I saw in the room were you.

A job needs to get done...with this I agree...

And still those small brown people moved from the mountains of my shoulders down towards my fingertips. As easily as I could flick my people off my fingertips, the government kicks them off the terrain.

But if I have people in need tugging at my fingertips I will stand tall (like the border wall you built)

With my mountainous shoulders rolled back

And I will not hold my tongue to deny my tiny brown people aid.



Photo by Louisa Gallagher

# GLADNESS AND HUNGER: DISCERNING VOCATION IN A SUFFERING WORLD

*By Chris Wheatley*

“I think I could really help other people.”

An unexpected answer to a question I have asked dozens of students: “Why did you choose to be an engineering major?” I ask the question often because engineering is hard, really hard. The intensity of the first year causes an existential crisis in many students, who end up sitting across from me wondering aloud if they want to continue. I get a range of answers, some attributing it to parental pressure, others to the prospect of a well-paying, “guaranteed” job after graduation. Josh’s answer was new. No one had ever explicitly talked about helping others as a reason for their choice. The answer seemed altruistic enough to end the conversation and avoid my go-to follow up question, the question that has become a reliable predictor of whether the student will stick with engineering or not. Thankfully, I remembered to ask:

“Do you love it?”

“No, not really,” he answered.

The theologian Frederick Buechner wrote that “the place God calls you to is the place where your deep gladness and the world’s deep hunger meet.”<sup>1</sup> I have found no better definition that so concisely illuminates the tension of any vocational discernment. This tension is between an inner calling specific to the individual; an individual, in a world of billions, has their own unique blend of talents, passions and dreams that drive them. Then there is the outer calling of the world, drawing our attention to our shared experience, our shared suffering, our shared needs. Too often it is easy to focus on one of these areas and forget the other: to think only of ourselves, our dreams, our goals, our lifestyle, our desires while ignoring the desperate cries of the world calling us to justice, to healing, to community. Or to obsess over the external, to see only the world’s needs, to silence our inner voice and forget we have something unique to offer and something different that gets us out of bed each morning. Only a balanced approach has the hope of finding meaning in a world that is constantly distracting us from listening to ourselves and to others.

Josh was caught in this tension. He saw an engineering degree as a way to meet the “world’s deep hunger” by restoring bridges, roads and other infrastructure across the world. A noble cause for sure, but it was hollow; he ignored the equally important aspect of vocation, his “deep gladness.” I have known many engineers who find their true gladness in the work, who cannot imagine doing anything else. Not Josh. So, he entered into the messy work of discernment, finding the unique way he was meant to contribute to the world.

Josh did have it half-right: he understood that the world needs all people to live a life committed to justice and service. Mother Theresa said that “if we have no peace, it is because we have forgotten that we belong to each other.” With poverty, war, violence, racism, and many other wounds a constant part of life, it is quite clear that we have forgotten we belong to each other. The world’s deep hunger is immense and cannot be ignored. We must, in our own beautifully unique ways, do something to positively contribute to our communities.

The needs of the world, however, can leave us feeling overwhelmed and lead us away from our deep gladness. We ignore our passions, our skills, our temperament and those unique ways we come alive. We convince ourselves that all the world’s problems will be fixed by us alone. Parker Palmer calls this “functional atheism, the belief that ultimate responsibility for everything rests with us. This is the unconscious, unexamined conviction that if anything decent is going to happen here, we are the ones who must make it happen – a conviction held even by people who talk a good game about God.”<sup>2</sup> He goes on to comment that we are used to “living in a subculture that insists [we] can do anything [we] want to, be anything [we] want to be, if [we] are willing to make the effort.

The message is that both the universe and [you] are without limits, given enough energy and commitment. God made things that way and [we] just need to get with the program.”<sup>3</sup>

1 “Vocation: July 18.” In *Listening to Your Life: Daily Meditations with Frederick Buechner*, edited by George Connor, 186. San Francisco: Harper Collins, 1992.

2 Palmer, Parker. “When Way Closes.” In *Let Your Life Speak: Listening for the Voice of Vocation*, 88. San Francisco: John Wiley & Sons, 2000.

3 *Ibid*, 39



This problem defined Josh's vocational questioning. He knew he wanted to make a difference, but was looking to everything and everyone but himself to define the path. This was leading to burnout. Palmer has a unique way of defining burnout, noting that, "Though [burnout is] usually regarded as the result of trying to give too much, burnout in my experience results from trying to give what I do not possess--the ultimate in giving too little! Burnout is a state of emptiness, to be sure, but it does not result from giving all I have: it merely reveals the nothingness from which I was trying to give in the first place."<sup>1</sup> Other engineering students who loved the field probably felt overwhelmed like him, but they were not burned out. They were not, like Josh, giving from their nothingness. Josh was smart enough and dedicated enough to stick it out; he just wasn't in love enough.

In my experience, vocation ultimately comes down to love. It is the glue that holds our deep gladness and the world's deep hunger together. St. Paul reminded the Corinthians that "If I give all I possess to the poor and give over my body to hardship, that I may boast, but do not have love, I gain nothing."<sup>2</sup> No matter how noble your intentions, however excellent your resume or strong your network, a vocation without love feels empty and alienated.

Josh already knew what he loved: film. He loved everything about the process of telling a story in this medium. He still does. He just did not think he could make a difference doing the thing he loved. He was wrong. Josh threw himself into the broadcasting program and found a job traveling around the world, making a contribution and doing what he loves. It does not mean his life will be carefree, that it will not have its share of suffering, doubt and anxiety. The path will not always be straight, but it will be his own. By listening to his deep gladness and the world's deep hunger, he opened the possibility of making an authentic gift of self to a suffering world.

