

ODYSSEY ORACLE

CONQUERING CAMPUS



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CONQUERING CAMPUS

The most memorable moment for me that night was getting my ID. I remember I felt so nervous getting off that bus and that I wasn't good enough to be with all the other students. However, after I got my ID, I felt like I was on top of the world and that I've finally accomplished something. **(Nissa Uriostegui)**

I felt excited. The night was fresh, yet not cold. My palms were sweating as I was in line to get my ID card. I wondered if I'd be able to even get it. . . . As soon as it was printed and I held it in my hands, I felt unstoppable. I found an appropriate moment to disappear from the group. I went to the bathroom and cried. I felt a part of something bigger, and I finally felt like I belonged. I took a picture of it on my phone and sent it around to those I love. "Show it to my son," I said.
(Sahira Rocillo Ramírez)

I felt so happy because we were going to get the IDs. I was excited and nervous. I felt important and happy to go to campus.
(Natalia M. Rodríguez Miramontes)

Taking our photo IDs made this experience real. I never liked school, but that day I felt like I belonged to something that will one day change my life. Being surrounded by those who are in my shoes felt good. I finally fit in. **(Shaneika Sanders)**

Getting my ID I felt happy, like I'm on my way to a great year.
(Margarita Cid Luna)

The ID card process—seeing students get IDs, happy to get it, smiling for the picture—was a very memorable moment. **(Derek Dodd)**

Getting that ID card with my picture on it, being a UW student, was far from where I thought I would be a couple months after being released! It only makes my drive even more to educate myself and eventually enroll full time at UW-Madison
(Christopher Villalpando)

On our way downtown I was nervous about the length of time it would take all of us to get through the id process. I was very impressed with how fast it went. The staff were efficient and pleasant. I enjoyed interactions with classmates in the down time. 😊Great bonding for classmates and staff. **(Jessi Hodges)**

I felt great to get a UW ID. It made me feel soo soo wonderful being a part of something good. **(Mikiea Price)**

The memorable part about the trip was getting my school ID. It made everything feel



more real. It felt like I was finally heading in the right direction. (**Heydy Pichardo Reyes**)

Seeing black students at the university inspired me. They gave me hope and courage to keep going and not give up. I loved being around these smart people. (**Janina White**)

Togetherness and the sense of belonging—it has been a long time since I felt I belonged somewhere. (**Lenora Rodin**)

I was really proud to get the UW card, and the museum was amazing. I remember the statue of the two goats that were kissing and everybody was talking about it. (**Veronica Tinajero**)

I felt inspired by all the beautiful art, especially the art with the Lord. I also thought the piece of art with the goats was cool but weird at the same time. A woman made that art piece. Whoever saw it had a lot of questions and comments. (**Joseph Lentz**)

Something memorable about the trip to campus was exploring the art museum. I got to see the works of people who weren't even living. (**Nitia Johnson**)

I had a wonderful experience visiting the art museum. I was able to view some interesting pieces of valuable art and analyze some of the meaning. . . . The 21st century is more free and fun, where the past shows Nature as a form of Art. I had a lot of fun. (**Prodajaé Huntley**)

The whole experience was amazing—to see so many people from all walks of life come together and discuss the art. Everyone had a different point of view. (**DeAngelo Hood**)

Something that was interesting to me was



how knowledgeable Emily and Gene were about art. Seeing how with time the creativity in art has changed tells its own story.

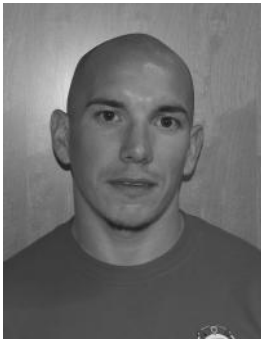
Expressionism is the word that stuck with me. Blake's ideas and beliefs all came to life there. (**Michelle Conley**)

The two male goats were symbolic of the current era of sexuality. (**Myisha Ellis**)

I thought that modern art was completely different from older art. Now anything can be considered art. Back then it was paintings, mostly of wealthy people. (**Lakoyé Buford**)

The way the style of art changed from different cultures and eras was interesting to me. I personally like the older art better than today's modern art. Today's art just seems like paint being thrown on paper. But I loved all of the sculptures and statues. (**Latesha Jackson**)

COURAGE



Courage is the ability to face something that is unknown, to keep your head high and weather the storm no matter what, to keep on going no matter how many times you were pushed down because in this life it's not how hard

you can hit, it's how hard you can get hit and keep moving. Coming home not knowing what to expect, still in this realm of life that I used to live and used to have, with a small flame inside of me, it's a constant fight with the old me and the new me. It takes more than just courage not to go back to my old life-style. It takes sacrifice and discipline to do the right thing and not the wrong. My courage comes from within, but moreover my courage comes from my family. **(Christopher Villalpando)**



When I was young I used to be afraid to go to sleep without a night light. I was afraid of the "Chucky" movie, but a girl Barbie doll was trying to kill me. If I told anyone, she would cut me with a knife from behind. I was not able to

go to sleep, and for some time I would stay up and be tired for school the next morning. I told my mom about this dream finally. The only way to get to sleep and to never think about this scary Barbie killing me was to face the fact that it was not real and only a dream. After that moment I was able to demonstrate courage by conquering and facing my fears to tell myself it is not real and only a Barbie doll. **(Prodajaé Huntley)**



The definition of courage is the ability to conquer fear or despair. I believe that I've shown how courageous I am just by applying to Odyssey. I never thought that I would be a college student, yet here I am. I'm in college and

planning on continuing my education after Odyssey. Now that this can of worms has been opened, there's no turning back.

(DeAngelo Hood)



I remember a time in my life when I was very sick. This sickness lasted for about a week before I began to worry. I then went to the doctor to find out I was pregnant. The doctor told me I would be risking my life if I was to give birth. I knew I could get

an abortion, but that wasn't an option for me. I was so afraid—keep the baby and die, or keep myself and let the baby die. I wanted to do neither, but I decided to keep my little angel. I continued to get sicker each day for nine months. I hoped and prayed that my baby was ok. I was more worried about her than myself. Then on September 24, 2013, I gave birth to a healthy baby girl, Xayana. I am here to tell the story, and she is here to drool on the paper. **(Nitia Johnson)**

I need courage to control my instincts, the courage I need to face my fears. I need the courage to see the future, the courage I need to compare facts and opinions. I need the courage to think right and to do what's right,

**(Joseph Lentz)**

the courage I need to see if my friends trust me. I need the courage to answer and ask questions, the courage I need to live and survive. I must prepare myself for everything that crosses my path. That's my path to courage.



