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# KLIPSUN

CHANGEMAKER

SUMMER  
2018





# Letter from the Editor

Dear Reader,

Change is inevitable. Through actions ranging from small to large, change comes upon each of our lives every day. But while change is inevitable, positive change is not.

This magazine is dedicated to the changemakers, those who take the time and effort to make positive changes in the lives of others.

A changemaker comes in a variety of forms. A childhood that inspired a lifetime of kindness. A high school student who has dedicated their time to activism. A tribe who advocates for safer living conditions of orca whales. All are changemakers.

I encourage you to challenge yourself to recognize those who have acted as changemakers in your life. Who has changed your life for the better? Will you live as a changemaker?

Best,

*Alyssa Evans*

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# Compassion — An Alternative

Woods avoids adopting piglets because they need constant nurturing (which is difficult on a busy farm) but recently picked up a small group of 2- to 8-month old babies.





## Judy Woods, director and founder of the Pig Peace Sanctuary, gives pigs a safe and loving home at her farm in Stanwood, Washington

Story by Jack Carballo

Photos by Harrison Amelang

Tony, a 5-foot-long slumbering farm pig, nestles his head a bit more comfortably in the hay, shuffling some around and burying my ankles. I pet the sweet boy, and he cracks his eyes open a bit while Judy Woods, 63, recounts tales of redemption, friendship and love between the pigs she rescues at Pig Peace Sanctuary.

Judy is the founder and director of the sanctuary, a nonprofit organization sitting on 39 acres of forest, meadows, trails and ponds in Stanwood, Washington. The sanctuary's slogan — “a safe haven of love for pigs and their friends.” It is managed by Judy and a board of directors.

As she shows me around the different enclosures, little oinking friends, fast and slow, big and small, merrily prance up to each fence we approach, warmly welcoming us on a beautiful sunny Tuesday. Oinks are heard at varying volumes and distances amongst the acres, some pigs roam the grasslands rustling about, while some plop down deep in slumber. The herb-scented smell of hay wafted about with each passing breeze.

I'm introduced to each pig and learn a little bit about how each one ended up at the sanctuary. Some were sad stories, some were happy, but what was obvious on the expressions of these animals was tranquility and joy.

The profound tone of passion and respect Judy carries as she tells harrowing tales of scared piglets growing up into loving creatures, who love nothing more than to munch dandelions with their brothers and sisters, matches that of family and friends.

In a small sheltered hay barn, large farm pigs lay down in knee-high mounds of hay, which is where I'm introduced to Albert.

In one tale Judy tells me, Albert was to be put under anesthesia for a veterinarian visit. Similar to humans, Judy says, pigs come out of sleep very disoriented; wanting to move around and make sense of their surroundings. In the same way, people will naturally be more relaxed to the situation if a friend or family member is nearby.

Judy put one of Albert's friends in the room with him as he was waking up, discovering it had the same effect as it would on humans. Albert would oink for comfort; his friend would oink back to let him know everything was alright.

“Oink, ‘Are you there?’ Oink, ‘Yes, you're fine just sleep it off,’” Judy says. “And it will be like that, back and forth a thousand times.”

Judy says Albert was supposed to go back into another location on the property with the rest of the sounder, which is a group of pigs. However, he's stubbornly made the small hay barn his own little spot to lounge in.

To the sound of Judy's voice, a large head rustles from beneath the hay and pokes through the mound, making himself visible. Albert lets out a greeting “oink” as he approaches us.

As we say goodbye to Albert and his sleeping buddies, we pass by a hay-bed barn with a missing wall to allow fresh air and sunlight. Nestled together are three large farm pigs, which Judy says were running loose in Seattle when they were just piglets. It was a week before Christmas time, Judy says, and as wild pigs are terrified of humans, they had to be individually trapped.

“All I can guess is, if it's a week before Christmas and you're a little piglet,” Judy says, “you're going to be somebody's Christmas roast.”

After being taken in by Judy as wild piglets, the three grew up and have lived happy lives ever since.

A Seattle native, 9-year-old Judy obsessively checked out “Charlotte's Web” from her school's library, her heart full-throttle invested in wanting to help Wilbur the pig.

“I was born in a meat-eating family; my grandfather was a famous butcher,” Judy says. “But I was also raised to be kind to animals.”

She recalls being 15 years old reading the newspaper in her family's living room, a sausage whistling, cooking just in the kitchen. She was reading an editorial about seal slaughtering in Canada, in which the author condemned meat-eaters as hypocrites if they feel sorry for the seals but continue to farm animals for food.

It was that profound shell-shock of a moment that caused her 15-year-old self to step back and decide to stop eating meat for good.

More than 99 percent of farm animals in the U.S. are raised in factory farms, according to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. These industries focus on efficiency and profit at the cost of animal welfare, according to the same source.

## ***“I started this sanctuary because I loved a pig,” Judy says.***

The conditions of animals used in animal agriculture are those of misery, depression, frustration and heartache; compromising both their physical and mental health.

Pigs in the animal farming industry spend most of their adult life in small metal barred cages, called “gestation crates,” according to Animal’s Angels Investigation and Advocacy. Most often used to keep pregnant sows in, the cages only offer enough space for the pig to take one step back or forth, but not enough to even turn around. Here, they must eat, sleep, urinate and defecate on grounds that are bare concrete as opposed to hay.

Animal’s Angels Investigation and Advocacy also reports that these conditions often lead to severe mental, physical and emotional health problems and distress.

Judy says one of the biggest problems with the animal agriculture industry is that not enough people are educated on the realities of it, and people believe the corporate message of humane animal butchering. For her, time spent participating in animal rights protests and movements illuminated the political agenda driving the meat and dairy industry.

“I live with the victims of the industry, so I have to be their voice to our species,” Judy says. “But you won’t find offensive and shameful literature here, if it’s from Pigs Peace Sanctuary, it’ll be an invitation for information.”

Judy’s goal is not to shame meat-eaters for being raised to adhere to certain social norms and cultures, but rather help them find an inherent human compassion deeper within through education and interaction with the animals.

“In the past I’ve had that kind of harsh, shameful information here,” Judy says. “I’ve seen people pick it up, put it down and walk right off the property.”

In the early decades of factory farming, most people were looking the other way as climate change hadn’t been as prominent an issue. At the time, animal agriculture was also only seen as a cheaper efficient form of food manufacturing.

Judy recalls the influx of pigs to the U.S., and being advertised as household pets in the 1980s in the news and on TV.

“They were selling for about \$5000 per pig, so I would never buy a pig for that,” Judy says, “But I’m thinking, ‘Oh I could have a pig sanctuary one day,’ because I knew about the factory farm situation. Then there was a pig running loose in Seattle, and that was the first rescue. Wilbur.”

Judy says she found herself overwhelmed in terms of all of the required resources to start caring for larger pigs who were saved from slaughter. The books she read on how to raise pigs vastly differed from her own experience around them, likely because breeders or farmers wrote the books.

Studying social interactions of pigs, between each other as well as toward humans, taught her more about how they act than any of the books did, Judy says.

“I actually paid more attention to the animal and their behavior,” Judy says, “and that’s how I know pigs.”

The sanctuary is now home to over 60 prospering pigs with a newfound appreciation for their lives.

“When the sanctuary started I was on my land in Arlington, and when we bought this farm I put it in the sanctuary’s title,” Judy says. “[The pigs] own the title — I live with them, they don’t live with me. They will never be displaced.”

The sanctuary was founded from Judy’s retirement working as a nurse, as well as some inheritance after her mother passed away. She worked as a nurse for the first 10 years of owning the sanctuary. At the time, she’d also be doing research and allocating finances toward resources for the sanctuary.

She recalls buyers and owners being judgmental and contemptuous of the organization, deeming them “throwaway pigs.”

The majority of pigs Judy takes in are from families who weren’t well equipped to care for a pig, both in terms of research and commitment. Judy says when animal control agencies or sheriff offices contact her regarding a pig they’d found or rescued, it is often a neglect or abuse situation.

“Most calls are when the pig is no longer a cute piglet,” Judy says, “I have heard every story of why [people] can’t keep them.”

Oftentimes, those who brought their pigs to Judy for care had fallen through on their promises to maintain contact and support after they’d given her their pig. Judy says this was disappointing, and she’s now very strict with who she says yes to. She says this has always been a letdown for her, because she firmly believes people will do right by their pig.

But now, if somebody were to give her a pig and never support her or the organization again, she would be okay





with that. For Judy, what people say doesn't matter, because she knows she herself will do right by that pig.

"I started this sanctuary because I loved a pig," Judy says. "I thought, 'If I ever had to part with her, I would pay anything to have her live in a place like this.' I would take three jobs to have her live where I knew I would never have to worry again."

The sanctuary also owns an all-vegan grocery store in Seattle called Vegan Haven, run by volunteers and three managers, where all profit goes toward the sanctuary.

