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Klipsun Magazine, 2019, Volume 50, Issue 01 - Fall

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Western Washington University

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KLIP SUN



IN · DIG · NA · TION

(noun)

Definition //

A righteous anger at injustice and infringement; the moral fury which sparks action.



LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear reader,

Klipsun Magazine has hit the stands for fifty volumes now—it transformed from student yearbook to a storytelling publication during a time of war, civil unrest, uncertainty and an ever-present sense of indignation.

Our writers pursued ledes with that feeling at heart. In this issue you'll read stories about the long fight to renew the college of ethnic studies, one student's year-long struggle with homelessness, why one man put a dent in his savings to run for city council, how one person has persevered since her sexual assault and more.

I would like to personally thank the Klipsun staff, writers, and advisor for their contribution and dedication to this special issue of Klipsun.

We all feel indignant about something, but it's our course of action that counts. That's why we report. We write. We must—it is our proud duty.

Respectfully,

Questen Inghram
Editor-in-Chief

Cover/back cover photos by Michelle Raney

TopKote Glossy 78# Cover
TopKote Glossy 80# Text
Fira Sans - Body Copy
Butler- Headlines

Klipsun is an independent student publication
of Western Washington University

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1969 2019

RETRO SPECTIVE

How a yearbook became a subversive tool of student expression



Before Klipsun was a magazine, it served campus as a yearbook.

Written by Emma Jo Calvert
Reporting by Alisha Dixon

Nestled beside various publications across Western's campus you'll find Klipsun Magazine, a quarterly magazine. Since 1969, the publication has been confronting social issues and telling powerful stories.

Since 1913, Klipsun had served as a traditional yearbook for the campus community before it became a hybrid of a magazine and a collection of photos and memories, known as the Klipsun Quarterly, in the late 1960s.

"To some students the Klipsun [yearbook] is a book of fond memories, to be looked at twice then set aside for the years to pass. To others the Klipsun is a ghastly waste of ASB funds," wrote 1968 spring editor Anne Mortensen. She said that these sentiments were the reasons why the yearbook was undergoing gradual change.

"My experience in journalism is that you don't really resolve problems so much as you manage them, so you come back to them again and again," 1972 spring Klipsun editor Bill Dietrich said.

Dietrich was editor-in-chief of the sixth issue of Klipsun, which discussed sex, accessibility and big business. While recognizing that topics tend to be revisited throughout Klipsun, Dietrich noted that the biggest change has been technology.

"We had to take pictures and develop them, paste up the magazine using paste and X-Acto knives," Dietrich said. "We used manual typewriters. It's been fun to see that the technological changes and the professional industry have also come to the Western journalism program. Students now come out far more technologically sophisticated than I ever was."



Photo by David D. Johnson, Klipsun 1971, Vol 2 Issue 1



Photo by Loren Bliss, Klipsun 1971, Vol 2 Issue 1

Design software replaced X-Acto knives, digital cameras replaced darkrooms and developer fluid. Rather than typing out a story on a heavy typewriter, stories are typed on phones and laptops. What is typed is instantly shared with an editor at a moment's notice. While the technology has changed, Klipsun's dedication to storytelling has stayed the same.

Another change from the early editions of Klipsun magazine was that there weren't set themes for the issues, Dietrich noted. The themed issues made their appearance in 1995 for the 25th anniversary edition.

In June of 1995, the magazine took a "feminist slant" for its 25th anniversary after the editors realized that many of the articles submitted followed a similar theme, according to the editor's note of Mara Applebaum, then editor-in-chief. The editors decided that a themed issue wouldn't hurt, and the concept continued in following years.

Klipsun wasn't always secure in its existence. Western's journalism program was a minor in the English department, until Gerson Miller arrived in 1967 to help develop the program into its own department founded in 1976. It's with the journalism program's creation that Klipsun gained a new air of quality and professionalism, former Klipsun advisor, R.E. "Ted" Stannard Jr. said. Hired in 1969 as the second journalism faculty member, Stannard took on the duty of changing public opinion of Klipsun.

The year before Stannard stepped up to be Klipsun advisor, a thousand issues of the publication were leftover due to poor editing and organization. Klipsun as a yearbook collapsed and became a student periodical.

Stannard said a new editor for each quarter allowed more turnover and less burnout, rather than a yearbook. With a small staff and paid editors, Klipsun made a brief foray as a photobook before becoming a magazine in 1970.

The publication soon produced backlash. In 1971, a photo spread depicting nude art as well as a woman in tight jeans riding a bicycle across the whole page— a "derrière view of a college coed," according to Stannard—led a retired fireman to write letters to the president of the university, the governor of Washington and members of the state legislature saying that Klipsun was putting pornography out on campus.

"As you can imagine, publically and socially acceptable tastes were different [at the time] and the conservative side of the public was offended," Stannard said.

According to the charter for student publications, it said that the complaint was not to be taken to Western's then-President, Dr. Charles J. "Jerry" Flora. Rather, the student publication council was to

determine whether or not the image of tight jeans was inflammatory.

This letter of concern was deemed to be a moot point for Western's student publication council. Klipsun was meant for the college campus community, and therefore the content was tolerable for the reader base. Flora agreed, and student publications and administration lived in peace.

A later issue of the magazine was brought to Flora's attention, warning him about sexual content and its potential backlash, Stannard said. After reading the article, Flora tried to bar the magazine issue from being printed on campus. Once again, the student publication council disagreed, yet the magazine was still barred from printing on campus. Rather than complying with Western's administration, Klipsun editors took the magazine to be printed in Seattle, additionally printing double the copies to be distributed across campus.

While Klipsun and The Western Front are both published independently, Klipsun was always meant to be more beautiful than The Front, Stannard said proudly. As an amalgam of long form essays, personal

narratives and photography among other things, Klipsun has met Stannard's expectations from its early years of creation.

Student publications are the heart of Western's journalism department and have existed far beyond the department's creation. Stannard considered the relationship as an "unmarried marriage," in which publications and the department are partners, but not tied fully together. Klipsun continues to be a student-led publication.

The small yearbook under the arm of Western's English Department developed into an independent magazine free from university control, highlighting a new direction every quarter. Since the magazine's launch in 1970, Klipsun has been and will always be a publication dedicated to powerful storytelling. ♦



Photo illustration by Rae Baitx



THE TIP OF AN ICEBERG:

A look at Western's past and potential future for the College of Ethnic Studies.

