

**Initiative for  
Transformative  
Social Work**

# **Objects of Resilience**

**Spring 2017**

**College of Social Work, University of Utah**

<https://socialwork.utah.edu/advocacy/initiative-for-transformative-social-work/>

**WARNING:**

This exhibit contains strong language and images that some may find offensive. In an effort to respect the educational and cultural context in which this exhibit is displayed, as well as respect the rights of the individuals whose work is represented, the College of Social Work has taken measures to notify exhibit visitors of sensitive content prior to its viewing. The images and essays presented in this exhibit represent the stories and views of the individual artists and do not necessarily represent the views of the University of Utah, the College of Social Work, its students and employees, nor the other individuals whose work is displayed.

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## Message from the Director

“Objects of Resilience” is a project by the Initiative for Transformative Social Work (ITSW) at the University of Utah College of Social Work. The exhibit went on display on April 10, 2017, and will remain for the duration of the spring 2017 semester. It tells a story of migration through the objects in one’s life. As conveyed by feminist scholar Sara Ahmed, “to be oriented is also to be turned toward certain objects, those that help us find our way. These are the objects we recognize, so that when we face them we know which way we are facing.” Therefore, ITSW wanted to learn more about how the objects of resilience and migration are collectively orienting our students, faculty, staff, community, and even a community beyond Utah.

This exhibit speaks to pressing issues surrounding migration. The context of “Objects of Resilience” is one that is tethered to both micro and macro contexts. The call for submissions was circulating in February 2017; a time when the president was signing executive orders calling for stricter immigration laws that targeted vulnerable and marginalized communities: Muslims, people from South West Asia/the Arab Worlds, the Middle East, undocumented, refugees, and anyone whose body was read as Other and ineligible for citizenship. The impacts of the macro context shaped the students, community, and University at a local level – it impacted people’s individual lives. This exhibit pushes back against the reductive, violent and oppressive narrative that exists in the United States that problematically reduces migration and migrant experiences to colonial thinking as “us versus them” through practices of deportation, incarceration, and erasure.

Receiving over 30 submissions, we found that the contributors told a rich story of migration. ITSW students originally hoped that it would tell a story regarding the refugee experiences. However, in reaching out to the community for stories surrounding displacement and migration, the submissions oriented us toward a broader story of migration. The stories of resilience and migration are multiple – in fact, to lock it into a thematic would be to limit the connections across images, experience, and context. Therefore, the exhibit is organized by last name. In addition, as the viewer moves through the various images, we invite you to connect with a story of multiplicity, heterogeneity, hybridity, transnational connections, with multiple localized contexts. Through the multiple, these photos and stories speak to a resilience that is not singular or monolithic. “Objects of Resilience” makes appeals to the viewer to inhabit the role of the witness, where this witnessing sees and facilitates actions that center migration as encompassing a range of experiences and humanities. These objects encompass the familiar and unfamiliar. Moreover, through the objects the hope is that the viewers will connect with the complex personhood that defines the migrant experience. “Objects of Resilience” speaks to the object that migrants are turned into, the objects that are in our lives, and the objectification occurring in dominant narratives. Anti-oppressive work includes seeing the complex personhood that migrants inhabit and the radical possibilities of the border crosser, border dweller, and the transnational subject.