It started when a board member of the organization approached her in 2005 and sold the idea as a turnkey operation; ready to go, just in need of approval. Judy quickly learned it wouldn't be this easy.

By the time the 2008 recession hit, donations had already been plummeting. Judy says when they bought the store, donations had already been dropping then also.

For the first five years, the store did not profit directly toward the sanctuary because funds from the store were still being used to build it up. Most donors and customers had been misled into thinking that at this point, the sanctuary was receiving the profit. This contributed to a drop in donations, as shoppers were under the impression their purchases were going toward funding the sanctuary, so they would buy from the store instead of donating.

With renovations, patience and support, the store has grown to the thriving market it is today.

"It's never cost the sanctuary anything, if it ever did, I'm getting rid of it," Judy says. "It has to be self-supporting, and it has been since we've owned it, but for the first five years there was nothing."

It is currently making good profit and business, especially with the real estate boom and influx in Seattle. According to PETA, Seattle is also the ninth best city in the U.S. for vegan food options.

Shelly Schnabel, one of the managers at Vegan Haven and vegan herself, describes it as the best job she's ever worked.

"It's been such an uplifting experience," Schnabel says, "People always have good things to say and are very supportive of an all-vegan store."

Schnabel says while the store purchases items at wholesale (standard) pricing, they price the products at a smaller markup. This aligns with their goal of making veganism affordable to everybody, and the use of volunteers and only three managers makes this possible. After rent, payroll and inventory bills, all profit goes toward the sanctuary.

"Our tiny store doesn't quite fit all of our products, customers and especially the massive amount of compassion that all of our volunteers bring with them everyday,"

Visitors have a hands-on experience at Pigs Peace, such as here with Matilda. All of the pigs are friendly and enjoy loving scratches and pets.

Schnabel says. "Soon enough, we'll expand and make an even bigger impact on our community and the animal rights movement."

Schnabel also mentioned that the nonprofit has been incredibly successful, and has grown by 50 percent every month over the last year.

"Judy is super inspiring," Schnabel says, "Everything she does for animals is really important, and it's very rewarding to be a part of."

Judy notes that while owning a store was never her plan or idea for the sanctuary, she welcomes the love and support from customers and vegan advocates.

However, for Judy, one of her favorite things is watching perspectives transform before her eyes, both on part of the pigs and humans. Some pigs would come in terrified of humans, and humans terrified of pigs. She has the privilege to watch a bond form between two species of life, and the emotional and personal growth they find through these interactions.

Long and many are the tales of change-of-heart at the Pig Peace Sanctuary. While Judy cherishes these moments, even closer to her heart are the happy and healthy friends and families of pigs that she gives a safe haven to, whose joy and love is both immeasurable and invaluable.

Judy recounts a tale of friendship between two pigs, a 14-year-old Ramona and 5-year-old Maggie. Ramona had lived a long and happy life but was now too old to live properly, and had to be euthanized. When the vet arrived, Judy had Maggie close to Ramona to console her in her final moments.

"The vet says, 'Are we going to want her to leave?' I said, 'No, she's not leaving,'" Judy says, "This is her best friend."

She says the vet was a newly trained one and wasn't as understanding and receptive, but allowed it.

Judy says the moment Ramona's heart stopped, Maggie had a visceral response and got up and left. She recalls the vet packing up his equipment and asking, "Did you see that?"

Judy described Maggie's grief by her hanging around the grave, refusing to eat or walk around and crying. She characterized a pig's cry as soft, high pitched drawn out groans.

Maggie would sleep where Ramona died for days on end and cry. Judy says she's observed this type of grief ritual last up to six months with deaths between pig friends.

"I'm trying to teach the industry about compassion with pigs and how much they need each other," Judy says. "It's this relationship that has to be respected, not only acknowledged."



# Embracing Disco



An old boss once showed me a meme during my first week of work. The meme equated someone named “Mohammed” with a proclivity for terrorism. I gave him a puzzled look as he laughed. I wondered why he would show me this. I wondered why he thought I would find humor in it.

I once worked at a golf course where many of the members said, and did, a lot of questionable things. One day, a white man casually dropped the n-word into a conversation. I was stunned as he used the word once more, then twice more, before walking out of the room. I wondered how he justified that to himself. I wondered if he spoke that way often.

What I didn’t do while I was wondering, was say something. I didn’t ask my boss why he thought I would find his “joke” funny. I didn’t tell the man at the golf course he needed to change his vocabulary.

These were moments of weakness for me. They’re shameful memories I shake my head at, especially because I know what I would’ve done if I had seen these comments online.

If I had seen my old boss’s meme on Facebook, or seen this golfer’s language on Twitter, I would have had a reply. I would have used my four years of political science and journalism education to “destroy,” “eviscerate,” or otherwise be a “savage” in my sanctified response.

But I wasn’t on any of these platforms. I had a real and tangible opportunity to chastise, argue, educate and face-down the very vitriol my Facebook says I’m intolerant of. I didn’t.

A popular sentiment today is social media gives a platform to the voices of bigotry; it is now a cesspool composed of knee-jerk reactions and a growing network of anonymous race-baiting trolls who are becoming more emboldened by the second.

In a New York Times op-ed published in June 2017, Bret Stephens swore off Twitter for good.

“Bigotry flourishes on Twitter, since it offers the bigot the benefits of anonymity along with instantaneous, uncensored self-publication,” Stephens wrote. “It’s the place where their political minds can be as foul as they want to be — without the expense or reputational risk of showing their face at a Richard Spencer rally.”

# omfort

## Why we need to move beyond the keyboard to have difficult conversations

Story by Joseph Calabro  
Photo by Harrison Amelang

## We fear breaks in civility and moments of discomfort more than the real issues that affect fellow humans.

Lindy West similarly vowed to never again put up with Twitter’s daily abuse in her own New York Times op-ed published in February 2018.

“The social contract of the internet seems to insist that there’s a nobility in weathering degradation,” West wrote. “You can call me oversensitive, but the truth is I got far better than any human being should be at absorbing astonishing cruelty and feeling nothing.”

The “social contract of the internet” West speaks of isn’t new. We can’t ignore that the internet has been a haven for the gross, the obscene and the violent since its inception.

But it has also been a platform for positive change, social connection and common sense. It has not seen dark days or bright days; it has seen darkness and brightness every day.

The difference now is the courageous seem to only exist on the timeline and we tend to see the ugliness as confined to social media, as it seems Stephens and West do.

This is especially easy when you are a white man, which I am, living in a relatively homogenous community, which I do, and don’t take the brunt of the nastiness. Bigotry in my life is an abstraction; a collection of stories, policies and second-hand accounts that don’t immediately turn my life inside out.

Perhaps this is white male privilege. My gender and skin color keep me from experiencing the everyday difficulties of someone who doesn’t happen to fit that mold.

But not sticking up for a person or an ideal in the real world isn’t privilege. We’re well past that.

It’s cowardice.

In part, we have been neutered by social media; conditioned to think what we post is good enough. If we’re a “good progressive” on the keyboard, nothing else really matters.

Social media has stripped us of an important skill: engaging in face-to-face confrontation.

“How-to” articles for addressing your problematic family members circulate in the lead-up to every Thanksgiving.

We don’t even know how to have honest debates with family. We fear breaks in civility and moments of discomfort more than the real issues that affect fellow humans.

We seem to have forgotten that the aunt or uncle who crosses the line operates outside the dinner table. Their existence is not limited to scooping mashed potatoes, pouring gravy and casually making transphobic remarks. They also raise kids, ride buses, consume television, vote in elections, hire employees and go golfing. Bigotry does not end when the turkey is a pile of bones, just as it does not end when we log out of Twitter.

Real people say and do awful things, whether they mean it or not. They always have and always will. Social media allows them to yell these things through a digital megaphone and it allows us to yell right back. And we should. We shouldn’t stop calling out evil or uninformed people online. We just need to have the will to do it face-to-face, as well.

Be angry when your friend uses a hurtful phrase. Tell the person on the bus why they’re in the wrong. Don’t placate them with a laugh. Don’t look the other way and pretend you didn’t hear. Embrace discomfort.

More of us need to endure the uncomfortable so the marginalized don’t have to deal with the horrifying. My courage used to only exist on the timeline, but I’m working on it.





# THE **Fight** FOR Orcas' Lives

**How activists, scientists and legislators are trying to protect endangered southern resident killer whales**

Story by Sarah Porter  
Photos by Matthew Tangeman  
& Nancy Bleck

Hundreds of people stand with their hands on a 16-foot-long totem pole carved into an orca, blessing the art piece before it leaves Washington state to cross the U.S.

“We’ve got love like an ocean in our soul,” they chanted. “Heal our home.”

