

PART 6

To love. To be loved . . . Never get used to the disparity

To love. To be loved . . . To never get used to the unspeakable violence and the vulgar disparity of life around you. To see joy in the saddest places. To pursue beauty to its lair. To never simplify what is complicated or complicate what is simple. To respect strength, never power. Above all, to watch. To try and understand.

—Arundhati Roy

What will become of your life?

by Isabel Souza-Rodriguez



I always hated concrete. Sure, I have benefitted from and appreciated the many structures in my life that utilized concrete to offer me support, an even path, or even shelter. Mostly, I grew up hating the way that concrete made my surroundings hard, impenetrable, and unresponsive. I can't run my fingers through concrete. I can't put my ear against it and hear beautiful messages of a live world. The most it ever did was to echo the beatings of my own heart. I still remember what it felt like having my ear against the concrete wall of my parent's bedroom, those nights that my sisters ran and crawled into my bed. I remember hearing the deepness of my father's voice through that wall—how it made the wall shake, especially with the sudden thud of my mother's body slamming against it. I remember not being able, against my better wishes, to will that wall into softening before her impact. There is a crisp finality in impacting concrete. A deep silence always follows for a few moments as the compounds consume every last thread of the momentum that just came upon it. Surviving it always creates the void of that unavoidable question, "What will become of your life . . . now?"

I heard this question again in December of 2011. I had been drinking excessively, and the series of events that followed led to my confrontation with this question as I felt the weight of two bodies pressing down against my back. A broad hand cupped my skull and pressed my face down against the pavement. I realized, beyond the sound of this question, that my hands were pinned tightly against my back. Two officers were restraining me, protecting me . . . from myself. Not 60 seconds earlier I had struck, with the full force of my body, the love of my life. I didn't even see him until his body was already ahead of my fist, flying backward with all of my energy, and slamming into the side of a moving SUV that was passing right behind him on the street in that instant. As the concrete printed itself onto my cheek, I could hear the officers screaming to me, "We're taking you to jail" and my love screaming somewhere behind them, "Please don't take him! Please don't take him! Please!!!"

I didn't deserve being released by the officers in that moment. I had lost control. In an instant, I now understand, a trigger from my childhood made me react violently and defensively against my father who wasn't even there that day. It wasn't my father that had reached for my shoulder. It was my fiancé. So it was clear to me, then, as we traveled in silence back to our home, crying and barely able to understand what had just happened, that I knew I could no longer continue to avoid seeing a therapist.

As a Latino man, I know the stigma in my culture against seeking mental health support. I was raised to believe that "mental health" was a figment of people's imagination, and that all therapists were nothing more than professional con artists. I internalized that for so many years that I wasn't paying attention to the severity of my own problem. I needed to find help . . . for my mind. No diet could ever cure the narrative of my own thoughts. No physical practice could ever build up my internal strength to defeat trauma. I understood this finally after my explosion on December 11th. Immediately afterward, I looked into providers and scheduled my first appointment.

The day before my therapist appointment, I met for breakfast with one of my best friends from middle school—one of the hardest periods of my life. I asked her candidly, "How is it possible that we survived?" Neither one of us had an answer.

In my first session, I shared with my therapist my recollections of the *bodies* that made up my years in middle school; flashbacks of my peers who were always more dead than alive, stuffed to capacity with medications that were supposed to have made them "feel better" or "hold themselves together." Remembering how those bodies constantly fell apart, became pale, fragile, tore at the extremities, ached, and fell to the ground suddenly, repeatedly, needing to be carried to "administration" where parents would come to carry them farther away to institutions where their entire world would become boxes of concrete. I recanted to my shrink how I grappled through those years, barely making it, desperately hoping not to become another needless casualty.

"I'm not sure how we survived it," I said.

"We did . . ." my friend replied, "and I think that's why we're such good friends."

I began to see quite clearly in my therapy sessions that the therapist had no particular healing affinity, nor magical powers. She didn't generally say very clever things nor were her responses much more interesting than any other conversation I ever held with a friend in childhood. I appreciated though, being able to find a complete stranger who could tell me, "I'm SO glad you made it today" knowing that she meant it, and especially that she could understand how

"today" makes it such a special victory. I did learn through her, though, that Yes, I managed to survive middle school, but I need to remember and to appreciate that I survived today too. The lesson will remain that perhaps if I survived today, I might be able to tap into that same strength tomorrow.