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<sup>1</sup> Ibid, 49

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. 13: 3

# WANDERLUST

*By Kale Reichersamer*

Today, I overheard someone say  
they simply wish to begin walking for miles and  
miles  
and to never look back  
I then asked them, "what could drive one to desire such  
a fate?"  
in today's age, there is a strange passion with isolation  
youth begging for the chance to travel without return  
maybe it's from years of feeling alone in a crowded room  
or possibly feeling trapped  
that any place would be better than here  
but the more I heard from this person  
the more I thought,  
am I not so different?  
since I could remember  
I have seeked elation in forms of people and substance  
and each time I stumble upon it,  
whether with map and compass or by a diamond in the  
rough,  
I become consumed by it  
as if I had seeked for this euphoria all my life  
and no amount of time could make up for the years, I had  
lived without it.  
so I ponder  
what could drive human instinct to flee from happiness?

to run away blindly into a dull sunset with no promise of  
tomorrow  
we as a society have developed this desired sense of  
vanishing.  
I then asked this individual "if you must run away to get  
lost.. why run so far?"  
I knew once of a girl  
with a skin tone of a glimmerous pale shade  
that one could not help but to hide in the snow  
she had a smile that shined so luminous  
it made the sun inferior  
and gave a glare strong enough no one could find me  
within her soothing voice  
rests a beauty exhuming any who dare seek their com-  
pany  
and in her blue eyes  
lies a void of galaxies and solar systems, I could wander  
for millennia  
and still feel a perspective of not knowing where this  
journey will lead  
so I told them  
sometimes  
you don't have to travel so far  
to feel lost

Photo by Elena Gardner





# SEE ME FOR MY HUMANITY

*By Lindsey Hand*

“It is only sexual harassment if the person is homeless or ugly.”  
“I think guys get paid more than girls because we have to pay for dates.”  
“If I tell a girl she’s attractive, she should thank me for telling her that.”  
“You’re a feminist? Then you should buy me a drink!”

Sitting in Philosophy 201 my heart was pounding. My foot tapped frantically as I tried to find another voice that stood for humanity in the room. Did anyone care? Did anyone get it?

Our class watched a video on catcalls in New York and had a discussion about sexual harassment and gender issues following the video. The first comments were discussing the qualities of the video—whether it was racist, skewed, or an actual problem. The conversation started shifting into how hard it is to be a guy...how there is no “winning.” A girl either thinks you are creepy, ungrateful, or stuck-up when you approach them.

We live in a patriarchal world that privileges males. Women have been seeking equality for far too long. For hundreds of years, women were not allowed to ask for divorces. Essentially, women were the property of their husbands as far as the law was concerned.

The gender gap exists because, in the past, women were ostracized for their desire to work outside of the home. They were shunned from society and limited to a few jobs like nursing and teaching—jobs which have relatively lower paying salaries than male-dominated jobs. Even today, when women are in almost every field of work, the wage gap still exists. Today at Gonzaga, a female in an engineering class is

often doubted by male classmates on how worthy or capable she is of doing the rigorous coursework.

Why is my primary identity the physical features of my body—my long, dirty blond hair, my reproductive parts, my feminine facial features? I am a woman, but I am also human. There is one common thread that connects all seven billion people on this planet regardless of race, gender, religion, sexual identity, political preference, economic class, ability, ethnicity, or culture: our humanity.

I am human. You are human. The girl you objectify is human. The homeless man walking through campus is human. We are all human, all seven billion of us. Please look at me and see my humanity first.

*“Please look at me and see my humanity first.”*

I angrily sat through class and left depressed at the lack of understanding and empathy for social issues in our society. Ignorance and apathy sustain these depressing systemic issues that still exist today, but I realized I was just as much at fault as my classmates making the comments. I did not speak up. I wallowed in my own anger, judging others for their lack of sensitivity and awareness. I could have spoken up, but I didn’t. And looking back, I desperately wish I had. So this is my best attempt to reconcile what I wish I had said in Philosophy class.

Photo by Elena Gardner



# PANE, ANYONE?

By Olivia Schneider

Over the past two years, I have been working to fully understand the concepts of service work, social justice, and insignificance. Through experiences on GU's Mission Possible to both Neah Bay and Tacoma, WA, I have concluded that service is an empty action for me.

Service is most certainly needed, but in my life, service has been reduced to just the movements which accompany the more vital belief of social justice: that which sets your blood on fire, which makes you want to meet people where they are and offer your hand in elevation, rather than just a handout.

Handouts encompass objects, hand-ups involve living beings who deserve attention. These organizations I have volunteered at over the years are ultimately doing wonderful good in the world, but I sadly must admit that I am not an integral contributor to this good. I am just a cog. Service is a completely selfish endeavor in which I do an action any person could do, just to feel better about myself. It's not real enough, and I don't feel good anymore. This is why I say I am insignificant. I remember people telling me both times I chose to spend my spring break on a service immersion trip that I was such a "good person" for sacrificing this time for others when I could be home or on a beach somewhere. Those comments continually bothered me. Admittedly, the first time I did Mission: Possible, I believed that I was going to make a difference; that I was that good person, and I bought into those comments, but afterward, I realized just how wrong I had been. I had invested too much into service and not enough into social justice.

This is a concept I have been struggling with for the past two years because I feel empty when I volunteer. I feel like I am just perpetuating the myth that my presence somewhere is actually helping, when really it's the organization that does the good, not me.

But studying abroad in Italy, I have come into an experience that provides a more positive inspiration on this skeptical take. While I still believe I am right in saying I am insignificant in the moment of putting food on a plate at a soup kitchen, I am starting to see how I can harness those selfish service endeavors and turn them into opportunities of power to teach myself about people, what they need to feel loved, and how I can ultimately try to understand the great disparity of needed attention in our world that is coveted from those

who crave it. What I choose to do with all of this information is what will allow me to honestly become an advocate for social justice and transcend this realized problem: to become significant for others.

This is the difference.

This is the reason I keep going back each week to serve food alongside Ronde Della Carità to a small homeless clientele in Firenze.

