

# ONWORLD

Gonzaga University's Journal for Social Justice Vol. 9 2015-2016







# EDITORIAL

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a note from the editor

Dear Readers,

One of the most rewarding aspects of working on OneWorld for the past two years has been receiving and reading submissions that both make me think and challenge preconceived assumptions I have about the world.

Social justice is a lens through which we view the world and occasionally we don't like what we see. But it is these truths that we should strive to address first and foremost, and in order to do that, we must be open and willing to receive them.

Social justice isn't something we should fight for when it's convenient, but instead, the fight for justice should challenge us. The first step to fighting for justice is awareness. And that is what myself, along with the rest of the OneWorld staff and contributors, have sought to do through the production of this journal.

It has been an altering and eye-opening experience working for a journal that seeks to educate and inform readers about the diverse aspects of our world's cultures. Through the production of OneWorld, we hope to inspire our readers to become aware of the social justice issues at large in their communities and abroad, and to inspire them to act upon these concerns.

We appreciate you taking the time to reflect and to act.

All the best,

Elena Gardner, Editor-in-Chief, Class of 2016





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On the cover: Maasai women converse and laugh as they stand aside while their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons perform a tribal dance. The women provide song for the ritual and bounce the beaded collars and jewelry they wear. The men march in a spiral pattern, followed by a jumping competition. During a volunteer trip to Eastern Tanzania, a group of 32 American volunteers, including myself, visited a Maasai tribe to learn how the Maasai people live and to buy handmade trinkets. The Maasai people are a nomadic ethnic group, known for their customs and style of dress. They are traditionally hunters and herders, but with restrictions enforced by the government, have turned to tourism as a source of livelihood. *Photo and caption by Alysa Schols.*



Kenzie Fuller, class of 2016, learns how to play “che tomato,” which means “big tomato.” Zambian children teach Gonzaga students several games; in this game there is one person (the “big tomato”) who dances in the center of a circle until a new che tomato is called. Here, a little girl from Chitokoloki, a neighboring town we visited, teaches Kenzie how to play. *Photo and caption by Katie Polacheck.*

A critical component of social justice for me is the ability to see the value and strengths in others no matter their sex, race, religious affiliations, age, or any sort of discriminating factor the world could have against them. Social justice should be the way we look at different types of people, without seeing their skin tone or any disability they might have. We need to look beyond that and see the beautiful piece of intricate artwork that each and every human being is.

Every single one of us is unique; painted and molded differently with thoughtfulness and effort. The intricate details that create self-image and distinguish us are tainted by the fact that we are

## THE BEAUTY OF A BLANK SLATE

by Emily Hirschman

different. We all tend to act consistently with how we perceive ourselves. But this perception and self-image is based on reactions and responses that we get from others. It is fine to feel ‘normal’, but hurtful to feel different, when in reality we are all different. The greatest impediment to social justice comes from ignorance and detachment for feelings and others around us, which ultimately leads us to become apathetic. If we are more aware of our surroundings, words, looks, and actions, ultimately realizing the harm that they bring to those around us, we will make progress and a step in the right direction to social justice.

# YOU ARE WORTH MUCH

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by Emily Padilla

What is social justice? For Kent Hoffman, it means “everyone has infinite worth.” Often, we associate social justice with inequality and the marginalization of people, but we do not often think of ourselves. We attempt to preserve human dignity in places where it is overlooked, abused and exploited. But what about us? Why do we not consider the rejection we experience as college students as part of social justice? Let’s talk about hookup culture. This is not a question of whether hooking up is bad or good, but rather, is hookup culture what you want? This is the difference between hooking up because you enjoy it, and hooking up because you feel pressured. If everyone has infinite worth, then our actions are made freely and not out of fear of rejection or acceptance.

Donna Freitas travels around the country presenting her research on hookup culture. Her research began in a college course on dating. Her students claimed to be happy with their hookups, however, as the course progressed, every student in the class admitted that hooking up was not as great as they once said. So why bother to say the hook up culture is so great? It’s what our peers think. 45% of students at Catholic colleges said that their peers are too casual about sex. 41% of students expressed unhappiness using words like: awkward, used, regretful, empty, alone, miserable, disgusted, ashamed, and duped. Hookup culture has a presence on college campuses because we as students perpetuate its positive social value. “Hooking up” is a broad term meant to be general so it can be inclusive. We can feel a part of it whether we are holding hands or having sex. When we participate in this part of collegiate culture we supposedly

feel more connected to our peers.

We feel the need to be smart, friendly, attractive people, in hopes of being worthy of love from friends, family, coworkers and significant others. We build ourselves up with the choices we make about school and relationships. We claim the decisions we make will prove how happy we are or will be. The pressure is enormous, be it studying for tests or deciding our futures. The possibility of failure is always looming over our heads. It is the fear of not being good enough, or letting someone or yourself down. So we remind ourselves that the pressure and anxiety we feel is only temporary. We tell ourselves that eventually all our hard work and the choices we make will pay off. But often this is not as comforting as we hope it will be. Unworthiness is a heavy burden to bear and can be isolating. Hookups lead to both connection and disconnection. We feel a physical connection that makes us feel less alone. However, emotionally we are distant from our partner. In Freitas’s study, when asked to describe romance, participants responded by saying it is only emotional, while hooking up is purely physical. When emotions enter the relationship the hookup ends. We want to fit in to hookup culture, but we also want to be wanted. So we think “no feelings, no problems.” To continue the hookup we make ourselves numb. Even when feelings exist we all become players of the “who can care less” game. Only a few of us actually like it. The alternative, which means honesty and vulnerability with our relationships and ourselves, is a lot scarier. This would end the charade of everything being okay. We might lose the sense of security we have in feeling content, not too happy and not too sad. But, we also might

feel more authentic. Risks we take reveal who we really are, which is terrifying, so most of the time we say “No thank you. Not for me.”

Nobody is being vulnerable, because what would happen if we were seen and rejected? We already have a voice in our head that says, “we have to prove ourselves because we are not good enough,” so why give that voice any more power? Instead, we complain “nobody dates anymore.” So we’ll just vaguely “hang out” or “chill,” not knowing how each other really feels because that is safer. We prevent ourselves from embracing the people we are by putting conditions on love. We place limitations on the love we give and receive because it gives us more control. With freedom there is uncertainty. What if the outcome isn’t what I want and I don’t feel so great? Or worse, what if the outcome is what I want and then something goes wrong? We compartmentalize the good because we fear the bad. Can we really love this person in the way they want and need? And could they ever love us, even though we are broken beyond repair? When who we are, and who we think we should be or want to be are different people we feel incomplete. There is shame in not feeling whole. Since we’re imperfect we try and make up for it in other ways. We end up doing what we should do instead of what we want to do. We forget that this is our life and we make it what it is. So we deserve to be authentic, in however that looks to us because we are worth much. Everyone has infinite worth. Everyone. Even us. Even you.