Written by Chelsea Consolacion

The professor paused mid-lecture and scanned a sea of glowing laptop screens. "Pauline, can you tell us about your experience being Filipino?" echoed from thin lips.

Fifty pairs of eyes focused in her direction. She searched the room, trying to catch any face that was similar to her own, but found herself making eye contact with a white gaze waiting for her minimized response to be a brief lesson plan for the class. Pauline Elevazo answered so the lecture could continue.

Being singled out for her race is a familiar occurrence for Elevazo. Archives of meetings and newspapers from fifty years ago tells society of a similar detail of attitudes towards people of color.

In 1972, a Western Front article, Curtis Knight, former Chairman of the Black Student Union, wrote a column in the Western Front. Knight said that the newspaper itself was a contributor to racism as it didn't reflect Black and/or marginalized perspectives on campus.

"First, as a part of the campus community, we feel we should, and must, have a voice in the campus newspaper," Knight wrote in his first column on Feb. 4, 1972.

In the days she wasn't getting singled out in class, Elevazo was in a class more engaging, Critical Filipinx Issues, a course taught by Dr. Michael Schulze-Oechtering, a professor in the Education and Social Justice minor and history department.

She said instructors who taught from an ethnic studies perspective knew when to drop discussions when they threatened students and their well-being. "I didn't care about school at all before that," she said. "This was the first time I actually had a professor who cared."

So she got involved with a student organization, Students for Ethnic Studies, a group of students aiming to re-establish— yes, re-establish— Western Washington University's College of Ethnic Studies.

Western's Movement for Ethnic Studies

Western's Black Student Union initiated the ethnic studies movement in a three hour meeting with administrators. Students presented a list of demands including hiring Black faculty members, recruiting Black students and improving the curriculum to be more representative, according to a Western Front article published on May 21, 1968.

Former university President, Dr. Charles J. "Jerry" Flora released a statement about the meeting that ran in the same article, "In making this personal commitment, it must be understood that the efforts toward realizing these goals must...be approved by the Board of Trustees," the statement read.

After a year of negotiations, compromises and conditions, trustees approved of the program and appointed Dr. Ronald Williams as the first dean, according to the minutes from Aug. 28, 1969.

"They approved everything except the name 'college,'" Wilfred Wasson, director of the Indigenous Studies program, said to the newspaper. "It is virtually a college except for the name."

Although the program passed, the trustees rejected the proposal for college status, worried that racial tensions would increase and the college would tend toward separatism rather than integration, according to a previous Western Front article on Sept. 30, 1969.

A month later, they reconsidered their decision and Western's College of Ethnic Studies was officially established alongside Fairhaven College and Huxley College of the Environment on Oct. 9, 1969, according to a previous Western Front article.

BSU wrote a letter in response to the college's establishment, "It would be a misconception if we were to believe that these strides will erase racism. We at Western view these strides towards combating racism as a step in the right direction," students said to the Western Front.

Continuing Advocacy for Ethnic Studies

Black Student Union members met with administrators to discuss the lack of support for the ethnic studies college, according to a column written by Knight on March 3, 1972.

"The shortage of faculty needed to make the college work threatens the existence of the program. While enrollment has tripled in the three years the college has been here, the growth of faculty members has not been in proportion." Knight wrote, "The Provost has got to understand- we will not accept anything short of our needs."

Former dean for the College of Ethnic Studies, Dr. Sergio Elizondo, wrote a letter concerning retention, promotion and tenure for faculty members. Approximately 50 students were in attendance when Elizondo presented his letter to trustees on May 4, 1972, according to Board of Trustees minutes.

The trustees passed a motion to table the discussion until their next regular meeting with more specific language from Elizondo. There are currently no digital archives of the following meeting.

Students in support of the College of Ethnic Studies knew that Elizondo was being delayed, and that there was a clear course of action.

On May 15, 1972, over 100 students of color occupied



SERGIO ELIZONDO

CURTIS KNIGHT

//previous page

Presenting their demands at an assembly last Wednesday were Black Student Union members (from left) Carle Trotter, Thaddeus Tumur, Barbara Madison, Reg Butler, Jim Rosario and Bill Horton. Photo by Bruce e.t. // courtesy of Western Front.



A knot of students gathered in front of Old Main Tuesday as members of the College of Ethnic Studies occupied the building. Photo courtesy of Western Front, May 15 1972.

the Old Main wing located near the president's office, according to an article published on May 19, 1972. The occupation lasted for two days, following the ongoing negotiations between the ethnic studies college and university officials. President Flora stated that he would direct two new faculty positions to the college in the fall.

"I'm very proud of all the students who have been able to procure this which was owing to us. It's a shame on [Western] and a shame on the administration that it took so long," Elizondo said.

The Fall of Western's College of Ethnic Studies

In 1975, Western launched the Program Study wCommittee to evaluate colleges across campus. The committee sent out their first wave of questionnaires, which made the ethnic studies college faculty uneasy. "Some of the perceptions [in the questionnaire] seem to be quite dated." Dr. Jesse Hiraoka, last dean for the

college said in a Western Front article published on Nov. 7, 1975.

Based on the findings of the questionnaire, the college's enrollment numbers were dropping. The committee recommended a dissolution of the College of Ethnic Studies, backed with an endorsement from former university president, Dr. Paul Olscamp, according to the Western Front article published on April 16, 1976.

Hiraoka questioned the methods used to evaluate the college, and felt it took time to establish a newer program. However, the committee moved forward with dissolving the college, so Hiraoka proposed integrating the ethnic studies curriculum into the human services program at the Board of Trustees meeting held on June 5, 1975.

In attendance at the meeting was former President Flora, who suggested that President Olscamp evaluate

Ethnic Studies The First Movement

Third World Liber- ation Front

San Francisco State University's Black Student Union formed a coalition with ethnic student groups known as the Third World Liberation Front.

The coalition led the longest student strike in history to demand ethnic studies at the university which began Nov. 6, 1968. Students, faculty and community members demanded equal access to higher education, hiring faculty of color, and an inclusive curriculum. San Francisco Police and strikers made national headlines in a battle for an inclusive higher education.

FIVE month strike

March 20, 1969

San Francisco State University established their College of Ethnic Studies prompting hundreds of universities to follow in their footsteps.

SFSU's College of Ethnic Studies exists today, one of over

THREE HUNDRED

ethnic studies degree programs across the country.