It was after my dad had beaten my mom. I was eleven years old and my little brother was three. She took us and ran to my grandparents' house that was five minutes away from our house. My mom realized that I had no shoes. After talking to my grandparents about what had happened, they told me to go home and get my shoes. I was terrified to see my dad. As I was walking back, I kept telling myself he was not going to hurt me and that everything was going to be ok. After a couple minutes, I had the courage to get my shoes. My dad was waiting, and he looked angry. I went into the house and grabbed my shoes. **(Margarita Cid Luna)**



I remember when I was in middle school and I had a parent-teacher conference. The teacher was talking about me like I wasn't in the room. She told my mom that my reading, writing, and comprehension were at a fifth grade level and I was in eighth grade. I always felt stupid and slow, but I never gave up on education. Now I'm back in school and I'm

not quitting until I get my degree, but I must say I have never read so much in my whole life. **(Kelly Hayes)**



When I was eight years old, my mom, brother, sister, and I had to leave our home, family, and all our belongings back in Mexico and start a new life. My mom had to make a decision, a big step, but she was scared and wasn't sure if she was going to make it. But then again, she remembered that our life was in danger, so that's where she gained the strength, the courage to leave her hometown and start a journey to the U.S. It's hard to leave part of your life in one place, in one second, but we didn't have a choice. Thank God my mom and siblings had the courage to make a big change and give up a lot of themselves. We're good and safe. **(Brenda Juarez)**



When I had courage was when I went through breast cancer. I prayed and gave it to God. When I went through chemo, I mostly went by myself. I walked through faith, not by sight. I didn't have fear because I knew God was near. He has never failed me nor forsaken me. That's the moment I had the most courage. **(Mikiea Price)**

I have been clean since September 17, 1995, with no relapses thanks to the God of my understanding and the fellowship of Narcotics Anonymous. The reason why I am saying this is not to brag but to let it be known that my clean time is my treasure. I protect it with my



life because it is my life. . .
 . Without it, I would be
 nothing but a using addict
 and probably dead right
 now. . . . The Serenity
 Prayer is "God grant us
 the serenity to accept the
 things we cannot change;
COURAGE to change the

things we can; and wisdom to know the difference." The courage to change the things we can is the key. I know that I cannot change anything on the outside of myself, but I myself can change. It is my duty as a wife, woman, mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother to change. (**Lenora Rodin**)



In 2013 I decided to relocate. I wanted to try something new, change my surroundings. I've never lived outside of Madison. I was afraid of not being so close to family and friends, but I knew I needed and wanted this

experience, so I packed up and moved to Dubuque, Iowa. I got there, started my job, and made myself comfortable. I was very homesick and made my way back to Madison almost every weekend. It took courage for me to leave the only place I knew as home, but I am glad I did it to gain that experience.

(**Latesha Jackson**)

Courage

Courage: the ability to do something that frightens one

I used to have an open and innocent outlook on love
 Before I allowed hate to fuel my soul
 Hate blinded my eyes and heart
 And drove me away from my goals.

I used to have hope for our future
 That together one nation would stand
 Then those I loved turned their back on me
 And from myself I ran

But I thought about my life
 And what I used to want life to be
 I got my ass up, shook off the hate
 And said no one will stop me . . . but me
 (**Shaneika Sanders**)



CONSIDERING KATE CHOPIN



In the final lines of Kate Chopin's "The Story of an Hour," Mrs. Mallard finds out that Mr. Mallard had not suffered any accident. He is alive! Doctors conclude that she died as a result of heart disease and was overjoyed to

see Mr. Mallard alive. Reading this story makes me go back in time and try to understand her feelings. I would not like to be treated like those women during that time. How is it possible that men can treat women so unequally and unfairly! I'm sure she died because her heart and soul did not want to be a slave anymore. (**Natalia M. Rodríguez Miramontes**)

was finally free, and when she saw him that freedom went away. (**Veronica Tinajero**)



The sudden realization of finding herself locked and trapped away in her old life and stuck to that marriage was enough to take away her life. The doctors think she couldn't bear the relief of seeing her husband alive.

They think that her heart "exploded" with happiness and love. I know that she died because she realized she could no longer embrace life without her newfound freedom, victory, and power. (**Sahira Rocillo Ramírez**)



Mrs. Mallard rode an emotional roller-coaster that ended up giving her a heart attack. She was low on life because of her situation (life, marriage, etc.), and then she was even lower when she learned of the passing of her

husband. She then became extremely high on life when she realized she was free for the first time. Seeing her husband alive shot down any hope of being free. This last emotion gave her a heart-attack. (**Matthew Kruger**)



At the end of the story Mrs. Mallard dies because she sees her husband entering through the door. Doctors conclude that she died because of her heart disease and because she was happy to see her husband. I think

that she died because she thought that she



MY EYES HAVE BEEN OPENED

A RESPONSE TO PLATO'S ALLEGORY OF THE CAVE

by Matthew Kruger

In the last two years, my eyes have been opened to what's really going on in the world. I believe what we're being told is a lie. I believe people are being trained to think the way "they" want us to think. I generally refer to our education system as "factory schools."

I believe when CNN spends months reporting on a missing plane, they're taking everyone's attention off the Russia/Ukraine situation. I believe when the NFL focuses all of their, and our, attention on players' off-the-field issues, it's making everyone forget about the Iraq/Syria/ISIS situation.

I hate when I see a commercial where a mom can't control her kids' behavior so she hands them a tablet to babysit for her. I believe when people see things on TV, they think that's how they have to act to be an accepted member of society.

I believe that when someone asks a question that seems to be off the beaten path, they're looked at as crazy or a kook. I believe that there are so many movies out about conspiracy theories that when someone tries to bring one up in real life, it's thrown away as if they've seen too many movies.

I hate when people don't realize that there's two sides to every story. No one questions. No one cares. Everyone is happy with their Walmart and frozen dinners. I saw a story recently about a guy who bought Walmart brand ice cream sandwiches and set them outside for an hour in eighty degree heat. After an hour, they hadn't melted. Does anyone care? Does anyone ask why? No. They're comfortable being tuned out and living life on auto-pilot.

I believe our money, whether it's spent on taxes or candy at the store, is recycled back to the same place. That makes us slaves to the Almighty Dollar.

Not thinking about any of this was my cave.



WHO IS MALALA?