# MAMMA NADIA

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by Tatiana Tuccio

The most valuable experience about living abroad in Jordan was living in a homestay with Mamma Nadia. My experiences abroad have taught me a lot about my self and about how the world around me operates. The most valuable experience I have had while being abroad would be having spent a semester in a homestay in Amman, Jordan. I was challenged to use my Arabic language skills any time I was in the house. I was adopted by a family that truly wanted to see me improve in my goals while being abroad in Jordan. I had a host mom who was so caring and taught me some life lessons. My host mother's name was Mamma Nadia. She is from Palestine and moved to Jordan before the 1967 war. In speaking to her about her family when she was a child, her experiences as a minority Christian Arab woman in Palestine, her love for her children, and her amazing cooking, she reminded me very much of my kind-hearted grandma. She was similar in her generosity to take me in, help me with my Arabic homework, be my conversation partner, make me amazing Jordanian/Palestinian dishes, teach me to make some of these dishes, chat over some coffee and or Arabic tea after school every day, and

watch our favorite Lebanese program, "El-Ehowa," or "the brothers." We also watched the news in the mornings, mostly covering topics relating to the Arab world, and King Hussein's stances about the importance of Jordanian security in the region. Mamma Nadia has experienced a lot in her life, and has been generous to let me into a part of her world for a semester. The generosity of Mamma Nadia was not the only kindness I experienced while abroad; almost everyone I encountered in Jordan was incredibly kind, each carrying stories of their own. The students in Jordan really amazed me; most of them are of Palestinian-Jordanian descent and many of them, if not the majority of them, are fired up about political issues. I admire their passion and commitment to the issues that have been pressing the Middle East for over six generations. The political awareness these people have is truly remarkable; it makes me feel ashamed about my lack of knowledge of U.S. policies. For many of my friends I made in Jordan, keeping up-to-date on the news and global issues surrounding Jordan in the Middle East is a huge aspect of their daily lives; not because they feel threatened or unsafe but fearful from the issues surrounding

them in neighboring countries that affect the neighboring, Muslim bordering nation states. They also feel a sense of Jordanian pride and encouragement in the Hashemite Kingdom's strong resilience to remain secure in the region.

All these experiences have given me the opportunity to be thankful for what I have, the privileges I have been granted, the security I have taken advantage of my entire life, the duty to actively be aware of global issues, and most importantly for all the amazing people I have had the opportunity to meet and become friends with in this incredible, transformative stage in my life while studying abroad.

*U.S. citizens seem to know an alarmingly small amount about the situation in the Middle East, even though it is very crucial to our current U.S. foreign policy. We have an obligation to stay informed. The Washington Institute for Near East Policy advances a balanced and realistic understanding of American interests in the Middle East and promotes the policies that secure them. Visit the [washingtoninstitute.org](http://www.washingtoninstitute.org) to learn more.*



This prayer card was found outside of a barren warehouse just a few blocks away from a church in session. It had clearly spent some time on the ground, unnoticed, driven over, and walked on. Seeing these holy sigils laying forgotten on the ground was a startling and surprisingly impactful encounter that drives one to reflect on how they nurture and share their spirituality with those around them. *Photo and caption by Zack Jankelson.*





# NO HUMAN BEING IS ILLEGAL

by Tanner Rookard

Justice in January is an experience that I will never forget, with people I will never forget, in a place that I will never forget. Perhaps I did not know what I was signing up for as an ambitious freshman back in October, but I know now that it changed my life. I went to the informational meeting and I discovered that one of the coordinators for Reality Camp, Liv Schneider, would

be leading a trip to San Diego, CA for the last week of Christmas vacation. I hadn't been to San Diego, and I really didn't know very much about immigration. With all the aforementioned reasons in mind, I embarked on an adventure with nine other Gonzaga students and two faculty members. After signing up and making a deposit, I did not look back. I knew this was what I was supposed to be doing with a week of my life.

Although it is not a service trip in the traditional sense, our presence and eagerness to educate ourselves about immigration was a service to our suffering neighbors. Our newfound knowledge about the issues that literally divide families and nations allows us to stand in solidarity with our neighbors, classmates and fellow humans. The week was filled with meetings with organizations and agencies that work on all sides of immigration. The various perspectives that we heard allowed us to piece together the endless, tangled puzzle that is immigration. But more than anything, the stories that were told to us had the most profound impact and put a face to a dehumanized process.

San Diego is a beautiful and lively city. In fact, it could be easy to forget its proximity to the border without knowing it. On the United States side of the border, a lot of distance is placed between the edge of the city and the border. The region that surrounds the border on the US side is well guarded and no one is allowed to be too close. On our tour with Border Patrol, we were able to see

how different the border is treated by residents of Mexico. In contrast, along the border in Tijuana, Mexico houses and shacks are built touching the border. Our first glimpse of the physical border opened our eyes to the obstacles, both physical and emotional, that affect so many people of the United States and Mexico. During our second trip to the border, we were

able to see where it goes out into the ocean. Only twenty yards or so into the Pacific Ocean, it disappears. So much emphasis is put on a man-made construction that so many suppose protects our borders, but in reality there is not a single solution. When we leave this earth, there will be no dividers that separate people based on where they were born or the color of their skin.

As a result of this trip, I learned to value humanity. To refer to immigrants as "illegals" and "aliens" dehumanizes the people that are fleeing from persecution, fighting to save their own lives, and searching for a better future in the America that we all love. But I don't know if the America that we love is one that discriminates and tears families into pieces. Next time you hear those terms being used, remember that there are students among us that have heard them too many times in reference to themselves or their family members. After all, it's an earthly boundary for an earthly controversy.