Source: A 2008 commemorative article by San Francisco State University Communication and Marketing publication, SF State News and Data USA.

“It would be a misconception if we were to believe that these strides will erase racism.”

– BSU of 1968

the curriculum and report back to the Board in September. There are currently no digital archives of Sept. 1975 Board of Trustee meeting minutes.

Hiraoka held an informal press hearing about his proposal to the trustees, “I don’t think the way ethnic studies is now structured fits the future needs of students. It has to have a fuller context for looking at the world in a [multicultural] setting,” Hiraoka said to the Western Front, published on Nov. 4, 1975. “When the College of Ethnic Studies was created, nothing concrete was worked out to give it a lasting place inside the college structure.”

In the book “WWU! As it Was,” published in 2004, former President Flora said he supported the college but wondered if closeted bigotry played a role in the college’s fall.

“I really had hoped that our little college would be a place where people of different ethnic groups came together and would foster fundamental investigation into the business of ethnic difference,” President Flora wrote in the book. “But it never had a chance. Shame on us!”

President Olscamp began his seven year presidency in 1975, according to a Western Today memoriam for his passing on Oct. 14, 2014. During his time at Western, the business and economics college was established alongside the fine and performing arts colleges, but notably Western’s governance structure.

“Gone would be the all-university senate, replaced by a faculty senate, Associated Students board, administrators association and staff employees council.” Olscamp’s memoriam wrote.

The Western Front reported on the university’s last duty regarding the ethnic studies college on April 15, 1977. Labeled as a ‘housekeeping’ agenda item,

Western's All-College Senate unanimously voted to reassign ethnic senators to at-large positions starting on July 1, ethnic studies senators were not present.

"That is the time the [College of Ethnic Studies] will formally close doors," The Western Front reported in 1977.

Today's Re-establishment Movement

Almost fifty years later, Elevazo and Hunter Eider co-chaired Students for Ethnic Studies, founded by former Western students Erick Yanzon, Realia Harris, Aleyda Cervantes, Enrique Hernandez, Lung Le and Jonathon Pendleton in 2017.

Anne Lee, former Associated Students VP for Student Life and SES board member, said ethnic studies offers a critical eye on whiteness as a systemic issue, not an individual issue. By being encouraged to look at their educational experience through a critical lens, Lee recognized the intentional patterns of power structures throughout American history.



PAULINE ELEVAZO



ANNE LEE

"We can't solve the issues of students of color without talking about whiteness critically," Lee said. "[I was] able to name a lot of things in my own education, whether it was erasure of my own identity [or] how whiteness permeates everything."

The AS elections passed a referendum in support the revitalization of the College of Ethnic Studies, in 2018. Over 80% of students who voted in the AS elections voted in favor of the college's re-establishment.

In the spring of 2019, Students for Ethnic Studies endorsed and successfully helped secure Schulze-Oechtering's position to teach Comparative Ethnic Studies in Fairhaven College. Following their progress, Washington State Legislature enacted a bill requiring K-12 public schools to integrate ethnic studies education by July 28. Elevazo said that Western is a step behind.

Lee worries for students at Woodring College, "Western is known for their education programs for teachers and so if we're going to have K-12 teachers coming to Western to become teachers and then they teach ethnic studies curriculum, wouldn't it be better for us to have prepared teachers?" Lee said.

For now, Students for Ethnic Studies will continue advocating for the college by holding events to inform the campus community. Incoming Co-chairs, Martha Jeanice and Michaela Budde, will continue the legacy in order to re-establish Western's College of Ethnic Studies permanently. ♦

♦ **"We can't solve the issues of students of color without talking about whiteness critically."**

– Anne Lee

\$271.32 THE PRICE FOR CHANGE

One night, on an indignant whim, Dana Briggs decided to run for Bellingham's city council at-large seat.

Written by Jon Foster

Dana Briggs lives by himself in a nondescript motel room. Staying there wasn't something he necessarily wanted to do, but living paycheck to paycheck means he cannot afford an apartment. Last May, he was in his room looking at who had filed to run for office. He only saw one person had filed their declaration of candidacy for the city council at-large position.

"One of the things that has annoyed me for decades is unopposed political races," Briggs said. While looking at the only candidate running, he says he either had a moment of irrationality, indignation or both. He took some money from his meager savings and paid the \$271.32 filing fee to run for Bellingham's city council at-large seat the day before final declarations were due.

The person elected to be the at-large city council member after the November 5 elections serves the entirety of Bellingham, not just one particular ward. Briggs is tactful but doesn't mince his words when he speaks; he is clear and confident. He often sits with his arms crossed over his chest, looking off into the distance while he recalls stories of his past. His mind is sharp and he has an uncanny ability to remember most of what he has heard and read.

Dana said he's been reading since he was three years old and once read an entire encyclopedia volume in one summer. Now 64, he has been a cook at Peace Health St. Joseph Hospital since February 2018.

"It is a unionized position. It does make better than

the wage for most people in the cooking business, but it's still not enough money to get a place on your own," Briggs said.

Although he works full-time, Briggs has been living in a motel since December 2017. "I do not make enough money to afford a place anywhere in the county, let alone Bellingham," he said. He is unable to save up enough money to pay first, last month's rent and security deposit for an apartment. Briggs considers himself homeless.

Briggs believes he can bring a new perspective to the city council because of his experience with being homeless and a low-wage worker. He has been an advocate for the homeless and has gone in front of city council many times, pushing for new ordinances to help them.

"Most of the council members tend to be individuals that are fairly well-off, not rich, but comfortable economically," Briggs said. "They probably own their own homes, are maybe even landlords themselves, but there has never been, to the best of my knowledge, anybody that has been low wage, let alone homeless on the council."

If he gets elected, Briggs said the most important thing he wants to do is have Bellingham declare a climate emergency. He says he will use the recommendations of the climate action plan to implement changes to mitigate the effects of climate change.

Briggs' stance on affordable housing reflects his experience with homelessness. "We need extraordinarily high density buildings within the city and I know it's going to upset a lot of people," he said. "If people are going to continue to move here, then they have to have a place to live and it's got to be affordable."

Without creating additional affordable housing, Briggs said Bellingham is creating a de facto gated community. "We're either going to have a community that is inclusive of all socio-economic classes or we're not. But let's be honest about it. Quit beating around the bush."

Krista Rome, the clean water organizer for RE Sources for Sustainable Communities, said Briggs is one of the most dedicated people doing community service. RE Sources is a nonprofit that promotes sustainable communities and works to protect the health of people and the environment.