My friend and I walk about 20 minutes on Tuesday nights to the Carità meeting place. A group of monks began the program, and with Italian volunteers, provide hot meals and drinks at the same specified location each night. I have known other programs like this before, and it always amazes me how they begin, grow, and become a functioning staple over time. Arriving on our first night all we could do was smile at the monks and volunteers and try a little "*Ciao! Mi chiamo, Olivia...molto piacere.*" It was a good start, but communication was almost impossible between us.

*"I had invested too much into service and not enough into social justice."*

It was an incredibly humbling experience holding a bag of stale bread in a sea of people all chattering in Italian. I began

to laugh, a lot, because the total irony of this scenario is that my friend and I are the true charity cases on Tuesday nights. They basically have to invent jobs for us, because we cannot speak the language, and watch us the entire time, because we are so incapable of fulfilling basic requests. But I love every minute of it. I feel like I am actually making friends with people I cannot speak a single word to. It's such a weird experience when you don't have speech as an option for connection.

The first night we stood with the bag of bread. "*Pane?*" Only a few people were interested, most passing by saying "No!" but when they found the bread to be stale the offer suddenly drew no one in. That night we learned *dura* meant hard and *morbido* meant soft simply from people shaking their heads and saying these words over and over, pinching the dough as if it was a chubby child's cheeks between their thumb and pointer finger. One lady came up and talked to us for a long time in Italian. All I understood was that the pasta was too soft and the bread was too hard, but if we could find a way to make the bread *dolce*, a dessert, we might be able to get rid of it. Everything else I guiltily just smiled and said "*si*" to, hoping I wasn't agreeing to anything too much, just showing my understanding.

This adorable man who volunteers regularly came over to take the excess bread at the end of the night, which there was a lot of, and tried to explain what he was using it for: “Quack, quack,” he mimics with inflection, flapping his elbows, and we giggle so much at the fact that this sweetheart has to make animal sounds to get his point across. Everyone tries so hard with us, and I am learning more about the redeemable nature of humanity on a city street holding a bag of bread than I think I have anywhere else before. I find my presence so important to this experience abroad.

Their generosity is astounding to me. I love to watch all the people at these meetings. It seems like the biggest need is social, and these are enjoyable nights, obvious from the smiles I see with every turn of my head. I feel so privileged to witness it all. My heart fills with the justice of treating another person with dignity as opposed to just fulfilling hunger through service work.

I am inspired, despite the fact that I am doing nothing to help, really. I’m the true charity case in this scenario, but I also don’t feel like I need to apologize. There is something about the way we have been welcomed to this meeting place that is rare and a feeling I have never felt so instantly anywhere before: a sense of belonging with people and in a place where I really have no business feeling this way.

Caritá is truly the epitome of “All Are Welcome.” These strangers have given me so many reasons to smile and have been kind to the point of asking us to come back again and again.

Now comes the tipping point: that place between insignificance and significance, and it is the presence of these people in my life and me in theirs that is true—that is love. It’s powerful, belonging is, and as my group who came to Tacoma last spring would say, “we belong to each other.” We are one people regardless of homes, money, language. We all laugh the same and wish to congregare where love is strong. Each week I am changing for the better through these people, and I don’t know any of their names. It’s beyond words. It sets my blood on fire.



# SONDER

*By Kale Reichersamer*



Realization rushes by with a gust of wind  
Suddenly thinking, that maybe, there's more to this world  
That maybe; she too, knows the epitome of sorrow and...  
nothing  
And maybe; I'm not so alone.  
We pass millions of people in a lifetime  
But do we ever find out what's beyond an alluring pair of eyes?

On a second cup of coffee, her gaze met mine. An abyss of green in her eyes  
Her hair tormented by the breeze and the wind  
Depth in her beauty, somehow only met in half a lifetime  
Emptiness evident in her voice, ruined by a cruel world  
Her story is one filled with guilt, leaving her bitter.  
Alone.  
She is a faint memory and a whisper in my ear. Nothing

Cars pass on this empty road, finding self worth in nothing  
Headlights masking shades of yellow into industrial, cold eyes  
Temptations have driven me away from this calamity into silence  
Out of the frost filled winter and away from enduring wind  
Surely, I am not the only one, striving toward finding meaning in this conventional world?  
Imagine yourself: Alive. Healthy. Yet empty... Having not lived in a fleeting lifetime.

But what is... a lifetime?  
Matrimony binds us until death, do us part. Or until false love turns to nothing  
We have developed a sense of carelessness, throwing away nutrition in a starving world  
We watch blank screens with children in other nations looking for help with hungry eyes

Taking life's necessities for granted. Their crying whispers hint faintly in the wind  
A reminder that borders, don't define who we are.  
That in the world, we are not alone

When was the last time that you felt alone?  
Where the sinking and the anguish felt as though lasting a lifetime?  
And the emptiness only goes away laying in her arms under crisp moonlight and smooth wind  
Like the bliss we shared and how quickly it left on a plane traveling across oceans toward nothing  
Meeting you showed me that love could be found in this tedious world  
And that same love can be torn apart by countless, agonizing miles and masked by desolate eyes

Only when you're gone will you be known to the world  
Only upon your death bed will people treat you as though you were never alone  
Saying passionate and heartfelt words behind lying, blank eyes  
Countless hours spent on false ambitions drove us here to a necessity of substance in our lifetime  
And in an instant, she is but another face in the crowd; leaving me grasping onto nothing  
Leaving my Hope. Dreams. Fears. my whole lifetime... gone with the wind.

In the eyes of the world. what have you amounted to?  
How much is money worth to the morality forsaken to acquire it?  
We stand alone, together in the thick grove of uncertainty. The wind echos hymns of a peaceful time unfamiliar to this generation.  
The fault in us is we always think we have more time, until one day, a lifetime of moments or lack of; amounts to..nothing.