“With her courage and determination, Malala has shown what terrorists fear most: a girl with a book.”—U.N. Secretary General Ban Kimoon

A terrorist shot Malala because she was a protester against the Taliban. She was a girls’ rights activist. It changed everything for her. She had to leave her home and relocate immediately after the shooting. She has had many surgeries to repair



the nerves in her left eye. She is recognized as a public figure that brought a lot of attention to the Taliban and her movement. When she looks in the mirror she has a constant reminder of what happened to her. She can barely blink her left eye and it closes when she talks. It is a scar she has to live with for standing up for her country and the girls and women that live there. **(Myisha Ellis)**

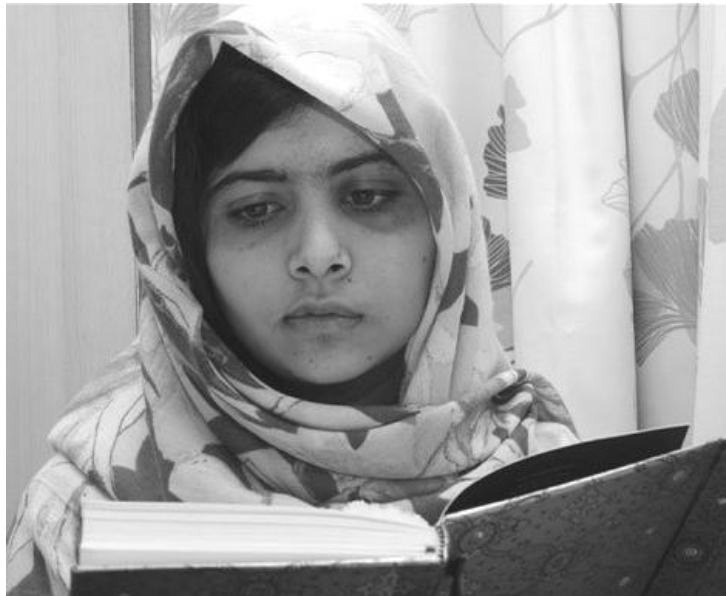
Ataullah Khan said that he shot Malala. Not only did she almost die because she was shot in the eye, but she also had to leave her country. It has changed her life in a way none of us can imagine, but she used that to help others. She has received many awards including being nominated for [and now winning!] the Nobel Peace Prize, the youngest person ever. She fought for the right for children (boys and girls) to receive an education. She says that in the Quran it is written that “God wants us to have knowledge.” **(Melissa Dominguez)**

People in power think of education as power because you can figure things

out and see the world for what it is. They can’t pull the wool over an educated man/woman’s eyes. Education can lead to groups of people rising against the government or having their own opinions. **(Janina White)**

Malala fights hard for her right to receive an education because she believes it’s her God given right. Those in power view education as dangerous because it’s the most powerful tool to be able to change things. Also, it will challenge and compete with those in power. Education can lead to activities such as political events, good careers, mentoring and so on. **(Lakoyé Buford)**

Those in power view education as dangerous because then they won’t be able to control the people and education is viewed as a weapon. Education can lead to people being



strong and independent. It can lead women to have nontraditional careers and beliefs. **(Nissa Uriostegui)**

Malala fought so hard because women were not allowed to be educated. She believed that every child had that right. I think those in power view education as dangerous because they want people with no education to do as they say and follow them and not go against them. They would maybe find out stuff was not true and form their own opinion. Activities and education can lead to a lot of things: great opportunity; people hearing your voice and what you have to say; having better choices and making better choices. You can get better jobs. Education is power! **(Brandi Whitlock)**

Those in power view education as dangerous because education makes people more aware of their corruption. Educated people are more likely to speak up. Education gives us certain freedom and power, and it gives us confidence to speak up. **(Heydy Pichardo Reyes)**

Malala fights for education because she believes it is a human right. She got this belief from her father. Also, Pakistan's Constitution says it is the right of children to seek education. Education is viewed as dangerous because it lets people think for themselves. Those in power would rather the people they control stay as uneducated slaves. Education could lead to more people speaking out against the government, which could lead to revolt. **(Matthew Kruger)**

Malala was shot by the Taliban because she spoke against the Taliban and was campaigning for girls' education. Be-

cause of this incident, she is not afraid of death. She has a second chance at life and will see to it that women/girls are treated equally as men. They will have access to education and a voice in society. Malala fought so hard because she loved to learn. Malala knows with education you gain knowledge, and knowledge is power. People in power want to keep people ignorant so that can always have control. **(Michelle Conley)**



PERCEIVING PREJUDICE



When most people meet me, they automatically assume that I am from Chicago because I am black. They seem to be very shocked when I tell them I was born and raised in Madison, WI. All black people in Madison are not from Chicago. **(Latesha Jackson)**



People would always consider black people to be slow or dumb. A lot of times people told me I would end up being a high school dropout because of my race. I was becoming a statistic when I got married, and now divorcing after three years of being married. It made me feel like I was a failure, and I pushed harder to show them wrong. I became a mother at 19 years old. People said that my life was ruined and I would never amount to anything. At one point I felt like that was true, but now I'm trying to put my life back in perspective for my child and me. **(Myisha Ellis)**



This happened the day I met Emily for the first time [for my Odyssey interview]. I work with dirt five to six days a week, ten hours a day. I actually left work early the day of the meeting. I didn't have time to go home and shower, so when I showed up to 21 N. Park St., I was filthy. Now, I've always known about the unwritten understanding between white collars and blue collars. For the most part, they don't mesh

well. But I had never experienced it firsthand. When I got to the seventh floor, I was lost. . . . I asked where Emily's office was. . . . A gentleman led the way. About half way to Emily's office, he turns to me and says, "Do you have a delivery for her or something?" I thought it was actually pretty funny. Granted I was covered with dirt, wearing a sleeveless shirt and work boots. But one look and this guy decided I was no better than a delivery man. I laughed at his weak-mindedness and politely told him I was there for a meeting. His non-response led me to believe that he realized his mistake and was too ashamed to even apologize, or he didn't care and was content with being a jerk. **(Matthew Kruger)**



Growing up in Middleton, WI, in high school I saw a lot of couples forming, especially during sophomore year. . . . Middleton was a predominantly white school. . . . There were a few black boys. . . . I don't know how to quite explain it, but when I'd see one of them with a white girl, it would make my skin crawl. It made me sick in the bottom pit of my stomach. It was as though they had crossed a racial line just designed for me. They had stolen our men, our boys. I know now writing it down that it's the most prejudiced thing ever, and I've already changed by views on interracial relationships. But back then I used to do everything in my power to make the girl know that the other black girls don't approve, and I would torment her until she broke it off. Now again looking back at what I've done, the term can also be called bullying. **(Dorothy Katana)**