"He's somebody that I see almost more than anybody else," Rome said. "He can be working really hard on one issue like providing service for unhoused people in the homeless crisis and still make time in his brain and his life to do everything else also, which is pretty admirable."

In 2003, unable to find work in Whatcom County, Briggs became homeless after short-selling his home. He packed his belongings into his truck and drove down to Seattle where he moved from shelter to shelter in Eastside Seattle for four months.


By 2005, Briggs received a certificate for nonprofit management and fundraising from the University of Washington. He was employed most of the time up until he moved back to Bellingham in 2016. By December 2017, Briggs was homeless again. Two months later, he was laid off from his restaurant job.

Briggs holds a master's in management and a bachelor's in geography. He says he has worked in the software and technology industries and, at one point, was making close to six figures.

After his divorce, Briggs realized he had been doing all the things people expected him to do. "A lot of that expectation all revolved around money," he said. "I finally thought to myself, you know, I'm going to start doing what I want to do regardless of the money."

Briggs is continuing to live by that. Between his full-time job and homeless activism, he is finally doing something people have told him to do for a while, on his own terms.

"Over the decades, there were a lot of people, no matter where I lived, that had made comments like 'Dana, you got to run for political offices at some point,'" Briggs said. "So I thought well, I'm on the downside of this particular existence. Why not?" ♦



“We’re either going to have a community that is inclusive of all socio-economic classes or we’re not.”

– Dana Briggs





"Oh Beautiful for smoggy skies,
insecticided grain, For strip-mined
mountain's majesty above the asphalt
Plain. America, America Man sheds his
waste on thee, And hides the pines
with billboard signs, from sea to
Oily Sea."

— George Carlin


Photo Essay by Merrideth McDowell



AUTUMN'S WINTER

*WESTERN GRADUATE SHARES HER STRUGGLE NAVIGATING
RESOURCES NEEDED TO ESCAPE HOMELESSNESS IN HER
FINAL YEAR OF ENROLLMENT*

Written by Isa Kaufman-Geballe // Illustrations by Kateah Nims



Wearing a scarlet beanie and a checkered flannel, Western student Autumn Lynn stood poised before a podium, facing a row of Bellingham City Council members. Surrounding her was a crowded room filled to the brim with homeless advocates, social workers and concerned residents.

The chamber room definitely beat the temperature of an unforgiving Bellingham winter, Lynn thought. At least she didn't feel the icy gusts of wind slipping through the aluminum doors of her van and into her bones. Still, an emergency meeting about temporary housing in the midst of dangerous weather conditions was one of the last places she thought she would be to speak about what she went through in the past five months.

Lynn adjusted the microphone in front of her and lowered her head to speak to the crowd.

"My name is Autumn and I am a disabled homeless student at Western," Lynn said.

Lynn wanted her situation to be known. That people like her were also experiencing homelessness. She wanted to paint a picture of the numerous times she was turned away, redirected and rejected from places she thought she could turn to for help.

Lynn thought she tried her absolute best to ask for support from Western. She was her own best advocate, even when it came to school. She had received good grades, she had a work-study job at the library. But in February 2019, it had been six months since she had a home.

Lynn's story isn't an isolated situation. Thousands of college students experience homelessness or housing insecurity each year. According to a 2018 study conducted by the Wisconsin Hope Lab, 9% of college students attending 4-year public universities were homeless during the 2016 to 2017 academic year. The U.S. Department of Education corroborated this - nationwide, 32,739 students were determined to be at risk of being homeless.

Homelessness is not a clear-cut experience, especially for students who might not consider themselves a part of the homeless population, such as those sleeping on a friend's couch or in their car. According to the Wisconsin Hope Lab, people experiencing homelessness, including students, are usually faced with "[a] broader set of challenges such as the inability to pay rent, or utilities, or the need to move frequently."

Autumn's Fall

Two years earlier, Lynn packed up her belongings in Spokane Falls and moved to Bellingham to attend in the fall of 2017. She had enrolled at Western to study psychology and work as a research assistant.

The following spring, a lease renewal arrived in Lynn's mailbox. She immediately grabbed the envelope from her kitchen counter, walking it over to her roommates to sign. That was when they broke the news to her that they had signed a lease without her. Her heart sank.

Without a back-up plan to save for a single room apartment, Lynn was suddenly without a home.

Lynn used her savings to purchase the only temporary housing she thought she could afford at the time: a white industrial van off of Craigslist. That summer she parked the van she lived out of in the C lots, a five minute walk from her nearest class.

"It's kind of just like defeat," she recalled, "but also the realization that no one else was offering, so I had to rely on myself. And this was the last option, or best option, that I had."

Before her van became her home, Lynn took measures into her own hands to try and find a solution to her housing insecurity. Unfortunately, it was a disappointing search.

Lynn sought support from Western's Disability Access Center first, where she registered as a disabled student diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. She sought support from Western's Equal Opportunity Office and eventually, the University Housing Office.

All of these places redirected her to the Student Financial Aid Office, where she visited several times. Their responses were repetitive and not very constructive, Lynn said.

Students who self-identified as unaccompanied homeless youth on their FAFSA application can qualify for special Federal Student Aid, Paul Cocks, Western's director for university of communications and marketing, said. 45 Western students self-identified as homeless on their application for Federal Student Aid (FAFSA) in 2018.

Lynn met with staff at Western's Financial Aid Department office. Despite FAFSA's technicalities, she hoped they could help her as a full-time student with good academic standing.

Independent adults over the age of 24, like Lynn, have to jump through many hurdles to receive this aid. Even if a homeless student has a disability or mental illness, there must be a homeless youth determination to prove they are at risk of homelessness and unaccompanied, according to Federal Student Aid documents.

The office attendant broke the heavy news. Lynn only qualified for a loan, something she could not afford to pay back. After a long and exhaustive search, the sting of reality started to set in for Lynn— she would need to take matters into her own hands.

“They offered me access to loans and that was it. They were like, ‘We don’t have any other resources’ and ‘I’m sorry I can’t offer you anything else.’”

She was told to look for posters around campus that might have information on housing insecurity and homelessness. As a last resort, Lynn called University Residences. They offered her a shared room, but what she needed was a single room to accommodate her disability.

Lynn thought she had exhausted all of her resources. She was tired of looking. After several phone calls and failed attempts to acquire emergency housing from the University, she was done.