I resent any parent that still makes their kids feel stupid for wondering if their minds and hearts also need medical care, just like our bodies. That's like denying a kid eye and dental exams for years, simply from superstition. I feel that I could have just as easily gone blind. I could have completely lost sight of my very self.

My therapist one day explained, "I'm surprised at the level of conversation I've been able to have with you. People who have lived your experiences generally become so far removed from reality that it's hard to achieve any coherent dialogue with them beyond a few disjointed sentences." I laugh at how incredibly un-reassuring it is to think that somehow I adapted some unnatural ability to survive trauma. That doesn't give me any comfort. It really just makes me feel somewhat undeservingly lucky. I remember reading a Margaret Atwood novel once about a woman who felt like the word, "shatter." I spent over a year reflecting on that book and how closely I connected to that character. I've been on the verge of shattering for the 14 years I've known I've needed therapy.

Therapy is just a step. A single liberated stride on an uncharted path of self-healing. It isn't that life "gets better" all of a sudden. But without that therapy experience, I wouldn't have the words to describe to you how incredibly wonderful it feels right now to know that "I gave myself a chance" and trusted my instinct well enough to have taken that first step, in whatever direction that may take me. How often do we ever "give ourselves a chance?"

It seems much easier for me to believe in others than to believe in myself. I used to go to any lengths not to do it—not to "fail"—as if personal care were a definitive form of failure. I seemed to want to sacrifice 14 years of my life to self-doubt, when my very bones seemed to yearn for self-love, or acknowledgement, or gratitude. I often see a mind . . . a heart . . . a spirit somewhere inside me, running like a 5 year old to each dark corner of me, whispering, "I am here."

I regret that we still live in a world where mental health is far beyond accessible to everyone who deserves it. Still, I believe it can be possible for all of us, if we as a community could dare to believe that mental health is as important in our lives as our physical health: our exercise, our eye exams, our immunizations, our hygiene, our diet. It is possible to care for our whole selves! I'm learning that it is possible to show love and compassion for the entirety of who I am, and not just my physical parts.

I told my therapist about my life of activism, and she replied, "I was an activist in like you when I was young. My body shifted and my capacities became different, so now I bring my activism to this room, where every day I fight very hard for good people to have faith in themselves, and for marginalized people to see the fullness of their astounding beauty."

I remember again, my friend telling me: "We're friends because we are survivors." I grieve the fact that not all of us who had every right to be here with us today made it—and that the best of us might be needing constantly to brace for the impending impacts and lashes of each new day of resistance. For, I, too, am unsure if I will find my way back in that void of the questions hidden within concrete.

So if you've ever wanted to reach out to someone anonymously to ask for proper individualized attention to everything beyond your physical self: DO. If you've been postponing it for years because of something someone you loved said to you: **SCREW THEIR IGNORANCE, AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.** You are way too precious to be set aside as a secondary priority. Sometimes we must be our #1 priority. Our lives and others may depend on that basic respect.

Knowing that I might be close to taking my own life, my therapist, during my initial session, recommended scheduling another appointment for a date four days away. Ironically, she accidentally wrote the appointment on the wrong page of her calendar, so her office was locked the day that I came back to see her.

I had a moment of panic for a split second as I stared at my hand grasping the knob of her locked office door. Yet it was that moment that I realized the true function of the sessions of therapy: I didn't really need to talk to her about anything specific, or brilliant, or insightful. I just needed to come back. I needed to be able to reassure myself that I cared about my mind enough to be willing to offer it continued, undivided medical attention. I realized this, released the doorknob, and felt peace. I haven't missed a single one of my appointments since.

What is going on?

by Alexa Ovalles



“Mom, what is going on? What are these people doing here?”

Those are the words I remember asking her at 10:00 p.m. when my dad’s family were outside our bakery on June 12th, 2003. It was dark, 60 degrees, and the only lights shining were from the lamp posts and the cars. By the time we arrived home, seated in a corner of the bed, Mom said: “We can’t find your dad.”

A seven-year-old girl might not understand the severity of the situation, but when I heard that rough voice coming from the phone saying “We have him,” it was clear that this was more than just a disappearance. The people behind the voice wanted money. The amount was ridiculously high, and a miracle would be needed to sell the farm, the bakery, and get him back. We were just recovering from a two-year separation of the family when my dad’s kidnapping happened. Weeks later, from our balcony, I saw my mom with my little Barbie suitcase. Her words were “Bye” but her face spoke a different story. Where was she going? I did not know, yet it seemed just like a normal day.

