

A photograph of three young girls of African descent standing in front of a blue wall with peeling paint. The girl on the left is smiling and wearing a yellow and white patterned top with a yellow skirt. The girl in the middle is wearing a yellow ruffled dress and is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The girl on the right is wearing a blue and white patterned dress and is looking down at something in her hands. The text 'ONWORLD' is in the top right corner, and 'Gonzaga University' is in the bottom left corner.

ONWORLD

Gonzaga University

To our readers,

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This project would not have been possible without the support and encouragement of everyone who believes in OneWorld.

If your alarm did not go off every morning, how would you wake up? If you did not feel your stomach grumble, how would you know you were hungry? If you didn't step out into the world, feel it, absorb it, and question it, how would you ever learn how to be the change that the world needs?

As university students at a Jesuit institution, we not only have the ability, but also the calling, inspiration, creativity, and voice to create change greater than ourselves. In recognition of this privilege and our capacity, we have been working hard this year to bring OneWorld to Gonzaga.

Inspired by a model created at Saint Louis University in 2006, OneWorld is based upon the notion that while we are many in our cultures, religions, and struggles, we are one in our common vision of peace for the future. OneWorld is a forum for discussion about the social injustice that cannot be ignored around the world. It is a vehicle for change as Gonzaga students, faculty, staff and alumni express how they have been transformed by encounters greater than themselves. Finally, OneWorld is a source of inspiration, courage, and strength. We hope by reading the articles contained in this magazine, you feel like you are one step closer to figuring how you can dig deep and find the transformative passion within you.

As you read the magazine, feel inspired by the stories that have moved others; each narrative is unique yet connected with a belief in the power of understanding. This magazine is meant to help all of its readers encounter new ideas and different cultures, recognize the importance of social change and ultimately, the importance of every life. The next step for OneWorld is to create an umbrella assembly for the Gonzaga Community which could serve to connect those who are interested in making a greater impact on our world. We've started small, but hope that every reader feels compelled to join our efforts. Keep a look out for announcements and notices of our upcoming meetings and events throughout this year and next. Come be a part of the change.

As we have discovered this year, publishing a magazine takes more than just passion; it takes financial aid and community support. In order to sustain our efforts in the upcoming years, we need the outside help of donors who believe in our mission. If you are interested in supporting OneWorld please contact us at oneworld@gonzaga.edu.

As you read through the following pages, it is easy to see that from downtown Spokane to the far off Marshall Islands, members of our human family lack access to essential resources. But the following pages are also about hope. This collection of articles, poems and photos shows that something can and will be done when injustice is met with the voices of those who want to be a part of the change. OneWorld should be a starting point for action. It is not only a magazine or organization and it is more than an idea- it is a way of life. We can live for others without distinctions, without borders, without limitations. The time has come to live OneWorld.

Sincerely,

The **ONEWORLD** Editorial Board

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OUR MISSION:

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 humanity. 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 this unity by raising awareness of social injustice, inspiring action, and transforming our hearts, minds, and society.

Live **ON**EWORLD

Los Ojos Que Me Dicen La Verdad

Katie Beno

Brian ran ahead of us, just like most independent two-year-old boys. He giggled as his older cousin grabbed his hand just before he ran into the street. Pick-up trucks often drive erratically through Tepecoyo, a pueblo of about 2,000 people that services up to 16,000 local residents. Carolina's eyes grew larger as a pick-up sped by, just feet from her son, Brian, who was now in the arms of his cousin.

"Mommy!" Brian squealed in delight, watching as the pick-up gained speed down the hill.

He reached out to Carolina, attempting to wiggle out of the grasp of his cousin.

"Mommy! I want that!" he whined while pointing to a passing ice cream cone vendor.

Carolina turned to me. Her tired eyes seemed to long to switch lives with my own.

Carolina turned to me. Her tired eyes seemed to long to switch lives with my own. She said to me, almost whispering, "Kati, he really annoys me when he acts like this."

"I understand," was the only way I could respond. The reality is, however, that I cannot understand.

Earlier that day, I had interviewed Carolina for a class project. As Brian squirmed in her lap, Carolina told me parts of her story, attempting to hold back tears.

Carolina graduated ninth grade from the "better" public school in Tepecoyo with hopes of attending high school. When she realized that her family would not be able to afford the fees for high school, Carolina found a job sewing sleeves onto T-shirts in a free-trade-zone factory about twenty minutes from her home. Carolina told me that it costs about \$80 to enroll in a public high school. This sum includes enrollment fees, books, uniform, shoes, books, and supplies. Students also pay a monthly fee of about \$15 to stay in the school. Tears gathered in Carolina's eyes when I asked her about her desire to return to school.

Carolina had been planning on attending a high school program for working adults on Sundays. She was no longer able to hold back the tears.

"I worked in the factory until two weeks before Brian was born," she struggled to say the words before the tears overwhelmed her, "I would like to go back to school now that he is older. But we just found out that we don't have the resources for me to go to school. I want nothing more than for Brian to love learning and to do well in school. I want him to be able to attend high school."

Angélica, Carolina's mother-in-law, shared with me the story of Brian's birth. She told me that Carolina had been working at the clothing factory six days a week. Shortly before Brian was due, Carolina felt what she thought were labor pains. She went to the factory's doctor who informed her that it was not yet time for the birth. Carolina went back to work. She felt

uncomfortable at work, so for the weeks leading up to Brian's birth, Carolina had to stay home, and eventually, quit work. Carolina was lucky, unlike far too many other Salvadoran mothers. She was able to deliver Brian in the hospital, with her mother and Angélica at her side.

While eating dinner that night, Carolina asked me, "How old are you?"

I responded, "Twenty-one."

"I gave birth to Brian when I was your age," she hastily added to the conversation before ducking out of the kitchen to attend to her screaming two-year-old son.

I met Carolina while studying abroad with la Casa de la Solidaridad in El Salvador. Carolina lives about one hour from San Salvador with her family. While I cannot begin to understand Carolina's situation completely, I have promised to share her story with anyone willing to listen. Carolina, and countless others like her, desire the chance to learn in a school. Now she only hopes that her son will get the opportunities she did not. Since my return to the United States, Carolina has returned to work in the clothing factory, earning \$60 every two weeks. Carolina has shared her story with me, and I would like to share it with you. □



Carolina and her son Brian

Photo by Katie Beno

The earthly smells and sweeping breeze are enough
to bring me to my knees.

The wonder,
creativity,
imagination
that are creation.

A place so different from home
yet feeling more like it everyday. I wonder,
will I ever come this way again?

Because it is something about the smells, the breeze and
the wonder which brings me to my knees
praying
that tomorrow
things will be different.

Negative Five Dollars Toward the Future

Katie Collins

I remember
on a day with such a breeze when it came to my attention
that Don Chebelo was no longer
in his bed
but up to heaven.

It would have been five dollars she said.
The test that is, to figure out what was making him
so frail, feeble, so sick.

But five dollars was too much for one family
with children
and one \$4 a day income coming from a man who often
forgot he had a family.

I forgot about all other concerns of that day and focused
on what kind of tomorrow comes
when five dollars is too much to get together
to begin to
Save
One
Life.

It is a kind of tomorrow different from my own where
the question of five dollars is not a question at all.

The would have's, the could have's and should have's
of that day race through my head but to offer five dollars
to one dying man would not ameliorate the need of all
who need the five dollars I cannot offer
to everyone.

My limits
Also
Represent my strengths.

I asked one day if I could take just one message home, what
should it be?
Send money?
Send food?

Send gauze and bandages and medicine and condoms and needles
and vitamins and anything to patch up the problems I can simply not
ignore anymore?

"No child, send the message that this is humanity.
I am your brother or your sister and I did not ask to live like this!
I'm not asking for your money
your food
your solutions.

I am asking for your solidarity because you and I both know that if we walk together
for a while we will find that we are one body, one spirit, one voice."

Ignoring our human circumstance is no longer an option.
Tell them to walk with me so that they may see
and
so that they can simply not ignore any more.

The city smells and the sweeping breeze are enough to bring me to my knees
praying today, Like every other,
that I might learn to be the change.

Simply Living

Ashley Graham

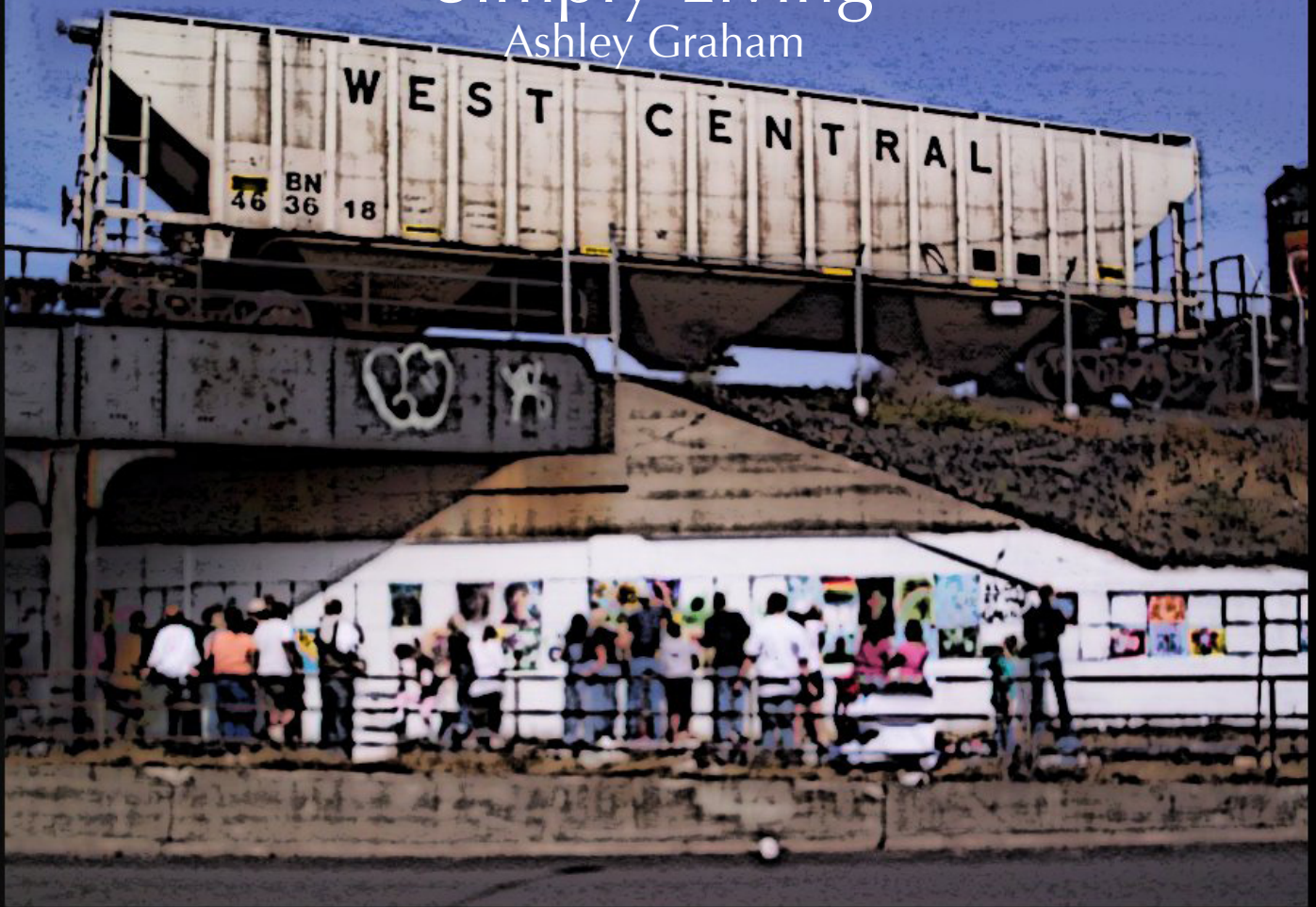


Photo by Ashley Graham

How many times have you had to choose between eating or heating your apartment? Going to the doctor or putting gas in your car? These choices are something millions of people face on a regular basis, but society at large often turns its back on these people and even blames them for their own plight. This growing population is often ignored and shoved aside with no empathy or understanding, no outstretched hand or even a kind word. They are faced with disgust and the traditional "pull yourself up by the bootstraps" mentality. Until you've been there, there is no way you can understand the effect this has on people who often are trying their hardest.