Photo by Elena Gardner

# LOAN ME A HAND

*By Macee Utecht*

**M**y mom used to tell me to do well in school  
That being brilliant is the best way to be cool.  
Do not fight and do not fuss  
Study real hard and earn an A plus!  
Well I took the right notes, aced the right tests  
Community service with sports to no rest.  
I did Running Start—college courses I passed  
Graduated at the top of my class.  
But one thing just wasn't right  
Nightmares of loans kept me up at night.  
But what about scholarships? Federal aid?  
The money in funds that my parents had made?  
They saved up some money, carefully planned,  
But the government expects them to pay 200 grand.  
Aid from the government is no secret to keep  
Benefits are only for the unfortunate to reap.  
We are not wealthy, we are not poor  
Our downfall is floating between the ceiling and floor.  
Middle-class families are brutally bashed  
Hardworking parents and students relentlessly thrashed.  
I am not judged by my passion and core  
But only by my FASFA score.  
"Get good grades and you'll be set"  
Yet here I am in crippling debt.  
A nation that preaches equal sisters and brothers  
Indeed some are more equal than others.  
Where did I go wrong, I asked my mother  
"Nothing" as she co-signed my loan at Discover.



OPUS PRIZE

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY 2014

A HUMANITARIAN AWARD FOR FAITH-BASED ENTREPRENEURSHIP

GONZAGA UNIVERSITY

# OPUS AWARDS

*By Kailee Haong*

The Opus Prize is an annual, million-dollar award given to individuals or an organization with the goal to help people transform their lives.

The award is for faith-based, entrepreneurial leaders using their own specified techniques to empower the powerless and restore hope to the hopeless. While the prize is meant to help further the humanitarian efforts of the recipient, it also encourages others to seek out their own methods of service and ways they might be able to help.

The Opus Prize was established in 1994 to help identify people or organizations who embody the Opus Prize Foundation's core values of entrepreneurship, transformational leadership, faith, and service.

Each year, the Opus Prize selects a university to partner with and execute the selection process; Gonzaga had the opportunity to host the Opus Prize for 2014. Finalists are determined through a three-step process. People are first chosen by a group of spotters—people all over the world who understand the type of work the people or the foundation are doing.

Candidates are then narrowed down to around half the original amount of people, and after that process is complete, the candidates are narrowed down to just three finalists and one alternate.

Gonzaga was involved in the nomination process, and narrowed it down to three finalists: Gollapalli Israel, Sr. Teresa "Tesa" Fitzgerald, and Fr. Joe Maier.

Israel works alongside the Dalit caste, one of the most oppressed classes in India. He established the Janodayam Social Education Centre in hopes to help Dalit children pursue education.

Fitzgerald is the director of a nonprofit organization in Queens, New York, called Hour Children. Hour Children is an organization dedicated to helping incarcerated women and their children build healthy lives.

Maier is the co-founder of the Human Development Foundation Mercy Centre in Klong Toey, Thailand. The Mercy Centre manages 23 kindergartens in the largest slum areas in Thailand.

The Opus Prize Foundation Awards took place on October 16, 2014. Sr. Teresa "Tesa" Fitzgerald received the million-dollar award for her foundation, Hour Children.



# THE POWER OF EDUCATION

*By Jessie Fleming*



**F**ather Joe Maier is one of the founders of the Human Development Foundation Mercy Centre. The Mercy Centre is located in Khlong Toey, Bangkok's largest slum.

Founded in 1973, the Mercy Centre began working with Slaughter House Kids – a group of children living near the slaughterhouses in the slums, who were singled out and branded forever as being from the Slaughter House. They could not go to school, and outside of butchering pigs, washing entrails, and cooking down pig fat into lard, they could not get real jobs.

Today, the Mercy Centre has educated over 50,000 people. As of 2012 there are 22 Mercy Kindergartens with over 2,500 children from the slums going to school. Alumni from the first Slaughter House kindergarten hold real jobs such as teachers, executive secretaries, and nurses.

Father Joe and his staff work with numerous police stations for children's rights and to keep the children out of the hands of human traffickers. With 45 children in the Mercy Centre having AIDS, Fr. Joe aims to teach about the disease through home visitation. Fr. Joe believes that people should "do the best that you can today," and more importantly, Fr. Joe can always be found telling people to "go to school, go to school, go to school."

Fr. Joe will receive a \$100,000 prize from the Opus Awards for the Human Development Foundation Mercy Centre. For more information on Fr. Joe's organization, please visit [www.mercycentre.org](http://www.mercycentre.org).



# FIGHTING FOR JUSTICE

*By Elena Gardner*

Opus Prize Finalist Gollapalli Israel is the leader of Janodayam Social Education Centre, a nonprofit that works with the Dalit caste in the slums of Chennai, India.

The Dalit caste is better known as the untouchables, people who fall outside the large four categories of the Indian caste system. This social structure was officially abolished in the Indian constitution in 1950, but its stigmas and restrictions remain in place today.

Members of the untouchable caste have very few options in terms of job choices. Due to their social status, they are only allowed jobs considered to be fit for the impure.

These jobs include tanning leather, butchering, garbage collection, digging the village graves, and cleaning human waste from the streets and sewers. Attempts to rise above the system are met with violence and oppression from the other castes.

Janodayam, which appropriately translates into "People Arise," attempts to empower the untouchable caste and provide them with better opportunities through various programs and community development. These programs work toward better educational opportunities, health, building credit, better jobs and wages, fighting atrocity, and abolishing manual scavenging.

Janodayam's success is evident. They have helped more than 900 young people to earn undergraduate or graduate degrees. The organization has also provided a network of local self-empowerment and formed self-help and financial groups for women, 5000 of whom have since launched small businesses.

Israel himself grew up a member of the untouchable caste in Chennai, and through Janodayam, has been fighting for justice and change amongst his people for the last 18 years.

Israel will receive a \$100,00 prize for his organization from the Opus Awards. To learn more about Janodayam or the Opus Awards, visit [www.opusprize.org](http://www.opusprize.org).





# LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

*By Samantha Mastaler*

On October 16th 2014, the Fox Theater erupted into applause as the crowd rose to a standing ovation. Sr. Tesa Fitzgerald wiped tears from her eyes as she accepted the \$1 Million award from Gonzaga's president, Dr. Thayne McCulloh, on behalf of the Opus Prize Foundation. Sr. Tesa was recognized by the foundation for her work with the organization, Hour Children.