Annie Isabel Fukushima, PhD, Director, Initiative for Transformative Social Work



## **Maquina de Coser**

By Karla Arroyo

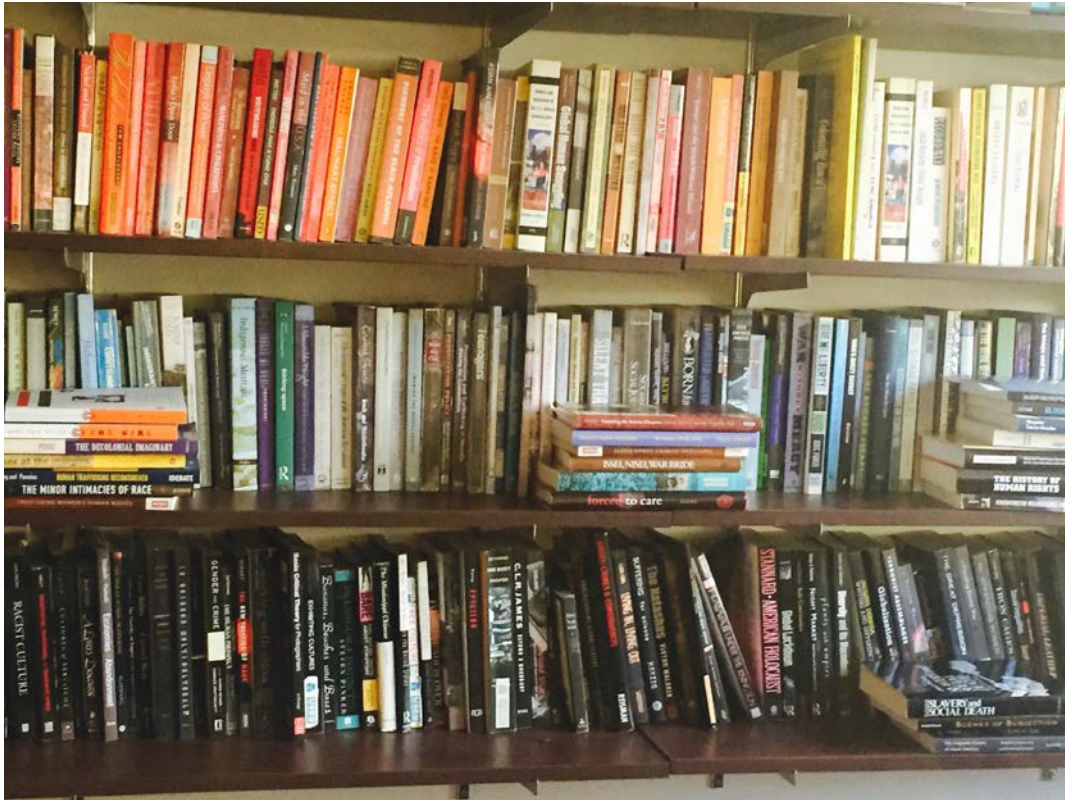
Resilience... how can I translate this word? The meaning of the word resilience in the English language touches on hope, strength, and perseverance. In my language it translates to “mi madre y su maquina de coser”. For me resilience is to remember those hands working long hours sewing our neighbors’ clothes to provide for me and my two siblings when my alcoholic father was nowhere to be found. Resilience is to remember her words when I would call after a few months of emigrating to the United States crying because I missed my family, because I could not understand what people said around me and was driving a food truck although I had a degree in Economics; her answer was always the same “don’t come back home until you get a degree, education is the only thing nobody can take away from you, you can do this because I raised a strong woman”. Resilience is to see the same hands 18 years later, looking older but in perfect harmony when they touch the sewing machine now teaching my cousin a trade she has mastered. The object of a sewing machine for many may translate into a pretty dress, but for me it speaks to the will to provide and give to those you love the most not only money but the example of honesty, hard work, hope, strength, perseverance and the will to do whatever it takes to do what you need to do at that moment.



## Writing

By Crystal Baik

My "object" is not so much about a discrete material thing. More, it is about the process of writing and journaling. Specifically, I think about the different ways in which journaling has helped me (and continues to help me) to encounter a world that, much of the time, feels unpredictable and unsafe. When I first immigrated to the US when I was four, I had no means to communicate with people beyond my own family. While struggling to convey my most basic needs in English to strangers, I remember feeling relieved when I was able to quietly sit on my own, with a sheet of paper and crayons, to draw, doodle, and write in my own special concocted language indecipherable to everyone else (except for my twin sister). During those formative years, I forged my relationship with writing: writing allowed me to make sense of new (if not scary) phenomena and people. The practice of journaling is one that I have maintained, off and on, for the past three decades. As a teenager raised in a conservative Orange County suburb, I wrote furiously in my journal about dissident dreams I did not dare to share with others: the desire to rebel, run away, and forge a radically different future. To this day, I keep an archive of my old journals on my bookshelf to remind myself of how I navigated an uncertain childhood marked by im/migration, financial precarity, and violence. Throughout college, I expanded my practice of journaling to include my roommate of three years and (still) close friend. During our years at Williams, we maintained a shared journal between the two of us, which allowed us to share the ebbs-and-flows of our day during particularly busy moments. It was our way of multiplying points of contact and generating imaginative ways of sharing through different modalities and channels. Journaling continues to sustain me in unexpected ways.



## Words, Reading and Knowledge

By Annie Isabel Fukushima

When I was in elementary school, I used to go to the library every Saturday. My ritual: to borrow one book for each day of the week. Each Saturday I returned 7 books and walked out with 7 new books. My commitment was to read a book day. I found myself lost in the spooks of R.L. Stine, envisioning my feminist futures with the Babysitters Club, and while I had never been to New Jersey, I understood Margaret's life changes, having moved to Hawai'i from the UK at the age of 8-years old. Reading across genres, disciplines, books enabled me to be a world traveler even as I was intimately shaped by immigration - I have traversed many boundaries, a border crosser and a border dweller as a Korean-Mexican raised in the UK until I was 8, and Hawaii thereafter. And books travel too - from the writer's thoughts, to paper, to the publishers, and to my home. Then from the bookshelf in Hawaii, to California, to New Jersey, and then to Utah. My mother's family crossed the US border in the 1950s and 1960s through militarisms and family reunification. The perception of migrants as "undesirables" ineligible for citizenship haunt the diaspora today and circulate in language and practice. My mother instilled in me: "There's one thing no one can take away from you. And that is an education." Education can be systematic through academic institutions and also an enlightening experience. My mother's wisdom was passed on to me - it is why I am now a scholar activist. Through an education from my family, and in academic institutions and the texts I read, I have found an elasticity needed to thrive.