Most of my life I grew up lower middle class. When I was a young kid, we were poor but I never really noticed

it, because I was happy. Our family was happy. When we moved to Everett, Washington, I was 10 years old. After landscaping for years, my dad had finished his technical degree and gotten a job as a drafter. We bought a house. Over the years, my parents' income increased little by little.

I even kept insurance on my car in the beginning. But as you have less and less to survive on, you sacrifice the things you're "supposed" to have. Car insurance? Bye-bye.

We fit into the middle class bracket. I was by no means spoiled; I had a job. I paid for my own car, and my own insurance. I wasn't wearing designer jeans. But most of my life I hadn't really had to worry about food on the table, heating costs, or the roof over my head. In high school these were things I started to worry about. Granted, when someone said

"there's no food," most of the time what they really meant was that there wasn't anything they didn't have to cook. While my parents' income had increased, somehow so had

their debt. Periodically we got PUD (Public Utility District) shut-off notices, which my dad promptly paid (usually). Every now and then, things really did get shut off. I don't know the details, and I doubt I ever will. Things deteriorated rapidly. Essentially, as my parents' marriage fell apart, so did our family, and as they split up, they also lost the house. I was already off in Spokane going to college (clearly, with no help from them). Technically they sold the house, but I know that it was on the very brink of foreclosure. While in school, I was poor but I wasn't starving. I scraped by and managed to afford my books and the other things I needed. I even kept insurance on my car in the beginning. But as you have less and less to survive on, you sacrifice the things you're "supposed" to have. Car insurance? Bye-bye.

Now that I've graduated, things are worse by far. Worse, in fact, than I think they've ever been. Those of you who know me know I'm an AmeriCorps volunteer in Spokane now and I make about \$9,300 a year gross income. This is below the federal poverty line, and that's before they withhold any taxes or the fees for my required life insurance. I also have over \$50,000 in debt from college. I will get an education award around \$4500 when my term of service is over, but it can only be applied to loans. When I joined AmeriCorps, I knew the amount I would be making. I calculated it all and it was enough to allow me to survive in a moderately comfortable fashion. What I didn't calculate was the pro-rated first check which would not be the full \$380-odd dollars, but rather around \$225. Ouch.

Okay, well, I have enough to pay my rent, which is due in two days, and I suppose that's the most important thing right now. After I pay that I think I'll have \$33 and some change in my account. And just like that, I've been thrust into financial crisis. People forget that the smallest thing can push you over the edge between making it and not. One unforeseen emergency car repair or hospital visit and bam! I knew when I signed up that part of the reason AmeriCorps pays us volunteers so poorly is so that we live in similar circumstances to the people and community we're supposed to be serving, that is, in poverty, the very condition we're supposed to be working to eradicate. And while I can see the logic behind this, it is one thing to stand for something you see from afar. It's another to stand for something you personally are neck-deep in.

So let me tell you what I've learned in this sojourn into being impoverished. When you're poor and you need help, the services there to help you are not nearly as helpful as they could be, especially if you're one of the "working poor". DSHS (Department of Human and Social Services)

closes at 5pm. When they make an appointment, they make it for you, and regardless of the time, you had better show up. When you get there, expect to wait at least 45 minutes, even if you're the first appointment of the day and you're there ten minutes early. When you have a question, expect to get three different answers and still wonder which is right. When you tell them it's urgent, consider yourself lucky if you get help in 3-5 business days. On average, food banks close anywhere between 1 p.m. and 4:30 p.m., before most working people get off work. If you have a car, get used to running it practically on empty on a regular basis. If you don't, be prepared to spend a lot of time on the bus. When you're poor with medical concerns, get ready to do nothing but worry about them. Get ready to haggle

with billing departments over when and how much you can pay. Getting any prescription you require will be an ordeal, as will be paying for it. Nothing in this life is easy, or free.

Perhaps worst of all, in your quest for finding help

or just trying to help yourself, you must be prepared to be stigmatized. Words like "food stamps" and "welfare," when applied to you, make you a second-class citizen. Nothing feels quite like the burn of shame on your face when you're being looked down on.

I know there are people worse off, people without a roof over their heads. But never before have I had to worry about paying the rent or how empty the fridge really is. When all that's staring back at you from the shelf is three eggs, some salsa and a tortilla, and you're afraid to touch what's left in your bank account for fear of over drafting, that is scary. I'm not even the traditional face of poverty. I am white, pretty well-educated, and employed. I have a running vehicle and basic health insurance. By most standards, things could be worse. A lot worse. Even so, it's still hard. Through this experience, my respect for people living in poverty has multiplied.

My point, simply put, is that living in poverty is harder than most people could ever imagine. Instead of judging the homeless people you see on the street or the mom with five kids using food stamps at the grocery store, take a minute and stop yourself. Recognize the strength and courage required to even exist when one in poverty has internalized the belittlement and blame cast upon them by American social norms. Instead of looking down on them, I hope you realize how, although the entire system is set up to their disadvantage, they're still managing to survive. That takes strength. □

Words like "food stamps" and "welfare," when applied to you, make you a second-class citizen.



Dreaming of Vegetables and waiting for the ship to come

Micah Sewell

The plane didn't look like much. Next to the jet that connected this place with the rest of the world, it wasn't much more than an awkward newborn. I felt the same way for different reasons as I boarded the 16-seater with my sleeping mat and backpacks full of gifts, school supplies, and things I might need during my year on the island. The other passengers on this atoll-jumper included two babies held haphazardly by their muumuu-clad mothers, several 20-pound bags of flour, rice, and sugar, valuable enough to earn a seat in the cabin, and another volunteer going to the closest island to mine – eighty miles west. She looked about as comfortable as I felt with our choice of adventure.

We knew what we were getting ourselves into, though – all 40 of us applied and were accepted to the WorldTeach volunteer program in the Republic of the Marshall Islands (RMI). With 60,000 people spread over a country 700,000 square miles (that's a bit bigger than Alaska) in size, you might be tempted to think of vast empty spaces between people and their neighbors. That's not far from the reality, except that only 70 square miles, or one-hundredth-of-one-percent of the RMI, is land, divided into over 30 island groups. Vast distances of open ocean do separate islands from their neighbors, but many of those islands are painfully overcrowded.

My soon-to-be home was large by local standards. Mejit (Meh-jeesh) is in the northern part of the country, is about two-thirds of a square mile in area, and is home to 450 people. It is one of only five single islands in the RMI – the

rest of the country is made up of atolls, thin strips of island forming a circle around a central lagoon. They mark ancient coral reefs that grew around the banks of volcanic islands, long since sunk back into the sea.

As the plane descended over Mejit, I saw a lush green island with a slash across its middle, the thin clearing that serves as the landing strip. A crowd of people gathered to greet and unload the plane on its weekly visit to the island – I quickly learned that this was the height of entertainment in a place so small.

I also quickly learned how challenging the year ahead would be. School, in the Western sense, is a recent import to the RMI. Of my 120 students in grades 1-8, many were illiterate in their own language, not to mention English. Seeing how free they were to roam the island, I could understand why some students resented being in a classroom, learning skills they had no idea how to apply to their daily lives in this remote place.

The state of Marshallese education, ranked the lowest of Pacific nations, could fill up an entire article itself (as could my near-total emotional breakdowns in class). Sadly, though, it is but one problem among many in the RMI. Displacement of peoples, overpopulation, pollution, and the aftermath of U.S. nuclear testing are all critical issues in the country today. Most critical of all is the problem of food supply.

As I adjusted to their island and way of life, the people of Mejit made me feel welcome. At every household

I visited to talk and introduce myself, someone would offer me food – spam and rice, doughnuts, ramen and canned tuna, an occasional coconut for drinking. Food is critical to Marshallese hospitality, as with most cultures, yet I was surprised that barely any of what I ate came from the island; instead, it came in tins and plastic wrappers and paper bags on a “field trip ship” which came around every six weeks or so. I asked people why they didn’t prefer to eat local foods – fish from the reefs, taro and breadfruit from the jungle – and thought perhaps there were too many people on Mejit for the island to support. The answers I received were quite different from what I expected – most people said they made the choices they did because it was easier to buy food off the boat than to spend time fishing or harvesting.

The main source of income for ri-Mejit (people of Mejit) is selling the dried meat from coconuts to the field trip ship. From there it continues on to the RMI’s capital atoll to be processed into coconut oil. Ri-Mejit get paid \$13 per hundred-pound bag, about \$1 or so per hour of strenuous work. That price is only possible through government subsidies, without which it would be about \$8 a bag. Given their choice in eating habits, a good chunk of the money ri-Mejit make is spent on food. Put another way, the Marshallese government pays islanders extra for their work to enable them to buy processed food instead of choosing local options, leaving ri-Mejit and many Marshallese people right back where they started, and the local fruits rotting on the tree, so to speak.

After a few weeks on Mejit, I knew my “honeymoon period” was over when my health started to deteriorate. A diet of empty carbs and little fiber, vitamins, or protein

quickly wreaked havoc on my body. Just when I needed energy to teach my students, I had none to draw on.

At night, for the first time in my life, I dreamed of vegetables. I had visions of lipstick-red tomatoes and vines covered with cucumbers. My mind knew well enough what my body needed to be healthy. Motivated by this thought, I worked with my host father Ramsey to rebuild the derelict gardens around our house. It took a bit of work and some imported soil to get started, but in the space of a few weeks we had tomatoes, cucumbers, eggplant, okra, cabbage, and pumpkin growing for us. Though we had to wait for the plants to mature, I found myself with more energy and better spirits – I had something to occupy my time outside of school, something I enjoyed and could see the beautiful results of.

Meanwhile in December, the field trip ship, already several weeks overdue, was cancelled. The shipping company hinted

at rising fuel costs as the cause. Indeed, the ships once ran every month. They seemed to come around less and less often as the years passed, according to most ri-Mejit. Food supplies ran thin on the island. Some families went into their taro patches and harvested the roots for the first time in weeks; others had let their fences fall into disrepair and found nothing but pig tracks and half-eaten plants. We ate fish, shark, turtle, pig, breadfruit, coconut, grated taro, tomatoes, cabbage – the so-called shortage seemed a feast to me. The island provided for us when the outside world left us hanging. This seemed an important lesson to me, worth remembering. With a little strengthening, a little innovation, this land could support all of us.

A supply ship arrived a few weeks after Christmas - life quickly reverted to ramen, rice, and canned meat. The garden gave us okra and cabbage and radishes to supplement the diet, but the focus had shifted.

The issues of food supply that threaten the future of the RMI are the same issues facing our own society, writ large in a tiny land. It still is hard for me to grasp the choices my ri-Mejit neighbors made every day to buy packaged, processed food from distant places rather than utilize what their own land could provide. Their choices are not unique, however: millions of Americans make similar ones every day. And though our supply ship may be much bigger - a subsidized network of importers, distributors, and transporters - it is just as vulnerable as the RMI’s. As we go forward into an uncertain future, the Marshall Islands will provide either a brilliant success story or a painful warning to larger countries – their story is still open-ended, for now.□

Food for Thought

- The average piece of food an American eats travels 1500 miles to their plate.
- Between 40 and 50% of the fruits and vegetables eaten in the U.S. are grown in California’s San Joaquin Valley.
- To transport one calorie of food from the San Joaquin Valley to Washington, it takes an average of 36 calories of fuel.