For over 25 years, Hour Children has worked to end the cycle of intergenerational incarceration. The organization's name acknowledges the importance of the hours that shape the life of a woman and her children when she is incarcerated. The hour of the mother's arrest, the hour of their visit, the hour of her release.

The mission of Hour Children is to help incarcerated and formally incarcerated women and their children find success as they rejoin the community and work to build healthy and secure lives and relationships. The program works to foster a relationship with the mother and child while the mother is still incarcerated. Programs are offered to the mothers while they are in prison and also to the children while they are waiting for their mothers release. Houses are provided for the women and children to stay in after the mother is released. These houses offer a safe environment and support while the women work through the difficult transition. The program buys different buildings to turn into thrift shops which the mothers can work in. These thrift shops and the employment opportunities they provide help prevent the mothers from relapsing due to financial burden.

Sr. Tesa was a former educator who became involved with children of the prison system in 1985. A fellow nun asked for her help to be a foster parent to children whose mothers were incarcerated. Within a year Sr. Tesa had left formal education to care for more children who had mothers in the prison system, and she began to interview the women in need of housing after they were released.

Hour Children began turning buildings into homes for the mothers and children. Today, Hour Children oversees three apartment buildings, three

thrift stores, a day care center, an after-school program, a job-training program, a group home for women with children, a food pantry, a mentoring program, and three more communal homes. The program works toward rehabilitation, starting with the incarceration phase.

The non-profit organization has two philosophies: change takes time, and love makes the difference. Because it takes every woman a different amount of time to get to a secure place, all the programs are open to the women as long as they need them and as long as they are moving forward. Loving and compassionate care is what the agency believes makes the difference.

In New York State, 39% of prisoners reenter the prison system after their release. In Hour Children, the rate is 3%. The program's success can be contributed to the six core values:

1. Capacity to Change: the program believes all people can change for the better.
2. Dignity and Respect: All humans deserve to be treated with respect and all participants in the program must be treated with dignity.
3. Diversity: Everyone comes from a different background and embracing these helps the women and children see the strength in their diversity.
4. Personalized Service: One size does not fit all and recognizing this leads to more sustainable lifestyles in the long run.
5. Accountability and Responsibility: Participants must be held responsible for their actions in order to make positive changes in their lives.
6. Hour Commitment Starts Inside: By starting programs while the women are still incarcerated, the transition will be more successful.

The Opus Prize is a Humanitarian Award for Faith-Based Entrepreneurship. Sr. Tesa and Hour Children are a perfect example of what this award stands for. The growth and success of the program show that with the cash prize, Hour Children can continue to expand and keep more women and children together after the hour of incarceration.



# VOICE OF AN ANGEL

*By Kale Reichersamer*



Ever since I can remember  
they told her she had the voice of an angel  
for she sang in the midst of peril  
and she hummed her favorite tune when all seemed dark  
this girl was confused, lost.  
she did not understand how she could be compared to an angel  
for how could an angel exist in this callous world  
she would speak tenderly into a barren sky  
with little expectation to ever receive an answer to her ever growing questions  
“why when the clouds roll in, the only rain I find, emerges from the corner of my eyes” she would ask  
“why when I was there for everyone else, I can only find comfort beside a cold blade” she would plead  
and still, the sky would remain silent. growing darker.  
they always said she was blessed with smooth features and an hourglass figure  
but what a curse it is, to so easily hide behind a beautiful face  
masking the true pain inside of emotional distress  
this girl I knew  
she would relinquish her voice  
because she figured no one would listen anyway  
and she began to draw  
she was so good, in fact, she started to view her own body as a canvas  
but a pencil would not show up  
and marker would rinse off in the sink  
so she drew on her wrists,  
they would ask her “it is 80 degrees and sunny, why are you wearing so much?”  
but she was simply hiding her art with long sleeves  
she would draw more and more  
leading to her shoulders. her thighs.  
until she started to run out of room to craft anymore  
and when she ran out of room...  
I'd rather not think about it.

-----  
I still remember a girl  
with the voice of an angel  
she never did receive that answer from a barren sky  
and God did not need another angel quite yet  
but he received one none the less  
I play back her favorite tune each night as I attempt to sleep  
and I would trade places with her in an instant  
so the world could hear her serenade but one more time

Photo by Elena Gardner



A LA MEMORIA DEL SR.  
ANTONIO DEL VALLE TRUJILLO  
CUBA LEONARDO TRUJILLO  
CUBA Y GUADALUPE VIZCARRA  
CUBA Y GUADALUPE VIZCARRA  
CUBA Y GUADALUPE VIZCARRA

Photo by Kailee Haong

# WE BELONG TO EACH OTHER

By Lili Ramos



“If you have come to help me, you are wasting your time. But if you have come because your liberation is bound up with mine, then let us work together.”

From *We See From Where We Stand* by David Diggs

War, poverty, malnourished children, and genocide. These words are how I would have described Africa prior to my trip last summer. Today, however, my response would be something like this: beautiful, unified, and celebratory. My time in Zambia, Africa this past summer showed me the power of being embraced and welcomed by a culture much different than my own. After this experience, it is impossible to see Africa in the stereotypical way many others do.

I discovered the concept of shared humanity while abroad in Zambia. My definition of shared humanity is the ability to find similarities with persons around the world. It means forgetting that a gap exists between your culture and theirs. Shared humanity means being in each other’s company without letting differences hinder a relationship. There is no hierarchy of powers in the relationship but rather the idea that we all belong to one another. It is true all humans are different and unique. We all have a different story to share, and we are all fighting our own battles. Coming together to help each other through those battles is what captures this idea of shared humanity.