Then, her winter began.

Autumn’s Winter

As snow fell and temperatures dropped below freezing, Lynn questioned how long she could survive without the warmth of a home. Her van was

packed with sleeping bags and blankets, but the cold temperatures intruded her sleep. “Water was starting to freeze in the night,” Lynn said. By the time she checked her dogs drinking bowl in the morning, it was frozen.

Lynn looked to Facebook for solutions, scrolling through her newsfeed when she came across a video livestream by the nonprofit HomesNow! Not Later, a local Bellingham homeless advocacy organization. She recalled seeing a grainy image of Markis Dee, a volunteer and homeless advocate, calling out to viewers that he was on his way to pick up anyone who was sleeping outside on the chilly and damp sidewalks of Bellingham, and put them up in a motel.

Hearing this, Lynn immediately dialed their phone number and connected with the organization. The organization were able to offer her a room in a nearby motel. Finally, she was given direct help, at least for a few days.

When they met, Dee and Lynn immediately clicked on their shared passion for homeless advocacy. At the time, Dee was unaware of her living situation. He soon learned her reality while they worked together to pick up homeless individuals in the streets of Bellingham in below freezing temperatures.

Lynn’s increased interest in helping homeless people like her led her to speak in front of the Bellingham City Council. She spoke from her direct experience with homelessness and her frustrations with the lack of accessible resources for people with disabilities, like her.

“She attended these meetings with us,” Dee said. “And spoke eloquently to her needs.”

One person who had been watching her speak was Clarissa Mansfield, the communications manager for Western Libraries. Mansfield immediately recognized Lynn as someone on her staff. She was shocked when Lynn revealed she was homeless. Mansfield recalled walking past Lynn numerous times before in the library’s commons.

Mansfield said she was saddened and overwhelmed to learn about Lynn’s situation. “I wish there was some way to address this as a community of people at Western.”

Mansfield wanted to help, but she also was conflicted about intruding on Lynn’s privacy.



Wisconsin Hope Lab homeless definition //

“Homelessness means that a person is without a place to live, often residing in a shelter, an automobile, an abandoned building or outside, while housing insecurity includes a broader set of challenges such as the inability to pay rent or utilities or the need to move frequently. “

Through a mutual friend they were able to meet, and Mansfield was able to ask Lynn if she could share her story. Mansfield put together a group of staff members to support Lynn and meet with her disability advisor. To their joy, they received the news that there was a pathway for Lynn to receive housing accommodations for her disability at a reduced price, two months before she was supposed to graduate and move to Denver.

When interviewed, Western's Vice President Melynda Husky and Police Chief Darin Rasmussen declined to comment when directly asked about Autumn's experience, citing student privacy laws. Husky said there are resources and programs available to house students on a case-by-case basis, only if the student lets a staff member know they are struggling with housing insecurity.

There are no specific trainings dedicated to serving students experiencing homelessness for front desk or administration staff at the DAC or University Police, according to the DAC and Rasmussen.

Although many of the systems in place were not able to provide aid to Lynn in the beginning of her homeless experience, the help of these library staff members made the difference.

"I finally found some staff members who put pressure on places and got me housing my last two months," Lynn said.

This was the first time she'd been given advice that offered her a solution. It wasn't offered when she sought support through university resources. She was disappointed that it had to come from someone she knew, and not from student services Lynn thought were available to her and other students.

Though Lynn had a stable place to live while getting through her finals, she was hurt that it took so long to receive help from the University. She was even

more upset the loophole that led to her to her price-reduced room in University Residences was not discovered as an option sooner.

"They claim they didn't know I would have taken a single room," Lynn said. "But I told my advisor multiple times I couldn't share a room because of my disability, and I couldn't afford a single room."

Lynn was grateful for the support she received from individual staff members like Mansfield and organizations like Homes!Now but she still felt that as a disabled homeless student, she fell through the cracks.

Autumn's Spring

Before leaving to Denver, Lynn presented a bouquet of flowers and a butterfly-painted card to Mansfield, who keeps it on a board in her office to remind her connection to Lynn's journey. Even when Lynn finally had a roof over her head, Mansfield would check in on her consistently and attended her research presentation.

Reflecting back, Lynn had to take so many measures just to make it through her education. She was still angry. Leading up to the weeks of her graduation, Lynn's friends begged her to walk in the ceremony.

"I don't feel any connection with this University at all. I just wanted to be done," Lynn said.

But she also realized that though the resources she attempted to access weren't helpful, there were individuals like Mansfield that made the difference.

Lynn sat in her cluttered van. When she pressed her face to her computer screen, the light reflected from her glasses. She was on her way to Denver, where her boyfriend moved a year before. Her home was on the road once again, but at least she knew that she had somewhere to go. ♦



Healing

without justice

content warning: sexual assault, suicide

Written Anonymously

As I closed my eyes under the cold fluorescent lights of the Title IX coordinators office, I tried to remember any detail I could.

All my memories from that night are surrounded by a cloudy haze, exactly what it feels like after you wake up from a nightmare– your heart pounding and covered in a cold sweat. This wasn't a dream, or a nightmare. It was my reality only a month into college: I had been raped.

According to the Rape, Abuse & Incest National Network, more than 50% of college sexual assaults occur in August through November. Additionally, students are at an increased risk during their first and second terms in college.

And here I was, October 29, 2016, my first few months in college, a statistic.

I could only tell the coordinator that I remembered him bringing me a drink at a Halloween party. Between flashes of costumes and neon pink shot glasses, I remember stumbling downstairs. Away from the noise, away from him.

He was all over me the entire night. It started when he picked

me up outside of my dorm for a friend who was running late. I felt his eyes bore into me, searching for the skin hidden beneath my jacket– he looked like a hungry dog.

I remembered him following me down the stairway. When I flailed to get away from him after he picked me up, he sighed and put me on his bed. He shoved my face into his pillow until I stopped kicking.

Did you fight back?
You were already
drunk, right?
He didn't force you
to drink, did he? He's
graduating soon
This is his
life, we
are from
the same
tooth?
Under the
In his
making
dorm
and
confuse
me?
What
I tell my
parents? Will I tell my

Just like those flashes of Halloween costumes and liquor, I remembered flashes of pain, I remembered that I was crying– made apparent in the morning by the makeup smeared down my face.