Above: At the Pacific Ocean, the fence that separates families and friends in the U.S. and in Mexico disappears. Looking out into the ocean, I realized how superficial a border is and yet how profound its impact. The inability to find a legal path to citizenship and decreased safety in other parts of the world has made illegal immigration the only option for many. Meanwhile, increased security in several regions of the border has made attempts to cross more dangerous and sometimes fatal. Immigration and conduct toward immigrants has become a social justice and human rights issue. *Photo and caption by Tanner Rookard.*



# HUMAN TRAFFICKING: HIDDEN CRIME, HIDDEN VICTIMS

by Megan Marie Walls

One of Sarah's hands comes up to the side of her face, shielding her from the eyes of others. When she realizes no one is watching us, she settles for crossing her arms or fidgeting instead. This is not a woman who wants to hide. She is a woman learning how to be seen. Sarah, whose name has been changed to protect her privacy, knows firsthand that being noticed by the wrong people can lead to trouble. She has also suffered as a victim. For years she was invisible to law enforcement and the community.

The beauty of Washington State entices many nature-lovers and adventure-seekers to the area. Unfortunately, our lively cities also make it difficult to spot the exploited victims of human trafficking. Despite pervasive myths that human trafficking is not present in developed nations, it is a real and often overlooked problem. According to the Polaris Project website, human trafficking, the two common forms of which are sex and labor trafficking, is a multi-billion dollar criminal industry that seems to be growing every year.

The definition of human trafficking is broader than most people think. According to the United Nations, trafficking includes the recruitment, transportation, transfer, harboring or receipt of persons as the result of various methods of coercion for the purpose of the victims' exploitation.

Forced labor and sexual exploitation are the two most common forms of human trafficking. In forced labor (also called debt bondage or indentured servitude), victims are forced to work against their will, usually for no wages, or wages so small they cannot earn enough to leave service. "Recruiters" may promise work to people abroad, but charge large sums for transportation to the new country that can be impossible to pay back. With regard to sexual exploitation, adults and children are coerced, defrauded, or forced to commit commercial sex acts against their will. Such exploitation may occur anywhere in the world, and most victims are women and girls. According to an article published by *The Huffington Post*, large events like the Super Bowl and the Olympics are magnets for sex traffickers.

The conscription of child soldiers is also a form of trafficking. In a form of forced labor, children (under the age of 18), are abducted and used as militia combatants. According to an article in the *Fordham International Law Journal*, published in 2007, this is frequently the case where the most vulnerable children may be transient or forced to move due to war or similar instability. In addition, according to the UN Protocol to Prevent, Suppress, and

Punish, traffickers have been known to force or coerce vulnerable victims into having organs removed so they can be sold to others, usually for transplant.

The UN Office on Drugs and Crime's Factsheet on Human Trafficking, claims there are as many as 2.5 million new victims exploited each year. Some perpetrators are captured, but prosecution under human trafficking statutes is rare. A reason for this is the difficulty in identifying perpetrators and victims. Large cities, like Seattle, are attractive to traffickers because of the anonymity. Transient populations, large amounts of diversity, and a large population generally make trafficking crimes more likely to go unnoticed. Those who are vulnerable make the best targets for predators—they can be more easily isolated from the community and any family who may realize they need help. In addition, victims frequently will not identify themselves out of fear or shame.

The International Labour Organization estimates there are about 20 million people globally who are the victims of forced labor and sexual exploitation. According to the US Department of State Trafficking in Persons Report June 2007, of these, approximately 800,000 are trafficked across international borders. This means that many victims are kept captive in their own countries. That being said, there are plenty of victims who are foreign to the country where they are forced into labor or prostitution. According to Elizabeth Hopper's article, "Psychological Coercion and Trauma Exposure in Human Trafficking," traffickers often take documents—such as passports—money, and means of communication away from their victims to give them a sense of helplessness. Many victims are afraid of being deported without the "protection" of their captor, and are held in indentured servitude, making so little in wages they cannot possibly pay off their "debt". The "employer" may forbid the use of phones, and frequently victims are not allowed to leave the place they are kept, such as a forced laborer in a private household.

Even if a victim did escape, he or she may find it difficult to navigate a foreign society. Many distrust the police, and too often victims are treated like criminals. Foreign citizens may be detained and deported. According to a report published by the National Institute of Justice, a woman may be arrested for prostitution and find herself imprisoned instead of receiving help. Identifying trafficking crimes is a significant challenge for law enforcement, in large part because trafficking crimes look very much like other crimes, such as prostitution, and victims are usually kept well-hidden.

Many victims, like Sarah, have a deep-seated cynicism about the police. Sarah and I have met every week for a month or two. She has told me about her difficult home life and exploitation as a teenager living with her dysfunctional family in Colorado. She and her brothers were frequently in foster care but never really received the help they needed to function like other children. At one point, seeking comfort and acceptance, Sarah had a boyfriend more than ten years her age who preyed on her vulnerabilities. His exploitative nature made Sarah believe that if she did not have sex with his friends he would leave her and there would be no one else to care for her. He would leave her with these strange men for hours. He also got Sarah into drugs. Calling the police might have meant persecution for Sarah as an addict and possibly a prostitute.

Eventually Sarah entered rehab to try to turn her life around and was brought home to Spokane by the Spokane Tribe of Indians, which was her legal guardian for a time.

But coming to Spokane did not drastically change Sarah's life. Even now Sarah is suspicious of police. As an adult one of her boyfriends became very abusive. He encouraged her to do drugs, and liked to do and say things to make her feel paranoid. He would suggest they were being watched or that someone was in their house. She tells me that one day, when he attacked her, she fought back and hit him in the face. Unfortunately, he called the police and Sarah ended up in handcuffs.

She finally overcame her fears of the police when she realized her son may have been sexually assaulted by a man who offered them low-rent lodgings. However, she claims she experienced bias when it became known she had been an addict and prostitute in the years after her arrival in Spokane through Backpage.com.

Backpage contains hundreds of listings for escorts in the Spokane and Coeur d'Alene area, some of which are minors being exploited by pimps. In 2015 the operator of Backpage appeared before the Washington State Supreme Court to argue it could not be sued by three minor girls—exploited by pimps using Backpage—over allegations including negligence, sexual exploitation of children, unjust enrichment, sexual assault and battery, and civil conspiracy. Backpage ultimately lost and the case (*J.S. v. Village Voice Media Holdings*) went to trial, but many of these types of advertisement sites still exist and are breeding grounds for traffickers.

According to the Global Report on Trafficking in Persons published by the UN Office on Drugs and Crime in 2014, most prosecuted or investigated traffickers are citizens of the country they are prosecuted in, or citizens of nearby countries. It is an unsettling realization that we share our community with this type of criminal.