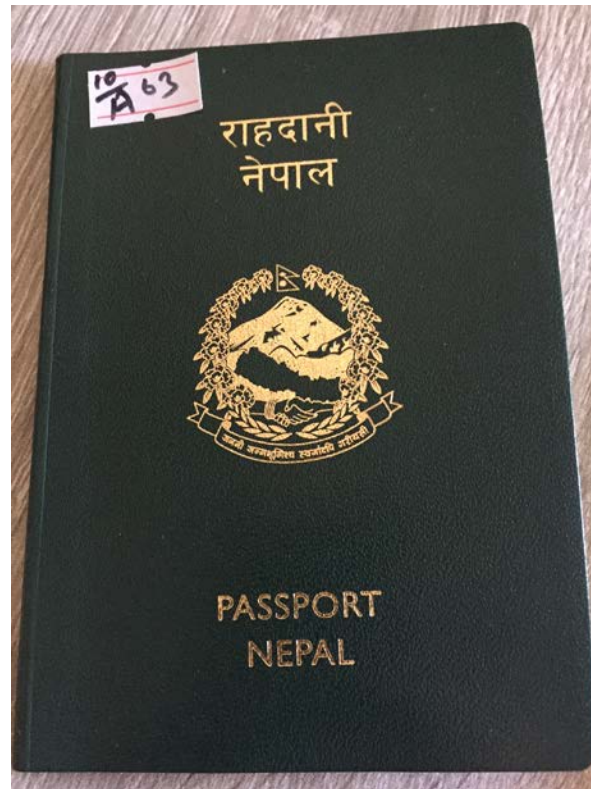




## **The Heart**

By Elizabeth Gamarra

Moab represents the resiliency and beauty of nature. In a similar way, when my family migrated to the United States from Peru, it was a challenging yet dynamic experience. There were a number of different memories that spoke to the process of learning a second language, the interactions with others from across the globe and the mentors we encountered in the United States. Moab is also a place that captures the breath and depth of connections - specifically the engagement and people from all walks of life. When my family encountered and connected with the community on a larger scale, there were so many different meaningful conversations, and relationships built.



## **My Passport**

By Aarati Ghimire

I can still remember the joy and hope I had when I picked up my passport from the U.S embassy in Nepal. After going through two years of rigorous immigration process and an expensive DNA test, my passport finally had the United States visa stamp. During my interview process, I vividly recall the white man behind the window at the embassy saying I didn't have enough evidence to prove that my father was my biological father because we didn't have any pictures together. How would we though? He had left me when I was 9 months old and I hadn't seen him for almost 17 years. When my father immigrated to the States, he overstayed his visa and remained undocumented for 15 years. And why wouldn't he? He had two children to feed back home in Nepal, a sick mother and retired father to look after. The interviewer required me to send blood sample to the United States for testing. Finally when the DNA matched, I was granted visa to see my father. I was excited but also nervous because I didn't know my father anymore. He didn't have the privilege of watching his daughter grow into a teenager. When I first arrived at the Salt Lake International Airport with this passport, I saw my father waiting outside to receive me. I looked at my passport and said to myself "here I am finally" and my father's first sentence was "Wow, you're not so little anymore." The passport for me is a reminder that it took me 17 years to reunite with my father. It also is a symbol of my father's strength. Most importantly, it is an object resembling the bitter reality of immigration, the prices one pays, and sacrifices made throughout their lifetime.



**Beads of Migration**  
By Leena Ghimire



**The Beginning**  
By Bishnu K. Ghimire





## **Resilience in the Mundane**

By Michelle Renee Quintero Gordon

My parents immigrated to the United States from Venezuela in 1980. They fell in love with the culture of the country, and the idea of the American Dream. Although they faced discrimination in many forms throughout their time here, they still embraced what it means to be a citizen of the United States. Sometimes, the best stories are the ones found in the most mundane moments as displayed in the photo. They had trials, they had failures. They were also hard-working and driven by a strong set of morals. However, I felt that their happiest moments (their quiet successes, if you will) were Sunday mornings. After a week of hard work, they would sleep in, make breakfast, and drink coffee at the table while reading the newspaper and listening to Willie Nelson. Just like any other American family. They weren't defined by their journey here, but by their love for this country, and dedication to integrating themselves into their new world and being positive examples for others.



