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FRONT COVER: *Colleen Cumberpatch, 2015*, Miguel Angel Asturias Academy, Quetzaltenango, Guatemala  
BACK COVER: *Lucy Gleysteen, BMC 2014*, Indonesia Research Summer Internship

A compilation of visual and written works by Haverford interns sponsored by the Center for Peace and Global Citizenship during the summer of 2013. The works that follow explore a diverse set of topics that the interns encountered. We hope you find the selection as interesting as we do.

Idun Klakegg '15 & Hannah Zieve '14

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# H A N D S

Reaching out to help pull me onto a crowded microbus  
With women chattering in the backseats and woven  
baskets on their laps.

Slapping tortillas back and forth, rolling the edges, and  
smacking them onto the oven,  
Moving at dizzying speeds, churning out the staple of  
every meal.

Grabbing at dry-erase markers in my class,  
Full of eagerness to write out that week's vocabulary  
words on the board,  
Or flying up in the air to answer a question  
And smacking my own for a high-five in celebration of  
a correct answer.

Turning up the volume of the radio in the kitchen  
For us to dance and laugh while  
Washing dishes in cold water with blue bar soap  
Or frying eggs and chopping tomatoes for chimol.

Clasping protectively around my wrist while trekking  
through el mercado with my host abuela,  
Steering me through the bustle of oversized carts,  
Chaotically arranged clothing and fruit stands,  
And impatient shoppers, pushing determinedly for-  
ward.

Clutching teacups of candy-sweet café  
Or cinnamon tea made fresh  
While the rain pounds on the tin roof.

Writing Justin's little notes to me,  
Scribbling "te amo, Colleen" on ripped newspaper or  
rejected pages of a workbook.

Pinching off pieces of huevo and scooping up dripping  
frijoles with tortillas,  
Rejecting use of utensils  
And dirtying paper napkins until they fray.

Exchanging quetzales for Xela Pan bread,  
A quick microbus ride into Parque Central,  
Or cell-phone credit to call home.

Snapping fingers together in rhythm  
While reacting to the News and gasping "¡Mire!"

Holding baby Zoe on Gregoria's back,  
Tying the sash around her torso to keep la nena on  
tight.

Clutching my own hands while saying final goodbyes,  
Not wanting to let go.  
Wiping away tears of my host family and holding each  
other  
For the last time.

Opening the door of the taxi,  
Waving goodbye through a dirt-streaked window  
With a tear-streaked face.

Answering the phone on the four-hour bus ride to the  
airport,  
Shaking with relief  
At hearing my host family's voices  
And knowing it isn't goodbye forever.

*Colleen Cumberpatch '15*  
MIGUEL ANGEL ASTURIAS ACADEMY  
QUETZALTENANGO, GUATEMALA



# ALL-WOMYN SPACE FOSTERING GROWTH, CHANGE, AND SISTERHOOD

My internship at Sadie Nash Leadership Program focused on tracking the trajectory of young womyn's relationships with themselves and other young womyn in conversation with their own leadership and activism. Many entered the program feeling silenced in many ways and with many negative notions of other womyn, "Females are just too catty, I don't expect to make many friends," they said during the first weeks. "I guess I always cared about these issues, but nobody really cared enough to ask me what I thought." Within six weeks, the young womyn challenged themselves to open up about their own struggles and triumphs, and found their voices and community within their sisterhood. I remember their sharing of experiences with street harassment in our very first workshop and how they learned the very ways in which they could say "NO. This IS harassment, and it's NOT OKAY," and take their power back.

I was privileged enough to be a witness to their growth as individuals and as leaders. I realized this unique space is what I feel is lacking in most learning and growing communities, a space as simple as where womyn can write notes to each other appreciating each other's contributions rather than what they wore or how they looked. Young womyn are rarely given the space to work and grow with their own womyn peers in a way where they can empower themselves and each other. As a society, we'd rather see images of girls fighting, like in *Mean Girls* or reality TV, over seeing womyn standing together

and creating change.

By the end of the summer, I could already see the very real impact these young womyn had in their intimate circles and their future goals for their schools and communities. From starting a weekly open mic for participants to share their "her" stories, to creating their own "Our Gender Is Not a Single Story" campaign, bringing in friends and parents to participate in workshops regarding issues of identity, oppression, and liberation, to starting plans of what clubs and discussion groups they could start in their respective schools once Fall arrived.

Because of this experience, I now understand that being a facilitator and educator does not have to exist exclusively from being a participant. Part of my job was to leave myself open to being inspired and learning from my participants. I learned to really believe in the social justice work I was doing, which meant that I understood that every piece I took part in ultimately led to less work for my supervisors and created an all-around more collaborative community. It was a community that not only acknowledged our growing processes, but encouraged us not to be discouraged by the unlearning and challenging obstacles we face, and to hold onto our sisters for strength. As Nashers say, at Sadie Nash, "we give each other the energy to change the world."