Seattle, for example, is one of the most lucrative areas for traffickers. According to the King County Public Health Service Website, a study estimates—optimistically—that there are perhaps 500 minors engaged in prostitution in the Seattle area. Traffickers find Seattle, and the Pacific Northwest generally, an area to move easily in and around. Seattle has proximity to Asian countries, Canada, and is located along I-5. The interstate makes travel easy, and is a reason why places like Port Angeles or Los Angeles are also trafficking hotspots. When it comes to moving victims farther inland, traffickers go east to some of the larger cities in the area, like Spokane or Yakima; places where sexual exploitation and forced labor have potential to thrive in underground communities. In fact, both cities have had several instances of human trafficking reports over the last few years and difficulties in eradicating “massage parlors.”

According to the Office of the Attorney General for Washington State's website, Washington State's difficulty with trafficking led it to become the first state to enact anti-trafficking legislation in

2003. It is the toughest anti-trafficking law in the country and has spurred the creation of community resources all over the state. In Spokane, Sarah contacted Lutheran Community Services for help. She credits the organization with getting her back on her feet after she left her boyfriend. The group helped her find a place to live and, for a while, had a counselor check in with Sarah to make sure she was doing well and was not being harassed by her ex-boyfriend. Other resources include the Washington Anti-Trafficking Response Network and the National Human Trafficking Resource Center.

Since getting help, Sarah has transformed from a frightened victim into an advocate for the rights of others. She says the improvements she has made to her life did not come the way she expected, but she is grateful for the opportunity to grow as a person and speak out for others. Each time we meet I am amazed at the woman before me. In her toe-tapping and fidgeting, I no longer see nervousness, only the physical manifestation of the strength it takes to speak about her own trauma in order to prevent others from having to suffer the same. She is still working toward her goal to help women break the cycle of abuse. She does not want to see any “victims” in Washington. Only survivors.

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Right: I studied abroad last semester in El Salvador through the Casa de la Solidaridad program. The focus of our program was on Jesuit teaching and accompaniment of the poor. We learned a lot about the Civil War in the 1980s, and the poverty and gang violence that permeates the lives of most Salvadorans today. This photo is from a house in Suchitoto, a community that was extensively rebuilt after the war ended. In these communities greatly affected by violence, the towns were normally repopulated and rebuilt. As a community, members would help rebuild each others' homes. When homes are rebuilt in these areas, dwellers have the option to put this phrase on the outside of their homes, which is painted on in a stamp-like fashion, features the national bird, and reads “In this home, we want a life free from violence against women.” *Photo and caption by Stephanie Allen.*





EN ESTA CASA  
QUEREMOS UNA  
VIDA LIBRE  
DE VIOLENCIA  
CON LAS MUJERES



# GONZAGA TO JVC

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by Samantha Mastaler

When people ask why I chose to do the Jesuit Volunteer Corps, I say I don't really know. The decision just felt right. Somehow I found myself graduating from Gonzaga and moving to Cleveland, Ohio to live with seven other people, earn 100 dollars a month, and work at a domestic violence shelter. I think what drew me to JVC was the opportunity to continue learning and experiencing social justice—a journey I started when I was at Gonzaga. While the reasons may not have been monumental, this year definitely has. I have made so many new connections, discovered an awesome city, and found a job I absolutely love.

Working at the domestic violence shelter has been the greatest thing that has ever happened to me. The shelter I work at is a confidential emergency shelter, meaning that it is only for women and children who are in imminent danger. The shelter is pure chaos. We can have up to 45 women and children at any given time. We also operate a 24-hour hotline. While I love my job, it is really hard. It is hard to see women come in with bruises and black eyes. One woman came to us shortly after her boyfriend pushed her into a fire. She had burn marks all over her arms. I also interacted with children who are abused or have witnessed violence. Even if a child hasn't been physically hurt, seeing or hearing their mother being hurt is a traumatic experience.

I have spent a lot of time wondering if we can ever end domestic violence (dv) and I still haven't found an answer. The hardest part for me is seeing the cyclical process it engages. Young children mimic behavior. I have seen many aggressive kids and I have worked hard to show them healthy

ways to channel their anger and emotions. I don't always know what happens to them after they leave the shelter. I hope for the best but many of the families who come to us have a history of poverty and mental illness. Our public systems don't have the resources to get them out of these cycles so unfortunately, things often don't get better for the kids after the shelter. The best I can do as a JV is make sure that while they are in the shelter they are getting the attention and support they need.

While I don't know if there are solutions to all the issues I see, there are some things I think we can all do to assist survivors. The average woman of dv will go back to her abuser 7 times before she actually leaves. This is because abusers make their victims financially, emotionally, and psychologically dependent on them. Never look down on a woman because she didn't leave. Usually she has to make a choice between feeding her child and being hurt. It is a no win situation. Our justice system has some major flaws as well. The majority of domestic violence deals with psychological and financial abuse—the types of abuse you can't see, but the types that have the biggest impact on a victim. We really need to change how our legal system handles dv victims. In a culture in which we are desensitized to violence, I think it is important for people to think about the violence that occurs in people's own homes. No one deserves to be hurt, especially by someone they love or who is intimate with them.

*Visit [www.thehotline.org](http://www.thehotline.org) or call the National Domestic Hotline at 1-800-799-SAFE (7233) if you or someone you know is involved in an abusive situation, or to learn more about what you can do to help.*



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While strolling through the backstreets of Spokane, this candy green building stood out among a spattering of run-down looking structures as a potentially lively entity. The nearest signpost stood without a sign. Around the side of the building, the window displayed 'sorry we're closed.' Everything in the neighborhood, no matter how vibrant or drab, appeared to be deserted. *Photo and caption by Zack Jankelson.*

# GRANDMOTHER PRESIDENT

by Eileen Maiocco

*For the past ten years, Africa's first female Head of State, President Ellen Johnson Sirleaf, has led the war-torn nation of Liberia through political, economic and social change. Due to her unwavering commitment to women's empowerment, sustainable development, and human rights, many know her as the "Iron Lady." On October 4, 2014, she addressed the Gonzaga community at the McCarthy Athletic Center.*

With over 1,700 pairs of eyes upon her, the president of Liberia walked onto the stage, smiled, and introduced herself as the grandmother of 10. She then began a testimony of her work promoting peace, justice and human rights to an audience of college students.