The totem pole, carved by Lummi Tribe member Jewell James, will make a 13-day journey from Bellingham to Miami as part of the the Lummi Tribe’s protest of a killer whale’s captivity at the Miami Seaquarium. They hope to convince the park’s new owners to release the whale back into the Salish Sea, where it was born.

The female orca, half a century old, floats in an oval tank alone at the seaquarium. She was named Lolita after she was captured from Washington state waters in 1970 and purchased by the Seaquarium. Before she was sold to perform, her name was Tokitae, a Coast Salish greeting which means “nice day, pretty colors.”

She was named by the Miami Seaquarium veterinarian who was sent to pick a companion for Hugo. The Seaquarium owners at the time renamed her Lolita, concerned that the name Tokitae revealed her ties to the Pacific Northwest and her wild origins.

Tokitae is a living memory of the killer whale captures that proliferated between 1962-73, in which 263 killer whales were caught out of British Columbia and Washington state waters. Netters made a total of \$1 million from the sale of surviving whales.

The tank only has 35 feet of horizontal unobstructed swim-path, which is 13 feet short of regulation requirements for orcas and only 15 feet longer than the orca herself.

The Orca Network, founded by Howard Garrett and Susan Berta, have been major activists for her cause since 1995. The Lummi Tribe and the first peoples of the Salish Sea bioregion have joined together with Garrett, Ken Balcomb of the Center for Whale Research and People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals to urge Miami Seaquarium's new owner to release Tokitae.

## ***Tokitae has linked together a small group of activists, researchers and legislators who have found a common cause.***

Garrett visited the whale in Miami on March 14 this year, where she swims in circles in a tank over 3,000 miles away from her original home. His description evokes images of a trapped, wild spirit.

"After the show, when trainers are gone off the scene, I've got videos of her just swimming," Garrett said. "She's just racing along at top speeds."

Garrett believes Tokitae could live for another 20 years or so if she were brought home to the Salish Sea. She has fared well over the years in harsh, stressful conditions, presenting excellent energy and healthy teeth even now, he said. Lummi leaders agree.

"She must have a strong mind, a strong heart and a strong spirit to have endured," James said.

Her tank in Miami is uncovered and exposed to hot, humid weather. National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) orca researcher Brad Hanson said it's extremely unnatural for a whale from the Pacific Northwest. The tank is filled with Atlantic waters, which makes it a subtropical environment, Hanson said.

Southern resident orcas' natural environment is temperate, with temperatures as low as 28 degrees Fahrenheit in the winter and generally reaching the mid-70s in the summer. The lowest temperatures typically reached in southern Florida are in the mid-60s, with summer highs that can reach 100 degrees. Activists have claimed her black skin is burned by the sun, making it dry and wrinkled, causing it to crack and bleed.

Her relatives have been considered endangered species since 2005, but Tokitae wasn't considered one of the endangered species until 2015. Her presumed mother, the second-oldest southern resident named Ocean Sun, still swims freely in the Salish Sea.

These conditions prompted the Lummi Nation to unanimously pass a resolution on Aug. 1 last year to bring her home.

"She deserves to be retired," James said. "She deserves to sing her song into her mother's ears."

The Lummi Tribe and activists propose transporting Tokitae from the Miami Seaquarium to a sea pen off Orcas Island, near a Chinook salmon hatchery founded by Jim Youngren. The hatchery was founded to support the declining Chinook population, which is one of the southern residents' preferred prey.

"That's what his hatchery is about," Garrett said. "He's very happy to help Toki come home."

Tokitae has linked together a small group of activists, researchers and legislators who have found a common cause. There are only 76 southern resident orcas left as of 2017, along with Tokitae in captivity.

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Endangered southern residents face four major obstacles to recovery: prey availability, vessel disturbances, contaminants and their small population size.

These orcas are Hanson's primary focus of study. He works closely with researcher Candice Emmons and two other team members to learn as much as possible about their obstacles.

Washington state Gov. Jay Inslee is interested in pursuing legislation to increase the population of Chinook salmon, which southern residents seem to rely on, so Hanson was directed to focus research on their diets. The research should be published by the end of this year, he said, which helps bulk up the literature pertaining to obstacle number one: prey availability.

Legislators are hoping to address the second obstacle to recovery, vessel disturbances, with the Orca Whale Protection Act. It would tighten restrictions on boats to reduce noise pollution.

To address the third obstacle, the NOAA researchers test contaminant levels of these orcas. In the '90s, contaminants were a major concern, but the researchers have discovered that southern residents are less contaminated than transient orcas, who they share the Puget Sound with, Hanson said. He accounts this difference as being due to the two populations feeding at different trophic levels.

This is perplexing, Hanson said. Transient orcas have a stable population, but the southern residents struggle to thrive.

The final obstacle is the problem itself: the small population.

Most of the southern residents were taken in the 1970 Penn Cove captures, when Tokitae was taken from the Salish Sea. One of the estimated 45 young southern residents to be separated from the population, she is now the last survivor of the historic whale captures.

The whale hunters took a generation of southern resident killer whales, causing the population to drop from 96 in 1967, to a total of 66 in 1973.

Hanson's research group discovered evidence of potential inbreeding in the population, which could prevent newborns from surviving to adulthood and compromise their gene pool. He also notes that factors like inbreeding can affect survivorship, but whether or not it happens at a young or old age is unclear.

—

Hanson sees similarities between killer whales and humans. Whales create strong social bonds with family members.

"I've been interested, since I was a kid, in killer whales," Hanson said, describing his connection to the aquatic mammals.

When they are out in the field, researcher Candice Emmons, who works with Hanson, can name the whales at a glance. Emmons got to know southern residents through decades of research and time spent on the water in her youth, she said. Her fascination began when she volunteered at the Center for Whale Research with Balcomb more than 20 years ago.

Each orca is an individual with a unique personality, Emmons said. Some are brave and have no fear of boats, while others shy away from unfamiliar things. Some are clingy mothers, who never let their babies out of their sight, and some let their babies become independent at six months, she said.

Garrett believes Tokitae still remembers her original habitat, and would likely recognize her mother. Their social and cultural connections are powerful, he said.

“Orcas and humans are parallel,” Garrett said. “It’s unlike any other animal.”

James believes the strength of orcas’ family bonds have kept Tokitae alive in captivity. She still sings the same song of her original pod, taught to her by her mother.

“We know that Tokitae has been singing her song alone,” James said.

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Researchers at NOAA have a lot of concerns about whether releasing Tokitae into the wild would be the best solution, Hanson said.

She has been in a captive setting for the vast majority of her life — when Tokitae was originally captured in 1970, she was estimated to be between 3 and 6 years old. Removing her could be destabilizing, Hanson said.

Other considerations include the social bonds she likely has formed with her trainers, Hanson said. She has not had the option to bond with species of her own for 38 years.

Her previous tankmate, a male orca named Hugo, was a southern resident who was captured a year before her. He was known to hit his head against tank walls, so much so that the tip of his nose ripped off at one point, resulting in a scar, Garrett said. In 1980, Hugo rammed his head into the side of his tank until he died of an aneurysm.

Many believe the behavior was a reaction Hugo had after the Seaquarium moved Tokitae there. The whales were put in separate tanks to prevent fighting, but Hugo knew Tokitae was family, Garrett said.

“They called to each other constantly,” Garrett said. “Everybody in the park would hear their conversations all day long.”

Garrett knows Tokitae has a connection with some of her human companions, and hopes those close to her will travel to Washington for the reintroduction process, should it occur.

“Her trainer seems to have a real bond of affection with her,” Garrett said.

However, the human connections pale in comparison to the loneliness she experiences most of the day. She only spends a couple hours with her trainer, and the rest of her life is spent with dolphins that are rumored to be aggressive toward her, Garrett said.

Garrett, the Lummi Nation and Youngren believe reintroducing her to the wild population could allow her to live longer.

Hanson agrees Tokitae’s individual situation isn’t ideal for her, but it may be her best option.

Even if Tokitae could form bonds with the wild population, it may not be good for the species. Because Tokitae has been living in an unnatural, subtropical environment, and exposed to water from a different ocean, she may carry diseases that could be transferred to the wild population, Hanson said.

Garrett said this isn’t much of a concern. They would enlist veterinarians and researchers to examine her thoroughly, just like researchers did when attempting to free Keiko, the orca who starred in the 1993 movie, “Free Willy.”

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Lummi Nation member Frederick Lane alongside the totem in Los Angeles. *Previous:* Crowds gather around the newly carved totem in honor of Tokitae, the Salish Sea orca being held at an aquarium in Miami, Florida. *Next:* Detail of the totem of Tokitae.



Hanson worked closely with the six researchers recruited to free Keiko, who was captured in 1979 at 2 years old somewhere off the coast of Norway.

He was involved in the tagging and monitoring during Keiko's trial release process. Hanson and the other researchers tried to release Keiko back into the ocean between 2000-2002.