## **Fish Sauce – Normal But Special**

By An Ha

Those who have ever lived abroad, far from family, may understand how much meaningful of food from home country is. To me, as an international student, getting Vietnamese spices and ingredients for cooking Vietnamese foods here in the U.S is important to keep my life just comfortable and familiar as back home. Fish sauce is of one of typical ingredients of Vietnamese cooking and we add fish sauce to most dishes. For Vietnamese, it is so popular that it becomes 'normal'; for foreigners, it may be so smelly; and for overseas Vietnamese, it reminds of identity, culture and home. Living alone in the U.S with many differences in food, language and culture as well as separating from your beloved, it is easy to make you feel isolated and stressful. To me, cultural and social connections help me to overcome this. I love cooking and I cook everyday just like when I was back home. Fish sauce connects me to my home foods and usual life; connects me to my co-ethnic people I met at Vietnamese stores; and connects me to other international friends by sharing and learning our cultural foods. It makes me proud of our special and typical foods; of my identify, culture and love.



## **Cement Bag Dwelling**

By Nathan Johnson

This is a picture of a dwelling located in a refugee camp in Kenya. This small, makeshift tent is all that a family of 5 called a home for the past couple decades since they were forced to flee their real homes and found themselves stranded in limbo in this camp. The Kenyan government doesn't want to spend money to resettle them anywhere else in the country and neither do these people have the money to move anywhere else anyway. There were no men to be seen anywhere in the camp while I was visiting, which felt oddly unsettling. Though I had heard that at night men who live in the closest town occasionally come to either fraternize with the host of single moms here in the hope of getting lucky, or if they're not feeling patient will force themselves on the women, which sadly explains all the young children here. I met the family as a migrant myself in Kenya. The family a mother, her elderly mother, and 3 small children valiantly make do with what they have here. There were no men to be seen anywhere in the camp while I was there, though at night men who live in the closest town occasionally come to either fraternize with the host of single moms here in the hope of getting lucky, or if they're not feeling patient will force themselves on the women. The thin "walls" don't offer much protection from an intruder. I didn't dare ask the sweet mother showing us her home which medium gave her the kids playing around me. Despite not having hardly anything this woman invited my companions and me into her tiny tent, for hospitality knows no socioeconomic qualifiers. I asked her through our interpreter if the building materials, which were just sticks and old worn out nylon cement bags, provided sufficient protection from the elements. She chuckled and said it's fine, except for when it rains, then it leaks quite a lot. 30 minutes later it began to pour. Despite this, the brilliant countenance and glowing smiles of the children shone through their tragedy to lighten the dwelling and our hearts. Their resilience was amazing, for compared to an American child you couldn't discern which one was happier. Their resilience astonished me, for compared to an American child you still couldn't discern which one was happier. Despite everything, the brilliant countenance and glowing smiles of the children shone through their tragedy to lighten the dwelling and our hearts while simultaneously filling us with feelings of gratitude for the kinds of homes we have and also shame for ever taking that for granted.





## **Surviving in Differences**

By Jonghee Kim

There is a saying in Korea, ‘사람 사는 것은 어디나 다 똑같다,’ which means that how people live is everywhere the same. It may be right. However, I liked discovering a “DIFFERENCE.” I have enjoyed traveling and connecting with others in more than a dozen countries. I became more than a traveler, when in 2012 I migrated to the US to develop insight into life and humanity and receive an education in the Social Work doctoral program. Here, I continue to learn across differences, even embracing them. Unlike traveling, however, studying and living abroad is not enough to observe and/or experience differences. One must survive in the differences – that is my role. Differences sometimes come as a threat and it makes me feel frustrated and lose confidence. It is the mountain that gives me pause. When I reach the summit after passing through the tall green trees, Utah, my current home, seems very small. I see everyone as though they are just small dots. My hometown in Korea has a lot of mountains as well. Right behind the house I grew up in, there was a fairly large mountain and I often hiked up with my parents. The world I watch while having a rest at the top of any mountain in Korea or in America is not so different. I take an unexplainable comfort from that. I am an international student who is still struggling with the big and small differences. In the vastness of nature, however, I and all other people are, in the end, just people – different but the same, and the same but different. The mountain gives me courage to face them again. “Among the dots, what is so hard?”