Photos by Micah Sewell

An Innovative Approach to Sustainable Change

Gonzaga's **WATER** Program Unwrapped



Photo by Bradley Striebig

"In the age when man has forgotten his origins and is blind to even his most essential needs for survival, water along with other resources has become the victim of his indifference." – Rachel Carson

The water crisis in sub-Saharan Africa is critical. Lack of clean water is the leading reason that hospital beds in Africa are full, and yet most who are sick from bad water cannot even seek medical attention. Addressing the shortage of clean water in developing nations will take investments of money, time, and resources.

As great as the thirst for water is in Africa, the thirst for knowledge is even more acute. By building relationships with partner organization in developing countries, students can change the world. Through these relationships we can begin to understand one another's needs, and then we can begin to communicate. Only after we educate ourselves through building relationships with our project partners can we begin to share a common vision.

The WATER (West African Technology, Education and Reciprocity) study abroad program at Gonzaga was built upon a common vision expressed by Father Nzamujo Godfrey, director of the Songhai Center in Benin Africa, and Professor Bradley Striebig of Gonzaga. Their vision was to bring an effective water treatment technology into the homes in Benin. Manifesting that vision into a sustainable process to make drinking water filters took several years and many, many hours of hard work. It also required building relationships with professors in eight different academic disciplines. This vision had to be shared among faculty and students alike. Finally, in order for the filters to find their way into homes in Benin, students had to educate themselves in basic health care, communication techniques and water filter construction. Once the WATER team was trained, they were able to work alongside people at the Songhai Center to train them to make the water filters using materials and resources which are readily available to the people of Benin.

*Introduction written by Professor Bradley Striebig,
Associate Professor, Gonzaga School of Engineering*

WATER Program: Working Hand-in-Hand to Brighten the Future of Benin through Achieving the United Nations Millennium Development Goals

Alex Maxwell

It was around 8:00 p.m. as I sat at my desk in an empty office. After a long day of work at my internship and a three hour paddle on the Arkansas River, I found myself pouring over my summer course work for a program in Benin, Africa. As I sat there, thousands of miles away from that small country on the West African coast, I began to research issues concerning disease transmission and the water crisis that was impacting everyone around the globe, especially the poor. Slowly shaken from my stupor, my heart began to race as my mind wrapped around countless shocking facts and figures.

I discovered that 6,000 people around the world die each day due to water-borne diseases. Coupled with this troubling fact, I also learned that out of a village of 1000 people in Africa, over 600 will lack access to a latrine, 20 people will suffer daily from diarrhea, and the process of retrieving water for a family of six will take three hours out of a day. Not only does an average of 40% of the African population lack access to clean water and sanitation, but malaria, a water-related disease, kills one million people every year, mostly in sub-Saharan Africa, and around 80% of these people are children under the age of five. Along with malaria, I learned that there have been a total of 173,359 cases of the water-borne disease called cholera in Africa, accounting for 94% of the total global cholera cases.

The list of facts went on, and I sat there astonished by how unaware I had been of these problems. I was quickly learning how important clean water and sanitation was to the health and growth of developing nations. Having access to clean water can either directly or indirectly impact problems related to poverty, universal primary education, gender equality/women empowerment, child mortality, and diseases like HIV/AIDS. Otherwise left unchecked, lack of clean water can trap developing countries in viscous cycles of poor sanitation practices which lead to the degradation of health and the promotion of disease and poverty.

As I also came to realize, this dreadful cycle was not

something that could be solved simply by sending in more money, supplies, or equipment to places like Benin. The problem with the water crisis requires localized efforts and global partnerships between countries. In reflecting on the water crisis, I soon learned that in making our own localized effort, the Gonzaga University Water for Africa: Technology, Education, and Reciprocity (WATER) program in Benin was joining hands with a larger global community that was committed to facing the challenges of the water crisis and making local and sustainable contributions everywhere to solve the problem. This is a global community that has

strengthened over the years with the support and assistance of the United Nations Millennium Development Goals – goals that seek to unite people around the globe in hopes of achieving a brighter future.

Six thousand people around the world die each day due to water-borne diseases.

Although the list of goals appears daunting at first, the global community has been coming together over the past few years to express their endless commitment toward achieving the Millennium goals. It is a commitment that is shared by hundreds of countries, companies, interest groups, non-profit organizations, and people working interdependently to give what they can to show the world they care.



Photo by Bradley Striebig

In early August, almost seven years after the forming of the MDG's, our small interdependent group of Gonzaga nursing, communication, language, and engineering students and faculty came together in an effort to contribute what we could toward achieving them. Through the implementation of the Filtron, teaching of health education classes, and most importantly, the establishment of a global partnership (Goal 8), our

team managed to make a great impact in the lives of those living in Benin. Working side by side with our new friends, we gathered the resources to start the first ever sustainable Filtron production process (Goal 7) in Benin. In addition to teaching some basic sanitation/health practices to the community, our group was instrumental in making clean water a reality to those in need. With clean water, adults,

and mainly children, in Benin would no longer suffer from a long list of water-borne diseases (Goal 6). With the decrease in illnesses, things such as universal primary education (Goal 2), reducing child mortality (Goal 4), and improving



Photo by Bradley Striebig

How **WATER** Changed My Life

Reflections from a **WATER** Program Alumni

Sushil Shenoy

The key to providing sustainable drinking water is to focus on finding the appropriate solution for the given location so as part of our experience in the WATER program, we looked at the best way to provide water for the people living in Benin. The practical experience of taking our solution to Benin and implementing this project instilled in me the importance of the lengthy process we had gone through in order to create the final solution. If we had arrived in Benin with a solution requiring imported pumps, the people of Benin would not have had the parts to maintain those pumps. If a pump broke, our efforts would have been useless. Learning to take realities like this into consideration was an important lesson the WATER program taught me.

For those who have never been to another country, this program is extremely beneficial because it exposes you to the rest of the world. It will broaden your horizons and help you think outside the box. Through this program, students see that there are parts of the world that do things very differently than we do in the US. They learn that their methods are just as effective, if not more effective at providing for different culture's needs.

The issues facing the world are complex and require immediate action. Each of us must work together now to change the world in a positive way. Gonzaga is truly striving to train people the world needs most, and I am a product of the direction the university is heading. I urge the reader to take action. Get involved in programs like WATER at Gonzaga. Put in the effort to learn about the issues facing the world and see what you can do to help fix them. Do not stand by and say that you could not possibly change the world. You may not have the power to change the world for everyone, but you do have the power to change the world for at least one other person.

I cannot say for certain yet, but I believe my involvement in the WATER program has changed the course of my life. I would not

maternal health (Goal 5) would be more easily obtained. This new, clean water would also allow for safer food preparation, drinking water, and washing water, indirectly aiming toward achieving the eradication of extreme poverty and hunger (Goal 1).

There is hope that our efforts in Benin will reach the lives of thousands in need of help. Though alone, it will not solve the problems of the much larger global community. While our WATER project did and will continue to make the lives of the Beninese people brighter, our most important accomplishment in traveling to Benin was in showing our friends that they no longer have to be bound in the viscous cycle of poor water quality and sanitation practices that lead to the decline of health and increase of disease and poverty. Instead, we extended them our hands and clasped them tightly, knowing that together we could bring smiles to the faces of many people we may never meet again. □

To learn more about the Millennium Development Goals, please visit, <http://www.undp.org/mdg/>



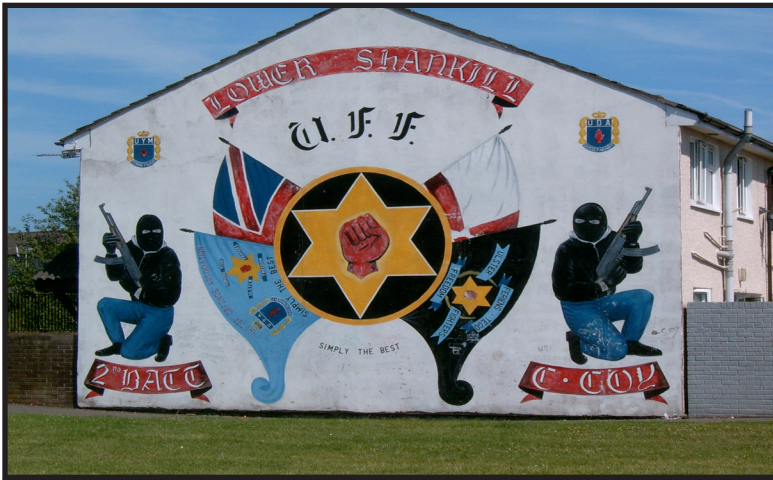
Photo by Bradley Striebig

Northern Ireland Photo Journal

Emily Deitmeier

From the late 1960s until 1998, Northern Ireland was in a state of social and political turmoil known as The Troubles. Although it is most commonly understood as a religious dispute between Catholics and Protestants, the conflict is much more complex and filled with many grey areas. During The Troubles, paramilitary groups formed and violence became a part of everyday life. The violence soon escalated to extreme heights, leaving a deep scar on Northern Ireland's society. A shaky peace eventually was established, but the violence of The Troubles still is a shadow over Northern Ireland today.

During a summer I spent in Northern Ireland, I saw how the times of The Troubles are still a part of everyday life there. It is important to recognize that conflicts of the past still have an effect on a society years after they are technically over. I think that it also is important to recognize that conflicts occur everywhere, even in the modern societies of Western Europe.



Murals are common in the cities in Northern Ireland. Painted in memoriam of the many paramilitary and army groups, they are found alongside stores, buildings, and homes such as this one from the Ulster Freedom Fighters. They are a common sight in everyday life in large cities such as the capital, Belfast.

A "Peace Wall" still remains standing from the time of The Troubles. It separates a Protestant and a Catholic community. Though the gates remain open throughout the year now, there are still two days of the year that they are closed due to nationalistic protesting that still occurs.



Northern Ireland is still segregated greatly by religion. Different communities make it clear whether or not they are Protestant or Catholic by the appearance of their neighborhood. Here the sidewalks are painted red, white, and blue and there are British flags, clearly identifying it as a Protestant neighborhood. There are also remainders of a riot that occurred on one of the few days that riots still occur. □

The Lens of Change

Katie Bates



I found myself standing in front of fifty young faces, reciting a Langston Hughes poem, and nervously wringing my hands as some students avidly took notes while others snoozed in the back of the room. High school students are scary enough, but I was at a high school in the slums of Cape Town, South Africa. An hour after arriving to my first day at my service learning site, I was teaching United States History and covering the Roaring 20s. I left lots of time open for questions since I was not a history buff in any way. Hands shot up everywhere. “Who invented the Statue of Liberty?” “Why was Bush elected to a second term?” “Do you know how to sing?” “Then can you rap for us?” These students were blunt. I remember being taken aback when I was asked, “Why is it important for us to learn about US history?” That question left me speechless. Why was it right that they had been studying the United States for years while most American high school students could not find South Africa on a map? The students shocked me with their knowledge of what I believed to be trivialities and details about the US and a world completely distant from them. It turns out that this modernized world I knew and believed was foreign to South Africans was starting to permeate all layers of their society, and it was leaving a lot of confusion in its wake.

South Africa itself has an interesting history. It is a country steeped in multiculturalism, with 11 official languages and a multitude of ethnicities ranging from white to black and everything in between. There are huge, metropolitan cities with skyscrapers and train stations and also tiny tribal villages where communities live dependant on their own cattle and crops. For decades, South Africa was under the harsh rule of Apartheid, a time when Dutch settlers took control and attempted to wipe out all cultural identity of the native South Africans. They forced them off their land and into severe conditions of oppression. Since 1994, South Africa has become a democracy and a nation of forgiveness and healing, but the

damage to the culture and the people left by Apartheid is still stifling. The reign of Westerners has brought a European spin on health care and education for those who could pay for it, but most Africans are left with little more than abandoned train cars to teach students in. While South Africa has some levels of comfort and wealth compared to other African countries, it is still characterized by the masses of people who struggle every day to find a way to provide the basics for their families.