When I woke up the next morning, my clothes were in a pile on the floor, and I had stained his already dirty bedding with blood. He called me a bitch for ruining his sheets. The room reeked of stale beer, sweat and unwashed clothes.

When his roommate found me crying in their bathroom, I said I was hung over.

He drove me to my dorm in the morning, his hand rubbed my thigh and I looked out the window imagining that I was someone, somewhere else.

I squeezed my eyes tightly as he lit another cigarette, the smell burning my nostrils and itching my eyes. I couldn't tell if the tears I felt close to bubbling over were caused by the putrid smoke or the sinking feeling in my stomach.

The coordinator made that soft *hmm* noise that people always make when they don't know what to say, or when they're unsure if you're done speaking.

She asked if I could trust my memories.

"You were already drunk, right? He didn't force you to drink, did he?" She peered down her nose, trying to read my face.

"I don't know," I said. That became my mantra for the next three years.

I didn't know what happened that night, not for certain. The entire night is like a nightmare kaleidoscope of memories, where every image is shattered and fractured into something that's constantly changing. Could I trust my memories?

I knew that I bled for two days afterwards, I know that I was scared of being touched for the next three years and I know that I didn't want any of that to happen. But how could I be angry about what I wasn't sure of?

"You know that he's graduating soon. This would ruin his life," the coordinator said.

I knew that.

He was the friend of a friend, 23. He wanted to be a teacher. He had driven me to the party that night because my friend got caught up at work. My friend never came. Did my life matter here? This could ruin

my life, too.
"Did you fight back?" she asked.

He had towered nearly a foot over me, was five years older and 80 pounds heavier. The flailing I remember in my fleeting memories was all I could do.

"We'll contact him to see his side of the story. Do you have anything left from that night? Clothes? Underwear?"

As soon as I got home from that night, I scrubbed my skin in the hot shower until I was glowing red and raw, my face bleeding from where I scrubbed too aggressively. I bagged up my costume and walked to the dumpster behind my dorm. I remember buying the clothes while back-to-school shopping with my mom, the red leggings ripped down a side seam, the new underwear now stained dark brown with dried blood.

"No," I said.

Throughout the entire time I was talking, the tears flowed freely down my face. She didn't offer me a tissue, only her business card with a phone number scrawled on the back of the crisis hotline. "In case you think of making any rash decisions."

I felt angry, hurt, scared and confused. Why me? Why was I a statistic of sexual assault? What will I tell my parents? Will I tell my parents? Why me, why me, why me, why me, why me?

I slept for two days, emailing my professors to tell them I was sick. My roommate had dropped out a week prior so I was alone. I moved my mattress onto the floor, shut off my phone and cried between restless bouts of sleep. I played shows on my laptop to help the silence feel less empty—but it was an endless cycle of music and flashing lights.

**“The entire night is like
a **nightmare** kaleidoscope
of memories...”**

content warning: sexual assault, suicide

When I turned on my phone I had a voicemail from the Title IX coordinator saying to call her when I had the chance. The empty ringing on the other end echoed, the secretary patched me through.

“He said that it was consensual. At this point there’s nothing more we can do unless you have solid proof,” she said.

I hung up the phone without saying goodbye, and fell back onto my mattress. The next few months were a blur. I felt empty and scared of the world around me. I felt scared of him.

I didn’t remember much from class, as every day I went home and took a nap, only leaving my room to eat or use the bathroom. My friends became ghosts of my past, people that I could no longer relate to.

Winter quarter was full of snow and depression. I was still struggling to come to terms with what had happened. Why did I go to that party? Most of all, why wouldn’t I ever receive justice? He would never experience consequences for how he hurt me.

As I withdrew further into my own world, I realized how much my heart was weighed down and how wrong the entire situation was. Not only to be assaulted, but to not be believed. To hear in whispers down the dorm hallway rumors that I “asked for it” or that I “wanted it.” People I had trusted told me that I was lying for attention.

From people I held as friends to strangers who heard my story through the rumor mill, I felt as if I was a bug under a magnifying glass: small, scared and weak, being examined from every angle and feeling like I was on fire.

When I would see him pass me across the hilly campus, his eyes would bore into me just as they did that October night. He knew he hurt me and he knew he had power. He knew he had set me on fire.

It’s only now, after three years and transferring to Western, that I took my power back. Even so, it’s still something difficult that I need to process regularly. What he did does not control me any longer and I don’t blame myself anymore. This was a bad person taking advantage of a bad situation, for which I paid a price. No longer do I stare at myself in the mirror

and cry. No longer do I wince from being touched in any form. I can hug, kiss, love and cry freely from the constraints of my assault, because I know if I hadn’t come to terms with that I would’ve killed myself by now.

For the longest time, I blamed myself. Stupid girl in a stupid costume who put herself in a stupid situation.

During the spiral of depression that followed after my assault, I thought heavily of suicide. I felt that I could no longer live knowing that I had put myself in the position of being assaulted. I blamed myself for being taken advantage of.

Only recently, I’ve accepted that it wasn’t my fault. I was taken advantage of, I was hurt, but I was not at fault. I’ve been seeing a therapist to help manage the guilt that I feel, and I’ve slowly been having more good days than bad. Days where I don’t think about how I was hurt, or feel him breathing down my neck.

Yet, the bad days persist. I still wake up at least once a month thinking that I was experiencing my assault again. The weight that comes from sleeping limbs felt like his weight pushed onto me. At this point, my only goal is minimizing the bad days and learning how to get through them. I have to remind myself it’s over and that it’s just a dream.

I am angry, but I don’t let my anger control me. Rather than obsessing over what happened and breaking my own heart repeatedly, I’ve done my best to move on. I can be angry at him, at that university, at the Title IX coordinator-- at society. But I’m still me and I have the power now. I’m happy, I’m healthy and for the first time in years, I can truly say that I love being alive.

Despite all the bullshit, despite the assault, the depression, the tears, the sleepless nights, nightmares and skipped classes— I’m alive. God damn it, I’m alive.

By choosing to live and move past, I feel like that’s the biggest “fuck you” I can give to him, to the coordinator, to the whispers down the hallway and to the universe. You can push me down, but I’m going to keep fighting to love being alive because in the end that’s all I have. I’m alive and this won’t kill me. ♦

NO VALIDATION NECESSARY



*TRANSCENDING THE CHALLENGES OF BEING
ADOPTED, AND MAINTAINING DIGNITY WITH AN
INTERSECTIONAL IDENTITY*

Written by Isa Kaufman-Geballe

Isa Kaufman-Geballe, Photo by Michelle Raney

“So, do you feel more Mexican or American?”