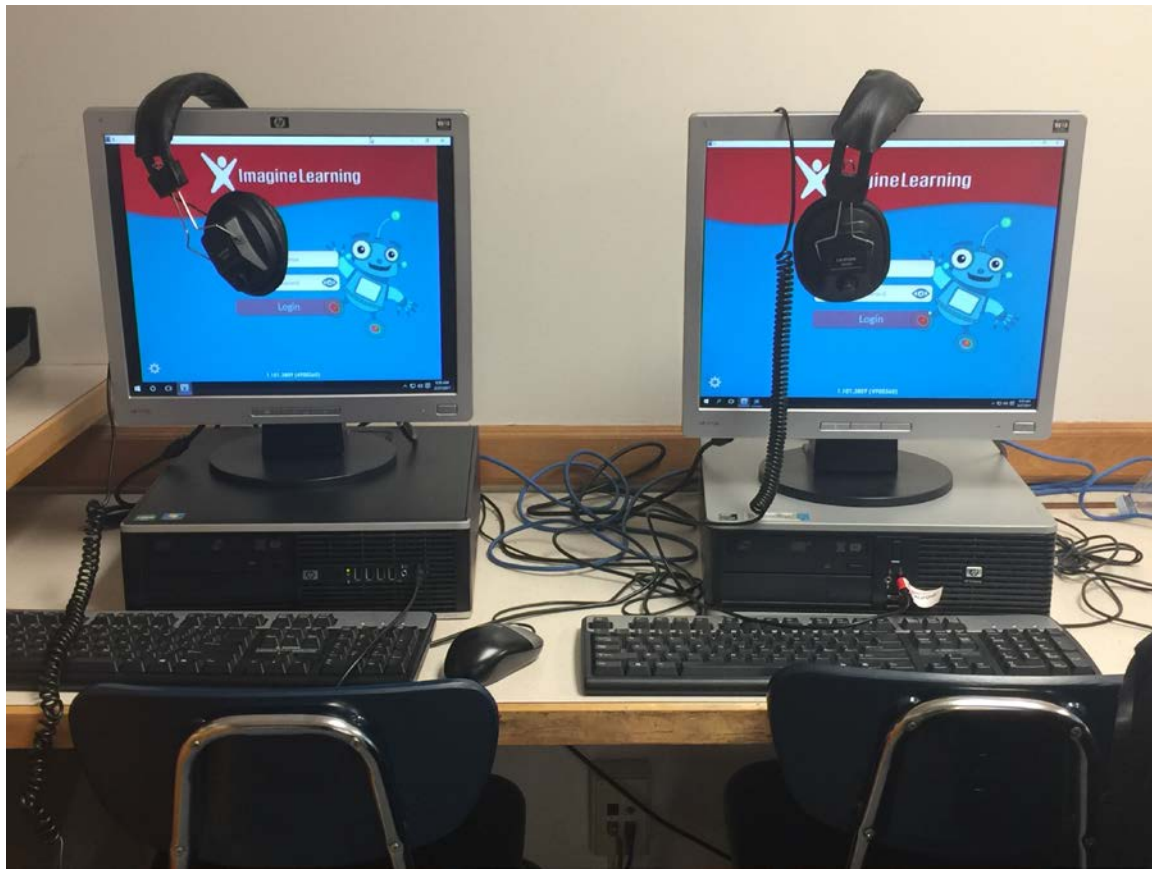




## Identity Found a Jacket

By LA

Arriving in Herriman, Utah was like being cast in a movie twenty years from the past. When I arrived from Southern California, I felt like an outcast. I did not dress like or look like the other students in my high school. I shared the same skin, eye and hair color. But my cultural experience was very different. I grew up in a community on the outskirts of Los Angeles, a white kid in a sea of different colored faces. I have always felt a little out of place. But in my difference, I found my identity. While I was still in SoCal, I created a punk style jacket that represented all of the pieces of me. When I moved to Utah, I continued to wear my personality. It brought me inner strength through the reminder that I am me no matter my surroundings.



## Teaching ESL

By Janet Landerman

My sisters and I (two retired teachers and a retired attorney) tutor refugee children every Monday morning at a Salt Lake County elementary school. We love these beautiful young children - bright, smiling, and trying so hard to master the often irrational English language. A week ago, I arrived before my sisters and decided to visit for a few minutes with an eight-year-old Muslim refugee from Burma. I asked her if she had any sisters, and she held up three fingers and told me, "Three sisters." I then asked if she had any brothers. She said, "Brother dead." As I expressed sympathy, she gestured motions that suggested they experienced a violent death. I shared her story with her resource teacher, who had not known about it, and she said she'd be sure to let her classroom teacher know as well. As Utahns, we have no idea what young migrant children may or may not have experienced and/or witnessed! The ESL teachers teach language and also provide a space for compassion in their new home.



## **The Ring on My Finger**

By Trinh Mai

"So you'll remember me when I cannot be with you." And you're right. You're with me whenever I look down and see the ring on my finger, feel its protective embrace, touch the smoothness of jade, and get lost for a moment in the deep shade of green. Thank you for taking the time to tell me your stories ... of growing up in the rice paddies, of running away on your wedding night, of being a diamond trader in Communist Vietnam. Thank you for taking me to the temples and showing me how to kneel and kiss the earth, how to pray each night. Thank you for teaching me that my story did not start with immigrating to the United States when I was nine...that my story is connected to deeper roots. So yes, you are with me Grandmother, in some ways more so now than ever.