Keiko was never able to integrate into the wild population. He was taken back under human care in a free access enclosure constructed for him back in the Norwegian sea, where he died in December 2003. Hanson weighed the various similarities and differences between the two cases.

"We didn't know which population he came from," Hanson said. "With Lolita, we do."

Keiko was also in captivity for less than half the time Tokitae has been. And Keiko did not survive. He died around age 26.

Female northern resident Springer was the only successful killer whale reintroduction to the wild after human intervention. She was separated from her pod in 2002 when her mother died, Hanson said.

Garrett watched rescue team leader Jeff Foster, who was also involved in the campaign to free Keiko, capture Springer so she could be reunited with her mother. Garrett wrote a chapter about Springer's rescue for the peer reviewed journal, *Between the Species*.

Springer was only separated from her pod for a short period of time, Hanson said, and was held in captivity for a short rehabilitation period. Without any similar success stories, it's hard to determine the long term viability of reintroduction, or the potential effects on the wild population.

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Activists, researchers, legislators and tribal leaders have converged to protect the southern residents, and push for Tokitae's return. Tokitae's fight garnered renewed energy after PETA and Garrett lost a lawsuit against the Miami Seaquarium.

The last legal avenue to bring her home has been exhausted, Garrett said.

On Jan. 12, 2018, an appeals court reached a decision in a lawsuit filed by PETA and Howard Garrett of the Orca Network against the Miami Seaquarium. They claimed Tokitae's current environment is harmful and harassing to her, which is prohibited under the Endangered Species Act. PETA had successfully petitioned the National Marine Fisheries Service to include Tokitae in their list of endangered species in January 2013, which made her protected.

However, the court said the Endangered Species Act was intended to prevent species extinction, and that Tokitae's current condition is irrelevant to the species' survival. She is a post-reproductive female, Hanson said.

The court considered the harm of Tokitae's imprisonment as minimal, and determined that only serious harm is actionable under the Endangered Species Act. The Miami Seaquarium could keep Tokitae or choose to release her, but the law would not compel it.

"Nothing has been ruled in our favor," Garrett said. "There really isn't any other legal remedy that I can see at this point."

PETA can choose to appeal and take the case to Florida Supreme Court, but there haven't been any decisions made yet, Garrett said. For now, the hope is that the new Miami Seaquarium owner will voluntarily release Tokitae.

"We have written letters to them, the Lummis have written letters to them and we get no response," Garrett said.

The new owners are a subsidiary of the Spanish theme park company, Parques Reunidos. They took over in 2015 at the Miami Seaquarium. Garrett hopes they will eventually break through to them. With enough public support, he thinks they will listen.

## Lizzy VanPatten strives to change climbing community demographics

Smith Rock State Park is a climber's oasis in Eastern Oregon's high desert. The roads approaching the park treat travelers to glimpses of red and orange towers of rock. Walking a hundred yards into the park opens up a view of the Crooked River winding back and forth between the cliffs. The park fills up early on the weekends, with rows and rows of Subarus of all shapes and sizes. Dusty vans, trucks that double as homes and sedans jam-packed with gear line up by 9 a.m. on spring Saturdays. Hikers fill the trails. Climbers dot the walls all around in bright-colored garb, standing out from any park viewpoint. A climber's paradise, but like every other climbing area around, it's a place dominated by men.

Lizzy VanPatten, with her deep brown hair and shorter stature, is wearing a mustard-colored beanie and gray North Face jacket held down by her harness. As the co-founder of the guiding organization She Moves Mountains, it's hard to keep her from guiding. Even though she isn't one of the guides for the day, she's absorbed in the group's process.

VanPatten graduated from Western Washington University with degrees in mathematics and political science/social studies. After hiking around the Chuckanut Mountains and the North Cascades, VanPatten decided she wanted to climb

Mount Baker, and joined an American Alpine Institute (AAI) course. During the course, VanPatten climbed Mount Baker as well as some peaks in the Washington Pass area of the North Cascades. She says that's when she fell in love with rock climbing.

"I got my rock climbing gear the next month, and then bought a one-way ticket to South America, where I went to climb the mountains of Patagonia for about four months," VanPatten says.

Upon returning, she moved to Smith Rock, Oregon to pursue rock climbing guiding. She received the Guide Like Liz scholarship from the AAI, which honors the late Liz Daley, a professional climber and American Mountain Guides Association (AMGA)-certified guide. According to AAI's website, the purpose of the scholarship is "to encourage women who possess an affinity for the mountains and mountain culture to be able to pursue their dreams and passions and explore guiding as a career."

"In all of these experiences I was the only woman in my guiding course, I was the only woman when I took my mountaineering course from AAI," VanPatten says. "When I went to Smith there was one other woman who was a guide out of all of the main companies at Smith Rock, so her and I decided to start running women's clinics."

# Moving Mountains

Story & photos by Trevor Dickie

A student of Van Patten's leading a pitch at the Rope de Dope Block in Smith Rock, Oregon.



The clinics were run under Chockstone Climbing Guides, but by the second year the clinics were too popular for Chockstone to contain their growth, VanPatten says. A successful Indiegogo fundraiser raised over \$13,000 to cover insurance and acquire the necessary gear to get started. This allowed over 90 women to attend clinics in the She Moves Mountains inaugural 2017 season.

Going into its second season, four guides have been hired and clinics have become more frequent and varied in its subjects. In spring 2018, She Moves Mountains received its first brand sponsorship from The North Face.

“That’s a big deal for us, and they are going to be helping us spread the word about She Moves Mountains,” VanPatten says.

When talking about sexism and gender issues in the climbing community, VanPatten says the pressure on women in climbing spaces is intense.

“I haven’t had to deal too much with people being outright sexist, the problem is that when you’re the only woman in a situation, you carry this enormous weight on you,” she says. “For me in all of those situations, like the mountaineering course, I was the only woman with 10 men. Before the course was coming up I trained my ass off.”

Being the only woman in these situations, VanPatten says it was like she was representing not just herself, but her gender as well.

“If I felt weak or if I felt tired, I felt like I couldn’t express that,” she says. “Because if I was tired or I was weak then I was showing them that women can’t keep up.”

Beyond feeling the need to prove her fitness, VanPatten experienced situations where she had to prove herself capable.

“I’ve walked in on conversations where people have been like, ‘Wow, I’m surprised Lizzy’s strong,’ or people ask if my boobs get in the way when I climb,” she says. “Just little comments and it’s just a misunderstanding, they don’t understand.”

In a study commissioned by REI for its Force of Nature campaign, over 2,000 women across the country were surveyed. The study found that six in every 10 women feel men’s interests are taken more seriously when it comes to the outdoors, and 63 percent of women couldn’t think of a female outdoor role model. Also, 73 percent of women stated they would like to spend more time outside.

In April 2018, a photo of a climber at one of the She Moves Mountains clinics showed up on a popular climbing Instagram dedicated to poking fun at gear, rope systems and safety mishaps. At the time, it was somewhat odd to have a photo of a climber on the page. The climber was doing a mock-lead, where they practice leading techniques, while still safely attached in a top rope setup. The knot used to tie in was questioned, and the whole photo was mocked for the climber’s odd situation.

VanPatten contacted the owner of the account and the post was taken down. The photo was misinterpreted, but some comments on the post had sexist undertones.

“It’s just a feeling I have, that people want to find us fucking up, so they can call us out and invalidate what we do,” she says. “If you looked at the comments they’re all men asserting that they know more than I do even though I’m a credentialed guide.”

Within the clinics, VanPatten says letting participants work through their fear and personal struggle in a space where they are comfortable can make or break the experience.



Lizzy VanPatten at Smith Rock State Park, Oregon.

*Left:* VanPatten (right) instructing students at an April clinic at the Rope de Dope Block in Smith Rock.

“No matter who you are, at one point in time, climbing is going to be intimidating and scary but if you’re never given a space to express that fear, then you’re just going to bottle it up and have a poor experience,” she says.

The climbing community is one with a long history of mentorship. Skills and techniques have been passed on through first-hand experience and teaching. Many of the important skills of climbing can’t be learned through books or YouTube. The problem with that is potential mentors in the climbing community are primarily male.

**“If I felt weak or if I felt tired, I felt like I couldn’t express that,” she said. “Because if I was tired or I was weak then I was showing them that women can’t keep up.”**

VanPatten says often men gravitate toward taking on younger men to be their mentee. They aren’t intentionally being sexist, but rather see themselves in the younger men. She says there can be a connotation attached to the idea of an older man taking on a younger woman.

“It’s not that the men are actively holding women back, it’s just that we’ve been held back for so long. And as we’re emerging, we need more leadership to learn from because we don’t have any,” VanPatten says.

Hailey Jongeward, a Bellingham climber who has some experience guiding rock climbing, says what VanPatten is doing is really important for up-and-coming female climbers.