That night was my cousin’s birthday. We were in front of the cake when my aunt suddenly led my sister and me to the car, then drove us to my grandma’s house. Lights, noises, reporters, and at the end of the hallway, there was a dirty long bearded man. It was my father. He did not look like what I remembered him. He had been kidnapped for two months—which had seemed like years.

In those woods, in the jungle, these Colombian abductors hold their victims neither with chains nor ropes, but with the fear of a soldier’s armament. They are an organization where phones do not exist and the messages are sent by parrots to the air. Thank God, my father was secure now. Unfortunately, his liberty came with a price. Higher than any currency exchange, a life. The exact same day he returned, the same day my mom disappeared. That last day I saw

her from the balcony, she was set to have a face-to-face interview with the kidnapers to give some money she had gathered for my dad's rescue.

It was already August, very late at night, wearing a brown wig, she drove a rented car. Maybe it was his heartbreaking voice on the tape saying that he loved us and how he hoped we could be together that moved my mom to go after him. She expected to see him, but . . .

"Mrs. this is not enough. We'll release your husband, but you must come with us," said the guerrillero when she gave him a hollow tire filled with cash. It was either the trade or my dad's death. Right after she accepted the terms, they released him and kept her.

On the other side of the border from my mom, there was my dad wobbling, finding an exit from the jungle. He ran into the mud and started rolling downhill, where he ended near a principal road that connects to our hometown. I still wonder how he didn't die while falling from that mountain. Just as he got on his feet, a taxi passed by and gave him the ride to my grandma's house. He was physically free, but still shackled to their extortion. He knew that the battle was not finished yet.

Back in the jungle, the first week of her kidnapping, my mom was losing her mind. Being a woman surrounded by seven men is not a good picture. The days were long and the nights were more so. The only light she saw was from the sun or the moon. She was trapped and had nowhere to go. "One night, while I was sleeping in a hammock hung between two trees, something fell from the top and rubbed me closely. It was a snake," she said. Another day, they were walking and she saw a big scratch in a trunk. Clearly some big animal had left its mark.

There was no escape from her captors. If she tried, she would end up caught and killed by her abductors or by a dangerous animal. Her prison was a place where there was neither bathroom nor kitchen, just trees, ground, rain, bugs, and fear. She feared dying or worse, being raped by each of the seven.

Often people in danger's way have suggested that when death is close, scenes from one's life flash before them. During those times, people of faith suggest that their God is always close, closer than one's fear. There was only one thing my mom's abductors allowed her to keep along with the men's clothing she had brought to my father—a Bible. Being raised a Christian, she spent her days reading and her nights praying. She told us later that she discovered how her reality was in that book. The scriptures became alive for her. While captive, something moved where she put her hand in a tree. It was a chameleon. She read this chameleon as no other than God's message of love for her. She thought she heard God whisper to her: "Just as he hides from his enemies, so I hide you from yours."

Sometime after the initial shock of her captivity wore off, my mom started meditating and praying Psalms 23. "Even though I walk through the darkest valley, I will fear no evil for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me." Miraculously, she started to become more patient, more peaceful, believing that God's will would be done. The hope of returning home, she said, began to grow.

Weeks passed by and few notices came from the status of the mission, as they used to call it. My dad tried to sell some properties, but he couldn't raise enough of the ransom demand, and ended up mortgaging every property he had. Once he gathered the money and gave it to them, she was guided outside the woods.

My mom explained, "We walked for hours until we made it to a small village. There, one of my captors told me: 'Don't say a word to anybody. If they ask something, you are my wife, and we're just waiting for the bus that will take us to the nearest place.'"

After they arrived in the closest city to the border between Colombia and Venezuela, her captor said: "I am sorry, Ms, but this is the job I chose." With those words, he went his way. My mom was free.

It took her almost a day to get to Rubio, my mom's hometown. I can't forget her words about the return: "When I was in a corner of the street, at about 500 feet away from home, I stopped walking and broke down crying. I hadn't cried until I finally realized it was over."