The school I taught in was in the midst of a very typical township that had been recently developed, a product of a modernizing South Africa. The townships are the places where great good and great evil seemed to collide. Most of the residents left their farms in close-knit rural communities because they were told they could find something better in the city, mostly education and work. What they found did not live up to their dream. Houses are tiny shacks made of scraps of metal and wood on top of dirt roads. Unemployment rates are as high as 85%. Rape and crime rates make residents afraid to walk their own streets at night. Townships saw the mass explosion of disease, especially AIDS. The township I worked in has an infection rate of 1 in 3 people, with most of that coming from people under 25. Most places in the townships are horribly overcrowded. Households hold 15 family members on average and classrooms have 70 students taught by one teacher. Yet the students are doing fantastic things like producing a school newsletter, performing cultural dramas, and forming AIDS support groups for peers. What surprised me is that South Africans managed to hold onto their core vivacity and connection to people. Most never leave the townships even if they make enough money to afford better living conditions because the community between all people is central. Even the treatment of HIV/AIDS in South Africa is a battle between the old and the new. There are many misconceptions on all levels of health care about the correct way to treat and handle AIDS. There are two competing forces that collide for complete

confusion. The more traditional beliefs, especially in rural areas, rely on a sangoma. This is a traditional healer who expels evil spirits to cure the person of all ailments. They may use herbs such as garlic and lemon juice for treatment. Many people are still wary that the Europeans may be giving them poison inside the pills, especially when they see friends and family take anti-retroviral drugs and their health continues to worsen instead of improve. The more modern health care providers are tired of endlessly pushing for greater understanding of the disease and wider distributions of life-improving drugs or condoms. The Minister of Health is faced with mixed messages about treatment and has been supplying the public with a blend of both traditional and modern ways to help fight AIDS. If the government officials are confused, imagine how muddled treatment becomes when it reaches the masses of poor communities who are being destroyed by the disease. However, it is not as easy as giving politicians the right answers. There is a layer of cultural sensitivity that will continue to make AIDS a multifaceted issue.

In South Africa, marriage is one of the most celebrated aspects of their culture. People spend all of their money to invite the whole community to participate. There are constant eruptions of singing and dancing. An essential part of traditional weddings involve the man's family paying Lobola, usually around 11 cows and other goods like tobacco and liquor, in a process of negotiation that brings both families together. This tradition is still alive in most families, but traditions of westernized

weddings are being embedded in the minds of young couples. Their marriage is not officially recognized by the state unless South Africans have a white wedding that is recognized by a court. With a marriage certificate, the rights of women over their children, property, and bodies have greatly improved. Yet people have to make compromises on their culture in order for the government to give them that security.

I know that this modernization is not just happening in South Africa. It is something that is sweeping the whole world. Languages are dying out every year, traditional ways of preparing food are replaced with fast food restaurants, and people are quick to be pulled into the glamour of pop culture. There is a large amount of good that comes with sharing

cultures among nations, but we must be careful to realize that the world is viewed through many different lenses. Our solutions cannot simply be transplanted to other countries in the world. In the case of culture, it is more important to take in than to give out. In fact, South Africa taught me many important lessons about my own life. I realized the importance of slowing down enough to start meetings by introducing everyone in the room, the importance of sitting next to a stranger on the bus and starting a conversation, and talking openly about issues such as race or teenage pregnancy at community gatherings. We all live in this world together, but we do not live all the same. □

The reign of Westerners has brought a European spin on healthcare and education for those who could pay for it, but most Africans are left with little more than abandoned train cars to teach students in.



Photos by Katie Bates

The Dirt Angels

Adam Membrey



It was a warm May evening and I was standing on an empty baseball diamond, unsure of what to expect. Just a couple of nights before I had been called by my longtime soccer coach, Kent, and was asked if I would be willing to coach a Challenger League baseball team. I immediately agreed to help, even though I wasn't sure exactly what I was getting myself into. All that mattered was that Kent, the man with whom I had enjoyed a great friendship, needed some help and I was available. As I found out that first practice, the Challenger League was designed to give young kids with special needs the chance to play baseball. For many, it was a dream that they never thought possible.

I quickly found out that no two children in the league were the same. There were some who used wheelchairs, some who could barely walk, some that crawled, and some that simply didn't want to play any defense. These differences required great adjustment from all the coaches so that each player had their chance to have fun. But it would take forever to illustrate all the different personalities that came together on that diamond so instead, I'll share the story of Parker.

When I first met Parker, I immediately felt kinship. He was a tiny little kid who had some difficulty walking and wore big glasses and hearing aids. But the one thing that stood out more than anything was his love for baseball. He wore a Mariners baseball cap and, while his energy may have wavered throughout the practices and games, his excitement never did. Here he was, doing what he loved. He was playing baseball, just like the Mariners he always watched on T. V.

I remember crouching down to Parker's eye level while he was playing shortstop. I told him to smack his fist in his glove and make a mean, tough face. Not only did he make a mean face, but he growled. This kid was ready to play. Throughout the season, it was great to

watch his swing develop and his throwing ability improve. I remember screaming as loud as I could when Parker got his first hit and running alongside him as he rounded the bases at the end of the inning.

However, none of these memories were as great as the one that came in the very last game. Parker had just made a hit and I was standing on second base with him, keeping him aware and ready to run to the next base. But then he looked at me with his big eyes and asked,

“How do you slide?”

I explained it to him the best I could, that he simply had to lay out his arms and just slide along the ground. It seemed easy enough as I explained it to him, and yet he was still unsure of how exactly he would make this phenomenon work. As we rounded the bases at the end of the inning, Parker stopped right before the home plate. A line of his teammates developed right behind him. He was staring at home plate, still unsure of how to slide. It wasn't until then that I realized how this movement, so simple to many of us, was complicated for him. Recognizing the challenge this was going to be for Parker, a volunteer came by and picked him up, lowered him down and swiped him over the plate. He got his clothes all dirty, but he didn't care. He had, for the first time ever, slid into home plate.

I told him to smack his fist in his glove and make a mean, tough face. Not only did he make a mean face, but he growled.

I had promised Parker that we would eventually go around home plate again, but when I realized the game was indeed over and there would be no more base running, we embraced the alternative. We stood on the side of the diamond, right in front of one of the team benches, and took turns sliding in the dirt. We even made dirt angels.

It wasn't until after this very dirty experience that I found out about Parker's story. As it turned out, only seven months earlier, Parker couldn't even walk. And because of his health issues, he had never, ever played in the dirt before. He had no experience with it. It was then that I started to



realize why he had a strange fascination with the dirt. I now knew why he loved to make footprints in the dirt at practices; why he would press his foot down on the ground, swipe and clear the footprint, and then make another one. It was an odd behavior I never understood. But now I knew where Parker was coming from. Now I knew why sliding home was such a big deal to him.

Perhaps the most revealing aspect of the Challenger League this past summer was the audience that witnessed it. Proud parents, relatives, and friends packed into the bleachers and around the batting cages to watch these kids play baseball just like everyone else. They cheered, they cried, they laughed. They all made it a unique community experience. Because of the great success of the league this past summer, plans are already underway to expand it from Cheney to the entire city of Spokane and its surrounding areas. There will be more chances for kids to bat a ball, make a throw to first base, and, just like Parker, have their first experience with dirt.

Whenever we work with people who are different from us, who we feel have overcome great odds, we often stand impressed. But with that impression sometimes comes a distance. We admire them for their resolve, but we do nothing about it. An experience like the Challenger League does not simply impress people, but moves them. Instead of keeping these kids at a distance, this league brought them in closer and helped me realize their uniqueness. I don't know if I've ever seen so many hugs after a baseball game in my life. But this was only because everyone who watched the game was finally able to realize not only how unique these kids were, but how they were not so different from everyone else. □

Photos by Adam Membrey

Do Good Fences Make Good Neighbors?

Matt Miller

We see homeless people all the time. Sometimes we might even contemplate why they are homeless: loss of a job, drug addiction, maybe even choice. But how often do we look at a homeless person and say, "Oh yeah, they can't get to their land or even their house because of that wall. You know, that wall made up of 25' cement slabs, sniper towers, and razor wire..." That is exactly the case for many Palestinians living outside the wall Israel is constructing on Palestinian lands.

Recently the news has been talking about the Annapolis Conference of the "Quartet Group" a conference dealing with the Palestinian-Israeli situation. The Quartet Group is a diplomatic grouping of the United Nations, United States, Russian Federation and European Union—the very same group that implemented the "Road Map" in 2003, an attempt at establishing peace between Israel and Palestine. It is important to have a base knowledge of some of the problems in the region coming into these discussions. Living in the United States, Israel's biggest international ally, we hear much supporting the Israeli cause and proportionally less criticism of the Israeli state.

On October 24, 2007, B. Lynn Pascoe, the Under-Secretary-General for Political Affairs, during his periodic Council briefing, expressed growing concerns regarding the Israeli treatment of the Palestinians and the humanitarian situation it created. As an example he explains that because of Israel's decision in September to designate Gaza a hostile territory, the situation there was, "deteriorating alarmingly. In June and July, about 100 truckloads of humanitarian goods had been entering Gaza daily. Last month, a daily average of five critical medical cases had crossed Erez into Israel for essential medical treatment, compared to an average of 40 in July" (un.org).

However another battle is being fought on the east side of Israel that we rarely hear about. Israel is building a wall to separate the West Bank territory and the Israeli state. They are not building the wall on the 1967 border

(Green Line). Rather, they are building 80% of the wall on Palestinian land. Moreover, no part of the wall is being built on the Israeli side of the 1967 Green Line. About 10% of the West Bank's most fertile and productive farmland has been confiscated and permanently separated from its Palestinian owners. This permanent separation may not seem too terrible at first, but since over 572 of Israel's military checkpoints already restrict Palestinian movement in the West Bank, it is hard to understand how these people will ever work their land again (palestinemonitor.org).

Israeli checkpoints can be made up of one or all of the following: soldiers with guns, mounds of dirt, gates, walls of dirt, and trenches. For further security, Israel issues at least four different types of license plates (Palestinian, Israeli, Arab-Israeli, East Jerusalem) so that they know who is traveling in each vehicle on the road at any given time and, more importantly, where they are and are not allowed to enter. According to palestinemonitor.org, the source for much of the information in this article, "Human rights organizations and the Palestinian Red Crescent Society have reported 117 deaths and 31 stillbirths as a result of preventing medical personnel and patients from crossing checkpoints."

No Palestinian vehicle is immune from checkpoint scrutiny and denial, not even ambulances or vehicles carrying women in labor.

The wall will annex 70% of the total recharge area of the Western Aquifer basin to Israel, together with 62 springs and 134 Palestinian wells (palestinemonitor.org). In an area where water resources are so precious and stressed, this particular annexation of a crucial strategic resource to be controlled almost absolutely by Israel will further tighten Israeli grip on every Palestinian. The argument for Palestinian statehood is growing ever stronger, but with Israel controlling a resource as critical to life as water, how could a Palestinian state ever truly be autonomous? Even without this annexation, Palestinians in the West Bank aren't able to dig wells without the permission of the Israeli

With Israel controlling a resource as critical to life as water, how could a Palestinian state ever truly be autonomous?

International law seems to be a hurdle Israel has somehow leapt.

military governor of the region, a permission that they will most likely never receive.

Upon completion, the Wall will also isolate some 60,500 Palestinians living in 42 villages and towns in a closed military zone, stuck between the Wall and the Green Line (palestinemonitor.org). Twelve Palestinian villages with a total population of 31,400 will be completely surrounded by the Wall, cutting them off from their people and their territory (palestinemonitor.org). Not only will this wall separate the Palestinians, and cut them off from their land, but it will further restrict their movement in the area. Israel controls the wall and the roads and Israeli military checkpoint soldiers are not known for their kind and accepting behavior toward Palestinians.

These startling figures raise questions as to Israel's motivations to build such a wall. The reason for such security may seem obvious but even Ban Ki-Moon, the Secretary General of the United Nations, has questioned the necessity of this wall. When one investigates the placement of these twenty-five foot slabs of concrete the settler movement becomes apparent as a major motivation for the wall's exact placement.