*Ramelcy Uribe '16*  
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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK







## FIELD NOTES FROM A STUDENT ANTHROPOLOGIST/BIOLOGIST

Measuring powder into small tubes on the balance. Into each, 500mg of various corn samples: stems, leaves, different strains of the plant. Lively chatter in Portuguese in the lab. Sometimes I concentrate harder to understand what they're saying, but sometimes I lose focus. Writing F271 stems (ENE) on a label. Then I lift my head to a familiar word: manifestação. They're talking about the protests. I listen harder, recognizing a few words, but they speak so fast. Silvia, seeing my confused interest, says in English that they're all going to the protest this evening after work—would I like to come?

The buildings here are all so colorful. I take pictures of all of them.

Sugarcane is Brazil's success story. It has huge sym-

bolic capital in the national consciousness. Gustavo speaks to me, in English, in his office. He's a sociocultural anthropologist. It's strange to converse about anthropology stuff, even though I am here for my senior anthropology thesis research. But up until now I've been spending all of my time with biologists.

Chanting, marching. Flags—national and political. Sixty thousand people. This started outside my apartment. My roommate and I weave through the crowds. Students, older people. Paint, masks, signs, flags, flowers in front of the police. We look up as we walk and see our reflection in a glass building. The crowd spans a couple miles of the street. What are you marching for? And you?

Headlines in an online American biofuels magazine:

Brazil's Biofuel Revolution. The Brazilian Biofuel Experience: Lessons for the Future. Brazil's Biofuels Industry: Outlook for a Global Leader. Conversations with biofuels scientists in São Paulo: Biofuels will not be a large part of Brazil's future. My research being done on "biofuels" will probably be applied to food crops in ten years.

Pipetting acid into small vials. Each neatly labeled. Bunsen burner in room 110. Turn on gas, light match, light burner. Blue flame. Clamps. Vial, flame, drooping glass, twist, twist, twist with tweezers. I place the sealed vial back in the rack, away from the unsealed vials. One down, seventy-one to go. Later I'm talking with a senior scientist. The question is, are we living in a biofuels revolution? I wrote that in an article. But I'm not sure. Depends on what the U.S. is doing, because

its economy is too big. Its science is the biggest, so, the best.

Later, after returning from my trip, I begin to sift through my notes and try to consolidate ideas. I write things like: How did questions like those being asked in this lab—about the polysaccharide composition of cell walls and sugarcane carbohydrate metabolism—begin to seem self-evident and worthy of public investment in Brazil? What are all the different narratives and discourses around the future that are in play here between Brazil and the U.S., and how are they in play?

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# DEFINING SOCIAL JUSTICE



I was first introduced to social justice on Haverford's campus; it was a phrase that I had never heard of before college. The recurring image of social justice that I encountered sought to empower those who remain on the margins of society. This scene is set by any typical liberal arts student activist going to volunteer in an underserved, poverty-stricken community. Rarely was social justice associated with people of color giving back to their very own communities. Social justice was redefined for me this summer, when I worked at the Dominican Studies Institute and spent time reading about the history of the Dominican diaspora in New York City.

When the time came for me to work in an archives doing research on the Dominican community, I was met with resistance when considering myself a social activist. No, this summer I was not off teaching English in a marginalized community in South Africa, nor was I providing healthcare to an underserved community somewhere in Asia. Instead, I learned of the first Dominican, Juan Rodriguez, who migrated to New York City in 1613. I learned of the Dominican musical composer, Rafael Petitón Guzmán, who migrated to New York City in 1935. I learned of Dominican social activists, Juan Paulino and Normandia Maldonado. They are all Dominicans who represent the Dominican diaspora.

Learning about the diversity of the Dominican diaspora was empowering as I placed into perspective the impact of Dominicans in New York as well as the agency they hold in reshaping the city. The portrayal was not only just about poverty or economic struggles, but also political involvement and social activism. By engaging my primary sources, I gained perspective on how the Dominican diaspora took hold of their agency to create changes in ways such as building a statue of the co-founding

father of the Dominican Republic, Juan Pablo Duarte, or creating self-help agencies for the growing Dominican population. This self-empowerment was part of my process of redefining social justice. As a person of color, social justice meant understanding the complexities of my own diasporic history.

I came to realize that I was seeking to empower myself as I maneuvered through college, figuring out my own identity and histories. I struggled to find my place within the Haverford community, searching for my own voice. It was jarring to me to learn about the history of the Dominican Republic in the higher-ed academic setting instead of learning the history from my own ancestors. How could someone who had no relation with the Dominican diaspora define who I really am? Or why is there lack of representation of the Dominican diaspora in higher-ed? While on one hand, people in my home community told me I was not, "Latina" or "Dominican" enough. On the other, I had scholars restricting the portrayal of Dominicans as "poverty stricken" or "marginalized peoples."