“I don’t think women are given many opportunities to feel encouraged and safe to learn a new sport like climbing and to work their way up in the guiding world,” she says. “I don’t think there’s anything quite as powerful as a group of women coming together to help each other do badass things.”

As She Moves Mountains grows, more women are becoming able to step into those roles. The organization is also giving opportunities and raising awareness for female guides, and not just in the Pacific Northwest.

“Right now, there’s a branch in Chattanooga, Tennessee that will be running a crowdfunding campaign soon to also start their own She Moves Mountains,” VanPatten says.

This isn’t a quick fix. Male dominance in the climbing world has been reinforced over generations of climbers, but with VanPatten, along with others getting more women into climbing and mentorship roles, it will balance out.

Places like Smith Rock won’t be a paradise mostly for men, and female beginners won’t have to carry the weight of their gender when they want to spend some time on the rock.



# Too young to old enough

Story by Melissa McCarthy

Photos by Annie Bolin & Matthew Tangeman

Across the nation, young people are mobilizing behind causes they care about – Bellingham included. High school students in the area have formed the group “Students for Action” to organize their voices and marching boots to make a change, since they are not yet old enough to vote. From school walkouts to meeting with legislators, these students are creating a future they can survive and thrive in.



# o vote, to march



Maggie Davis-Bower



Age: 17  
Pronouns: She/her/hers  
High school: Squalicum  
Year: Junior  
Future career: Marine molecular biology  
Hobbies: Tennis, piano, cross country  
Wants to reform: Gun control, mental health care and education

Maggie is an example of how one person can have a profound impact on their surroundings. After she heard about the Parkland shooting in February, she felt she needed to do something — anything — to make a change. She posted on Instagram to see if others felt the same.

***It affects everyone and it's really important that we keep fighting, because people are dying.***

"I don't have much of a social media presence or anything, so I didn't expect it to go anywhere," she said with a shy smile. She wanted to gauge if anyone would be interested in participating in a school walkout. That night, around 25 people showed up to her house to discuss how to make that idea a reality, many of whom she was meeting for the first time. This group became Students for Action, with members from all four high schools in the area dedicating themselves to speak out for issues they are passionate about, but can't vote on. Within 48 hours, approximately 2,000 students walked out of those high schools in solidarity with the Parkland victims.

Maggie's desire for gun control reform stems from her past experience with gun violence. She survived the Burlington Cascade Mall shooting in 2016 during her freshman year. A gunman stormed the Burlington Macy's, killing five people while Maggie and her mom were shopping. They were able to hide under a clothing rack and escape.

"Witnessing something like that has a huge impact on you," Maggie said. "Immediately, I felt a lot of grief and a lot of guilt. It's really hard to understand and process why I was able to leave and other people weren't. I mean there's no answer, but you always want to try and search for an answer that you'll never find."

This had lasting effects on her. Loud noises similar to gunshots retraumatize her and she's always on alert in public spaces. Because of her experience with surviving gun violence, she related to and was inspired by the activists who survived the Parkland shooting.

"They didn't even take time to grieve," she said of the Parkland students. "They just went right into it because they cared so much. They were really inspiring to kids all over the country."

Maggie said she never really dealt with her own trauma, but seeing other students show the strength to mobilize after an equally distressing instance gave her the motivation to stand up for what she believes in.

After the walkout, the Students for Action decided there was more to be done. They raised money through fundraising and donations so every member of the group could travel to Washington, D.C. for the March for Our Lives.

"The march was incredible," Maggie said. "There was this endless expanse of people all there for the same reason, and the speakers shared these intimate stories of how violence has shaped their lives. It was really intense, but it was also motivating."

While the group was at the Capitol, they had the opportunity to speak with legislative aids about the changes they wanted to see and how to make them a reality. After Maggie returned, she joined the Riveters Endorsement Committee, a group that works with local government. It is currently in the process of drafting questions for midterm candidates. Students for Action is also planning a voting registration day at Bellingham high schools.

Maggie can't wait to register to vote, but in the meantime, she has to register for the SAT.

"SAT registration is actually due today and I have not done it yet," she said with an exasperated laugh. She explained that balancing school, extracurriculars and activism activities keep her extremely busy. "It's a lot of time, but it's really cool the way I am spending my time, because I feel like I'm doing meaningful things."

Mehar Singh



Age: 16  
Pronouns: She/her/hers  
High school: Squalicum  
Year: Sophomore  
Future career: Vocal performance or political science  
Hobbies: Choir, orchestra, piano  
Wants to reform: gun control, LGBTQ+ and gender equity, immigrants' rights, education, mental health care

Mehar formed an immediate bond with Maggie when Students for Action was formed, because she too had a close call with a mass shooting. When she was 11, living in Wisconsin, Mehar and her family were on their way to temple. Mehar's parents are refugees from Kuwait and

went to the Sikh temple every Sunday. On this day, the temple was targeted by a gunman. The gunman killed six people and then himself before Mehar and her family arrived. Though she compartmentalized it at the time, she said this experience helped shape her views surrounding gun control reform, racism and equal rights.

Maggie and Mehar bonded over their shared experience of narrowly escaping a mass shooting. “But gun violence affects everyone,” Mehar said. “Not just the victims, not just the people around them — everyone.”

The Parkland students inspired Mehar to become politically active. “They turned their grief into action,” she said. “And I realized, that’s something I can do too.”

When Destiny observed the media frenzy post-Parkland shooting, she said she felt numb. She joined Students for Action in the hopes of putting an end to school shootings. While her family was supportive of her participating in Students for Action, they did not echo her worldviews. Destiny acted independently in pursuing a group of like-minded young people to make a difference with.

“My family has kind of the other side of my beliefs,” Destiny said. “But it’s helped me to have discussions with people who don’t see my view.”

## ***Within 48 hours, approximately 2,000 students walked out of those high schools in solidarity with the Parkland victims.***

With that in mind, she joined Students for Action and helped to organize the walkout and subsequent trip to D.C. Mehar is dedicated to banning assault rifles, calling them “weapons of war” with bullets that are designed to be fatal. She would also like to see the age to legally buy a gun raised to 21 instead of 18 and to see bump stocks banned. She was able to speak with legislators in D.C. with some of her peers about these changes. Along with that, her and her group members are advocating for the destigmatization of mental health care and making a mental health education class required for graduation in Bellingham high schools. Mehar also encourages people to vote every chance she gets. In fact, since delving into social and political movements, she’s had results with getting her own mom to more frequently fill out a ballot and telling her friends to do the same.

She said before Students for Action, she never really talked about her temple being the target of a mass shooting. Because of the comradery she’s formed with her group and the goals and ideals they share, she has been able to talk about it more openly.

“It’s been really emotionally draining,” Mehar said. “But I know that sharing my experiences is really important so people can see that this is not an issue that affects a few people. It affects everyone and it’s really important that we keep fighting, because people are dying.”

Destiny said her and her group members encounter these kind of discussions a lot. Some people sing praise of their accomplishments and others have sharp criticisms — especially on social media.

“Social media has helped us a lot — it’s how our group was formed,” Destiny said, referring to Maggie’s Instagram post that prompted the first meeting. “It’s also helped us reach out farther than our schools or friend groups. But we also get a lot of hate comments.”

Destiny said she’ll receive comments making the claim that her and her group members are being puppeted by adults who want them to believe certain things, or that they don’t know what they’re talking about. Destiny said this criticism is hard to hear, but that it just isn’t true. These voices are often accompanied others, in which people are labeling her and her peers as the future and telling them the work they’re doing is important, so she tries to focus on this more positive feedback. She said she stands by what she believes and commits to having her voice heard.

Another difficulty Destiny faces is her age. She has three more years before she can register to vote. “That’s how you change things — voting. We want to change things but it’s kind of in the hands of everybody else.” That’s why Destiny joined Students for Action in speaking to legislators and organizing demonstrations, because it’s the only way she knows she can voice her standpoint on these issues.

For now, though, she has to focus on her studies. “We missed a lot of school organizing and going to D.C.,” she said. “I’m actually surprised I have the grades I have.” Students for Action members have transitioned some of their political planning meetings into study nights to support group members in their activism as well as their studies.

Destiny said she’s thankful for the support of her group members in her studies and as they navigate the current political landscape together, and encourage others to do the same. “Everybody does something different and brings something to the table that makes them special or that can change things,” Destiny said. “So just make sure your voice is heard and make sure you do things that you believe in.”

Age: 15

Pronouns: She/her/hers

High school: Bellingham

Year: Freshman

Future career: Psychologist

Hobbies: Dance, musical theater, performing arts

Wants to reform: Gun control, mental health care access and education

**Destiny Elizabeth**





*One*

*Year*

*Later*

## Trying to deal with my last year at Western and with my dad

Story by Trevor Dickie

Photos provided by Trevor Dickie

Heading into my senior year at Western, I was riding high, feeling confident. In spring 2017, while registering for the coming fall quarter, I loaded up on classes. Keep the rest of the year mellow, I figured. No need to have a tough last quarter or two. That became a massive mistake.