The settler movement is a highly subsidized Israeli government program that is designed for Israeli citizens to move out and "settle" in lands often in Palestinian territories. These settlements often grow into large developments, especially in the West Bank where 76% of all Israeli settlers live. At least 56 settlements in the West Bank are to be annexed by the wall. One such settlement, the Ariel settlement bloc which houses more than 38,000 settlers, will force the wall about 22 km (about 13.7 miles) into the West Bank, thus annexing that Palestinian land (palestinemonitor.org).

International law seems to be a hurdle Israel has somehow leapt. The Hague Convention IV of 1907 and the Geneva Convention of 1949 appear to strictly oppose the construction of the wall (palestinemonitor.org). Moreover, the land that the wall is being built upon was acquired by way of military occupation, which is in direct conflict with basic principals of international law. These laws specifically maintain that state acquisition of lands in such a militaristic manner is prohibited. The International Court of Justice in

The Hague, on June 9, 2004, says that the wall is, "contrary to international law," and directs Israel to cease construction and to begin dismantling the wall, as well as make reparations

for damages incurred by the wall (palestinemonitor.org). This has not occurred and is unlikely to occur, a testament not only on Israel's defiance with America's support, but also a statement about the weight carried by the International Court of Justice's opinions.

The value in all of this information lies in

the change it may effect. Israel receives the second most US foreign aid (behind only Iraq and until 2003 Israel was always the beneficiary of the most US aid), receiving nearly twice as much as the next country, Egypt. This means America has Israel's attention and Israel will listen. The Annapolis Conference was a starting point to try and effect a change. Many say that the Annapolis Conference is "too little, too late." They believe it a last ditch effort from an American administration facing some of the lowest opinions from Middle Easterners, and the world, ever.

The "right way" has hidden itself all of these years from people like Anwar Sadat, Jimmy Carter, Bill Clinton, Yasser Arafat, Yitzhak Rabin, Ariel Sharon, and many other political leaders. Even if the negotiations do not end perfectly, a key step in the right direction would be to acknowledge the hardships Israel places on the Palestinian people and the effect those actions have on their daily lives. By recognizing those hardships both parties can begin to take steps towards finding an equally beneficial solution.

What this means to an average student in 2008 is a little ambiguous. This is information students need to be armed with as they move into, and shape, the world. The best tool for any student is information. Now, hopefully, the readers of these articles are a little more informed and may use that knowledge to guide some of their decisions in the future. CNN and Fox News cover the missiles being launched from the Gaza Strip into Israel on almost a daily basis. Yet they rarely cover Israeli abuses. There are two sides to every story and although we, in America, do not see those homeless separated from their homes by the wall hopefully we may have the foresight to fight for them. □

A key step in the right direction would be to acknowledge the hardships Israel places on the Palestinian people and the effect those actions have on their daily lives.

The best tool for any student is information.

Teaching To Learn

Michaela Graham

In the summer of 2007, a group of ten Gonzaga students, including myself, and three professors set out to Zambezi, Zambia to try and institute change for the better. We prepared for the semester leading up to our trip by investing time in understanding the culture in which we would be immersing ourselves and brainstorming ways to do the most good. Little did we know that what we would meet when we got there was not open arms and infinite appreciation for our efforts, but rather skepticism from the very man who requested our presence.

On the evening of our arrival on chartered planes into the “boma” (town) of Zambezi, we had a meeting with Father Javie, the Catholic priest serving the people of Zambezi. We expected the meeting merely to be a summary of what we would be doing for the next three weeks and some guidelines for completing our tasks. I think that many of us expected thanks for taking the trouble to come and for bringing so many things to donate to the community. Instead, Father Javie said that he was not sure if he really wanted us there. Needless to say, this was quite a shock. Trying to suppress my bruised ego, I endeavored to hear him out. His reasoning was that these were his people, and he cared for their well-being. He feared that we would come on our metaphorical white horses and try and create programs, flood the youth programs with materials that would last less than a year and then return home, leaving the programs and donations to fall apart with no lasting benefit to the people of Zambezi.

Father Javie proposed, instead, that we teach skills workshops, mainly to help the people of Zambezi and surrounding areas achieve a higher mastery of English. Many of the people with whom we worked had not completed eighth grade, and what English they did know was not learned from a native speaker, so this seemed to be a logical solution. It was not until we were interacting with the community and especially watching Javie work with these people that we began to see the reasons for Javie’s hesitance regarding our service. To live in such a level of poverty as was the standard of Zambezi, and to have so many service organizations that come in trying their best to “solve” the problems of malaria, AIDS, hunger and so on with their money and resources creates a unique situation that is hard to grasp from an outsider’s perspective. Javie explained that, for example, the people of rural Africa often receive free malaria nets. Malaria being a major killer and

yet easily preventable makes this course of action seem like a great thing to do. However, because the recipients did not pay for the nets, they would often use them as fishing nets instead. They did this because using them for fishing would make them money and there was no reason not to do so since they had not paid for these nets. He went on to explain that what was really needed was a longer commitment to sell

these necessary things for such a low price that everyone could afford them. Using their own money would make it far more likely the resources would be used for the correct purpose. This was just one example, but one that was clear and hard to deal with.

As our time in Zambezi dwindled, we did what we could to teach what we thought might be useful English skills, but as our time ended I began to have the sneaking suspicion that we had done little. Logically, I knew we had done everything we could have done for the time being, but having our eyes opened to the fact those three weeks is no time at all to institute lasting change. What was really needed for the youth program we worked with was not our soccer ball or our playing games with the kids, but a long-term program coordinator. What was really needed to make a dent in the poverty was not money or business from “Chindele” (white tourists), but rather a jump-start for the local economy, which was the for the most part agricultural and subsistence farming at that. While some in our group were industrious enough to start up a honey business to sell the delicious Zambezi honey in the US while funneling the profit into small business loans in Zambezi, I was left questioning whether my net effect was good or bad.

By the time I left Zambezi, Javie had admitted he really was quite fond of us and was glad we came. I will admit that I shed tears over leaving Javie and his service to the people of Zambia. While I was quite put off by his affront to my perception of myself as a hero, I came to see the truth in what Javie had said. The pain of the insult became the pain of even thinking I was going to save the day. I still struggle with what I can continue to do to help the community that needs long-term commitment I do not have the ability to move there and serve. I do not know how to overcome the tension between wanting and needing to help and knowing that the truth of the matter is that what I consider helping isn’t always helping. Father Javie knocked us off our high horses that first day, but it was for the betterment of all involved, and I thank him. □

Photos by Michaela Graham



Life's Puzzle of Hope

AJ Treleven

The thought is provoking. It pulls one in as if to say, "come back; stay awhile." It stirs the imagination of a past time and civilization. The thought is different for each and every human being, but it centers around one single idea, the idea that life can be, even if just for a moment, simple.

At the end of the last school year I was lucky enough to travel as a part of a Gonzaga study abroad program to the remote village of Zambezi, Zambia. Zambezi is a small town two and a half hours by small plane over sub-Saharan scrub land from Zambia's capital city of Lusaka. It is in this town that my comprehension of life's simplicity was realized. Natural beauty surrounded me at every turn as the Zambezi River listlessly twisted and turned, waters receding after the lazy season and white sandy beaches lining the banks. The fact that the beaches were shared with crocodiles made them unsuitable for sunbathing and local tribal differences kept a constant tension in the air. The constant fear and foreboding of AIDS and other prevalent diseases hung heavy on the hearts of all community members. However, at two points in every day the world slowed down as if reduced to its basic building blocks, waiting for examination. I do not know the reason, but these two very different times of the day were so profound in their simplicity that they will be forever imprinted in my memory.

The mornings in this small bush town were quietly busy. Fires had to be started, cattle let out to graze, ox carts loaded for the market, and everywhere, people were taking their daily walk to work. It happened to be that, for me, this was the time of the day best suited for running, an idea completely foreign and quite funny to the locals.

Josh Armstrong, my roommate and the director of the trip, and I made it a habit to run a three mile stretch of sandy road through much of the town every morning. As the sun rose and the smoky air filled our lungs, it was as if I could taste the world with every breath. With every inhale, every laugh from a mother looking out the door of her hut, and every rising inch of the coming sun, life's complexity melted away. The beginning of each day was a fresh start:

a notion I found lovingly held by Zambians and Africans as a whole. This love affair people seemed to have with wondering what may happen that day, yet being present in the moment, is a concept I found difficult to grasp at first. But with each deep breath of fresh smoky air, and each morning run, the world continued to show me the inherent beauty in its simplicity.

While mornings involved welcoming the new day, evenings in Zambezi were devoted to reflection. While it might sound like a stuffy and academic practice, our reflection experience was exactly the opposite.

During our stay in the town, the group made many friends, but one person in particular changed the way I look at the world. His name was Noah Robinson, a twenty-year old shopkeeper. Almost every evening, Josh and I would make a pilgrimage to the front steps of Robinson's shop and sit with him and his best friend Roid discussing anything that crossed our minds. Sitting on the front porch of the store talking for hours or simply observing the goings-on of the town in silence drew upon some deep-rooted connection with the past. The act of simply sitting and socializing has been

a practice of people from every culture and every time period. It was as if I had been initiated into a tradition that previously I hadn't realized existed.

Welcoming each day thankful to be alive really meant something when surrounded by illness and death. How can this apply here at Gonzaga? The best way I know how to comprehend this is to remember to try to understand the realities that many face in our world, and to act on hope. Hope that the everyday efforts of my friends

in a distant scrubland and the efforts of so many across this planet are not in vain. It is our turn to stand up and act. As a people the world must re-evaluate world aid. How is it failing the people it strives so ardently to help? It is, I believe, necessary to listen to stories and experiences of those who have seen firsthand and been touched by that most sincere hope, because in the end everything is simply just a story.

□

At two points in every day
the world slowed down as if
reduced to its basic building
blocks, waiting for examination.



Photo by Michaela Graham

Stories from Guatemala

Joe Gardner

"Casey! Callete!" A fluffed-up poodle sitting on the staircase ceased to bark for a few seconds while I, exhausted and overwhelmed from my travels, managed to squeeze myself and my bags through the front door. A short, young woman with a bright but nervous smile welcomed me into what would become my home for the following months, "Bienvenido a tu casa. Me llamo Maria. Y usted?" Muttering the best Spanish I knew, which consisted of nothing more than a few weeks of browsing through a textbook, I introduced myself as Jose and thanked her for the hospitality. Looking down the hall I saw eight other smiling faces greeting me...

I answered the telephone, "Jose, how are you?" It was Maria. I was just finishing up my first week of traveling alone around Guatemala and still had a week and a half to go. My hostel for the night was bare and unwelcoming, and I had already begun to wish I was back with my Guate family in the highland town of Quetzaltenango. She went on to explain the family had missed me and just wanted to make sure my travels were going okay. It was a small gesture, but it meant the world...

"Donde esta tu iPod?" Moises immediately questioned while greeting me outside El Nahual, the nonprofit school where I taught during my stay. "Good morning to you too, Moises," I replied. Then I pushed him a little further, "What are you talking about? You know it broke yesterday." Moises, a neighborhood boy of twelve who was recently allowed to return to school from working at a shoe factory (his parents needed another income), flashed me his big disarming smile and knowingly tapped my backpack. Giving him a high five, I sat on the curb, set the iPod up to his favorite song, "Perdoname," and quietly laughed while he sang to no one in the street...

"Buenos dias estudiantes." With supplies in hand, I walked into the noisy classroom jam-packed with thirty smiling first, second, and third grade students all still wired from recess. "Now who forgot their pencils," I asked, knowing that many of my students simply could not afford such luxuries. Nearly half of the hands shot up. Carlos, to make his point that much more evident, stood on top of his neighbor's desk....

"What did you just say?" I inquired of the hostel host who was helping me to settle in for the night. "You could always sleep outside?" she gently teased me, "but watch out for the centipedes." I pointed to the hammock across the room draped over one of the surfboards, "What about

sleeping in that, is it possible?" She smiled her approval, "Let me help you set it up." Monica and I proceeded to toil for a half an hour, stringing up my bed between two beach front palm trees, telling jokes and laughing at our multiple failed attempts...