The first couple of days in Zambezi, Zambia seemed very much like a National Geographic article. Everywhere we went, we were acknowledged. Chil-

dren swarmed the convent where we were staying and it seemed, much to our dismay, that there was a very distinct power gap between the Gonzaga students and the people of Zambezi. There were nights that we questioned if our presence was merely adding to the idea of dead aid. Were we there only to fix the problems in Zambezi rather than to work together to build sustainability? We continually asked ourselves what our purpose was by being in Zambezi. However, as our relationships with the community grew, our perceived distance was diminishing, and we found ourselves

surprised and inspired by what the community could do for themselves. Our Gonzaga engineers partnered with local leaders in Zambezi to create stoves out of bricks and discovered that the Zambians had more knowledge and resources to improve the stoves. There was no “us” and “them” but a partnership, a universal “us.” The Gonzaga students desired to learn from the community of Zambezi

just as the community desired to learn from the Gonzaga Students.

During my time in Zambezi, I taught literacy through a storytelling unit at a school called Chilenga Basic. Through that experience, I met an outstanding individual, Mrs. Melody Kuamba. Mrs. Melody was the teacher for the class I was assigned to, and the first time

*“The struggles I have faced in my life could be reflected in the struggles she had faced in hers, and rather than be upset with our struggles, we relied on each other to bring each other up.”*

we met was in the Zambian tradition of song and dance. Mrs. Melody has a smile as bright as the moon, she is the epitome of optimism, and her motto is “education is wealth.” Chilenga Basic, as a whole, embraced this motto but Mrs. Melody truly lived it out. Although she was a teacher, Mrs. Melody explained to me that she would always be a student. I realized that by being at Chilenga Basic I was not just teaching seventh grade students but I was also a resource for the teachers. Mrs. Melody never treated me differently despite the fact that I had received a quality education.

My relationship with Mrs. Melody was one of wonder and unconditional love. We quickly broke this idea of hierarchy between humans. We never spoke about our differences as something that separated us, but rather as a set of unique factors given to us by God. Mrs. Melody is a mother, a wife, and a student, just as I am a daughter, a sister, and also a student. We are from different places with different cultures, but God brought us together to grow and learn from one another. Mrs. Melody never treated me like I was someone she had to look up to because I came from a wealthy country, and she never expected me to treat her as a poor African woman. Instead, we met at the middle and shared our humanity. The struggles I have faced in my life could be reflected in the struggles she had faced in hers and rather than be upset with our struggles, we relied on each other to bring each other up.

If there was one lesson I took away from Mrs. Melody, it would be that our struggles do not destroy us, they empower us. My liberation was bound up with Mrs. Melody’s, and together we worked to achieve our highest

potential. The strongest relationship that I cultivated in Zambia was with Mrs. Melody, but I could see that my fellow Zags were at the same time building their own relationships with community members. Each of us invested ourselves in a relationship without expecting much in return. What we learned from these relationships was more meaningful than what any classroom could teach us. The people of Zambezi embraced us not because we were students from America but because we were humans looking to be liberated. We came together to learn and grow in our relationships. One of the greatest things about Zambian people is that relationships are their currency. There is an African idiom, Ubuntu, which says, “I am because we are.” From Mrs. Melody and the local people of Zambezi, I know that the relationships that were formed are worth more than any possible amount of money.

Although my time in Zambia has passed and another group is now preparing for their experience, I cannot help but reflect on my own. The Zambian people helped us celebrate the life we are given and to find meaning in the cards we are dealt. There is much that needs to be learned from the Zambezi community and Zambian culture in general. To grow in our relationships and to help one another in times of need is what should really be of importance. If we all lived in a world where we took the time to help someone through a problem at least once a day, we would live much more fulfilled lives. My challenge to the Gonzaga community is to take the time to build a relationship through the lens of shared humanity, and to discover that every person you meet and learn from is in some ways a representation of you. What you will discover will be beautiful.

Photos by Lili Ramos and Josh Armstrong



# INDIA

By Ryan Bart

Chaotic and dirty, yet  
Lively and loving  
In my face  
In every way  
Sometimes to my dismay  
Nevertheless, always a lesson to be had

You give beyond your means  
Your dedication never falters or despairs

In the land of many Gods  
Where guests are treated like God

I am learning to accept your unending generosity  
I am inspired by your Seva warriors  
I will persevere just as you have

Gandhi has blessed your soil  
You have broken free from an oppressive reign  
There is still turmoil

May you have peace  
Begin within

Where staying for tea is important enough to become late  
Where 1.2 billion humans reside  
Where immense needs are unmet  
Where corruption bleeds to greed  
Where resilience prevails

The quality of your life does not depend  
On your external reality  
But rather your state of mind

India, I beg you to respect the divinity of our mother  
earth

Cleanliness is a practice with no cost and boundless  
rewards

India, I urge you to have an open mind

We are all very different, let's cherish that

Your horns boom endlessly  
Your food evokes a flavorful sensuous experience  
Your people tirelessly work 7 days a week  
For what? No end to the rat race in sight  
But you keep up the fight with all your might  
For the glimmering hope of a peaceful night  
And a happy and healthy tomorrow

Please remember that all we are guaranteed is the present  
The present is a present  
A gift that is,  
Too easy to miss

Feeling lonely when I arrived  
Now there does not seem enough time to say my good-  
byes  
India you have taught me lessons that will last beyond  
my life  
Many of which I sense better than I can articulate

Do not assume  
Confide in your breath  
Connect the dots

Have faith in others and the universe as a whole  
Gratitude is the greatest  
Expect nothing, give everything

In Seva we trust  
That is a must  
Namaste

-----  
\* Seva is selfless service to the greater good.  
\* Namaste literally means "I bow to the divine in you"



"WE CAN'T HELP  
EVERYONE,  
BUT  
EVERYONE  
CAN HELP SOMEONE"  
-RONALD REAGAN

TEAMO

# CON LA MENTE ABIERTA

*By Kailee Haong*

More often than not, we disregard our southern counterparts by categorizing them as poor, lesser, drug-riddled—unequal. There is a danger in this inequality, and it is that too many of us are too naïve to realize that perhaps they are better off than we are. What Mexico lacks in economic wealth, they make up for in cultural prosperity.