For the past nine years, Ellen Johnson Sirleaf has led her country, fresh out of two decades of civil war, as the first democratically elected female Head of State on the African continent. She was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 2011, the Indira Gandhi Prize in 2013, and the title of 70th Most Powerful Woman in the World by Forbes.

On October 4, 2015, President Johnson Sirleaf addressed Gonzaga University as part of Dr. Thayne McCulloh's Presidential Speaker Series, a series that brings well-known speakers to campus to reflect on the University's mission of promoting social justice.

For those in the audience, her humility was striking, especially for someone who has done so much for the world. "It didn't seem like it was a Head of State up on the stage speaking.

She was so soft and honest," said Angela Ruff, the University's Special Projects Manager. "I was struck by her willingness to expose so much of her life."

It's precisely that transparency that captivated the attention of the 800 students who attended, prompting them to seriously ponder both her appraisal and advice to Gonzaga, which has a reputation as one of the nation's smaller schools with one of the highest Peace Corps-enlisting alumni rates in the country. "My final advice to the students of Gonzaga University is to determine what you want to be in life," she said. "Dream big. Act boldly. Work hard. And your dreams will come true."

As one of the primary figures involved in bringing speakers like President Johnson Sirleaf to campus, Ruff said she hopes that Gonzaga students not only realize what it means to be a nation with such economic and political influence, but that they also discern what Gonzaga's responsibility is to that influence in the context of human rights.

"If being a grandmother of 10 doesn't disrupt your idea of world leaders, I don't know what does," said Dr. Joseph Kinsella, assistant academic vice president of the Center for Global Engagement. Kinsella said he hopes that President Johnson Sirleaf's speech helps students dismiss the stereotypes of singular identities.

"We're not simplistic humans. She crushes those stereotypes simply by

being the person she is," explained Kinsella, pointing to President Johnson Sirleaf's complex story. "She can be both the grandmother of 10 and the head of an African state. She can have roots in both rural poverty and in the political elite class." Her ability to move between all these identities, said Kinsella, lends her the ability to advance the needs of a nation from multiple perspectives.

Kinsella noted that with the opportunities to hear from speakers like President Johnson Sirleaf, Gonzaga students don't just become aware of and celebrate the many layers of diversity in the world; they engage with it. They get curious. And perhaps most importantly, they start to think about what it means to apply this engagement to the context of the pursuit of social justice.

"One of the most critical lessons of any education," Kinsella said, "is to find the diversity of the people around you, and to find the diversity within our own selves. I think we can all do a better job of finding the diversity of the person next to us, and celebrating that diversity. That to me is what education should be about."

Right: President Johnson Sirleaf addresses Gonzaga University and the larger Spokane community on October 4 as part of the Presidential Speaker Series. The "Iron Lady" has led her country toward democracy, peace, and gender equality. Her life's work embodies Gonzaga's social justice mission. *Photo by Edward Bell.*







Molly Ayers, the Director of CCASL, is pictured at her desk on the second floor of Hemmingson. As director, she works with university colleagues, students, and members of the local community to develop engagement opportunities. *Photo by Christina Bjarvin.*

# AN INTERVIEW WITH MOLLY AYERS: DIRECTOR OF CCASL

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OneWorld Staff

Molly Ayers is the new director of the Center for Community Action and Service Learning at Gonzaga. We wanted to get her take on how she sees CCASL as advocating for social justice. Here's what we found out:

**“What was your position at Gonzaga before you became director of CCASL?”**

My most recent position was as the Director of Community Engagement at Eastern Washington University. Prior to my time at EWU, I worked at CCASL as the assistant director. In that role, I supported the academic service-learning program as well as grant writing/grant management for the department.

I received both my BA (History) and MA (Philosophy) from Gonzaga.

**“Tell us a little bit about your time serving with AmeriCorps VISTA.”**

After graduating from GU in 2000, I served as an AmeriCorps VISTA volunteer with the Seattle-based Alliance for Education. As part of their AmeriCorps team, I spent a year at Madison Middle School, a Title 1 school in West Seattle. I worked with teachers to develop service-learning projects and

programs for Madison students. This was my first experience with community-engaged learning.

**“What is your favorite part of working with CCASL?”**

The students! I am graced to work with students who are passionate and committed to making a positive change in their community. Students breathe fresh air into our work. Their energy and perspectives renew our commitment and challenge us to look at our work in new ways.

I feel honored to be a part of their journey here at Gonzaga. One of the most incredible parts of this job is watching students grow in their understanding of themselves, their gifts and the ways those gifts can be of benefit to the world. The former Superior General of the Society of Jesus, Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, S.J., underscored that the “measure of our universities is who our students become.” The students that have passed through CCASL over the years have gone on to do amazing things. After graduating, many of these students choose to spend 1-2 years involved in post graduate service through



the Peace Corps, Jesuit Volunteer Corps, AmeriCorps, Teach for America and many more. Our alumni are human rights attorneys, teachers, counselors, community organizers, entrepreneurs and individuals committed to building stronger, healthier, more equitable communities.

**“What are you looking forward to most for the future of CCASL?”**

Our team has spent the first half of this year looking toward the future, and imagining what could be. This has been a self-reflective process of looking inward as an organization to examine our strengths and weakness while visioning a future that challenges us to think about our work in new ways.

We are in the process of finalizing our strategic plan. This plan refocuses our efforts on the formation of students committed to the Jesuit ideals of solidarity and social justice, a commitment to creating lasting and positive change in our local community through a more focused engagement approach, and supporting Gonzaga’s commitment to being a community-engaged institution by supporting community-engaged learning within the curriculum and co-curriculum.

I am excited to begin.

**“What is your favorite memory, moment, or experience from working with CCASL?”**

My most memorable CCASL experiences have happened during service immersions. Over the years, I have had the opportunity to serve as an advisor on Mission: Possible, Justice in January, and with CLP’s Zambia program in Zambezi. These experiences have had a profound impact. They allow for moments of true vulnerability, deep connection, and dissonance.

One Mission: Possible trip in particular comes to mind—a trip to Clarksdale, Mississippi. After a seven hour drive across the South, we arrived to find out that our service site—the local Boys and Girls Club—had been vandalized to the extent that they chose to close their doors. We were instead given a project of clearing a mass of vegetation adjacent to the neighborhood convent. We worked alongside two local men from the neighborhood, Carl and Bryant.

Through the course of our work with these individuals we learned about the endemic racism and poverty that impacted the surrounding community. They invited us into their community and shared with us their perspectives about race, justice, faith, and privilege. It was, for all of us, an important moment of being welcomed in as friends to a world we had never experienced.