I was in the library one day and met another



Spanish speaker. We were talking in Spanish a few minutes in the kids' area. Then a white woman came in, and as soon as she heard us, she told us to stop speaking in Spanish. She said that we were not in

our country, that we should be speaking in English, and that if we want to keep speaking Spanish we should go back to our country. I was surprised, and my friend was angry. She even told the librarian what happened, and he came to talk to the woman. She stopped saying those things, and we kept speaking Spanish. **(Veronica Tinajero)**



When I was pregnant with my youngest son, Francisco, I was put on bed rest in the hospital so that I could be monitored on a regular basis. While I was there, I met this other girl who was on bed rest also. We both deserved the best care for the

children we were carrying. However, I was getting better care due to the fact that I had private insurance instead of state help. They always put her into shared rooms where she had no privacy, and when she would call for a nurse, they would take up to 30 minutes to get down to her room. . . . As much as I loved the attention and care I got at Meriter, I couldn't believe they could be so judgmental towards people based on their insurance. **(Nissa Uriostegui)**

I remember it like yesterday. I can smell the frozen, out-of-date food that's handed out on trays. The smell of steel and concrete overpowers the smell of old food. Faint screams through thick steel doors are filled with pain



and sorrow. Every day I wake up to the prejudice of guards. If it's not that I'm doing something wrong, I'm just being harassed, no matter what, consistently with comments on how I'm scum for making a living off

the sales of drugs. You can tell when someone has that grudge against you for one reason or the other, mostly because we're prisoners and they are guards, and we're simply on opposite sides of the fence. Every day I would wake up to prejudice, the scolding of a look, a comment, or just the way a guard would talk to you. You could hear, sometimes even see, the prejudice that was forced upon you!

(Christopher Villalpando)



In daycare, one little girl was getting dropped off by her mom. I bent down to say hi to the little girl, and she gave me a strange look. Her face was frowned up. The little white girl looked at me and said, "You have dirt on your face!" I was

surprised when she said that because I was thinking that I didn't have dirt on my face, so what is she talking about? Her mom didn't say anything at all. I went in the bathroom and looked in the mirror. I didn't have dirt on my face. When I got out of the bathroom, my mom said that the little girl had never seen black people before and that's why she said that. . . . I guess I was shocked. . . . **(Brandi Whitlock)**

I have a good friend named Ana who is really outgoing and talkative, which is the opposite of me. One time Ana and I went out for dinner at Abuelo's restaurant where both of us



worked at the time. When we got there, one of our co-workers asked Ana how she could hang out with me. After that he called me the b-word. . . . People think that I feel that I am better than they are and that is why I do not talk to them, when in reality I am just shy. (**Heydy Pichardo Reyes**)



I think the first time I ever experienced prejudice is when I moved to Wisconsin. It was kind of in a hushed way. When I started working at Super Wal-Mart, I remember some guests didn't even want to take money out of my hand. They were older and set in their ways. Some people are prejudiced secretly rather than bluntly like in the old days. (**Mikiea Price**)



I consider myself a lesbian, and the significant other I was dating at this particular time also considered herself the same. Men still tried to approach us knowing our preference. One gentleman very rudely said, "Which one of you is the man?" I was insulted and said, "We're both women, and we don't have a man in our relationship." He started calling us names—dyke, butch, lesbo, homos. He hurt my feelings that our lesbian relationship offended him so much. He started saying we were going to burn in hell! (**Patricia McKnight**)

Back in the late 90s when my brothers and I were younger, we were out shopping with our



mother. We were also with some of our cousins and their mother. . . . As we were all walking through the mall, a lady looking to be at least in her late fifties turns to her significant other and says, "Oh, honey, look at all the different breeds of children." My mother snapped. She turns to the older lady and says, "Excuse me, but I didn't f*** no dog. For your information, these are human beings and they're biracial, not a breed." I could tell by the woman's face that she felt bad and scared because of how my mother went off. Her significant other's face was also in awe, like he knew as soon as she said those ridiculous words it wasn't going to end well. (**Joseph Lentz**)



When I went through training for the US Army, we as soldiers always had to wear our hats outside, but when it was time to go inside we had to take them off. Every day when we went to the chow hall to eat, there was this one drill sergeant that would always mess with me. At this point in my life, I was through with relaxers and decided to go natural. Therefore, when I took my hat off, my hair was matted down. Whenever he saw me, he had something to say that would ridicule me. His favorite was, "Comb your f***ing hair!" . . . I pray for those who have dealt with prejudice for whatever reason. (**Nitia Johnson**)

A couple of months ago I was turned down for this job that I really wanted because of my record. My charges had nothing to do with the position I was applying for, so I didn't under-



stand why I wasn't hired. I went to the interview dressed to impress, had just revised my résumé, gave eye contact, and was very open, so my feelings were hurt when I found out a couple days later that I didn't get the job because of my record. The crazy thing about it is the charges are so old—almost seven years old. **(DeAngelo Hood)**



One night the mother of my sons and I went out to enjoy ourselves at a bowling alley. When we were at the front desk waiting to bowl, a white worker told us no lanes were available. We just shot pool. But I looked up and she gave a white couple a lane. I was infuriated. I asked for the manager and complained. I wish I could have sued that bowling alley. They tried to cover it up by not charging us for our pool. We left. **(Derek Dodd)**



I was strolling around the clothing section in Toys “R” Us when I overheard two workers communicating through walkie talkies. It seemed like a secret language. I'm no fool, and little did they know I work at Walgreens, where we say different codes to communicate. I looked up and saw a white male worker staring at me. Then he walked up to me and asked if I needed anything. About 30 seconds later another white male worker did the same thing. I began to get upset, and many thoughts ran through my mind. Why are they watching me? Don't they know I see what they're doing? Maybe I should

just yell out that I have no reason to steal and dump out everything in my backpack. That'll teach them to not stereotype. I have the worst of both worlds: I'm an African American Muslim! **(Lakoyé Buford)**



When I came to the U.S., I did not know any English. As soon as I got to Wisconsin, I started high school. My first obstacle was language. Most of my classes were totally in English, and I wasn't able to fully communicate. Most of my classmates treated me with indifference and made me think that I did not belong to the school community. They had no right to judge me or anybody just by how I look, how I speak, how different my accent sounds. While I was working at a grocery shop, a customer asked me for some directions. . . . As soon as she heard my foreign accent, she looked at me discontented and complained about my poor English. She quickly left leaving me speechless. Her arrogance and the way she discriminated against me were unfair. I was astonished. For some time that incident had an effect on me and made me insecure about my accent. **(Natalia M. Rodríguez Miramontes)**



It was my first year inside the Graphic Design program at Madison College. Our Design Fundamentals instructor introduced our new project. “We are making a series of repetitive, abstract sets of triangles.” . . . As I was drawing fangs, legs, and eyeballs, I could feel the weight of stares on me. When I turned around, about five of my classmates were looking directly down at

my illustration, and their faces ranged from awe to disgust to surprise. Then one of them said, “Are those legs?” “Yeah,” I said. She said, “You are strange,” and the first thing I said was, “Thank you!” Everybody exchanged looks and slowly started to walk away from me. Ever since then, I was considered as a zombie-loving goth . . . not to mention that I was “too weird” for them to even consider sitting next to me.