Neither my little sister nor I knew about her kidnapping during that month and a half. I was told she was in a spiritual retreat. She was, indeed. I might say, one that changed our entire lives forever. Nowadays, I thank God for bringing back my family, for giving me the understanding that life might last years or can easily be gone in a second. Money, properties, material things don't matter when you're losing your loved ones. Then you get to admit that love, honor, and gratitude cannot be taken for granted.

There are a lot of stories that root who I am today, but my parent's bravery and sign of true love is, perhaps, a special seed inside of my heart. Their story has strengthened me and filled me with courage to never give up on anything, even when it's hard to see the light, to look first at the need of others before being selfish and egocentric; to care about what I have and not complain about what I do not have; to honor and appreciate my family and surroundings; to respect others; to give without expecting anything in return—"What you sow, you shall reap."

I would love to say that everything was perfect after we were all reunited as a family, but though one chapter may end in joy, another kind may quickly begin. The first month after our ordeal, my dad didn't want to go out of our

apartment. He struggled to overcome the fear of being abducted again. His and my mom's fears dominated how they raised us thereafter. Their fears and insecurity became ours. I struggled to liberate myself from fear.

With time, our lives improved, but our hearts needed healing. Two years later, because of a new threat, my family had to flee to Miami, a city where many seem to be pursuing a second chance; where many seem to be running away from a conflict, trying to save their lives. As I write these words, I know that my family's journey is not finished. We are slowly remaking our lives, embracing change, and rooting ourselves once again in another place and time.

My great grandmother's battle

by Monica Penichet



Pulling up to my great grandmothers house I was a little scared and nervous. It was the first time I had gone to see her and the same day she had chemotherapy. I didn't know what to expect. Was she going to look different? Was she going to act different?

As soon as my great grandfather opened the door to their house I automatically smelled the familiar aroma of Cuban spices and the greasy smell of plantains. I walked into her kitchen and there she was stirring a pig pot of Arroz con pollo. "Abuela what are you doing?" I asked her.

"I'm cooking your favorite meal, why do you ask?" she said.

"You should be resting not cooking; you just got home from four hours of chemotherapy."

To all of us standing around her, she said "I'm not dying, so stop treating me like a baby, I am going to continue to live my life the same way I always did. So, Monica and Jonathan, go set the table."

At the dinner table, no one really wanted to speak about the whole cancer thing but I did. I was 11 years old at the time and I was curious. I waited until the whole table got quiet, stuffing their faces with food.

I started off with a compliment "Abuela this Arroz con pollo is amazing!" With a typical sarcastic remark, She replied: "What do you think, just because I have breast cancer, it will be bad?" My brother laughed at that, then, my mom hit him upside the head; and I laughed at that.

Her remark gave me the perfect opportunity to ask about the chemotherapy. "It was actually really uncomfortable and tiring, for four hours you are hooked up to machines and an IV stuck in your skin." Because of my horrible Spanish skills, my mom translated most of my questions.

"Are there any side effects after the chemotherapy?"

"I will eventually lose my hair, I will throw up occasionally; there will be days I won't want to get up from the bed. But through all the side effects, I will continue my daily routine because if I give up I am not teaching you and your brother the right lesson."

After eating and washing dishes, we were sitting in the living room. As always I was right next to her. Everyone was talking amongst themselves, and I turned to her, "Abuela, why are you being so strong?" and for a second she didn't say anything just looked at me; the whole room got quiet in seconds. My great grandmother grabbed my hand and said "I am strong for you and for the rest of this family; I will not let a little disease ruin me and each and every one of you. When something terrible in your life occurs you can't let it affect the way you live and that is why I will continue to invite the whole family for pool parties, and I will continue to cook everyone's favorite meal."

Finding out she had breast cancer was not easy for me. I was probably the one who took it the hardest. I broke down crying right on her lap because I automatically thought I was going to lose her. People told me to be strong and to have faith, but at 11 years old I didn't know how to be strong for something like cancer.

That day that she cooked us all my favorite meal "Arroz con Pollo" I understood what people meant to be strong. I started researching everything that had to do with Breast Cancer to get a better understanding of what she was going through. I found out she had to remove her breast; and I was so shocked that I asked her "Abuela can you live without a breast?"

"Yes, of course, but I don't think your great grandfather will be too happy about it being removed." She continued to make jokes in the midst of the ensuing disease.