## **Six Years Time**

By Van Nguyen

The ring you see in the picture, represents:  
Số 6 Năm 1969

Six years time

1969, at the young age of twenty, he entered

To defend the flag, the flag with three red stripes pierced across a radiant sea of yellow

He fought

He battled

To protect the family that yearns for his return

Six years time

1975, he was captured

Imprisoned

Re-educated

To challenge the unwavering loyalty of his country

Six years time

1981, he was released

Freed

Yet unfree

To go back to what was once home, only to see that home destroyed

To find his wife gone, only to reunite with his daughter and his mother who waited  
nearby day after day, with no guarantee if it was death or life that would greet them next  
Six years time  
1987, he met my mom  
Birth  
Creation  
To build a new home  
Yet home couldn't feel like home when the haunting reminders of his fallen country  
pervaded his thoughts, eyes opened and eyes closed  
Six years time  
1993, he was blessed with an opportunity  
Fear  
Uncertainty  
To escape the place of familiarity, to set foot toward the unknown  
Six years time, six years time, six years time, six years time  
2017, he still hasn't forgotten  
To wear the ring that reminds him of  
Resilience  
Migration  
Though his painful memories live, like it was yesterday  
He is graced with peace knowing his sacrifices will be forever engrained in his children

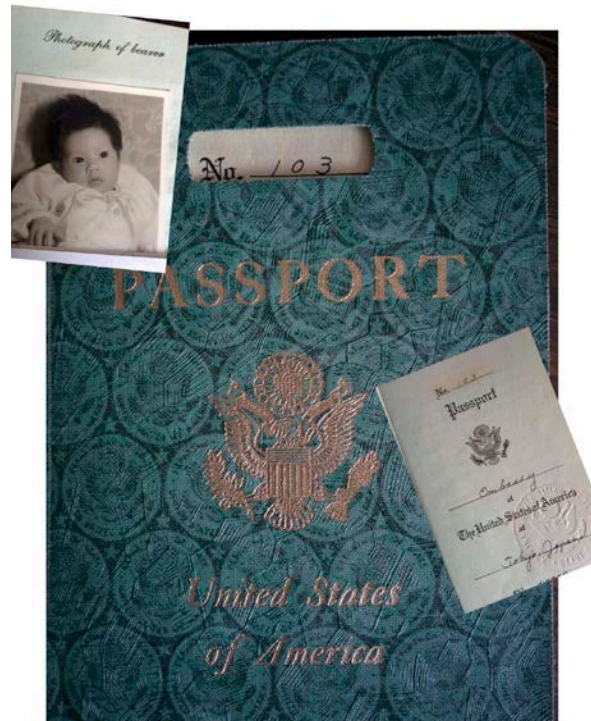




## **Grandmother's Kimono**

By Jennifer Nozawa

I recall being mortified as a teenager when my grandmother cut up all her kimonos to make zabutons. The brightly colored cushions seemed a tragic fate for these beautiful relics of my heritage. It was not until two decades later that I learned she had kept one. Around the time of her 100th birthday, my grandmother gave me a beautiful black-trimmed silk kimono. It was the only one that had survived, locked away in a large cedar chest. The kimono, she explained, had been her senior project at her high school in Japan. She constructed it so carefully and hand-stitched it with such precision that it was recognized as the best in her class and was, accordingly, put on display for the whole school to admire. When she graduated, she decided to leave her family in Japan and return to the country where she felt she belonged – the United States. She packed the kimono into her cedar chest, said goodbye to her parents, and boarded a ship bound for Southern California. In 1942, when President Roosevelt issued Executive Order 9066, my grandmother was among the thousands of West Coast Japanese-Americans – more than half of whom were American citizens – who were forcibly relocated from their homes into internment camps. They were only allowed to take what they could carry, and so the internees lost virtually everything. My grandmother spent three and a half years living in a wooden barrack, surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards, and trying to make the best of the situation before being released (with a \$25 government stipend) to rebuild her life. I wish I had asked my grandmother how she managed to save her kimono; how she kept this treasure long enough to pass it down to me. It still smells of cedar.



## Story

By Irene Ota

I think this passport is beautiful. It is from a place I don't remember and I haven't been back to visit. Because I was born in a U.S. Army hospital, it was considered U.S. soil and I was immediately a U.S. citizen and not a Japanese citizen.

What amazes me about this passport is the number written in ink at the top – 103. That tells me how many of us were not coming from post-war Japan. The U.S. was not happy to have us. My mother worked as a nanny for an Army officer and I guess that's how we were able to immigrate and, I am a U.S. citizen. My father went first and we followed. I was four months old when I came to the U.S. My mother often told me she didn't think I would survive the long boat trip. I was seasick and couldn't eat. We sailed into California, moved to Texas, Ogden, Utah, and then to Salt Lake City, Utah. I was two when we moved to Salt Lake.

We lived in Japantown in Salt Lake. Yes, there was a thriving Japantown. I have fond memories. It was destroyed so the Salt Palace (now, the Salt Palace Convention Center) could be built. I was about nine-years old, when we moved into a predominantly White, Mormon neighborhood on the West side of town.

I remember in that neighborhood elementary school, when the other kids found out I was born in Japan, they started making fun of me. So, I never told anyone. I just kept it a secret. If anyone asked, I just said I was from Salt Lake City, Utah. I haven't been back, but I plan to go back. It is a place that will be foreign to me – my birthplace.