I never felt I had much go wrong in my life. I hadn't dealt with any terrible relationships, I was pretty comfortable in school and I worked in the outdoor industry, where I could talk about adventure all the time. I remember first thinking about this in a feature writing class. We were writing personal essays, and we read them aloud. A number of my peers had hardships and painful experiences to write about. Mine? It was about a time I got lost on a climbing trip.

After that, I had started to think about the idea that maybe I couldn't really relate to people's issues. I just couldn't empathize, not out of a lack of care, but because I'd never experienced depressive feelings or terrible adversity. I'd told people about the feeling, and it became hard not to think of impending trauma. Like some weird form of karma, I was overdue for personal strife.

In June 2017, my dad was diagnosed with glioblastoma, an extremely aggressive form of brain cancer. Left untreated, the patient will likely pass away within three months of diagnosis. With successful treatment, living much more than a year with the disease is unlikely. It remains incurable.



The disease took my home from me. My comfort and confidence evaporated at diagnosis. The next three months were filled with doctor appointments and discussions about affairs and estate that I didn't imagine having for the next 20 years.

I stopped enjoying being home with my family. Conversations were melancholy and uncomfortable. While in Bellingham, I didn't want to call home. Every phone call had some tidbit of medical information that would ruin my day. "The tumor is mostly back, treatment hasn't done so much," Mom said during one conversation. That was only a couple months after the surgery, which removed over 99 percent of the tumor.

Suddenly, frontloading my senior year, making fall the hardest quarter, proved to be the wrong decision. My classes were destroying me. I couldn't focus on school work and I didn't want to be in Bellingham. I felt guilty. My dad had a year left and I was spending it away from him. I wouldn't call home. Ignorance is bliss.

I didn't attend class, but I didn't go home either. I felt useless and couldn't get out of my head.

After fall quarter, everything let up a little. I didn't have obscene amounts of school work weighing me down. Instead of stressing about work and the disease, I was able to think about just one thing at a time and relax a little. I spent more time with my friends, instead of time in isolation.

It seems like it's a direction I've been headed toward since — like everything is getting better. But to a serious degree, it isn't. As my family approaches the one-year mark with my dad's disease, we enter dangerous territory. An alien disease is taking over my father's brain. But at least I frontloaded my senior year, because now I have time to deal with myself. When this is all over, at least I have some confidence I'll be able to handle it.

# Voices of J

*Getting to know the strong-minded individuals who make up Community to Community Development*



Story by Jack Carballo  
Photos by Harrison Amelang  
Additional photos provided by  
Rosalinda Guillen

# Justice

In Rosalinda Guillen's office at Community to Community (C2C) in downtown Bellingham, the walls are festively decorated with traditional Mexican art and literature. These include portraits of civil rights activist Cesar Chavez and original paintings by her father, Jesus Guillen.

One of his paintings is a poster from the early 1990s promoting the Skagit Tulip Festival.

"That was the only poster of the tulip festival that actually shows the farm workers," Rosalinda said, "and my father painted it."

C2C is a women-led grassroots nonprofit that takes action toward fighting for food sovereignty and immigrant rights. It has operated in Bellingham since 2003.

Rosalinda is the executive director of C2C, and was born in Haskell, Texas, where her mother, Anita Guillen and Jesus worked on the railroad and picked cotton in the 1950s.

She would only see Jesus for about two months out of the year, as he would travel the migrant circuit across the country following the harvest for work, sending money back to her, her sister and Anita. Jesus had been traveling the migrant circuit with his own family since he was 10 years old and would continue into Rosalinda's childhood.

Jesus and Anita had saved up enough money to buy property and build a house in Coahuila, Mexico. She noted that life in their concrete house, with a garden and chickens, was a nice childhood.

"I have a really beautiful photo of my father teaching my mother how to shoot rattlesnakes," Rosalinda said, pausing to think of how she wished she had it with her.

Following the Mexican-American war in 1846, the U.S. government took her grandmother's land, owned in the family for generations. Politics of this era gave the U.S. government the authority to abuse and displace countless families of minorities from their own homelands.

She recalls what were known as the Texas Rangers committing outrageous acts of violence, racism and displacement against innocent Mexican people and African Americans.

Due to the poverty, racism and exile of that time, Mexican people utilized their skills as farm workers and became the modern-day labor force.

"I believe my father is of that generation that has built the agriculture industry in the U.S.," Rosalinda said.

Rosalinda and her sister, Elida, were born as U.S. citizens. Jesus was working toward ensuring a citizenship for Anita since he'd seen firsthand the racial injustice toward undocumented people in the U.S.

When Rosalinda was 10 years old, Jesus bought property in La Conner where they would all work in a labor camp at Holbert's Farms. Here, there were many other Mexican farm worker families who'd come to Holbert's for work.

Instant connections and community were formed between everybody working on the fields, though tensions were high among the local white community.

There were often acts of racial profiling toward the Mexican farm workers' families. Rosalinda recalls the constant staring of neighbors who took every opportunity to make complaints or call the police for reasons like music playing or guests entering houses.

Oftentimes, Border Patrol would be called on them to verify their citizenship.

"My father would get so angry, he would stand outside and shout, 'Whoever did this, fuck you!' and people would shut their doors," Rosalinda said. "People made it very clear we weren't welcome."

Rosalinda would read various types of revolutionary literature in their house, as her parents were avid readers. Specifically, stories of heroine, activist and writer Pearl Buck, along with books about Fidel Castro and the revolution. It was then she started to piece together that given the social

and cultural circumstances they were in, she, her family and all of the farm workers were an oppressed class.

“It left, for me, a very clear understanding of who we were dealing with,” Rosalinda said. “We would talk to our father and say, ‘Do you realize what these people think of brown people?’ and he would reply, ‘It’s been like this all my life, all over the country.’”

When she was 17 years old, she ran off with another farm worker and had her first son. She and her boyfriend at the time underwent the migrant circuit themselves. They followed the harvest from La Conner to Southern Idaho, up Eastern Oregon and to Walla Walla, living out of a car.

“Knowing the life makes a difference when you talk to people,” Rosalinda said. “There was no value placed on farm workers, we were pretty much the new slave labor force.”

Rosalinda commented on her fervent disdain for the pity inflicted by white people for being the child of a farm worker.

“We are professional workers like everybody else,” Rosalinda said. “We don’t deserve charity or pity, we want respect and dignity and the wages that are commensurate with the value that we bring to the employer and the industry.”

Rosalinda said there was a refusal on the part of the industry to address farm workers’ value. In her experience, the landowners and farming industry knew they were better than entry-level workers, but were still treated as such.

In 1942, the Bracero Program was a series of executive orders and agreements by the U.S. and Mexico to implement millions of Mexican farm workers on temporary labor contracts in the U.S. According to the Bracero History Archive, it was the largest U.S. labor contract program, and positioned the farm workers against arduous work with low wages from their American employers.

Stemming from concerns about World War II bringing labor shortages, the program would last more than a decade, and was made public law in 1951 during the Korean War. Employers

were supposed to only hire braceros in areas of certified domestic labor shortage and not as strikebreakers, which are workers who operate in place of those on strike. Many of these rules were broken and Mexican farm workers suffered harder work and dropping wages while employers benefited from cheap labor.

International initiatives and contracts like these set the stage for modern-day immigration reform and practices, such as the H-2A program. Rosalinda referred to it as “the modern day Bracero Program.”

The H-2A program allows U.S. employers and agencies to bring in foreign nationals to fill temporary agricultural labor jobs, according to U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services.

Rosalinda spoke strongly about her distaste for these programs amongst farm workers, and it was common to see them as indentured servitude and legalized slavery.

“It’s a slow death,” Rosalinda said. “The cumulative effects of pesticides on our bodies, the poverty, the lack of education, opportunity and access.”

Rosalinda said at the heart of C2C’s mission, they seek to highlight the industrial and political responsibility that corporations and landowners have to work together to undo this system.

“What this organization tries to do is put the farm worker’s existence and participation in our community as a human rights effort,” Rosalinda said.

***We don’t deserve charity or pity, we want respect and  
commensurate with the value that***





Rosalinda Guillen, the executive director of Community to Community, has spearheaded awareness and rights for rural agricultural workers. *Left:* Civic Engagement Coordinator Edgar Franks (left) has been with C2C since 2012. *Previous:* Guillen and husband Joseph Moore at the 1994 UFW March.

## ***and dignity and the wages that are we bring to the employer and the industry.***

C2C is composed of strong believers of this mission statement, including Civic Engagement Coordinator Edgar Franks.

Edgar, a native to Reynosa, Mexico, also underwent the migrant circuit with his entire family as a child, following the harvest up the Pacific Coast. When he was 6 years old, his mother found permanent work in Mount Vernon, where he would start working in the fields of Skagit County at 10 years old.