She continued to live her life as though she had never been diagnosed with breast cancer; but when she started to lose her hair and went bald, her suffering became even more real to me. For the longest time after her hair fell out, she didn't want to leave her house; but if she had no other choice, she would wear a scarf wrapped around her head and forge on.

My great grandmother is what some call a high-maintenance old woman. She weekly went to the salon to do her hair and nails. She also loved to be the center of attention; if you didn't call her even one day out of the seven days in the week, you would end up on her "bad" list. It was understandable though, because she did so much for me and my family that the least we can do is call her every day.

While growing up, from my great grandmother, I learned not only life lessons, but how to cook, how to speak Spanish, and how to treat guests when they visit. She never really said "Hey, Monica, let's go teach you some things." Rather, being at her house every other day, I just watched her and listened to her and observed the way she carried herself.

I am always amazed by her strength through her fight with breast cancer. Seeing her go through it for so many years, I believe, helped me develop strength. People every day are struggling with new problems, illnesses, financial situations, work, school, family problems, and social injustices. Fortunately, for me, my great grandmother demonstrates how to remain strong in the midst of pain, disappointment, and suffering. Her "toughness" reminds me that when fighting for justice, I must stay true to who I am, keep maintaining my daily routine and responsibilities, while trying to help others "fight the good fight."

Recently I lost my grandmother, daughter of my great grandmother, and I stayed strong.

History lessons learned and paid forward

by Ruba Monem



Teaching history is important, and, sometimes, reminders of its importance are found in the least expected places. Many years ago, I attended a Native American festival. Before going, I anticipated it becoming a valuable cultural experience, yet I underestimated the impact it would have on my role as a history teacher. The festival itself was quite an education. I remember being captivated by the artifacts and visual depictions of Native American culture and spirituality. I moved from exhibit to exhibit and tried to take in the flood of information. I listened to folktales and watched mesmerizing dances performed by Native men and women dressed in full regalia. After one of the performances, I made my way to one of the female Native performers to let her know how much I enjoyed the production. Both polite and gracious, she started to make small talk with me. Being the history enthusiast that I am, I proceeded to ask her several questions about her tribal ancestry and customs. She did not seem to mind answering my many questions. In fact, she told me that she enjoyed my genuine interest in her culture. At that point, I told her I was a history teacher. I remember that she smiled and told me that teaching was a special gift.

We spent about 45 minutes discussing various aspects of the festival and Native Peoples' contributions to the Americas. During the conversation, she asked me questions about Native American history. As a history teacher, I was a little embarrassed that I could not answer some of her questions. This eye-opening encounter with my ignorance forced me to examine my dearth of knowledge about a crucial national narrative. I admitted to her that I needed to brush up on the history of North American indigenous communities. She encouraged me to look for sources of factual information developed by various tribes of the Americas, and not to rely solely on mass market American history textbooks. She believed that most history books failed to provide an accurate portrayal of Native American historical record nor

adequately described the injustices and cruelty inflicted upon Natives by a hegemonic, Eurocentric society. My new friend gave me the names of a few authors and asked me to promise her that I would learn more about the saga of Native peoples in this country and pass that along to my students.

Later, I asked her what the most important message was that I should take back to my students. She answered me with two words, "The truth." Of course, I knew enough to know that I did not know "the truth" of the Cherokee, the Iroquois, the Lakota, the Navajo, the Miccosukee, the Seminole, and hundreds of other First Nations communities. But, she told me that her concerns revolved around the lack of awareness about the brutal treatment of Native tribes as well as their fallacious depiction in popular media. She believed it was important to dispel Native American stereotypes and gross distortions of facts. She wanted me to separate the fact from the fiction. I promised her I would do my best to honor her wishes. We continued to discuss the particulars of her tribe and my new friend left me with the question, "If the children are not taught, how will they know?"

After the festival, I spent countless hours researching Native American history. I knew that I had a responsibility to share a part of our country's history that is largely ignored or totally bypassed in many American history classrooms. All too often, the presence of Native Americans in texts is relegated to being the backdrop to the events experienced by White Americans. Based on the limited pages in textbooks and the limited class time devoted to First Nation's history in K-12 social studies pacing guides, the public falsely assumes that the history of Europeans in the Americas is far more important than that of the 12,000 year old Native American civilization. I soon learned exactly what my new friend meant when she referred to Native Americans as the "invisible voice."