### **Igikwemu/Igitenge**

By Suavis

Itege is used for Burundi women or girls. They use it to cover their body especially when doing house hold activities. They also use to to make their young babies to sleep on their back while working





**Igiseke**  
By Suavis

IGISEKE (Basket). It is called friendships basket for Burundi people. It is used in many occasions: When visit , when paying dowry, during wedding ceremonies....



### **The Departed. “Los Hijos Ausentes”**

By Armando Solórzano

Crossing the cultural/religious borders. Once a year, the Mexican immigrants of Zapotlán, a small city in the state of Jalisco, travel to their homeland to venerate their local patron saint. They bring cultural artifacts and dollar bills to donate to their local church. They stick the dollars to cardboard and display them through the streets as a symbol of loyalty to both American and Mexican culture. This transculturality/transreligiosity is a new form of syncretism that allows the immigrants to reject cultural assimilation into the U.S.A. and simultaneously recreate the culture of their hometown. The “Departed Children,” as the emigrants are called, have become the economic supporters of the community and have introduced new religious practices not fully accepted by the local religious authorities. Their resilience is characterized by creativity, innovation, and creation of new transnational societies.

**WARNING:**  
This following image contains strong language. View at your own discretion.





### **In Their Own Language**

By Armando Solórzano

In April 2006, more than 43,000 people marched on the streets of Salt Lake City to demand a comprehensive immigration reform. It was the largest political manifestation in the state of Utah, and people from different walks of life showed their support for the unauthorized workers. To avoid public opposition to the March, organizers asked the people not to bring Mexican, or any other foreign, flags to the march; only American flags were welcomed. A group of young people defied the recommendation and went beyond traditional understanding of immigration and protest. The group advocated for the abolition of borders and the creation of borderless nations. To attract people's attention, they designed unconventional signs as a way to start a public conversation. During the March, the young people displayed different messages such as "No Human Is Illegal," and "We Never Crossed the Border, the Border Crossed US." At the end of the March, the young people abandoned the signs at street corners and our cameras were able to record their signs of defiance.



## **Objects of Institutionalized Oppression**

By Armando Solórzano

The 2006 Dignity March in Utah—the largest political manifestation in the state’s history--brought different challenges to police and safety forces. For one, the police were not able to guarantee the safety of the 43,000 people who marched peacefully through the streets of Salt Lake City. The police had to monitor the presence of the Minutemen who were opposing the March and challenging the participants. Unauthorized workers were suspicious of the presence of the police, who monitored the march from their horses and motorcycles. As a consequence of not trusting the policemen, the Latinos organized their own security personnel to avoid confrontation with opposing groups. In the end, the March was an exuberant manifestation of family values, dignity, and democracy. The police were invited, but were unnecessary given the peaceful composure of the marchers.



## **Always by My Side**

By Lizbeth Velazquez

What makes this stuffed animal dog with a graduation cap so special? It symbolizes the importance of education that my mother instilled in me since I was a little girl. She told me I could be anything I wanted to be in life if I just focused on my education. She did not want me slaving away in a minimum wage factory job to make ends meet, as she had been doing as a single parent. Let me take you back to 1990 when my mother gave me this dog, it was Kindergarten graduation day. I will never forget the smile on my mother's face when I was walking down the hall to the infamous graduation song in my pink cap and gown. She looked at me with a glimmer in her eyes and cheered for me. She gave me my dog along with a big hug and kiss and said, "Te quiero mucho mi niña chula." My mom completed school up to the ninth grade, and my three siblings also dropped out of high school. As the baby of the family, I would be the first to get my high school diploma. I wanted nothing more than to make my "ama" proud. Growing up in East Los Angeles, I wasn't the perfect child, I got in many fights at school, yet, I was a straight A student. At the age of 16, March 6th, 2001 hit me with my first experience with death. My mom died of a brain aneurysm at the age of 54. I have thought of quitting many times, but I refuse to sink. So why do I still have this dog by my side? It serves as a reminder that I will soon be Dr. Velazquez and I will once again make my mother proud.



## **Healing Through Music**

By H.K.J.W.

Due to my father's employment, by the age of 13 I had moved 7 times. As the number of moves and my age increased, so did the difficulty level of leaving behind "home". I remember the familiar feeling of packing up the house and getting in the car to live somewhere new-- the view of my home getting smaller and smaller as we drove away. Through these difficult times, I have the vivid memories of entering a new home, popping in Shania Twain's cd *Come on Over* and blasting "Man! I Feel Like a Woman." As these notes played I would dance around with my sisters and mom. Although a new home, new school, and new people surrounded me, I had the familiarity of my family. This c.d. provides strength to me now, just as it did in the past. All I have to do is listen to the familiar tune to remember that no matter where I go or how alone I feel, I have a home in the people I love most.