(**Sahira Rocillo Ramírez**)



Prejudice has a lot to do with race. I have a friend whose parents wouldn’t allow her to be around black people because “supposedly they’re bad people.” When I saw that, I got really mad because we’re all the same. There are bad people everywhere, but they only focused on the black people. I hate that. So I talked to them about it and explained to them that we’re all equal. (**Brenda Juarez Cruz**)



My most vivid moment of prejudice was during the court process of the man charged with my sister’s homicide. In 2000, the year Kari was murdered, there were seven domestic homicides in Dane County. The DA would not plea on six of the cases. The seventh case, Kari’s murder, they pled with Chris, giving him 25 years. The other six cases went to trial and got life. The value placed on my sister’s life was less. The fact that she had a criminal record, was a low-income white woman, and was dating a black man who was gang affiliated all were factors in taking a plea and not spending tax dollars on a trial. We felt her life should be valued just like the others. When we expressed it to the DA, our feelings were not considered, and we had to ac-

cept the 25-year sentence—devastating and disappointing. (**Jessi Hodges**)



I have been pre-judged in my lifetime for numerous reasons—being an addict, being a woman that ran the streets, moving to Wisconsin and being married to a white man, etc.—, but the most hurting prejudice to me is when your own people won’t accept you. Jesus Himself testified that “a prophet hath no honor in his own country” (John 4:44). African Americans have a culture within their culture. We have the dark-skinned African American, we have the light-skinned African American, and we have the Mulatto. Believe me when I tell you we act differently to one another. . . . I have been judged because I grew up in Evanston, IL and did not live in the projects. It did not matter that I never saw my mom and never knew my dad and wanted to die on a daily basis. All the other children knew was that I had a doll and they did not have one. . . . I felt like I am damned if I do and damned if I don’t, so I might as well go out kicking and fighting like I did when I came into this world. (**Lenora Rodin**)



I had an interview at a nursing home. When I spoke to the director, everything went well over the phone. When I got there and we met face to face, she had changed her demeanor. “I thought that you were white, with a name like Kelly.” She had someone else take me on a tour of the building. . . . The director stated that she was not able to hire me, and I believe it was because I’m black. (**Kelly Hayes**)

ALUMNI VOICES: ROBERT JAMES '14

I Am

I am a prisoner of your ignorance.
 I am O.J. I am Mike Tyson. I am Jack Johnson.
 I am a deadbeat dad. I am a drug dealer.
 I am lazy. I am a pimp. I am a thief.
 I am dependent on a woman for my survival.
 I am a phallic symbol forever chasing Vanna White.
 I am angry that I am your fears;
 I am your guilt,
 I am what you made me.
 I am Odysseus.
 I am Hannibal Barca.
 I am Marcus Garvey.
 I am Malcolm X.
 I am George Jackson.
 I am Huey.
 I am Mandinkan. I am Sioux.
 I am not in awe of you.
 I am jazz, I am the blues,
 I am hip-hop, I am the news.
 I am everything you wanted me to be.
 Now tell me,
 Who is the real me?



Questions

Questions are my friends
 A fine place to begin
 I know not where they end
 They teach me again and again
 Questions have a friend
 Some assume it is the end
 I say to that there is reply
 Received we wonder why
 Together
 To find a place
 Better
 Than yours or mine

TASTING CONCRETENESS

Abstract:

I ate something interesting.

Concrete:

I ate a prepared Mexican style corn; I could taste the tanginess of the mayo, the crunch of the corn, the warmth of the butter, the softness of the cheese, and at last my tongue felt the explosion of the chili. (**Sahira Rocillo Ramírez**)

I just consumed a fresh garden salad that consisted of fresh hearts of romaine lettuce, thinly sliced tomatoes, onions, portabella mushrooms, and bean sprouts, smothered in balsamic vinaigrette. (**Dorothy Katana**)

When I visited Mexico, I ate pigeon in a green mole sauce with a side of rice and refried beans. (**Nissa Uriostegui**)

I ate a pizza with chicken and pineapples on top. (**Latesha Jackson**)

For lunch I ate watermelon with salt. (**Prodajaé Huntley**)

I ate a warm, moist cinnamon roll with a hint of hazelnut added. (**Jessi Hodges**)

Last night I ate a delicious tostada with black beans and queso fresco. (**Veronica Tinajero**)

I ate tuna salad with sugar and pickles. (**Janina White**)

I had a piece of liver that tasted like dirt. (**Brandi Whitlock**)

I ate a fried banana stuffed in the middle with cooked ground beef. (**Christopher Villalpando**)

Last night I had for dinner Mexican enchiladas stuffed with chicken and topped with mild green salsa. (**Natalia M. Rodríguez Miramontes**)

I ate red bell peppers stuffed with shrimp and lobster alfredo. (**Myisha Ellis**)

I ate a red velvet cake with cream cheese frosting. (**Kelly Hayes**)

I ate a spinach and artichoke grilled cheese sandwich. (**Margarita Cid Luna**)

I tried a dish that had octopus in it, and the tentacles were chewy and still had suckers on it. (**Lenora Rodin**)

LESSONS ON LOVE

ROBERT AND WANDA AUERBACH'S 62-YEAR MARRIAGE

I read [in the article in the *Wisconsin State Journal*] that their success “thrived on their absolute equality and respect.” That’s what I believe hinders us today. No one wants to be equal. So I learned that it is possible for two people to meet, love each other, and last forever. It just has to be about each other. Avoid selfishness. **(Jessi Hodges)**

Love is powerful, no matter your religion or where you came from. **(Joseph Lentz)**

I admire this wonderful matrimony because they based their relationship on love, confidence, trust, and respect. Many of these qualities are missing in current marriages. . . . Emily’s parents were young and had difficulties in their lives, but their priority was education. Having different backgrounds wasn’t an obstacle for them to fall in love. **(Natalia Rodríguez Miramontes)**