I was ten, window shopping with my mom, when a woman came up to me and helped me try something on. She was Latina, like me. With a friendly smile, she asked my mom if she could pull me aside for a minute, before I had the chance to tell her I could not speak Spanish fluently.

“You see that white girl in the corner?” she said, referring to a blonde woman close by. “She’s got nothing on you.”

The woman told me to never forget who I was and where I came from, that I had more to say about myself than most people, and to be proud of my heritage, even if people were to question it.

I was reaffirmed that I did have a place in my heritage. This was different from other experiences I would have when people would find out I was adopted.

My parents never had to tell me I was born in Mexico. It was written all over my walls decorated with lunas, alebrijes on my table and picture books of photos of the day I was born. Being adopted was something I was proud of. My birth country was a part of me as much as my parental upbringing.

I was born in 1996 in Tijuana, Mexico, in a clinic not too far away from the border. My parents flew all the way from Seattle to meet me. It’s not common to meet adoptees like myself. In the U.S., from 1999 to 2018, there was just about 200 adoptions of Mexican children under the age of one.

Weeks had passed since my parents received a call informing them that my pregnant mother, who was represented by a lawyer, was giving up their unborn daughter for adoption. My parents painted picture of what life was like before I crossed the border—their memory of an arid night in Tijuana, when I was handed to my crying mom in a hospital clinic.

But as I grew up, I discovered the baggage that came with being adopted. There was a stigma associated with international adoption. For many, my experience meant a contradiction, that my cultural identity transcended beyond where I was born, and who my biological parents were.

The sting of being asked who my ‘real’ parents are was hard enough, but what really hit me was the notion that the people my age would not relate to me.

My honey skin, dark eyes and indigenous features were obvious indicators that I contrasted with the visibly white Seattle community I grew up in. At the same time, when I spoke only English or mentioned my Jewish upbringing, I felt distant from the Latinx community I yearned to be apart of.

“So, do you feel more Mexican or American?”

“Where are you really from?”

“Why are you so whitewashed?”

“Where are you really from?”



“Why are you so whitewashed?”



Those are all recurring questions people would ask me when they learned about my identity.

I felt ambivalent about the whole thing. There wasn't a guidebook on how to answer these questions, or determine them as microaggressions. These small comments painted a bigger picture of not belonging that caused me to freeze up. They found out.

In these moments, I imagined shedding the layers of identity that came with the burden of hiding many different aspects of myself. I was my own brand of person, just like anyone else, but people didn't have a box to put me in.

And so I began avoiding the subject all together, as if I had something to hide. I'd ask myself, “How could one person be at the margins of so many cultural backgrounds?”

When I moved away from home in Seattle to attend Western, I felt devastated that I would have to explain myself all over again to people I didn't know and those with less exposure to people of color. After all, my new university and the city that surrounded it was made up of mostly white people.

I was cautious in my interactions with the few Latinx friends I made because I was scared that they would not relate to my complicated experience. I wanted to tell them how I had a Bat Mitzvah and a Quinceñera.

College changed things for me. Living away from

my parents and meeting people, I realized I don't share the same experiences, but in that experience, of feeling alone, I am just like everyone else. Many others have intersectionalities they struggle with.

Instead of succumbing to that familiar feeling of paralyzation that I felt when my identity was in question, I chose to embrace it, and share my beautiful intersections with my friends, regardless of their background. Looking at my identity in this light, I felt comfortable with who I was, and from what I could see, my friends responded to my vulnerability happily. I had hope that I would run into a handful of people like the woman from the clothing store.

I will constantly be questioned about my place, but I have come to learn that I am not the perceived feelings and judgments of other people.

“You are like a bridge, Isa,” my friend Citlaly would say. She said

I had a power
to connect people,

despite their
differences. ♦



CONQUERING CROHN'S

A person wearing a helmet and a grey shirt is riding a mountain bike on a dirt trail in a forest. The trail is reddish-brown and the surrounding trees are tall and thin.

Jamie Baril's 12 year battle with Crohn's disease has been filled with pain and adversity, but his love for the mountains inspires him to persevere.

Written by Micah Evangelista

Jaime Lee, Photo by Micah Evangelista

Jamie Baril sits in his bathroom, exhausted. It's 4 a.m., and gut-wrenching pain has allowed barely any sleep all night. Outside the foggy bathroom window, eight inches of snow have fallen on a cold December morning at his home in Bellingham, Washington. He planned to go skiing at Mt. Baker, but now he simply wants to sleep for a few uninterrupted hours.

The ongoing turmoil in his gut won't allow it. Over the last month, there have been so many similar mornings he's lost count. This isn't a hangover that can be cured with a cup of coffee, and it isn't food poisoning that will vacate in 24 hours. This is Crohn's Disease, an incurable illness that has cast a shadow on Baril's life since he was diagnosed with it over 12 years ago. But he's determined to continue battling his condition for as long as it takes.

Crohn's is a bowel disease that causes chronic inflammation of the gastrointestinal tract. The body's immune system is built to attack foreign invaders, but with Crohn's Disease, something unknown causes the immune system to launch an attack upon itself. Symptoms include persistent diarrhea, an urgent need to move bowels, loss of appetite and weight loss. Baril was born in Denver, Colorado and moved to Sammamish, Washington when he was 4 years old. Baril's parents instilled in him a love for the outdoors and in particular, skiing and mountain biking. "Luckily,

I was born into the lifestyle," Baril said. "Both of my parents were on the race team at Western Colorado University when they met, so skiing was a huge part of their lives." He was the firstborn of three, and was lucky to get significant exposure to skiing because his parents were in their most athletic state when he was a child.

"Essentially, I was skiing on my mom's back before I could stand up. As soon as I was on my feet, I was skiing," Baril said.

With his home being 35 minutes from Snoqualmie Pass, there was no shortage of exceptional ski resorts nearby. "I grew up skiing at Alpental, which is a special little mountain with a lot of steep terrain, and is one of four base areas at the pass," Baril said.

He also shared his love for skiing with his two younger sisters, Emily and Erica, as they grew up.

"He always encouraged me to do stuff that scared me in the mountains. Whether that was dropping into a sketchy run, encouraging me to hit a rail that I didn't think I'd be able to do or leading me up a boot pack," Erica said. "He definitely helped me a lot with confidence in skiing and my love for getting after it in the mountains."