From age 10 until 21, he spent every weekend and summer working in the fields. This included picking cotton, planting seeds, processing grain and operating tractors, forklifts and harvesters.

“It’s still something very personal to me,” Edgar said. “My grandma had her own land in Mexico and grew up in a farming community. She would work the fields in the U.S. to support her family.”

For Edgar, he said the experience had more positives than negatives, reveling in the community aspect of growing up with the other farm worker families. But the circuit periods stifled education and complicated making friends in the local community outside of farm work.

He also noted that moving town-to-town had its challenges, for both children and adults. They were not always welcomed or accepted because of their ethnicity and labor positions.

“I think it gave me a lot of values from an early age about what a community is and how to care for each other,” Edgar said. “I think that was one of the main takeaways; how to take care of each other even when times are crazy.”

As a high school student, he recalls the events and celebrations during the tulip festival season honoring the farmers and landowners. He noticed there was never any recognition for the

farm workers, some of which were his own parents and parents of people he knew.

“Ever since I was a kid, I’d have these feelings and thoughts that, if we’re so important to the economy and local culture, why aren’t we recognized?” Edgar said. “I wanted to show people that we were more than what they saw us as, and would ask myself, ‘How do we do that?’”

When he was 15 years old, he began attending marches and meetings, learning from the workers leading the movement. These were held so the local farmer committee could try to start a farm workers union in Skagit County. These events encouraged youth leadership and participation, and would invite all community members to join.

“It was a great educational opportunity,” Edgar said. “It was a chance for us to learn from one another, struggle together and struggle in solidarity.”

When Edgar was a student at Skagit Valley College, he and the student groups were put in charge of leading the marches. This is when he met Rosalinda, where she’d just come from the University of Washington.

At UW she was a foundational member in the Chateau St. Michelle Winery campaign. This was in 1994 when the United Farm Workers of Washington sought to create a binding contract with an agricultural employer, the winery.



A 2007 all-night vigil protesting unjust detentions of immigrant workers in downtown Bellingham with David Cahn, Aline Soundy, and Rosalinda Guillen.

She met Edgar and offered her knowledge and experience with organizing marches as well as house meetings. These were small events of five to 10 people, in which organizers met up with community members and workers and discussed local issues.

From then on, they would only see each other about once a year, when a march was being held. At this point, Rosalinda was managing C2C on training wheels.

Edgar then took a break from marches when he moved to Bellingham in 2008, where he worked at the local Albertson's and the night shift at Haggen's. He spent his free time coaching a youth soccer club for poorer migrant farm worker children in Mount Vernon, to "fill a void in the community."

Then, Rosalinda contacted him offering a position to help run C2C's up-and-coming radio talk show, Community Voz. The show would discuss issues in the local community, immigration reform, farm worker topics and racial profiling.

At the time, C2C was working on a campaign to end racial profiling in Whatcom County.

Edgar said the campaign dealt with problems of police pulling over people of color, with border patrol agency officers listening to the dispatch call. They would often be contacted if the police were suspicious of the civilian's citizenship and would call border patrol "for interpretation."

This campaign is where Edgar began his involvement with C2C outside of the radio show, holding house meetings and talking to organizers. From there, he took off into the civic engagement component of involving farm workers in the political decision-making process of the 2012 elections.

One referendum they focused on that year was to provide funding for low-income housing, which was primarily targeted at farm workers. Another big one was R-74 for gay marriage equality.

Edgar said at this time there was never really an attempt on government institutions' part to engage farm workers and the Latinx community in electoral processes. He said it was his job to figure out how to do that, and how to make their voices heard.

This started the March for Dignity campaign, which focused on immigration reform, and making farm worker voices heard through public gatherings.

"Many community members can't or don't vote, because they don't believe that the candidates represent their voice," Edgar said. "It was all about creating opportunities for people to participate."

Edgar said that justice for farm workers takes the form of union contracts and worker cooperatives, as well as fighting for owned land that workers can call home, "So they're not always moving, like we were."

C2C is currently approaching its 15th anniversary for its work toward farm worker equity, and has various events planned from August 2018 to October.

This features a community-gathering event at Boundary Bay Brewery in early August, which is also peak harvest season. It will feature a variety of activities and events for farm workers to participate in, as well as meet other members of the community.

In late August, a public discussion event will be held for C2C to discuss the food system on a regional level. In October, C2C will also be meeting with the U.S. Food Sovereignty Alliance Membership to exchange updates and experiences, and discuss future collaborative plans.

"Through the opportunity that [C2C] has given me, I've been able to travel all over the country and the globe," Edgar said. "There's really no other organization that does a lot of the work C2C does. We talk about food sovereignty, immigration reform, the food system, the economy, climate and eco-feminism."

Edgar said he's always been impressed that such a small organization can grow and thrive for 15 years.

"We're not one of the larger nonprofits that get millions of dollars in funding," Edgar said. "We're a small organization, but we've done some things that these other nonprofits haven't been able to do, which is organize communities at the local level."

Edgar also noted that volunteers and attendants of the events don't do it for the money, but because they see the visible changes in the local community.

"We've been trying to uphold those values and principles of farm worker justice for over 15 years," Edgar said. "This organization still has the vision and drive to move forward on the goals we set forth."

Rosalinda remembers her and her sister asking Jesus why he brought them to La Conner. They were angry and wanted to go home because the people they were surrounded by were cold and strange.

"My father said, 'What you've got here is an opportunity,'" Rosalinda said. "'And back in Mexico, I don't think you'd have that. That's all I want to give you — an opportunity.'"



# Old Dogs Go to Haven

## Nonprofit finds senior dogs forever foster homes

Story by Ben Olson

Photos by Matthew Tangeman

Foster dogs Jack, 16, and Nellie, 14, enjoying the sunshine at Bellingham's Elizabeth Park.

Benny's teeth were rotten. The 12-year-old poodle was deaf and blind, his black and gray fur matted. After being shaved, Benny was brought to the home of a samaritan, who, despite her good intentions, was familiar with rescuing a very different animal.

Benny found himself living alongside bobcats and lynx for the next six months at his rescuer's house. In order to protect him from his new roommates, he had to spend his days living in a large dog cage.

After six months, Benny's rescuer contacted Old Dog Haven so he could receive the care and attention he needed. Old Dog Haven, founded by Judith and Lee Piper in 2004, provides dogs over the age of 8 in Western Washington with a foster home. The nonprofit based out of Lake Stevens has a network of foster homes around the area where dogs can find a loving environment.

When Deeanne Matz took in Benny as a permanent foster dog, it was her first time fostering through Old Dog Haven. Matz, who is now an administrative

coordinator for the organization, has taken in about 10 dogs.

"She was really doing her very best, but it was not good for poor Benny," Matz said. "By the time we got him, he was almost feral. He didn't know about being held, he certainly didn't know about where you go to the bathroom."

After getting settled in to his new home and having all his teeth removed due to infection, Benny went on to live over three years with Matz before passing away. Matz is currently fostering three dogs; Ophelia, a 15-year-old one-eyed shih tzu, Ella Mae, a blind, white poodle around 15-years-old and Amelia, a deaf 15-year-old chocolate poodle. All of the dogs Matz has fostered have been on a permanent basis, referred to as a "final refuge" home.

"How little Ella Mae, [who's] blind and will not leave the house, managed to be a stray is quite the puzzle," Matz said.

Currently, there are more than 300 dogs living in foster homes set up through Old Dog Haven. Like Benny, most of these dogs are put into permanent foster homes. While there are some dogs who are given a temporary foster home and then adopted, the majority of the dogs are too old or sick to be adopted. This wasn't always the case for Old Dog Haven.

"Partly because of our efforts at raising awareness that older dogs are good to adopt, shelters are having more and more success at adopting older, not-too-sick dogs," Matz said. "We used to have four, five or six dogs available for adoption. We have none right now in our care that are available for adoption."

The medical bills for all the dogs in the Old Dog Haven foster home network averages around \$90,000 per month, which comes from donations.

In order to raise awareness about their program, Old Dog Haven uses their Facebook page, which has over 250,000 followers, to show people pictures and descriptions of the dogs.

Because older dogs usually require medical attention, adopting an older dog can be very expensive. Old Dog Haven covers the cost for all veterinary bills and medical supplies for dogs in foster homes. This was one of the reasons Julie Kerr chose to become a foster parent for the haven.

Kerr, who lives in Bellingham, is currently fostering two dogs; Jack, a 16-year-old chihuahua/miniature pinscher mix and Nellie, a 14-year-old dachshund. Nellie is on five medications, so her medical costs are high.

"I financially can't afford the medical piece of having old dogs," Kerr said. "So that's why Old Dog Haven works really well for me."