We hold the idea that paper bills and plastic cards are of more value than the importance of cultural appreciation. The act of receiving or earning money becomes more important than dinnertime, than the taxi driver that takes you from the grocery store back home, than spending evenings with relatives. Money is more important than the thousands of years of rich and beautiful history buried: the pyramids, the art, the music.

I fell privy to this typical American mindset of viewing Mexico as lesser before I decided to study abroad there. What would I eat? Where would I be living? Would I be safe? Relatives concerned for my safety in traveling to a “country like that,” had me rethinking my decision to study abroad in Mexico. When I tried to tell myself of the good things the country had to offer, family would return to me with unkind words: drugs, kidnapping, political unrest. Despite all the negativity and distaste toward this country, a mere 2000 miles south, something in me decided to forgo all the warnings and dive in.

I landed in Mexico City, expecting to be taken aback by the overwhelming amounts of poverty—a shabby airport (probably), shantytowns, old cars, poor people. I was wrong. I stepped off my plane into an airport that looked like any other airport I’ve been to. I was driven to the university in a large travel bus, as I had been on before in Washington D.C. and in Europe. Where was all the poverty? Where were the drugs and the peril?

I found myself in the arms of my host mom, embracing me as though we have been life-long friends, and soon into the arms of the other host mothers. Where was all the violence? With hug after hug I felt easily accepted into a country that was not my own. I was welcomed into the home of a complete stranger, given meals three times a day, provided shelter, transportation, and love—this wasn’t the Mexico I thought I knew.

We acquiesce into this terrifying roulette game of “which story will make the front page?” A woman who has been hosting international students for 14 years, or a man who killed dozens and injured hundreds in relation to a dangerous drug cartel? Unfortunately, the latter.

Mexico needs social justice and cultural appropriation as much as Americans in today’s society need their smart phones and social media.

When you think of Mexico, I urge you to think of more than just drug cartels, violence, and poverty. Think of the Mayans and the Aztecs laboriously building and founding the country so it could thrive today. Think of Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera, painting and capturing the beauty of Mexico. Think of Alfonso Robles winning the Nobel Peace Prize. Think of Jesús Santos and his revolutionary sustainable agriculture techniques.

To my friends in the United States: Challenge yourself to look past the stereotypes—far past them. Disregard the minor flaws, the few setbacks, and once you clear all of the negativity from your brain, I urge you to see Mexico for the beautiful country that it is.

*Para mis amigos en Cuernavaca: gracias por todo. Ustedes me han ayudado a ver el mundo con una mente abierta. Son las personas como ustedes que se hacen el mundo un lugar bellissimo. Se echo de menos.*

# THE BEAUTY IN AGE

*By Samantha Mastaler*



Freshman year I was like most other college freshman looking for a place to belong at Gonzaga. I was overwhelmed with the options I had available and the rejection I had already encountered during my search to find a purpose. I decided to sit down and ask myself, “What do I like?” The answer makes people laugh. I like old people.

It is not a passion many other people share. Old people can be mean, bitter, and are a mirror of the aging process our culture fears. Most people prefer to work with kids and animals because they are fun and represent the best in our culture.

Four years ago I joined ZESST, a CCASL program that works with the elderly. Senior year I became head coordinator of the program, and as I looked to hire who would take over next year, I reflected on what the program has meant to me.

ZESST was always fun. Going to a retirement home and playing games for a few hours is a nice break from school and dorms. ZESST was successful, but shallow on the surface. Volunteers had fun, but what were we really doing to make a difference? One year, when I was taking attendance, one of the residents asked me, “What, do you guys get credit for coming here? Are we community service?” I realized then what we were doing wasn’t meaningful. I knew we needed a change.

This year ZESST has moved locations and we now head over to O’Malley Apartments twice a week. O’Malley is on Mission Street, right next to St. Al’s elementary school. It is the scary grey building people say is a mental institution while walking the Logan

Neighborhood on weekend nights. O’Malley isn’t a mental institution, it is subsidized housing for low-income adults. Residents range in physical and mental abilities, but the one thing they have in common is that they need housing assistance.

The spark I have always wanted ZESST to have is finally there, and it is all because of the elderly residents. They are spunky, caring, and quick to call you out when they think you are cheating at Bunco. They remember our names and wait to let us in every Tuesday and Saturday. They are fun and volunteers leave with smiles on their face. Volunteers have made substantial relationships with the residents and the benefits of the program effects both groups.

ZESST has taught me that beauty is ageless. In popular culture, people will do anything to keep themselves younger. We take vitamins, put on expensive lotions, and inject ourselves with plastic. The residents of O’Malley are some of the most beautiful people I have ever met. Sometimes their hands shake, sometimes they have to leave to refill their oxygen tanks, and yes their faces and hands have a lot of wrinkles, but they smile at us, bring us candy, and give back to us more than we could ever give to them.

We can’t be afraid of age, it is inevitable. We will all one day grow old and wrinkle. It is the spirit and grace we accept the process with that will determine our happiness in our old age. Kids are easy to love; it is a lot harder to love the elderly when faced with the harsh reality of the circle of life. I encourage everyone to find the beauty in age and allow the richness of a long-lived life help you find joy in your own journey.

# ADDITIONAL RESOURCES

Here is a list of resources that can help you take the next step in your journey towards making the world a more just place.

## Gonzaga

### United Students Against Sweatshops

A nationwide, student run organization that campaigns for workers' rights on-campus, locally, nationally, and internationally.

### International Justice Mission

An organization based in Washington D.C. that works with governments throughout the world to end human trafficking and modern slavery in places where this issue is prevalent.

### She's The First

She's the First sponsors girls' education in developing nations, giving them the chance to become the first in their families to graduate from secondary school.