"You wanna play soccer?" A small boy who couldn't have been more than ten years old asked me. I had just finished indulging myself with a cheeseburger while watching the sunset drop below the Pacific. I looked at him warily; he flashed me a big smile, "I'm Mario." I gave him a handshake, got on my feet and headed toward the group of boys who were anticipating my arrival. Shouts of excitement arose and the game began. We played well into the evening until the mosquitoes finally forced us to call the match....

These experiences encompass the Guatemala I know and hold close to my heart. It is the one full of love, acceptance, hospitality, and kindness. The countless smiling faces that greeted me during my stay reflected a deep appreciation and thirst for life. I found this even more amazing after having learned the history of the country.

In 1996, the Guatemalan Peace Accords were signed, ending a 36-year civil war that pitted the national army, an organization largely funded by the United States government, against the

guerrilla movement. It was a time of massive human rights violations. When the struggle was over, 250,000 people had been killed or had disappeared and hundreds of thousands left the country as refugees. Many have agreed that genocide was committed. Brutality reigned and every family suffered from the reverberating shocks of the conflict.

Eleven years later, this history of destruction still weighs heavily on the small Central American country. Poverty is prevalent with 60 percent of the population living on less than two dollars a day. Women and indigenous groups still lack basic human rights. The level of inequality remains high, with two percent of the population owning seventy percent of the country's land (the most disproportionate ratio in the Western hemisphere). Guatemala, a country the size of Tennessee, is still suffering from extreme violence. In 2006 alone, there were 5885 homicides. Leaders who were accused of genocide still enjoy impunity, drug money controls many government officials, and gangs, not the police, rule the streets. Indeed, initially it seems difficult to look upon Guatemala with hope.

Yet, after living and volunteering in this country,

Poverty is prevalent with 60 percent of the population living on less than 2 dollars a day.



Photo by Melissa Lafayette

my strongest memories were gained through meeting people the Moiseses, Marias, and Monicas who have faced enormous hardship and refuse to be disheartened. Instead my friends and thousands of other Guatemalans quietly, yet determinedly, fight to bring about good in their daily lives. I have one final story to share with you...

Chata, the grandmother in my Guatemalan host-house, is unforgettable. Somehow, despite having grown up in a male-dominated culture, Chata has a presence that demands deep respect from everyone around her. This may be because she is a tireless advocate for her church, community, and family. But I think it is more because she gives every person the attention and care they deserve. I experienced this firsthand numerous times. She insisted on sitting down with me nearly every night after dinner to hear my stories, troubles, and aspirations. She asked questions that revealed her keen interest, often added a word of advice, and always left me feeling better about myself than before we talked. She did the same for everyone she met.

Chata extended this powerful presence when she elected to begin her own nonprofit that matches poor children in the neighborhood with international donors willing to support the child financially. Under her stewardship and guidance, the program has grown exponentially, now including just under 150 students. Chata also teaches kindergarten full-time, working 50 hours a week to provide the quality education she believes is so lacking in the school system. On top of all of this, Chata has continued to support

her family. It is largely because of her dedication that this strong family held together when her husband was forced to fight in the national army and later when he left for months at a time to pursue work in the United States. Her story is inspirational and one of the many reasons why I think Guatemala's future is bright.

Currently, I am working at the Guatemala Human Rights Commission in Washington DC. It is one way I have chosen to honor those who affected me so deeply as I continue the work they inspired me to pursue. At the beginning of every day when I open my Guatemalan newspaper and peruse the headlines portraying a Guatemala full of drugs, murders, and corruption, I remember there is another story...

The Guatemalan Human Rights Commission is currently waging a campaign to protect human rights defenders in Guatemala. This May, the organization will send thousands of signed postcards to the Guatemalan president advising him to protect the country's activists who are now being attacked at an ever-rising rate. If you wish to take action and sign a postcard simply e-mail GHRC at ghrc-usa@ghrc-usa.org or visit www.ghrc-usa.org for more information. □



"A Massacre Occurred Here"

Participants lie on the ground in bloodied clothes to reenact the violence and death that occurred in El Mozote, El Salvador. On December 11, 1981, Salvadoran armed forces killed an estimated 900 civilians in an anti-guerrilla campaign.

SOA Protest November 16-18th

Fort Benning Georgia

Cat Daze

"Raise a Cross for Those Remembered"

All the protestors hold white crosses inscribed with the names of people who have been killed by soldiers trained at the School of Americas also known as WHINSEC. The names are read aloud as the protestors raise their crosses while repeating "presente" in unison.



"Raise a Cross for Those Remembered"

14 students from Gonzaga University stood together in solidarity on the morning of November 18, 2007 to acknowledge the pain of the people effected by School Of Americas. Participating in the protest is more than objecting to the school: it symbolizes an active way to exert change in our world. □

A Taste for the Food of Love

Heather Corker

Florence is a beautiful city. It is the city of art, in the heart of Italy—the land of da Vinci, Dante, and Brunelleschi. The city is full of history and the richness of universities and education. However, behind all of these wonderful things, there is also a large population of homeless and deeply impoverished people, from native Italians to immigrants from all over the Mediterranean. It is impossible for someone to escape the sight of this poverty when walking through the streets; those who are poor line the city sidewalks, asking for money or handouts on a daily basis.

There is an institution in Florence that has taken notice of the homeless and impoverished population in Florence, seeking to bring a portion of joy to their day through food and community. Mensa, which means “cafeteria” in Italian, is a soup kitchen. Mensa caters to everyone, from poor families to the elderly to the homeless. It is unique in the fact that those being served are seated at tables and their meals (two courses with fruit for dessert) are served to them restaurant-style. This atmosphere emphasizes community by drawing away from the typical concept of a soup kitchen. Instead of patrons seeking food waiting in line for hours and receiving food from a cafeteria line, the patrons of Mensa are guests. They are not treated as though they are poor, and the staff has no air of pride or self-importance. The staff does not belittle those they serve, but rather treats them as friends, comrades, and equals. Laughs and stories are exchanged at each meal with the regulars and the new patrons are shown the kind of hospitality that would be given to a guest within a home.

As a volunteer at Mensa, I and about a dozen other Gonzaga-in-Florence students served meals once or twice a week. For me, the experience was largely unsettling at first. Not only was there a language barrier between the staff and patrons of Mensa and me, but also being in direct contact and communication with people of all kinds—old, young and families—who led a much different and more difficult life than my own put me in an uncomfortable place. I was unsure how to act or what to say. Unlike the regular volunteers or the staff, I had little direct experience working with the poor.



Ultimately, remaining at Mensa and serving was one of the best decisions I made while studying in Florence because it challenged my comfort zone and opened my eyes and heart to a group of people that I had previously been predisposed to avoid, an act which ultimately negated their humanity. The spirit and enthusiasm of the staff and those we served was contagious. Through loud conversation and jokes this community of people welcomed me into their lives and embraced me, teaching me not only Italian language, but also lessons about life, its hardships and joys.

One day, as I was walking through the city I ran into one of the regulars at Mensa on the street. Rosa, an elderly Italian woman who spoke no English and whose Italian I could never understand due to her lack of teeth, saw me. She smiled, I smiled back and she walked over. Rosa gave me a hug, kissed me on both cheeks and then continued on her way. All I had ever done for this woman was serve her lunch, yet through the community established at Mensa I had moved from being a stranger or an acquaintance in her life to being a friend. Rosa’s actions helped me realize the importance of building relationships and serving not out of obligation, but because of the basic human need for love and community.

Over time, I got to know the other regulars at Mensa. By building relationships I became more comfortable and began to realize that humans, all humans, need the services. □

Photo by Heather Corker



Photo by Heather Corker

Believe in What You Buy

Ryan Langrill

Everyone in the world is connected to everybody else; globalization and capitalism have guaranteed this. The marketplace is a nexus, and it provides an opportunity for every individual to have an effect on others. The beauty of capitalism is that every purchase is a vote for the producer and vendor of a product. Yet one problem facing consumers is the lack of research about their consumption decisions and little emphasis on belief in the need for it. Consumers have the power to advance change in a positive way, by choosing products produced and sold by companies that are active in creating a moral world through how they produce what they produce. By abstaining from products that are created cheaply through the use of immoral labor or environmental practices, and by purchasing from companies that produce products through moral means, each consumer has the opportunity to cast a vote for what they believe is right.

The sole goal of capitalist corporations is to maximize profit. Because this goal precludes any social responsibility, the burden of responsibility for our fellow humans and for our environment lies with us, as individuals. If we are willing to pay, we can demand that our products be made ethically and with a minimal impact on the environment. Corporations will give us what we want because a business with no customers cannot survive. If the only factor in our decision to purchase something is its price, producers will give us the cheapest product possible, regardless of the consequences. If instead consumers reward companies for disposing of waste properly, paying high wages, using green energy, and avoiding child labor, then companies will find it profitable to do these things and do them well. If we don't reward them, they won't.

The customer has the strength to create change

through their purchasing habits. This strength can only be utilized when consumers demand ethical business practices from the companies they patronize. This reality can already be seen in the marketplace; for example, concerns by consumers over milk produced by cows given bovine growth hormones have led some grocery chains to stop carrying the milk completely; Starbucks now guarantees that all of its dairy products are free of the hormone. All of this was done with little litigation or legislative pressure, only consumer activism. Another instance of this is consumer treatment of Wal-Mart, which is an anathema for concerned shoppers: those of us with enough money to live comfortably can afford to shop for higher prices at stores at stores with higher paying employers. Eggs laid by cage-free chickens are a successful commodity: those of us who don't struggle to feed ourselves can afford to care about the treatment of animals.

Also, consider the case of Whole Foods: they cater to an environmentally aware group of consumers, and as such have recently stopped offering plastic bags, instead offering an incentive for customers to bring their own bags. Many grocery stores in Germany go a step further, and don't even offer paper bags, so the customers are responsible for getting their groceries home. Both of these schemes save a great deal of waste. Whole Foods also caters to conscious consumers by offering organic items, as well as requiring humane animal treatment standards for the meat they sell. Whole Foods customers pay for this all with higher prices, which they deem to be worth the positive effect on society. Sadly, the average consumer doesn't know his or her power. If we were to show more interest, there would be a market for consumer groups to evaluate a business based on its impact on the environment and its treatment of its workers, and factoring in such things would be commonplace. Until we show that we are willing to make these changes to our lifestyle, however, these tools won't become available to us.

There are many easy and simple changes you can make in your life to become a more conscious consumer. If your main concern is preserving the environment, then buy from local farmers, whose goods require less fuel for transport. Check the box that some power companies give you to subsidize alternative energy. Although you're hooked up to the same power grid, you will be making a conscious

decision to better the environment. The more people who are willing to pay for alternative energy, the more of it there will be. Find out which energy companies are spending the

**The consumer has the strength
to create change through their
purchasing habits.**

most on researching cleaner alternative fuels, and when you fill up your car, buy from them to support their research. To improve quality of life for marginalized workers around the world, check out fair trade products but make sure that the extra money goes to the farmers, rather than to a middle-man who sticks a "fair-trade certified" label on the product. Avoid companies that are evasive about their labor practices, and avoid merchants who are unsure where their products originated; they are probably hiding something from consumers or human rights groups. For example, in the 1990s Nike hired much of its overseas labor through subcontractors who were guilty of violating even the lowest standard of human decency, but this behavior was not directly linked to Nike. Consumer outrage eventually led to Nike changing this practice, but still; try to locate the factory where your tennis shoe was produced; you will be lucky if you can dig up what country the company manufactures in. Companies may be able to get away with shady practices legally, but we can make sure they don't get paid for it.