Love will not be stopped. Family or strangers’ opinions don’t matter. Culture doesn’t matter. Love is love, and if it’s there, it won’t be stopped. **(Matthew Kruger)**

I think that today people are more concerned about material things than the actual views of marriage. People spend thousands on weddings for marriages that barely last two years. Emily’s parents didn’t mind the cost. They wanted to be married and spend their life together like they did. I love this story! **(Janina White)**

True love conquers all. **(Lakoyé Buford)**

No matter where you are from and what background, 4000 miles away and with a vast difference, love has no boundaries. **(Christopher Villalpando)**

I personally feel joy and my heart was warmed by the fact that they were able to find each other. Destiny put them together; they were meant to be. I admire the integrity of a man such as Robert, who never viewed Wanda as less of a person than he was. He treated her as his equal. That is a treasure to find and to be! **(Sahira Rocillo Ramírez)**

This article was very inspiring to me. Many people in the 21st century marry for fame, for money, for power. . . . This article shows that not only is love real and with a meaning, but it represents strength, dignity, and truth. **(Prodajaé Huntley)**



Marriage is not about a big fancy party. Marriage is about two people willing to love each other and see past their differences. **(Heydy Pichardo Reyes)**

No matter what, go with your heart. Love the person God blesses you with. Love your wife always, no matter what others say and do to stop it. **(Derek Dodd)**

One thing that really struck me about this article is regardless of what they were faced with, they stayed together. Our generation is so quick to give up when times get hard instead of fighting for the people or the things we love. **(DeAngelo Hood)**

Marriage is not about money or who does what in the marriage. It's about how much you love the individual. The small things are what matter. (**Latesha Jackson**)

I took from this article that you can't let others keep you from going with what you feel. (**Nitia Johnson**)

Love can endure the hardest of hardships, and it doesn't matter what your nationality or origin. Love is love and can last a long time. (**Patricia McKnight**)

No matter where you come from, when you find true love, go with it. Don't allow anyone to tell you who to date. (**Mikiea Price**)

When everybody around you doubts you, never give up on your dreams. Marriage is not easy, but with the right ingredients you can make it work. (**Veronica Tinajero**)

No matter what, their love was still there. With

everybody's doubts and the fire, they came out strong together, still in love after all those years! (**Brandi Whitlock**)

Even after death and dismay, there is still hope for love and happiness. (**Myisha Ellis**)

Even though they came from different worlds and different religions, they were meant to be together. (**Margarita Cid Luna**)

Love is love, and it does not matter how many miles you live apart or if the two of you come from different worlds. Love is love, Period. Money cannot keep you together. Only sincere devotion, honesty, and love can keep you together for 62 years. . . . Last but not least, their odyssey for education brought them together. Education is the key to everything—health, wealth, success, and happiness. (**Lenora Rodin**)

If you really love someone, that love will withstand people's opinions, money, and terrible moments in life. (**Kelly Hayes**)



MOVED BY MUSIC

Music to me is storytelling. It's poetry in motion. It's an innocent yet inappropriate touch, almost like consensual sex. Music can be intimate and personal. Setting any type of mood, music holds the power to bring about any emotion you may be hiding or that you may be searching for. It can do anything, but it can never do nothing. I tell my story through music, and I love hearing other people's truth through it. It helps with getting to know how others think. **(Shaneika Sanders)**

Music is another form of love. When you want to express how you feel, when you can't find the words, there is always a song to describe how you feel. Feelings go through me as if this was the rhythm of my heart. When you're feeling down and not in the mood, music fulfills the position of an energy drink. No matter if the tune is jazz or the genre is hip-hop, the sound of music is always good. You never know how music makes you feel until you feel your head nod, your foot tap, or even a finger snap. I like to hear hip-hop to make me dance. When my son and I are ready to sleep, I like to play Mozart. I love the timing and rhythm of the music and how it calms my body and puts me in a good place to relax myself and clear my thoughts.

(Prodajaé Huntley)

Music moves my spirit and moves my mood. It makes me smile, and it makes me cry. It makes me want to create. It makes me feel whatever I'm feeling, or it takes me away from what I'm feeling. It's so awesome. It's for everyone everywhere. It's totally universal, I believe. I grew up with a family where when we didn't have money, we had music. Music! Music! George and Ira Gershwin, Duke Ellington, Burt Bacharach. **(Patricia McKnight)**

Music for me means free expression, liberating all of my thoughts. Sometimes I like to hear music that talks about things that I'm not brave enough to talk about by myself in front of others. An example is love songs. I like Spanish music, especially the ones that talk about people's stories and adventures. We call them *corridos*. They tell reality.

(Natalia M. Rodríguez Miramontes)

Music helps me. I like all kinds of music. Sometimes music speaks to me in a way that I can't explain. It can be soothing, and it can really touch your heart. From jazz to hip-hop, it all can speak to me. Some music can be depressing and some can be uplifting, joyous, and happy. R&B helps calm me. It can sometimes feel like the song is talking about my life. Back in the day, people sent messages through music because they didn't have a way to communicate with each other. Music can take me back to when I was little and back to



happy days. Music reminds me of my grandfather and how he loved music. I find myself listening to the same music he did just so I can remember the good times before he passed away. (**Melissa Dominguez**)

I mostly listen to hip-hop and R&B. I love the beats and some lyrics. I think about scenes and situations that relate to my current thought process. Music affects me in the best creative way like writing or drawing

pictures. Music helps me release myself and relax. I listen to music all day every day. Music is my favorite past time, and I love to relate it to situations. Music is my escape from reality. (**Myisha Ellis**)

I love music. I listen to hip-hop, rap, and R&B. It takes me away from everything. I love music because it can change your mood or be your mood. Music can take you anywhere you want to go, from being a wife to a killer. It's all in the rhythm and the words. It can ease your minds and let you escape for a while. There is nothing in this world that can replace music. The music Emily's father is playing makes me feel like dancing! Thank you! (**Tenishia Bland**)

Music is a way to help free my mind of what I may have been lingering on. Any problems that I'm faced with I turn into happy feet, and it's like they are slowly being released. Now I can dance because the music will carry me! Then it's the music that helps you see clearly. "I can see clearly now the rain is gone." (**Michelle Conley**)

For me, music is calming and soothing. It can bring my spirits up. It's also a way of venting.