**“What does social justice mean to you? How do you see this played out in your day-to-day experience?”**

I connect most deeply to the concept of solidarity or accompaniment—the idea of being “with.” The work of social justice must start with being in relationship. It is through relationship that we erase the margins and recognize that another’s suffering is our own. Fr. Greg Boyle has reflected on this work as the recognition that “there is no ‘them’ and ‘us.’ Only ‘us.’”

This work is incredibly difficult. It takes courage and vulnerability. I am in awe of those that have developed that gift of accompaniment. In my day-to-day life, I try to remember the importance of being present, open, and aware of the “infinite worth” of the person in front of me.

**“What role does CCASL play in working toward social justice?”**

CCASL provides students with opportunities to engage directly with issues of social injustice—issues such as educational inequity, food insecurity, homelessness, ableism and ageism. Through these experiences, students develop a deeper understanding of the complexities of these issues and their intersectionality. Students also explore their role in this work, the ways in which they may become advocates and catalysts for positive social change. Our hope is that these critical lessons go with students after they graduate—impacting the fields that they choose to go into, their commitment to the communities in which they live, and the choices they make as private citizens (sustainable living, civic engagement, and philanthropic giving). This is the “why” behind our work. We believe that social change begins with the individual and that each of our students have the ability to make an impact in both small and significant ways if they are given opportunities to cultivate the knowledge,

skills and dispositions essential to this work.

**“What is the function of CCASL programming? What does it set out to do?”**

CCASL is a place where Gonzaga’s Jesuit mission is lived—where students are provided with experiences that prepare them for lives of leadership and service for the common good.

**Excerpt from the CCASL Mission statement:**

By connecting Gonzaga University with local, regional and global communities, CCASL positively transforms our students and communities.

Honoring the Jesuit commitment to social justice and solidarity, CCASL partners with staff, faculty and the community to develop relationships grounded in reciprocity that strive to meet the needs of the community and promote social change.

CCASL provides experiences that allow students to hone their intellectual, physical, spiritual and emotional gifts in service for the common good. Through these experiences, students will grow in their understanding of complex issues contributing to injustice, will have the desire and ability to challenge oppression in their own communities, and will seek solidarity with those impacted by poverty.

**“Under your direction, how has CCASL changed?”**

That’s a difficult question to answer since it’s only been six months. My hope is to continue to build upon the foundation laid over the past twenty years and continue to provide high quality programs that form students committed to the Jesuit ideals of solidarity and social justice and lead to positive and lasting change in our community.



## POETRY

The power of language is evident in the following poems that focus on social issues. Social justice poetry uses purposeful and figurative language to bring awareness to social issues that affect the oppressed and marginalized. The authors of the following poems recognized injustices and took action by delivering their messages to the readers of OneWorld.

# RONIN

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by Daniel Hodge

A 12-year-old boy took his life.  
Some say he was lost.  
Others say he couldn't find meaning.  
I say he was found.  
He knew who he was.  
Ronin, I'm sorry the world let you down.

He liked to cheer.  
A sport filled with happiness,  
But he lived in fear.  
They called him gay.  
They told him, "be yourself a little less."  
Go out and play, but don't talk to strangers.  
Have fun at school! Failing to see bullies as the danger.

A 12-year-old boy took his life because being himself never felt right.  
Some say he was lost.  
I say that's an excuse.  
He wanted to be a cheerleader.  
They called him gay.  
They told him, "be yourself a little less."  
I know he's scared.  
I know.  
I would tell him that I'm scared too.  
I want to feel his pain.  
I would tell him that I'm different too.  
I want to give him a hug.  
I would tell him "otherness" is cool.  
I want to show him what love is.  
I would tell him that he's beautiful.  
I want to beat that bully's ass.  
He called us names too.

Let's get all of our lunch money back, Ronin.  
I hope they hear you now.  
I hope they feel your pain.  
Dear Ronin,  
I'm sorry the world let you down.

*To find out more about what lawmakers are doing in your state to stop bullying and protect children, visit [www.stopbullying.gov/laws](http://www.stopbullying.gov/laws). For those struggling with bullying relating to gender issues visit [spokanepflag.org](http://spokanepflag.org). PFLAG Spokane advocates embracing everyone and is a great resource for those struggling with their gender identities.*





# SKEWED STRUCTURES

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by Angela Balestreri

some people stand tall  
some are forced to shrink and crawl;  
others have nothing at all.

hierarchies constantly shatter  
thousands of voices that matter;  
others seem to scatter.

white supremacy claims  
collide with anonymous names;  
visions of the American Dream demolish in flames.

public places constrain  
people service due to its terrain;  
minorities peacefully remain.

subordinate separation defines  
individuals by signs and lines;  
others view from the sidelines.

Left: A Nong Bua School second grader looks on as his teammate races to the whiteboard to identify an animal. The class is split into two lines, the student at the front runs to the board to read an animal name in English and then draw an illustration. I, along with two other volunteers from U.S. Universities, tutored the second grade class in English for two weeks last May. I traveled with Growth International Volunteer Excursions, a Seattle-based organization, that leads sustainable volunteer projects in communities in Northern Thailand, Laos, Tanzania and Nicaragua. This trip was focused in Chiang Dao, Northern Thailand where college-age volunteers tutored Thai elementary schoolers in English and built a sustainable water tank from sand-filled plastic water bottles. This tank ensures access to fresh water for all of the students at the boarding school. *Photo and caption by Alysa Schols.*

# TEN MINUTES UNTIL CLASS

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by Venezia Hyland

Take your seat  
Open your computer  
You are each other's best teachers  
Tell me everything

Open your computer  
Please highlight your text  
Tell me everything  
No "chicken pecking"

Please highlight your text  
80 students and 9 computers  
No "chicken pecking"  
Our supplies are limited

80 students and 9 computers  
You have an important story  
Our supplies are limited  
Why do you want to learn computers?