Conscious Consumerism provides innumerable benefits, and provides them in the best possible way. Instead of waiting for legislatures to punish corporations that harm the environment, consumers can put them out of business through choosing their greener competitors. Instead of hoping that our trade partners will institute a minimum wage, demand that manufacturers pay a living wage in exchange for your business. Those of us who can afford to spend our money to improve the well-being of others and the earth have a moral responsibility to do so, and in the process, we will create wealth for those who need it the most and ensure that others will have the same opportunity to create a better life for themselves. □

Lovingly of Anna

Geoffrey D. Glenn

Our son Quinten was five years old when he was diagnosed with Acute Lymphocytic Leukemia (ALL). On the same day Quinten was admitted to the hospital, Diane and Peter were told that their daughter Anna had ALL. Anna was eight. When they ran the initial blood tests, Quinten's leukemic cell counts were at the lowest determinable level. Anna was already at an advanced stage. Both of them were white from the lack of red blood cells. When the nurse would come in to draw blood, Quinten would hide in the gown closet, Anna just calmly smiled.

After a week of testing the oncologists recommended similar regimes; six months of intensive chemotherapy followed by two years of "maintenance" to destroy the remaining cancer cells.

At the time, we had three other children at home. My wife Christine and I worked full time, both of us were fully insured and, because we worked for large businesses, we were allowed flexible schedules. It was a struggle to balance our responsibilities, but we did our best to provide stability for our other children, to give them a sense of normalcy, to be present at all the weekly functions. During his treatment, one of us was always at the hospital and Quinten never spent one night alone.

Anna had one older sister and her parents were employed full-time at local businesses. Her father's company had less than ten employees and though they offered insurance it provided only limited coverage. The company her mother worked for offered no insurance benefits. Because they were small companies, her parent's absence had a huge impact on their businesses. Even though it required them to split shifts or work off hours, one of them was with Anna every night she spent in the oncology ward. However, they seldom missed her sister's tennis or soccer matches; they dedicated themselves to giving equal attention to both of their daughters.

Within months of Quinten's diagnosis, he responded favorably. He was, by all assessment, a textbook case.

Anna responded initially, but within a month of beginning intensive treatment her blood cell counts were dropping. Quinten rebounded quickly between chemotherapy treatments, while Anna got steadily worse. Quinten's blood counts were eventually good enough for him to leave the hospital for a couple days at a time. Anna's counts were so low she was unable to leave the hospital at all. After conventional chemotherapy failed, they recommended a bone marrow transplant. Unfortunately, her immediate family members were not viable candidates. They waited months for a suitable donor. With donations from family and friends, they were able to raise enough money to send her to Seattle for the transplant. All of us held our breath and prayed – nevertheless, it failed.

Not long afterward, they discovered leukemic cells in her spinal fluid, then brain cancer. There were very few options – to keep her sedate and let her die from the cancer, or permanently kill her brain cells with radiation.

They choose to irradiate. The attempt left her cognitively impaired with no improvement. She continued to deteriorate with no hope. Her family rarely left the hospital.

Anna lived just over a year in the hospital before she died. She passed away peacefully. Hundreds of people attended her funeral. It was a

beautiful service. Her priest and a family member spoke of her lovingly; her oncologist eulogized her, the community mourned. She was only nine years old.

Not long after the funeral, Anna's mother lapsed into severe depression and her father into emotional despondency. Both were paralyzed by Anna's death. Although they were protected under the Family and Medical Leave Act (FMLA) during Anna's treatment, after a year of juggling schedules and absences, their employers had limited tolerance for their personal despair. Eventually, excuses were found for lay-off and termination, leaving Anna's parents without resources. Soon bills went unpaid, collection agencies filed suit and the bank threatened to foreclose. By the time they lost the house,

According to the National Cancer Institute, in 2007 over 10,000 children under age 15 were diagnosed with cancer.

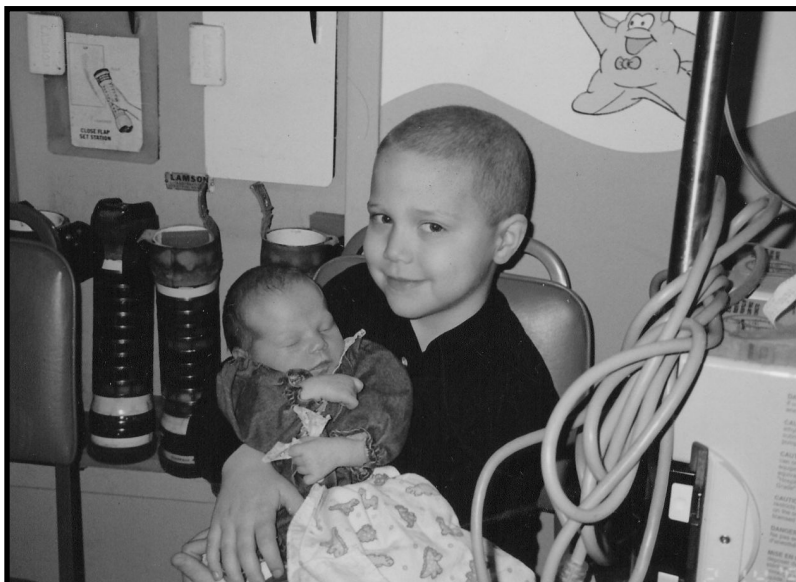


Photo by Geoffrey D. Glenn

they had no will left to fight; they had spent what little they had on Anna's cancer.

Ten years ago, Quinten left the oncology ward; today he is in complete remission. We were able to keep our home, our jobs, and our marriage. We are, in some sense, the anomaly.¹ Childhood cancer survival rates are ever increasing, but little is done to mitigate the impact to the family. The emotional stress and the financial costs are overwhelming. Quinten's treatment cost over \$900,000. Our insurance paid all of the costs. Anna's parents were without adequate medical benefit, and though they would have qualified for state supplemental insurance, they were determined to provide for their daughter themselves. As parents we assume the responsibility of providing for our children; if faced with the same circumstances, we would have sold everything for our son... ultimately, they lost everything for their daughter.²

There is a picture of Anna on our dresser holding our newborn daughter Emily. Unfortunately, Anna's story is not rare. According to the National Cancer Institute, in 2007 over

10,000 children under age 15 were diagnosed with cancer. About 1,500 children will die from the disease. While the medical community continues to make advancements in the treatment of cancer, socially there is a general indifference to the plight of families dealing with life threatening illnesses. Although hospitals and clinics now offer greater levels of support and counseling, we still fail to offer significant financial protection or assistance to these families. While debates continue regarding the financial costs associated with a national health care system, we must not lose sight of the lives that we are trying to save... or the families that we may help sustain.

Anna's parents eventually entered counseling and after three years they had reestablished themselves. When last we spoke, they had divorced and were continuing to make payments on Anna's medical bills. Anna's sister was entering college. When we mentioned Anna, her mother smiled. □

See the following articles for findings and discussion regarding the impacts of terminal/chronic childhood illness on family/parental quality of life:

- Lutz, Goldbeck. "The impact of newly diagnosed chronic pediatric conditions on parental quality of life." *Quality of Life Research: An International Journal of Quality of Life Aspects of Treatment, Care & Rehabilitation*, No. 15 (2006): 1121-1131.
- "Financial barriers often hurt the working poor who have no insurance, or who are underinsured and overwhelmed by out-of-pocket expenses (such as routine transportation to treatment; high nutrition foods; non-covered medicines and related care items). According to the U. S. Census, an estimated 46 million Americans have no health insurance. In 2004, 33% of Hispanics, 20% of blacks, 17% of Asian Americans, and 11% of whites had no health insurance. For these families, cancer can lead to bankruptcy and loss of dignity" (Facts & Resources: Cancer Health Disparities, 2006)
- For a comprehensive overview of treatment impacts and disparities see Facts & Resources: Cancer Health Disparities at <http://www.itvs.org/>

The Grand Project

Emily Back

Haiti has a long-standing reputation for being ravished by disease and poverty. To add to the problem, very little has been done to change this in the past more than ten years of political upheaval, violence, and international military occupation. Improving the conditions of Haiti requires knowledge of their past, understanding of the current state of their living conditions, and a hopeful outlook for their future.

The cause of poverty branches from several different origins. A long history of political oppression is perhaps one of the biggest causes of such poverty. From 1957 until 1986 the Duvaliers, and father and son corruptive dictatorship, ruled over Haiti with violence and oppression until they fled the country and became exiles in France. Attempts at democracy continued in order to change the previous political oppression prohibiting the freedom of Haitian people. In 1990, Haiti found their answer, when Jean Bertrand Aristide, a Catholic priest and vocal opponent of the Duvaliers, was democratically elected for the first time in Haiti's history.

However, in 2004, Haiti's hope and progress in democracy quickly came to a halt when Aristide was removed from office in a United States backed coup d'état.

Aristide angered Haiti's corrupt elite by attempting to bring social justice, food and education to the poor. His actions were seen as those of a dictator by the United States, even though Haitians praised him for his aid in creating a more egalitarian society and bringing much needed change to their country. Being seen as a threat, the United States Marines kidnapped Aristide and exiled him to the Central African Republic. He continues to advocate his passion to find a path for the poor and now resides in Jamaica – never to be allowed back to Haiti again.

Opponents of Aristide continue to imprison, torture, and murder countless numbers of the Fanmi Lavalas, the populist leftist political party which was led by Aristide. In 2004, the United Nations sent so-called 'peacekeeping' forces to help with the public outcry for Aristide's return. The UN forces attacked Haitian slums where most of Aristide's support came from and massacred many civilians, including children. The United Nations claimed to be in Haiti to give the city security from civilian groups threatening the well-being of their country, when in reality, they were the ones destroying homes and killing citizens.

To this day, there are continued demonstrations



Overall, the economic conditions of Haiti combined with increasing poverty and disease have left the youth with little hope for the future.

asking United Nation troops to leave Haiti, to release prisoners, and for the U.S. and others to stop supporting the anti-democratic Haitian elite. Haitians continue to demand that their only constitutional and rightful president be returned. Therefore, the question must be asked: if more Haitians voted and were in support of Aristide, would it be acceptable for the international community to override the voice of the United Nations?

During the massive political oppression endured by the Haitian people, they were faced with unthinkable economic destruction. This started in August of 1951 when loans for construction of a dam in the Artibonite River were conceived. The purpose of the dam was to light up the city of Port-au-Prince with electricity and ultimately boost their economic development. However, with less than one month's warning, the Artibonite flooded leaving countless farms and family homes in darkness and beneath water. The villagers had little left and little advocacy, which led to massive cuts in agriculture and economy.

The flooding of the Artibonite River after the dam was constructed also caused much disease and illness to spread over the land. Malnutrition in children reached an all-time high subsequently opening the doors for pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis and malaria. Overall, the economic conditions of Haiti combined with increasing poverty and disease have left the youth with little hope for

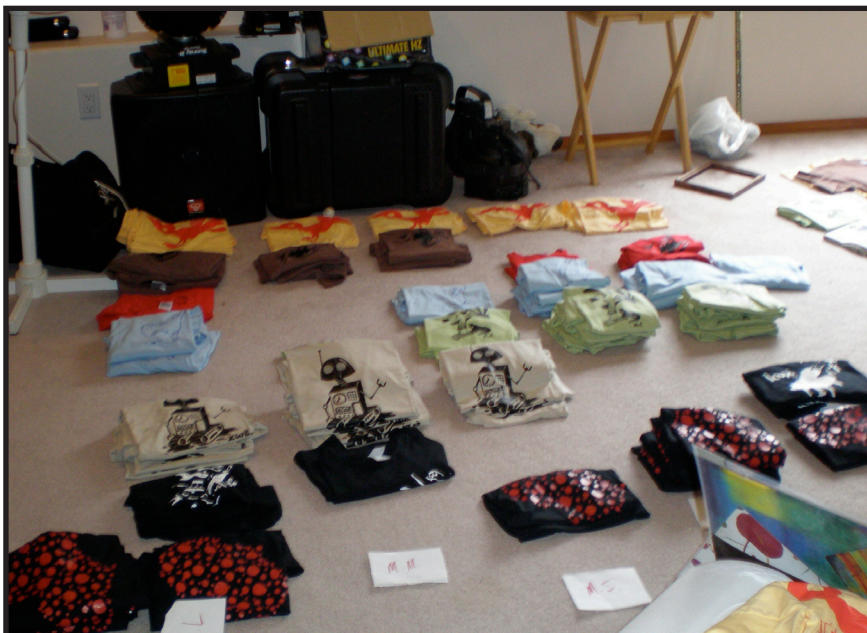
the future. Many children end up on the streets, living in drains and relying solely on their endurance to survive. They have no rights, and can rarely find the means to care for themselves. Some run away from their homes to escape beating and severe abuse, others are sold for money. The affect of these increases has drastically taken a toll on the rehabilitation process, restored security and health of these children, causing a high demand for adequate orphanages and shelters.