There are so many different kinds of songs/music that there is one for every mood you experience. Sometimes I sing along in joy. Sometimes I sing along with tears in my eyes, but not because I am sad. I am just in tune with the music and can relate. I love music. It is my outlet. It helps me think and get my thoughts and emotions together. Music helps express people and what they are going through. I like rap, I love R&B, and Gospel is definitely my go-to when I'm going through. But I love listening to Gospel on my good days, too. (**Latesha Jackson**)

Music, oh sweet music, how it settles my soul and delights my spirit. Music evokes all sorts of feelings within me. When I am sad, it can make me cry. When I am happy, it can bring me joy and laughter. The music that I am listening to in the classroom today is bringing me joy. Seeing Emily's father on the electric piano after reading the story about him and his wife warms my heart. He is so full of life, and I love that peaceful look that he has. (**Lenora Rodin**)

This music in our classroom puts me at ease, like a tranquil mind frame. It makes me wish I

had someone to dance with, hand in hand. Now it's making me feel uplifted and in good spirits, as if I just got home from a date with my junior high crush. I feel I'm getting ready for a special evening, maybe a candlelit dinner for two. Music is my go-to guide for everything. Whether happy or sad, I get comfort from the different instruments and the dedication of the musicians. I love to sing as well. **(Nitia Johnson)**

Music has the ability to take me to different worlds. It can touch on an emotion and spark many memories. A song could easily make me feel empowered by lifting my mood or causing me to reflect on painful past events. I listen to all kinds of music: R&B, gospel, pop, hip-hop, etc. I love the diversity in music. **(Lakoyé Buford)**

Music means a lot to me. It takes me back to when I was little. My dad used to listen to *rancheras*. It's traditional Mexican music. Being Latina, I know music is a very big part of our culture. We love to dance and listen to it. **(Margarita Cid Luna)**

I like a lot of different kinds of music, such as gospel, R&B, hip-hop. When I listen to music, it seems to ease me. When I'm overwhelmed, it soothes me. When I'm happy, it brings it out. When I'm sad, it hides me. Sometimes music speaks or helps me express my emotions. In Gospel, Yolanda Adams is my favorite artist. When she sings, she reminds me that God loves me and will see me through. It is just a test of your faith. This too shall pass, and the battle is not yours but the Lord's. **(Mikiea Price)**



I take music seriously. Music for me is like my best friend. When I'm angry, sad, tired, and down, or happy, music is the only thing that understands me. I love all kinds of music as long as it's music. Music can change my moods. It helps me to relax and think more calmly. Sometimes it makes me dream when I'm awake and just think about the future. **(Brenda Juarez Cruz)**

Music has been my best friend. If I wanted to dance, it was there. If I wanted to cry or sing along with the song, it was there. When I clean house, I turn the music up, and it puts me in the mood. When I'm ready to go out, I want some music to pump me up. When I take a bath, I want some music to relax. When I'm getting stressed, I put on music. When I think I can sing (and my kids and hubby don't think I can), I will sing loudly with the music. I love music! **(Brandi Whitlock)**

Personally I am not too emotionally connected to music. In prison it was sad to listen to because it reminded me of home. So I stopped listening. I guess I never reconnected. The music I am listening to now is laid back and relaxing. It eases the stress that weighs on my mind and is providing me a moment of peace. I am triggered to think of happy memories and the benefits of this class. I'm definitely in a better mood than when I came in. I am happy to be more relaxed. **(Jessi Hodges)**

Music for me is a way of worship. I listen to Gospel music. Most of the music I listen to is calm and slow. I am not sure how to describe it. Music helps me relax, and it helps me connect with God. Music gives me hope because a lot of the songs that I listen to are about people's testimonies. They testify about what God has done in their lives. This gives me hope and strength to carry on. **(Heydy Pichardo Reyes)**

I didn't figure out that there was music out there I might like until fifth grade. I got on the bus for a field trip, and some of my classmates were singing a song on the radio that I had never heard before. Until then, I had only listened to the music my mom, dad, and brothers listened to. My dad listened to country, non-stop. I can't stand country music today. My mom listened to 94.9 (oldies) and 101.5 (classic rock). I love both of those genres. My oldest brother was a hard rock kind of guy. I don't listen to that. My other

brother listened to nineties soft rock, which I got really into at the time. I discovered Z104 when I was ten or eleven. From there I went to classic rap, hip-hop, current rap. Now I'm mostly oldies and classic rock. I don't usually connect with the lyrics, but a lot of music's rhythm touches me. It's comfortable. It's pleasing. **(Matthew Kruger)**



Music means a lot to me because it helps me through situations in life. Most of the time I play music on what I feel at that moment. I listen to certain music when I'm in the gym working out. I listen to a different type of music depending on who I'm with, where I'm at, or what I'm doing. Music is a big part of my life because I use it to express how I feel at any given time. I mostly listen to hip-hop, reggaeton, and R&B. Music in most ways puts me into different modes.

(Christopher Villalpando)

Music has always been an outlet for me. Growing up as a child singing with my church choir, I went on as I got older to tour with one of the most amazing choirs I had ever heard. Gospel music in particular really touches me. Just hearing the soprano, alto, and tenor tones harmonize does something to my spirit. It uplifts me and takes me into another place. Even though I don't really sing much these days, I always catch myself busting out a note every now and then. It's like second nature. I still can listen to a song and break down each part. I even find myself harmonizing with R&B and pop artists. **(DeAngelo Hood)**

Music is an amazing thing. It brings me closer to my emotions and guides me to where I need to be. When I was younger, I listened to a great amount of rap and R&B because I could relate to it. Now that I am older, a majority of the music that I listen to is Christian, Worship, and Gospel. There is nothing I love to do more than worship God. It gives me this feeling of the Holy Spirit working within me. Sometimes there is this connection with songs and I feel like I'm singing to Jesus Christ

himself. One of those songs is "I Can Only Imagine" by Mercy Me. It really gets my mind thinking about what that moment will be like. I also love the fact that my kids love the same music as I do. I feel like there is nothing more angelic than seeing my kids worship God.

(Nissa Uriostegui)

Music is a means to release your feelings and stress. Music gives people joy and inspiration to do things they normally can't do, like tell someone you love them. If you can't express it in words, you can always do it through music. I listen to all kinds of music for the fact that all music is so inspirational, except rock. . . . I for one love jazz, country, slow jams, hip-hop, and classical. To me, jazz brings out a lot of emotions and really gets my mind wondering. I start writing letters and sometimes poems. Country music is very encouraging to express to someone how you feel. I can sit in a room and listen to slow jams forever. I guess you can say I have a big soft spot for slow jams like the Isley Brothers, Tyrese, Jodie, and Eddie Holman. **(Joseph Lentz)**



I usually listen to Spanish music. Music means memories to me. When I am listening to music, I remember my hometown, the fun I had as a teenager, and my experience with friends. Now I listen to kids' music. It makes me happy because that's what my kids like and they sing so loud. I really enjoy seeing them so happy dancing. Music also means feelings. Depending on how I am feeling that day, I choose what music I need to listen to. I listen to music whenever I'm in my car.