You have an important story  
You are each other's best teachers  
Why do you want to learn computers?  
Take your seat



On May 9, 2015 I traveled to Zambezi, Zambia with 17 other members of the Gonzaga community. I spent the next three weeks teaching a computer class to local Zambians. I, along with two other students, taught four classes a day to almost 75 students. I constantly struggled with teaching and befriending my students. I desired to learn about the culture and lives they had so eagerly welcomed me in to. However, I also felt obligated to teach the fundamentals of typing and Word processing. Ten minutes before every class I would get a knot in my stomach as I grew nervous about the role I was to play in the coming moments. *Photo and caption by Venezia Hyland.*

*The United Nations Development Programme promotes inclusive and sustainable human development and works to reduce poverty in all its dimensions. They focus their efforts on making growth and trade benefit everyone in developing countries. In recent years the UNDP has continued to support the Government of the Republic of Zambia in addressing national challenges in the areas of Democratic & Economic Governance, Environment, Gender, and HIV/AIDS. For more information visit [zm.undp.org](http://zm.undp.org).*



# WOMAN AND SLAVE

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by Daniel Hodge

## Women and Slave

Two different peoples,  
But we are one in the same.  
Peep the white mans aim, to exploit our labor and pain.

You can't rape women.  
You can't just steal their children.  
Must you make this legal?  
This practice of marriage, historically evil.

Marriage and Slavery;  
Really, what's the difference?  
She'll take his name, I'll take Massa's.  
Our meaning, lost in the distance.

What about the kids?  
They'll take his name too.  
I picked the cotton, it made him rich.  
You made the babies, he profits from all of it.

Don't cry, he provides for us.  
A slave owner's mentality:  
"They are nothing without me."  
Do you now see the reality?

The institutions lock you in.  
A runaway slave, or  
A runaway bride.  
Run and be killed, can you stand the test of time?

He loves our obedience.  
We've been trained to do it right.  
House-slave, housewife;  
We must hide our tears at night.

He fears our rebellion.  
The hysteria is ever present.  
Tame your slaves, they'll kill you.  
Train your wife, she may leave you.

Property we are.  
Without him, we may starve.  
Near him, we know our place.  
For him, the institution, is surely the safest space.







The Martin Luther King Jr. March wound through downtown Spokane on January 19, 2015. The March began at the INB Performing Arts Center with speeches about justice and equality before taking to the closed off streets. Participants from all different backgrounds and ages marched together playing music, holding signs or hands, and promoting social justice and equality for all. *Photo and caption by Mark Rawson.*



# SOMEBODY HAS TO CARE

by Mackenzie Draper

I.

London is not a nice place for nice girls.  
Supine on the pavement as cracked as her skull  
Blood trickles slowly onto a lieutenant's shoe.  
'What now?' 'Another whore, DOA.'  
Callous conversations from those paid  
To care about her passing –  
'Back to the morgue, probable suicide.'  
That's all she is: a probability, never a reality.  
Life without justice is unfair.  
Death without justice smothers.

So it went for the nice girl:

A nice fee for a nice flat; the first month slips away  
Like her mother's hard-earned wealth. What can an émigré do  
In the pulsing city, in the cash-strapped city,  
In the fear-mongering city? Malaysia is not as cold  
As England is. A white woman offers to help.  
Her face is twisted and hard; an immigrant cannot resist.  
White is the color of greed. It takes  
All the colors and mixes them together,  
Then swallows them and whines at its individual uselessness.  
She gets taken to another building, not a nice flat.  
They call it a bordello.

Just a nice term for a nice girl

To conceal the nice fact of slavery.  
Fairy dust rains from the ceiling,  
Motes of magic dancing in rugged shafts of light.  
Leering eyes attached to shadow people  
Watch her, undress her, violate her:  
She calls them demons because she cannot understand  
That people might do what has been done,  
Might crave what kills.

Pain subsides with buzzing opiates –  
Her name ebbs away with each new client  
Who steals part of her identity when they leave.  
A month goes by and she is no longer there –  
Soul vacant, body hollow for others' pleasure.  
Skin mottled with cigarette burns,  
Penny-sized reminders of her place and purpose –  
Arms battlefields where pocked injection sites  
Ooze and take over;  
Eyes bloodshot, keen as death.

She may not leave. The white woman –

The greedy woman – the bad woman –

Forbids access to her passport, her visa, her money.  
Calloused hands covered in scar tissue  
Clasp in succor:  
They are met with backhanded objections.  
So she injects more, she huffs more, she swallows more,  
She hopes to find death much before  
The next client worms his way inside her.  
But her mind will not give up, and her body must face the  
consequences.

II.

What happens when a soul leaves a body  
But the body keeps on living? A man –  
John, client, punter – masturbates with her frame;  
Empty bones and wilted features arouse him:  
The belle de jour's taut skin invites an expensive quickie.  
He is old enough to be her father. He leaves;  
His round belly protrudes above a silver belt,  
Bouncing with every step, a testament to his worldly rewards.  
She is left with her face to the wall.  
She cannot leave.

The white woman –

The greedy woman – the bad woman – the lying woman –  
Calls herself the girl's savior.

'I saved you from being shipped back,'  
She says; it allows her to own her pound of flesh,  
To profit off a nameless prostitute on  
A nondescript road in a run-down bordello.  
She sells her, the invisible whore, to another,  
But holds onto the passport.  
She calls it 'insurance.'

South London is not a nice place for nice girls.  
The white man who controls her invisible leash  
Nightly rents her out from the sixth floor flat;  
She is chained not physically but emotionally  
For he romances her, praises her, dotes on her,  
Bit by bit steering her toward total submission.  
The men who kiss her,

They whisper terrible things in her ears.

Their teeth are yellow, their skin is sticky,  
They smell like rage and rape,  
Their eyes – cesspools of danger.  
Freedom is as abstract as Eternity.  
She would ache for home if the ache for crack  
Would subside. Instead of reaching out  
She reaches in – slowly breaking down –  
Grinding her nameless heart under a four inch heel.  
There is no room for feeling, or refuge for emotion,  
Not when the white man –

The beating man – the greedy man –

Calls for money when she steps into his flat,  
Beats tears out of her paper eyes.  
One night – it's cold outside, her skin shrinks at the touch  
Of northern winds –

She is invited to a man's house. And he is nice.  
But after pleasantries he asks 'What she will do for an ounce.'  
An ounce of what? It doesn't matter.  
She pants for release. He steps out of his pants.  
He gets out a knife when she gets scared; a nurse  
At the clinic won't stop asking questions.  
The beige woman won't stop staring blankly at the beige wall.  
The white man grieves over lost revenue with white knuckles.



*According to the U.S. State Department, 600,000 to 800,000 people are trafficked across international borders every year, of which 80% are female and half are children. To learn more about how to prevent human trafficking, visit [nhtrc@polarisproject.org](mailto:nhtrc@polarisproject.org) or call 1-888-373-7888 to report a tip.*

III.