For me, social justice represents the empowerment of people of color to be their own voices, to be able to speak about their own lived experiences, which cannot be found in any textbook or class lecture. Ultimately, giving back to my own community is my main priority in reconfiguring what social justice means for me. This is not limited to my community in the Bronx, but Haverford's community as well.

*Marla Dominguez '14*  
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I arrived in Belfast in late May for my two month internship with Community Restorative Justice Ireland (CRJI). The parameters of this placement were painfully vague. I never quite figured out how to answer the question “So, what are you doing here exactly?” I was not a volunteer, I was not conducting formal research; I was flown across the Atlantic Ocean to an unfamiliar city for “critical engagement with social issues” and “experiential learning.” I didn’t know how to describe it, but I knew I was thrilled to jump in.

I saw that CRJI was an organization building a bridge between the community and the criminal justice system. I knew that this bridge was built on a foundation of restorative justice. I knew that it was extremely rare for a community-based restorative justice group to even have a foot in the door with any western criminal justice system. I was aware that CRJI was an accredited organization within Northern Ireland’s Criminal Justice System and that they were solidifying legitimate partnerships with the police and other government agencies. No one had to convince me that CRJI “had it figured out.” I was more interested in understanding how CRJI had been able to engage so widely with the police and criminal justice system. I suppose if anything, I wanted to be convinced that whatever basic practices and kernels of wisdom have allowed CRJI to build this bridge here might be successfully applied elsewhere, that their success was not confined to the specific context and complexities of Northern Ireland.

All of this is to say, I suppose, that despite my nebulous role as an intern I did not simply drop out of the sky without purpose or expectation. Like any intern before or after me, I came to CRJI for a reason, but my most important learning reaches far beyond my initial goals and questions.

Restorative Justice describes a specific approach to justice, in short, focused on healing harm

# LEARNING TO RESTORE

that has been done and restoring healthy relationships. I want to be careful not to undermine the importance of this definition’s specificity in guiding restorative practices; but restorative justice has come to represent something much larger to me. The values of honesty, trust, respect, and accountability, the focus on building relationships, and the goal of ensuring that the needs of all parties are identified and met—these are the underpinnings of restorative justice.

My time with CRJI has led me to a new understanding of the scope and transformative potential of restorative justice. The values and goals of restorative justice transcend the theoretical definition, they can be applied together in any context. I now see that in everyday life, in social justice work, and in wider society, the best outcomes will always be those based in restorative principles. Healthy personal relationships and interactions run on trust, honesty, respect, and accountability, but so do healthy institutions and institutional relationships. I started to see a bigger picture of broken relationships: broken relationships between institutions, agencies, and organizations. Just as two neighbors in fierce dispute may heal their relationship through restorative process, so too can

two organizations or agencies heal.

To transform the societies we live in, we must do just that: transform them. Transform means to change the shape of something that already exists, not to build from scratch. In consideration of the criminal justice system, we can’t simply build something new, declare it is the right way, and expect the old system to just evaporate. We have to start by changing the shape of what is already there. If one of those disputing neighbors was judged to be right and the other wrong, the second neighbor and his wrongness would not shrivel into the bushes and be gone. The neighbors have a broken relationship which may be transformed and healed if they engage with each other honestly and respectfully. This new relationship is sustainable and collaborative.

Now imagine that one neighbor is some independent justice organization and the other a powerful yet dysfunctional agency within the criminal justice system, both addressing the same issues (purposely vague). Perhaps the organization is effective and transparent and always puts the community first, and the government agency is inefficient and inaccessible and disconnected. Maybe the organization

knows that they are doing things right, maybe they reject and refuse to engage with a body of the criminal justice system that they find detrimental to society. It is easy to have hope that with time and effort the more effective system will prevail, it is even rational to reject the corrupted agency. Thinking restoratively though, would it not be better if these two institutions in utter disagreement, were to engage with each other directly? To flesh out the issues and agree on a path forward? If these groups can develop an honest relationship of respect and accountability, then they can set aside certain differences to focus on common goals and transform the issues together.

I believe that CRJI, as an organization, fully understands that restorative principles hold the key to positive transformation. I watched CRJI facilitate transformation, collaboration, and healing. I came in hoping to understand how CRJI does what it does, why the organization has been able to make such progress with the criminal justice system. This wider understanding of restorative justice is a critical element to the organization’s successes. Restorative values are behind every interaction from engaging with individual clients all the way up to the Department of Justice. CRJI operates with a wholly restorative mindset.

As soon as I found it, I knew CRJI was where I needed to be. Sitting at Haverford reading the CRJI webpage I thought: These folks get it. So I traveled three thousand miles from home, I listened, and watched, and learned, and for what? It’s simple, now, I get it too.

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