Many of the dogs posted on the Old Dog Haven Facebook page and website are cross-posted from shelters and rescues around Western Washington that are seeking adoption rather than a foster home.

Zakia Kaminski, whose role is outreach and humane educations for the Whatcom Humane Society, said they will occasionally contact Old Dog Haven to have one of their dogs posted on the Facebook page so the information about the dog can reach a larger audience.

"They have an even better chance of getting adopted if Old Dog Haven crossposts for us on social media," Kaminski said.

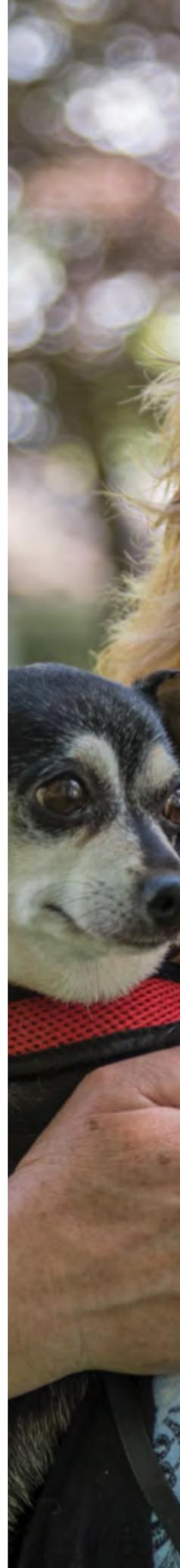
Some shelters or rescues will contact Old Dog Haven along with other rescues when they get dogs that don't appear to be adoptable. Depending on the health of the dog and if there is an available foster parent for them, Old Dog Haven will take the dog in. If there is no available foster home, then they'll advertise the dog on their website to try and encourage one of their followers to become a foster parent.

"Because we don't have a shelter, we don't have a place where we can just put a dog," Matz said. "[Judith and Lee Piper] didn't want any dog to live in a shelter. They wanted dogs when they got older, if they were homeless, to have a loving home to live in and not exist in a shelter."

Whatcom Humane Society is an open admission shelter, meaning they will take in all dogs regardless of their health. Unfortunately, this means some dogs are too sick to save.

"If we get a dog that has really advanced cancer or something like that, sometimes we'll have to make the humane decision to euthanize them if they're in pain," Kaminski said.

*They wanted  
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Julie Kerr holds her two dogs, Jack and Nellie, at Elizabeth Park in Bellingham.

In 2017, 29 dogs were euthanized for medical reasons according to the Whatcom Humane Society's Domestic Animal Summary.

If the dog is healthy enough, Kaminski said the humane society has good luck finding homes for older dogs. To encourage people to consider older dogs, the humane society has a lower adoption fee for dogs over the age of 5.

While a dog living in a shelter won't receive as much one-on-one attention as they would in a foster home, Kaminski said it can be helpful for adoptable dogs to be in a shelter.

"Obviously, most dogs are going to do better in a foster situation," Kaminski said. "But sometimes having them in a foster situation makes it so they don't get adopted as quickly because people aren't coming in everyday and seeing them."

Kaminski said the humane society makes sure the dogs receive proper medical care and plenty of love.

"It depends on the dog, but usually older dogs do pretty well [in a shelter]," Kaminski said. "We have over 300 volunteers that help us and a lot of them work with the dogs specifically. They get out every day and they get two walks every single day."

When choosing to become a foster parent, Matz said you have to be prepared for the dog to live a short amount of time or for years to come.

"We had one dog that came and we didn't know how sick she was and she lasted eight hours. She just laid down on the floor and passed away," Matz said. "Some of the dogs on our 'final refuge' list have been in their home for five, six years, so it really varies a lot."

Regardless of the complications fostering an old dog can have, ever since learning about Old Dog Haven and taking in Benny, Matz was hooked.

"It's kind of like potato chips, you can't just take one dog," Matz said. "I do the Old Dog Haven website, so I post all the dogs who are in urgent need of homes. I see all those faces. It would be easy to have more than three."

Like Benny, every senior dog has a unique story. Kaminski said despite their age, they all have love left to give.



## A Globalized Home

Personal essay by Melissa McCarthy

Photos provided by Marybeth McCarthy

The influences that we grow up around help to shape the way we view the world. But what if these influences don't accurately reflect the world around us?

The home I grew up in was pretty run-of-the-mill — a standard, single-level rambler. It was tan. From the outside, it didn't seem extremely significant or unique. But the people inside gave it a worldly charm.

My brother and I were born in that house. We were welcomed into the world by our parents. They came from European ancestry; Irish, German, English, French. In reality, they were white Americans. Children born into racially homogenous families sometimes only see that color of skin until they hit school age. This was not the case in my home.

Within weeks of being born, a line of little ladies had entered our tan rambler to meet me and feed my tired mother. They were originally from Japan. My parents practiced a Japanese-based Buddhism that gave way to friends-in-faith from all across the globe. My little ladies visited weekly for the discussion meetings. They would lovingly chide me for getting dirt all over my nice clothes or not eating enough.

Imagine having six or seven grandmothers all show up at once to dote over you. This was my Sunday reality. They told me about growing up in Japan, about their husbands they met during the war, about coming back with them to America and learning English. I was enthralled. I didn't even know where Japan was on a globe at this point, but knew I wanted to go there (if only to find the source of Mrs. Haugen's traditional recipes).

When I had a few years under my belt, I met Evelyn. She was my babysitter and I adored her. Evie (I called her for short) was born in the U.S., but her parents were Ghanaian. Ghana has a matriarchal society and, even though she wasn't born there, Evie exhibited the strength of the women in her culture. She was assertive and firm, but at the same time kind. I wanted to be just like her when I grew up.

Her father, Kojo, spoke in a low, lyrical voice. Evie's was higher and fiery. I can't tell you how many times I sat on her lap and listened to her tell me Ghanaian stories, or talk to her father about their culture — comparing it to the one they found surrounding them. I tried to follow the conversation, but I would eventually fall asleep on Evie's shoulder, letting the cadence of their accents lull me into a slumber.



Once I entered grade school, my parents had officially split. Raising two kids in a single-parent household is quite the job. So after taking the school bus home, my brother and I would pass our tan rambler for the white one down the street. We would stay with our nanny, Kumar, and her family until my mom got home from work a few hours later. Kumar had moved to the U.S. with her husband, Abdul, and four children from Afghanistan. Abdul had been a judge in Afghanistan before the coup d'etat when they fled the country. They came as refugees to my neighborhood. My brother and I would play with their children, not understanding what they had escaped.

It was around this time that the Twin Towers were hit. I was in first grade and couldn't comprehend the magnitude of the event. What I did notice was the changes at Kumar's house. We had to contain our play area to within the yard, but no one seemed to want to play with my brother and me. I remember Kumar's youngest son informing us that he'd been told to lie about where he was from. His parents told the children to say they were from India should anyone ask. I asked why. He said people were afraid of them because of where they were from.

This was the first time I realized the people who I welcomed into my home, who I loved and looked up to, who shaped me into the young woman I was becoming, experienced the world differently because of the color of their skin.

I recognize how privileged I was to not understand that racism and xenophobia existed until first grade. I realize that the same people who I am describing were aware of this reality as soon as they experienced walking down the street in the U.S. It didn't take an act of terrorism for them to understand and navigate the dangers of structural racism and inequality.

But after this, I became more aware. I saw the looks, the judgements and sometimes sneers. I saw how my loved ones would tense around certain environments and people. I saw them on guard against a society that didn't give them a chance to be a part of it.

Those of us with privilege tend to either be blind to these realities or perpetuate them. Both can be extremely damaging.

I tell this story now because people of color in our country are facing more blatant and aggressive attacks than I can remember during my lifetime. Across the country, white supremacist groups are transitioning from the shadows to the limelight.

I understand that the influences around you when you grow up shape the way you view the world. I understand members of these hate groups come from racially homogenous households. I share the story of my tan rambler to remind you that when you open up your doors to those who are different from you, the people who come in can reflect the complexity of the world.

Because of the exposure I was lucky enough to have as a child, I experienced cultures from all over the globe. I saw unique cultural practices, heard stories, tried new flavors and had many other wonderful, enriching opportunities as I grew up. I was also able to see firsthand the ways in which xenophobia damages lives. But I'm glad I did, because it removed the veil of privilege from my eyes.

It is at this time that we most ask ourselves, do we want to perpetuate modern day slavery in the form of trafficking of immigrants or imprisonment of people of color? Do we want to continue to subdue and subject those who come from a different cultural or ethnic identity so that "white nationals" can maintain socially constructed superiority? Do we want to continue to exploit, spread hate, and be blind to the horrors we are committing? This is neither humanitarian nor sustainable. So I encourage you to open your worldview to encompass the world in its entirety, in all its complexity; in its diversity and in its damage. Turn your own tan rambler into so much more.



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