14:53 flashes on the clock; she cannot watch another minute go by,  
Cannot wait for the white man –

    The beating man – the greedy man – the terrifying man  
–To come home.

    She risks all.

Walking barefoot on the frozen concrete –  
Drawing no one's gaze from the building –  
Pounding hard, her shaky heart beats with fear  
Like fists have the last six months –  
Clutching the railing, she takes the first step down –  
Two steps down from the sixth floor flat  
His voice sticks to her skin and stops her short:  
'Where do you think you're going?'  
Her tongue cleaves to the roof of her mouth.  
Her spittle leaks out of trembling, parted lips.  
Her thighs blush with warmth, the humiliating signal  
Of submission, defeat –

    Urine drips. Drips. Drips.

Lukewarm backplash tickles her ankles,  
Tears dribble out her eyes.  
'Dumb bitches don't leave me,' he says.  
His eyes send a threat more frightening than  
Anything his lips could ever say.  
His eyebrows come together in fury and dominance.  
His white skin –

    His beating skin – his greedy skin – his terrifying skin –  
his pockmarked skin –

Reddens with anger and embarrassment.  
His property waltzes down the stairs  
As if leaving was her right. As if her life was in her hands.  
He takes action to rectify the wrong.

In his sweaty hand, her wispy wrist snaps in half.  
She whimpers as he takes a handful of hair,  
Black, brittle, her broken crown – rips it out of her scalp –  
Two neighbors peep out behind their curtains.

He manhandles the nameless whore to their door.  
She resists the man who thinks he has the right to her life –  
Or death. In a moment he shoves her back.

She tips over a rusty railing from their sixth floor flat.  
Falling, time warps to a standstill.

Sounds cease; colors bleed from all she sees;

The plunge feels more like a bad dream.

It wasn't the life she wanted – her mother would be disappointed –  
That long trip for nothing. Those months of labor for nothing.  
Dreams of London and the good life – like dew,  
Drying upon summer grass.

    She closes her eyes.

They open on impact, radiating pain like battery acid –  
Blinding crimson fogs her vision until all is blood.

IV.

'Another whore, DOA.' 'Probably suicide.' 'Jane Doe.' 'Low  
priority.'

She is laid on a slab, the nameless 19 year old,  
A doll with scars like the detective can't believe,  
Tongue swollen, eyes open, blood crusted  
Over nose, mouth, ears.

The tenderest touches she ever received  
Brushed over her skin with a scalpel –  
A chaplain comes to say a prayer over her  
But doesn't stay long.

    He recognizes her face.

The police department is not a nice place  
For nice girls caught between a rock and a hard spot.  
Sympathy doesn't weigh on Justice's scales. She is blind  
To suffering. She only cares about Facts and Truth.

Nameless women don't come with spreadsheets

    Of Fact and Truth.

Tendrils of ivy cover her headstone,

Engraved 'Jane Doe d. 1995' –

The first of seventy-three women

In a twenty year span.

Day by day her wood coffin rots away

Bit by bit – she decomposes,

Skin first, maggots eating away at what once

Was a cheap thrill for rapists.

Tree roots come up through the bottom

And grow through her decaying torso –

Nutrients from the putrefaction of muscle, marrow,

    Bone, brain.

The nameless woman supplies the cemetery with  
Brilliant crimson apples.

Women who walk her path

Often journey to the same end.

Where is the hope? Who cares for them?

The nameless woman lays there for twenty years

Before the man who rented out her body is

Arrested for tax evasion –

She provides necessary nourishment

For uneaten apples for five more

Before the woman who convinced her to trade her

Freedom for finances is caught on fifteen years of unpaid tickets.

When nameless women are kept voiceless

The cycle of namelessness continues.

Morally obligated are those subject to privilege,

Who are without the scourge of oppression to silence.

Twenty-five years is much too long;

Small-time charges and minimum jail terms

Frustrate the just, silence the voiceless –

    It is madness.

Somebody has to care.

Somebody has to care.

# SHADOW

---

by Lindsey Hand

The shadow covering me  
I close my eyes  
Because it's easier to pretend  
And to just believe the lies

I close my eyes  
To keep a superficial peace as he dances  
And to just believe the lies  
I am told

To keep a superficial peace  
My face deceives my heart  
I am told  
You look like you love it

My face deceives my heart  
Helpless and hopeless I silence beneath  
You look like you love it  
But all I see is the faceless face in front of me

Helpless and hopeless I silence beneath  
Laughing outwardly, swelling with shame beneath  
All I think of is the faceless face  
That will always have power over me

I laugh at the dancing, cheerfully  
Because it's easier to pretend  
I am happy than to realize the weight of  
The shadow covering me.

# PARADISE

---

by Eileen Maiocco

Don't take me to paradise.  
I don't want to go where beauty is perfection.  
I want to go where beauty is measured in scars,  
Where wrinkled hands tell stories of lessons learned  
And of long days working under the sun.

Don't take me to paradise.  
I won't find rest in the land flowing with milk and honey.  
I want to go where I can feel my own pain prick my feet like  
pins,  
So I can finally understand why the path I've worn  
Has been marked with drops of red.

Don't take me to paradise.  
Don't say I've been blessed because I was splashed with a bit  
of fountain water.  
I will be blessed when I hold tears in my hands and  
understand that  
This is holy water.

Don't take me to paradise.  
Take me to where the people are drowning,  
So I can kneel at the water's edge and swallow  
As much of their pain as I can  
Without poisoning myself.

Break my heart so that I may join those who weep  
And learn the grace of flowers grown in holy water.  
Take my sweat as my prayer  
And my blisters as penance for having waited so long.  
Baptize me in the holy water I'm holding.

Don't take me to paradise.  
Take me to the slums and the ghettos, and I will take off my  
shoes.  
For this ground is sacred.

Don't take me to paradise.  
We're already there.



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Kipkay and Pim take a break from learning colors to have their photo taken and then giggle at the image. The girls are first graders at Muang Khong School in the Chiang Dao district of Chiang Mai, Northern Thailand. Two volunteers and I spent two weeks tutoring the class in English, teaching them the alphabet, colors, body parts, and action words. *Photo and caption by Alysa Schols.*



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## SPECIAL THANKS

---

those entrusted with the journal's mission

Dr. Ellen Maccarone  
Joanne Shiosaki  
Kayla Cartelli  
Tyler Hamke  
Gonzaga Student Publications

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

Email us at:  
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