(Veronica Tinajero)

Since I was really little, I've relied on music to get away from the real world and travel to my own. As a teenager, I started listening to some metal, nü-metal, and rock bands—bands such as Korn, Metallica, and Incubus. I love jazz, funky, reggae, ska, 80s and 90s music, rockabilly, blues, and alternative music. I used to skip class to sit at a swing and listen to Incubus' albums. I learned a lot of my English by translating their songs word by word. I gained a political conscience. This was back in Mexico. . . . If I want to clean, I'll put on some Jamiroquai, and I will dance awkwardly, or so I'm told, to Arctic Monkeys. I dedicated "Southern Girl" by Incubus to myself. I can't depict what Brandon Boyd's voice does to me. Hard to put in words—music moves me and rocks my world. **(Sahira Rocillo Ramírez)**

I like Gospel music which inspires me and helps me stay focused on what's real—the love of Christ. I like some old school R&B

music. It's the songs my sons were born off ☺. The music playing in class is classical, smooth, soothing, peaceful, beautiful music. It puts me in the mind frame of being in a nice restaurant having dinner. It inspires me to think and ponder on life. **(Derek Dodd)**

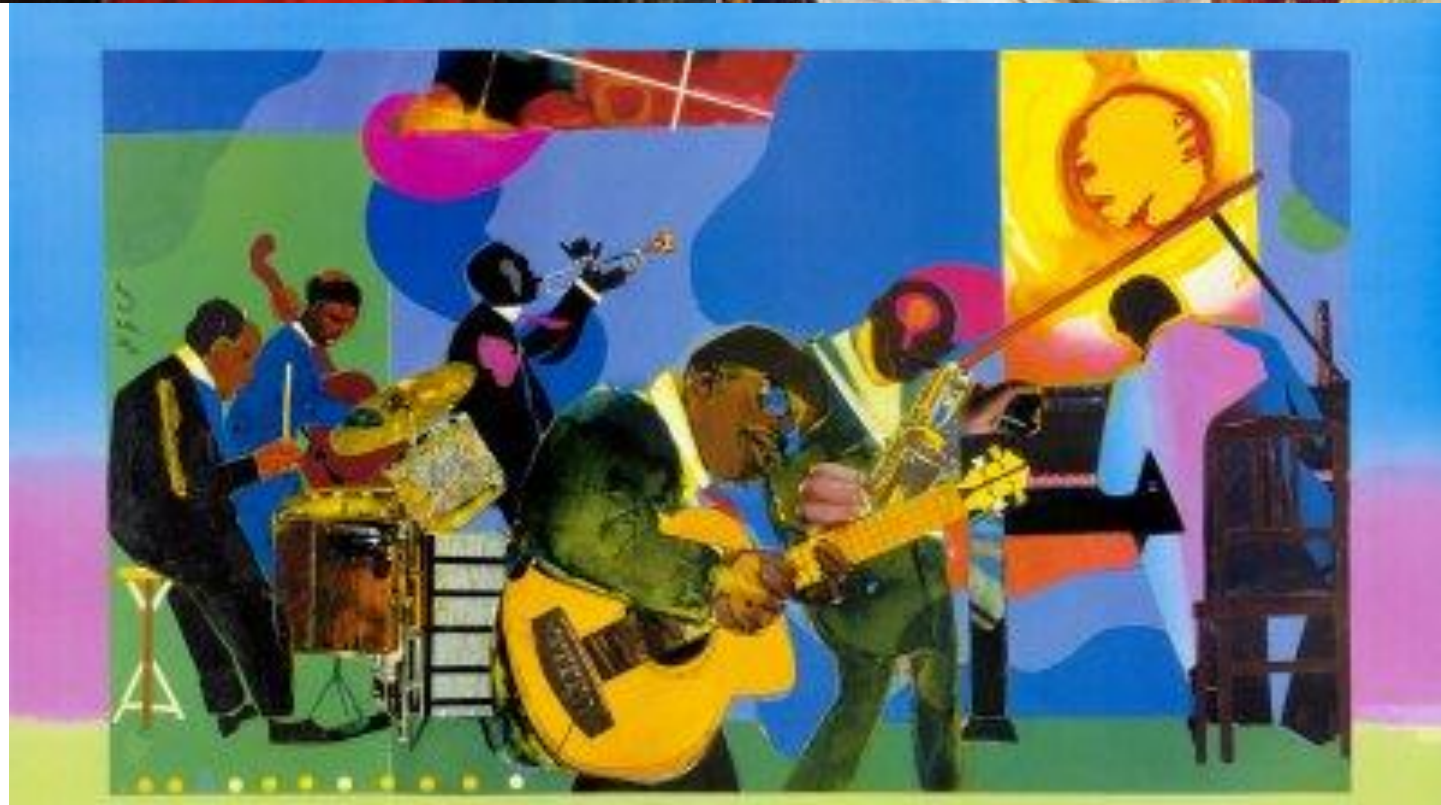
Music plays an important part in my life, in my every day routine, from the time I wake up to the time I sleep. R&B makes me want to dance or think back to my younger years and when I was in love. Dusty or soulful music is what I play when it's Saturday morning and time to clean up my house. It reminds me of my mother because that's what she used to do on Saturdays. Jazz and blues are what I listen to when I want to reminisce or when I'm missing my dad. He died at the age of 52 from cancer. Rap is what makes me want to party, but I haven't done that since I had my baby. Music is very important. It transports me to certain times in my life and mellows me out.

(Kelly Hayes)





Eduoard Manet, *The Fifer*; Archibald John Motley, Jr., *Nightlife*;
Pablo Picasso, *The Old Guitarist*; Alfred Gockel, *Full Swing*



Andrew Atroshenko, *The Passion of Music*; Auguste Renoir, *Young Girls at the Piano*;
Romare Bearden, *Jammin' at the Savoy*



Pablo Picasso, *Three Musicians*; Adolphe Lesrel, *The Musicians*;
Johannes Vermeer, *The Concert*; Romare Bearden, *Three Folk Musicians*



Michelangelo Caravaggio, *The Musicians*; Juan Gris, *Violin and Guitar*;
Pablo Picasso, *Mandolin and Guitar*