## **Up(Rooting)**

By Jaehee Yi

I was uprooted at the moment when I got myself on board of the flight to this foreign country. I cut out a big part of myself from its root. Still missing everything about my root, including tremendously and indescribably great things that I can never expect to have foreigners understand, and secretively deep and negative secrets that will remain so... I keep bringing vegetable seeds (that I am not allowed to bring) from the root and keep trying to grow them in the foreign soil to make Kimchi that tastes never the same as home, but keep trying to imitate it the best.



## About the Contributors

**Karla Arroyo** was born and raised in Mexico City. She emigrated to the United States at the age of 24. Today, along with her husband and four children in a multicultural household, every day create memories that define their familia.

**Crystal Mun-hye Baik** is an avid journaler, educator, and critical ethnic studies scholar based in Los Angeles. Currently, she is an assistant professor in the Department of Ethnic Studies at UC Riverside.

**Annie Isabel Fukushima** is the Director for the Initiative for Transformative Social Work. Dr. Fukushima is also a jointly appointed faculty as Assistant Professor in the College of Social Work and the School for Cultural & Social Transformation. She is also a founding member of the Institute of (Im)Possible Subjects.

**Elizabeth Gamarra** is a graduate student at the College of Social Work, University of Utah. Her professional clinical experience includes the University Neuropsychiatric Hospital and the Urban Indian Center of Salt Lake. Her research interests consist of forced migration, cross cultural mental health, and research ethics.

**Aarati Ghimire** is a graduate student at the University of Utah. She is an immigrant and is currently pursuing social work degree at the College of Social Work, U of U.

**Bishnu K. Ghimire** is an immigrant from Nepal and a naturalized U.S citizen now. He has lived in the U.S. for 25 years. He is a father of four beautiful children.

**Leena Ghimire** is an immigrant of Nepal and a naturalized U.S. citizen. She has lived in the U.S. for 18 years now. She is a mother of four children.

**Michelle Renee Quintero Gordon** is the youngest daughter of Freddy & Ivette Quintero. She was the family geek, secretary (she typed many resumes and documents since I was 8 years old for family members who weren't as proficient in English), and fan of her two adorable parents.

**An Ha** is an international student from Vietnam, who is pursuing PhD in Social work

**Nathan Johnson** is a MSW student at the University of Utah and hopes to be able to become a therapist to help families, couples, individuals, and minorities with their troubles in life. Refugees hold a spot close to his heart, as he's done volunteer work with them here in the USA, as well as in Germany, Nepal, and Kenya (where this picture was taken).

**Jonghee Kim** is a PhD candidate at the University of Utah College of Social Work. Her research interest areas are psychosocial development; identity formation and transformation; emerging adulthood; college students; adaptation process of migrants; Asian and Asian American; posttraumatic growth; cancer survivorship; psychosocial

oncology; and methodology. She is currently conducting her dissertation regarding the sojourn experience of Korean international college students in the US.

**LA** is a Student. And an explorer.

**Janet Landerman** is a retired English and French teacher who taught ESL to refugees in 2007 and 2008. Currently, she is tutoring refugee children in reading at Lincoln Elementary in Granite School District with her two sisters.

**Trinh Mai** has grown to love living at "the borderlands" where she has learned that there are many ways of being in the world. She is a social worker and a teacher.

**Van Nguyen.** Hi everyone! My name is Van Lien Nguyen and I like to eat and sleep.

**Jennifer Nozawa** is a fourth-generation Japanese-American and the public relations specialist for the College of Social Work.

**Irene Ota** is the College of Social Work Diversity coordinator and mentor for Voices of Diversity.

**Suavis** is from Burundi and is one of Burundi Community of Utah leader. Her passions are gardening and dancing.

**Armando Solórzano** is a professor in Ethnic Studies and Family and Consumer Studies at the University of Utah. For the last seventeen years, he has used photography to document the history of minority groups and historically marginalized populations. Through photography, he pursues philosophical, artistic, and educational goals. His ethno-photographic exhibits have been displayed in Utah, California, Washington DC, and Mexico. In 2004 he was awarded the: "Governor's Award in the Humanities" for his exhibit on the history of Latinos in Utah. Later, in 2008, his photo-documentary on immigration was recognized as the "Best Political Art Exhibit in Utah." In this photographic exhibit, Dr. Solórzano documented the Dignity March in support of the unauthorized immigrants in the Beehive state. For Dr. Solórzano, photography provides a different way of seeing reality and discovering its deeper meanings. He is currently preparing two books with photography and visual devices to help communities to preserve their legacies, cultures, and traditions.

**Lizbeth Velazquez** was born and raised in East Los Angeles, California. She moved to Utah after graduating from Garfield High School. Lizbeth is currently a Social Work Ph.D. candidate at the University of Utah.

**H.K.J.W.** is a master's student in the College of Social Work at the University of Utah.

**Jaehee Yi** left her root with the simple plan to do a master degree in 2003, but is still here, in the United States, working and living. She became an immigrant, the kind of

people that she never understood why they chose to become a minority in a foreign country. Jaehee Yi is an Assistant professor in the College of Social Work.



# **Initiative for Transformative Social Work**

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