After learning about struggles of the people in Haiti today, a group of my friends and I decided to take action. To do our part, we decided to support one such orphanage in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. We started a non-profit business called Kwè, meaning "believe" in Haitian Creole. We make T-shirts using designs donated by local artists and students around the community and sell them in local street fairs and other community events. We started with a small amount of

Taking care of these problems is something our generation is obligated to do.

T-shirts and spray painted using stencils. Now, two years later, we have transitioned to higher quality T-shirts using screen presses and flash dryers. With our dream finally developing into a reality, our goal remains to raise awareness about the current social conditions in Haiti. We have the hope to end apathy and indifference and truly believe that change can occur. Haitians have lived in devastating conditions for too long without change and now it is our turn to do something about it. Our project in support of Haiti continues to develop and grow because of our motivation to acknowledge the issues and to challenge fellow students to do the same.

Taking care of these problems is something our generation is obligated to do. We have the responsibility to acknowledge the privileges given to us, and to work together to positively impact our world. We need to think about living for others, especially for those living in poverty, who represent the greatest challenge. I believe this is not a task beyond our reach. Study, learn, and discover new ways to help solve these international problems. Take what you like to do, and turn it into a way to promote social justice globally. Any effort is a grand project towards making the world a fairer and more peaceful place. □



Photos by Emily Back

“Social Justice” and the Catholic Worker

Katie Mulcaire-Jones

It is not in the realm of numbers nor in the realm of theories that we exist. We exist in a realm of human connection, where the people we meet each day are infinitely more complex, more real, and more difficult than any number or story could tell.

Christmas Break, January 2008: Driving over snowy Snoqualmie Pass toward Tacoma from Spokane, I was talking with my trip advisor about the much-anticipated upcoming week at the Catholic Worker House. In helping me let go of my pre-conceived expectations, he encouraged me to bring an open mind to meeting the Workers and the homeless guests living with them in Tacoma’s Guadalupe House. These

It is only in the move from the comfortable and abstract into the real, the difficult and the challenging, that we can find meaning and the authenticity to act with just intentions in each day, in each interaction.

Workers were individuals who had renounced their income to take the hands of the poor and to live not only for them, but also with them. For the Catholic Workers, the

line demarcating the serving from the served is blurred by the simplicity of a shared lifestyle that relies on donated food, cooperation, and a whole lot of faith. In visiting the Catholic Worker House for the first time, I was challenged to face a group of people I had spent a lot of time thinking about, but had never actually met. In this week and in this house, I was to learn that justice wasn’t just a concept; it was an act of including every person encountered in an effort of fulfilling not only basic physical needs, but far beyond.

I am an English major. As such, in addition to being uncertain about my future career prospects, I have spent the last two and a half years of my life joyfully indulging in the realm of the theoretical. In class, we are not restricted to the constraints of correct or incorrect answers, calculated results, or time-tested formulae, but rather, like Emily Dickenson, we prefer to “dwell in possibility.” In some ways, my relationship with social justice has been the same. As a privileged young woman, I have the choice to cultivate an association with such concepts as poverty, hunger, and violence on my own terms and at my own leisure. However, there are times when I am painfully aware of the shortcomings of such hypothetical and abstract conversations and desire a more

concrete engagement in the world.

Last year I formed what can only be considered an intellectual obsession with a group of people after reading Dorothy Day’s autobiography, *The Long Loneliness*. Dorothy Day was one of the co-founders of the Catholic Worker Movement in the 1930’s. The Catholic Workers are groups of individuals dedicated to living in solidarity with the poor, as well as working for justice and committing to non-violence. I was enthralled with the story of Dorothy as a young journalist who covered strikes and protests for newspapers before starting her own paper, *The Catholic Worker*. After distributing this paper with some friends, the mission grounding the literature turned into a way of life. Dorothy began to share her home and her days with the poor and started a movement, along with the help of Peter Maurin, a farmer who believed in the value of manual labor and working with your hands. There are currently 185 Catholic Worker houses and farms in the country, the closest one to Spokane found in Tacoma, Washington.

After reading *The Long Loneliness*, I decided to write a research paper on the Catholic Worker movement for my American Christianity class. I loved doing the background research and telling anyone who would listen about the Catholic Workers and how they really lived out the Gospel; feeding the hungry, providing shelter for the homeless, living in voluntary poverty and refusing to pay taxes to a government that engaged in warfare. I was inspired by the thought of people actually living on nothing more than donated food and that whole-lot-of-faith. From the comfort of my computer in the library, I wrote about the broken-down house Dorothy lived in and explained Peter Maurin’s dream of creating societies where it is easy for people to be virtuous. This obsession required very little of me, but the relationship I was cultivating with the Catholic Worker Movement moved from the theoretical to the authentic this past winter break when I had the opportunity to spend a week with the Tacoma Catholic Workers.

Here was a real encounter with “social justice,” not taking place in a book or a classroom, where it is too easy to romanticize, where community gardens sound great until your own compost pile starts to stink. As I walked up the stairs of Guadalupe House, overwhelmed by the smell of bleach, I began to feel nervous about joining the Workers and their live-in homeless guests for meals. Yet here in the unease and apprehension, I experienced the truth of their work as I myself became a recipient of the hospitality of the Workers, entirely welcomed into their home with no questions asked. And despite the home-cooked compilations

of scraped-together donations and leftovers, joining hands each night with all of the Workers and guests around a giant table was a closer encounter to the Kingdom of God than any allegory I have ever heard. Peter, one of the Workers I met in Tacoma, was the embodiment of the spirit of Guadalupe House. His wife described Peter as “the heart and soul of the house,” and spoke of his relationship with those welcomed into the house as profoundly relational and authentic. I remember her saying something like “He doesn’t just run the house. He makes friends with our guests. He really cares about them.” His friends are the marginalized. He won’t hand over a hot bowl of oatmeal from the traveling van until he has greeted and shook the hands of the recipient. To Peter, these homeless guests are not empty stomachs, cold feet, or greasy hair. They are people in and of themselves, first and foremost. In Peter, I saw a manifestation of the Catholic Worker belief in the “God-given dignity of every human person.” While perhaps the donated Starbucks pastries on the table and the weeks of leftover Christmas ham are reminders of a harsher reality than I expected, it was only in the authentic encounter and disillusionment that Peter and the Catholic Workers became real. Their humorous and human engagement in a tension of the ideal of “justice” and the challenges of reality is something I would like to pursue here at Gonzaga.

What does such a tension look like on campus, where poverty isn’t much of an issue outside of the classroom, and justice means getting a seat at the basketball games if you wait your turn in line? I think that it means striving to take lessons from experiences we have and translating them into daily practice, as the Workers strive to change the imperatives to serve the poor and love your neighbor into real actions each day. For the Workers, it isn’t enough to feed the poor. It isn’t even enough to welcome them into their community, their

The Catholic Workers are groups of individuals dedicated to living in solidarity with the poor, as well as working for justice and committing to non-violence.

I was to learn that justice wasn’t just a concept; it was an act of including every person encountered in an effort of fulfilling not only basic physical needs, but far beyond.

We can begin to ask ourselves how we can acknowledge the humanity and needs of everyone we meet, whether in our volunteer experiences, our work decisions, our behavior in our dorms, homes, and campus, or our relationships with our friends.

Justice can’t be an abstract, or a future action, or a place where we plan to arrive. Rather, it is an engagement with those around us and a way of living in the world. My week with the Catholic Workers forced me to admit that perhaps justice is uglier, harder, and smellier than that I had thought it would be. Yet in the decision to find opportunities to act justly in our daily lives is a realization that we don’t have to wait to graduate to practice justice, fly to Africa, or campaign in Washington. Practicing justice requires little more than opening our eyes and reacting to the injustice and neglect around us, not only in the city of Spokane, but on our very own campus. We must challenge ourselves to ask who is being excluded in our daily interactions, and whose needs are ignored in our city. It is only in the move from the comfortable and abstract into the real, the difficult and the challenging, that we can find meaning and the authenticity to act with just intentions in each day, in each interaction. This move is as simple as it is challenging; recognizing in the needs of those we encounter a perfect reflection of our own complex humanity. □

home, or their table without entering into relationship. Likewise for us at Gonzaga, full human interaction means entering into relationship, fighting a tendency for coexistence, where we can pass our neighbors and even our friends without taking them into our circle of care, and allowing them to do the same for us.

At Gonzaga, I believe we can take the big bold word of JUSTICE and make it a challenging, everyday engagement.

“The Catholic Worker Movement, founded by Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin in 1933, is grounded in a firm belief in the God-given dignity of every human person. Today over 185 Catholic Worker communities remain committed to nonviolence, voluntary poverty, prayer, and hospitality for the homeless, exiled, hungry, and forsaken. Catholic Workers continue to protest injustice, war, racism, and violence of all forms.”

-from www.catholicworker.org



Photo by Melissa Lafayette

“When the power of love overcomes the love of
power the world will know peace”
-Jimi Hendrix


Resources at your fingertips...

Outlets for Growth at Gonzaga

- Zags Against Poverty (ZAP)
- Campus Kids
- Circle K International
- Colleges Against Cancer
- Collegians for a Constructive Tomorrow (CFACT)
- Gonzaga Without Borders
- Gonzaga Environmental Organization (GEO)
- Gonzaga Free Music Lesson Program
- Gonzaga Indian Education Outreach Program
- Gonzaga University Specialized Recreation (GUSR)
- JUSTICE
- KNIGHTS of Gonzaga
- SETONS of Gonzaga
- Program for International Education & Relief (PIER)
- SMILE Project
- The Campus Kitchen Project (CKGU)
- April's Angels
- Mission: Possible
- Relay for Life
- Gonzaga American Red Cross Club
- Aiding Children Abroad
- Mission Possible

Post-Graduate Service Opportunities

- Americorps
www.americorps.org
- Jesuit Volunteer Corp
www.jesuitvolunteers.org
- Peace Corps
www.peacecorps.gov
- Pacific Alliance For Catholic Education (PACE)
www.up.edu
- Teach For America
www.teachforamerica.org
- Habitat For Humanity
www.habitat.org
- L'arche USA
<http://larcheusa.org>
- Alliance For Catholic Education (ACE)
<http://ace.nd.edu/about>
- Maryknoll Lay Missioners
<http://www.mklaymissioners.org/>
- Cabrini Mission Corps
www.cabrini-missioncorps.org
- Volunteer Missionary Movement
www.vmmusa.org



"Students in the course of their formation, must let the gritty reality of this world into their lives, so they can learn to feel it, think about it critically, respond to its suffering and engage in it constructively. They should learn to perceive, think, judge, chose and act for the rights of others, especially the disadvantaged and the oppressed..."

-Rev. Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, Superior General of the Society of Jesus

Call To Action

Each one of us has the ability to create real and lasting change.

OneWorld is not just a compilation of stories but a call to action.

Follow your passions, get educated on the issues, speak out, and take the first steps to make a change.

Though we are many, we are one.

Many peoples, one common humanity.

Many religions, one message.

Many struggles, one hope, one love, one vision.

We are OneWorld.

Join us in being the change.
For more information or to get involved
email us at oneworld@gonzaga.edu