### SMILE

A CCASL program that work in low-income schools in Spokane mentoring children in K-6 through games, activities, and crafts

### GUSR

A CCASL program that works with members of the Spokane community who have developmental disabilities

### International Student Union

Advocates for intercultural competency, global engagement, inclusivity, and awareness of international affairs across our campus and community.

### STOP Trafficking Club

Raises awareness and funds through educational events to put an end to modern day slavery otherwise known as human trafficking.

### Gonzaga Without Borders

Dedicated to working for social justice on the local and international levels through improving the living conditions of those in need.

## Local

### Volunteers of America

[www.voaspokane.org](http://www.voaspokane.org)

Volunteers of America of Eastern Washington & Northern Idaho is dedicated to helping those in need rebuild their lives and reach their full potential.

### Catholic Charities

[www.catholiccharitiesspokane.org](http://www.catholiccharitiesspokane.org)

A Catholic non-profit addressing many social issues in Eastern Washington including homeless populations, immigrants, seniors, people with special needs, children, and single mothers.

### Crosswalk Teen Shelter

Crosswalk is an emergency shelter, a school drop-out prevention program, and a group of lifesaving and life-changing programs dedicated to breaking the cycle of youth homelessness

### Second Harvest Food Bank

[www.2-harvest.org](http://www.2-harvest.org)

Second Harvest brings community resources together to feed people in need through empowerment, education and partnerships.

### Women and Children's Free Restaurant and Community Kitchen

[www.wcfrspokane.org](http://www.wcfrspokane.org)

A vital safety net that fills nutritional gaps for women and children in need while fostering dignity and respect, both within our restaurant and in the community.

### American Childhood Cancer Organization

[www.acco.org/inlandnw](http://www.acco.org/inlandnw)

ACC Inland Northwest's mission is to help each family cope with life during childhood cancer treatments and rebuild their lives after cancer from the experienced perspective of those who have been there before.

# SOCIAL JUSTICE AT GU

*What does social justice mean to the Gonzaga community?*



*"Understanding different perspectives and having no preconceptions about different demographics."  
-Lisa Dimech, Junior*

*"For me, social justice is Ubuntu. Desmond Tutu explains this idea well. He says: 'One of the sayings in our country is Ubuntu – the essence of being human. Ubuntu speaks particularly to the fact that you can't exist as a human being in isolation. It speaks about your interconnectedness. You can't be human all by yourself, and when you have this quality – Ubuntu – you are known for your generosity. We think of ourselves far too frequently as just individuals, whereas you are connected and what you do affects the whole World. When you do it well, it spreads out; it is for the whole of humanity.' That's what social justice is to me."  
- Madison Hagen, Senior*

*"Creating awareness and being a voice to those who have none." -Jessie Fleming, Senior*

*"I would define social justice as the act of considering, engaging, helping, and empowering those in our culture who have been marginalized, those who are the disenfranchised, those who have no voice of their own. In addition to helping the marginalized, I think social justice includes keeping power distributed among all classes." -Rob Joyce, Gonzaga Staff*



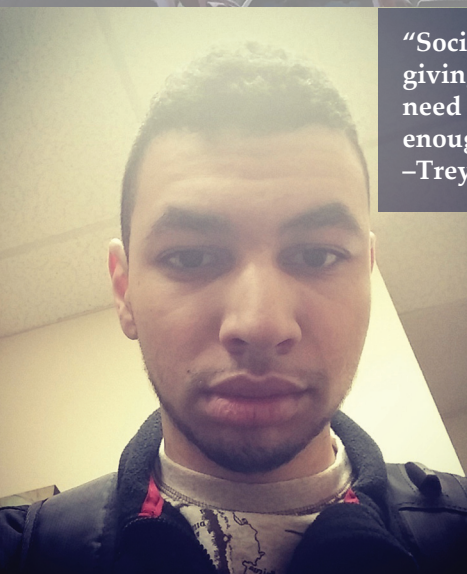
*"Giving a voice to those who cannot always provide the voice for themselves and striving create a society that is equal for all people."  
-Kayla Cartelli, Gonzaga Staff*

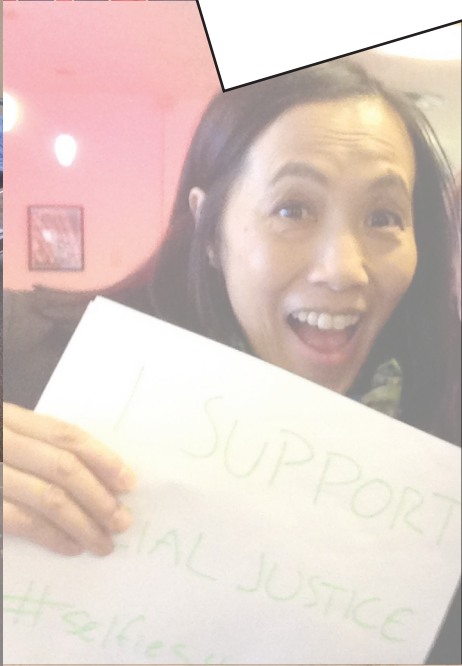
*"Social justice sets your blood on fire. It's different from service, which is a vessel to your connection."  
-Olivia Schneider, Junior*

*"Social justice is equality of people, which does not mean giving everyone equal treatment, but raising up groups that need it the most to be equal to those who are privileged enough with high status and opportunities"  
-Trey Murphy, Freshman*

*"To me, social justice is the work done on a local or global scale to remove barriers so that all individuals are allowed the opportunity to reach their full potential"  
-Danielle Kishel, Senior*

*"My definition of social justice is when society is structured in such a way that each person and community has a fair opportunity to flourish in ways that respect both our similarities and differences."  
-Dr. Ellen Maccarone, Philosophy*





## Competition Winners

In January, OneWorld hosted its second Instagram Competition in which Gonzaga community members took pictures of themselves to show their support of social justice. OneWorld was thrilled to see so much support, and we hope you enjoy the photos included here. For more photos, follow us on Instagram @guoneworld .



ONEWORLD

*Join us in being the change*



GONZAGA  
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