The relationship between Whites, Native Americans, and other minorities is complex, and that complexity must be discussed and acknowledged. I knew I would be doing a great disservice to my new friend, my profession, and my students if I failed to address this issue. I knew it would not be easy. Injustice? Rape? Murder? Racism? Social dominance? These issues are all sensitive subjects to broach with adolescents; therefore, I carefully considered how I would go about presenting the information. I knew that if I engaged my students in an honest unraveling of these concepts, my students were capable of analyzing the information and making the necessary connections. I asked my students, in collaborative groups, to investigate the definitions and examples of the concepts of injustice, rape, murder, and racism. Due to their living in a large urban city, these ideas were familiar to my students. But, introducing the concept of social dominance was a bit more challenging. I had to provide them with several examples in order for them to recognize social dominance

and be able to provide me with examples of their own. Once they understand the concept, however, they started to piece together the social, economic, and political consequences of dominance on society. This type of gradual release required encouragement and patience on my part as a teacher and our joint willingness to learn on the part of my students. Once this exchange took place, my students were ready to process the information on their own and draw parallels between the past and the present.

Adolescents are amazing individuals and their willingness to learn about the past is boundless. Their passion for justice is even more admirable. Far too often, teachers underestimate their students' ability and desire to learn. Once this desire to learn is unleashed, there is no containing it. I set out to promote a dialogue about Native Americans that extended beyond folktales, spirit guides, and rituals. Based on responses, I have received from my students, I believe that I have started to achieve this goal. For example, during one classroom discussion, a student pointed out that Native Americans living on reservations is a form of segregation. While discussing the issue with his peers in class, he concluded that this was unfair and illegal, and that it was not a decision made by Natives. Rather, he insisted, it was a decision forced on the Natives by a more dominant group in society. My students recognized that a race-based hierarchy was established hundreds of years ago and continues to be maintained generation after generation. These adolescents began to understand that skin color continues to be used as a means by which hegemony (dominance) is forced on American institutional systems. And they now insisted that, yes, American cultural hegemony manifests itself in the form of segregation of Native Americans from Non-Native Americans; Whites from non-Whites; etc. Further, when we discussed the murder of millions of Native Americans beginning with the arrival of the Europeans, my students drew comparisons between the genocide of the Natives and the genocide of other ethnic groups in history—indeed, powerful connections made by adolescents.

Because of my serendipitous conversation years ago with the Native American woman at the festival, which led me to further research, I somehow influenced my students as well as myself to think about history on a deeper level and to respect all of the inhabitants of the earth, past, present, and future, regardless of skin color or ethnicity. Certainly, I learned from my adolescents that they are capable of drawing parallels between hegemony and racism. Adolescents are capable of questioning why some groups are singled out while others are forgotten. And adolescents care more about social issues than we may think.

Perhaps, if we open up a dialogue with our students about social dominance, they will lead the way in advocating for positive changes that benefit all

groups. Adolescents are smarter than most adults give them credit. They critically seek truth and possess the voices and passion to become change agents. Lighting the spark that motivates them to seek and share the truth about marginalized populations and the reasons for their marginalization seems a privilege for me.

I have spent countless hours teaching American history to nearly a thousand students. I have often asked myself if I'm honoring the promise I made to the Native American friend I made many years ago. I do not need to look further than my students, though, to assume that I am.

One of my favorite student-posed questions continues to be, "Why don't people know about this?" I tell them some people know about it and choose not to share the information. But now that they themselves know the information, they are responsible for sharing it with others. After all, if the story is not shared, then the story ceases to exist. I know my students are sharing these stories because I often teach history to their younger siblings or family members who recount these stories to me. The adolescents that I am grateful to teach understand that the group with the loudest voices is the group who probably will be remembered. I believe these adolescents can break the sound barrier.

Books that are a must read for teachers:

Campbell, J. H. (1998). *Bloodlines: Odyssey of a Native daughter*. Tucson, AZ: University of Arizona Press.

Deloria, J. V. (1988). *Custer died for your sins: An Indian manifesto*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press.

Dunbar-Ortiz, R. (2014). *An indigenous peoples' history of the United States*. Boston: Beacon Press.

Eagle, A. F. (2010). *Pipestone: My life in an Indian boarding school*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press.

Eastman, C. A. (2003). *The soul of the Indian*. Mineola, NY: Dover Publications.

LaDuke, W. (1999). *All our relations: Native struggles for land and life*. Cambridge, MA: South End Press.