Sports were a significant part of Baril's adolescence, and he played almost all of them throughout middle school. Eventually, skiing became his top priority.

He wanted to be a ski racer, to follow in his parents' footsteps. But his upbringing coincided with the birth of freestyle skiing, and once he saw a Warren Miller ski movie in sixth grade, it completely changed his perception.

"I saw Ian McIntosh ripping this fast powder line and I was like, holy cow, I want to be in those movies, too," Baril said. "I didn't know what it took to become a professional skier. So I skied a lot, and I fell a lot, too.

“Essentially, I was skiing on my mom’s back before I could stand up.”

I broke my thumbs, wrists and collarbones, but no matter what, it kept pulling me into that lifestyle. I was hooked before I even knew I was hooked.”

But at age 14, something unexpected happened, interrupting the ski career he dreamed of and life as he knew it. Apart from broken bones, he was a normal, healthy child until this point.

“It was over spring break of eighth grade that I got really gut sick,” Baril said. “The kind of sickness that you can tell is a problem.” He was tested and was diagnosed with Crohn’s Disease.

“It was like a switch flipped and my gut health went downhill,” Baril said. “Aside from being a kid who loved skiing, that became the other primary part of my life that consumed most of my attention as a teenager,”

Crohn’s is a chronic illness, which means it often causes lifelong side effects. Belonging to a family of conditions known as inflammatory bowel diseases or IBD, it affects an estimated 3 million Americans, according to the Crohn’s and Colitis Foundation. Everyone is equally at risk.

Researchers believe the chronic illness is an interaction between genes, immune system and

something in the environment. Treatment is not simple. No magic pill can cure all symptoms, and it’s different for everyone.

“I was getting taken out of school frequently for blood tests and doctor’s appointments... during my school life it detracted from my ability to be present in school.”

He was first prescribed Remicade and Prednisone. Remicade is an infusion drug to reduce the symptoms. Every four to six weeks he was treated intravenously at an infusion center, and this continued until the age of 18.

Prednisone is a commonly used anti-inflammatory steroid that he’s been on and off throughout the entire 12-year process. It had side effects such as weakening bones and joints, increased agitation and making it hard to sleep.

“Trying to be treated by these things that were helping but also hurting at the same time was a really obscure experience to have as a teenager, not really knowing how to deal with it yet because I hadn’t figured that out,” Baril said.

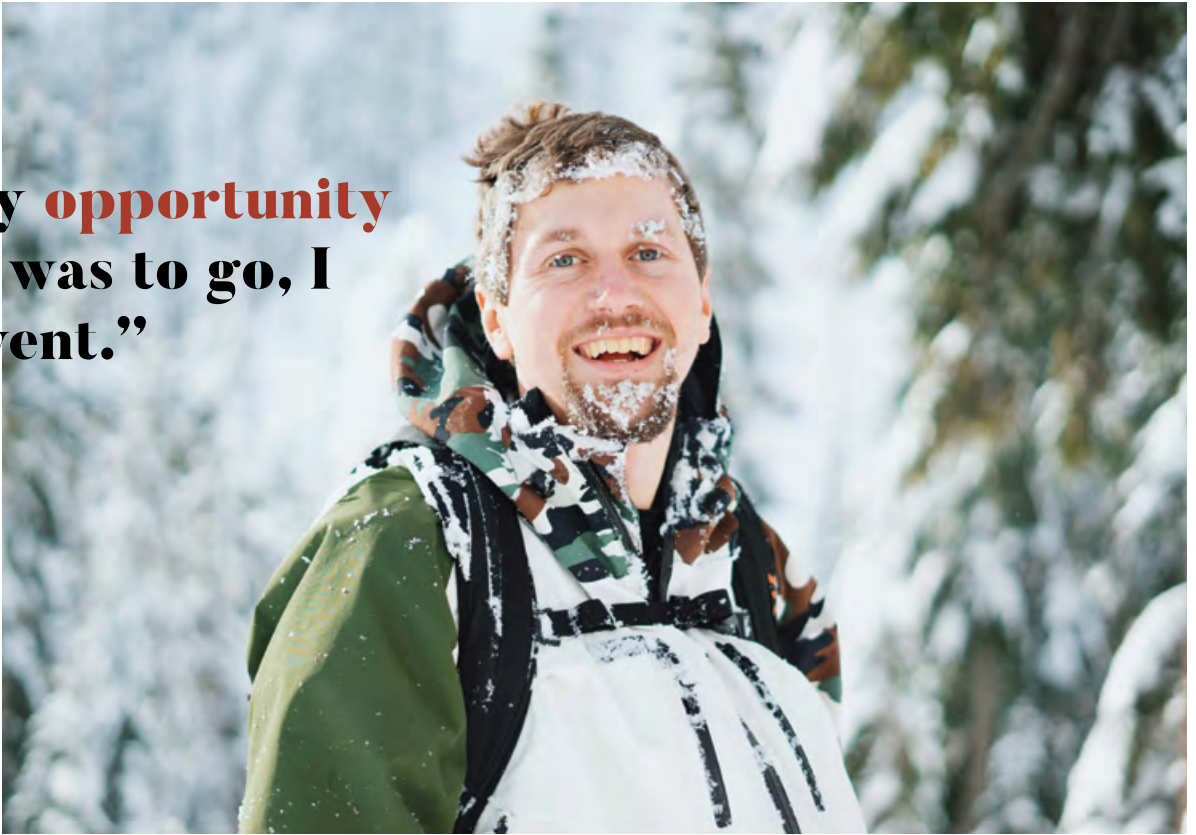
That four-year period was more of a battle of learning how to deal with the chronic illness than a time to focus on social life or school, he explained.

“Flare-ups would involve these cramp-like symptoms where you feel like you’re having a boxing match going on in your stomach,” Baril said. “It’s not uncommon for that to happen and when it does, it’s your alarm clock. Then you have 15 to 30 seconds to find somewhere to go to the bathroom because your body is forcing stuff out that’s not ready to be forced out. As a result, you’re not getting all of the nutrition that you need, so it’s just a waterfall of one thing leading to the next.”

An unhealthy anxiety surrounding the disease and its symptoms overcame Baril. He became nervous about what would happen if he had a flare-up in a situation where he couldn’t escape.

“If you can’t make it somewhere and you’re around a bunch of people, how are you going to explain that?” Baril said. “You don’t want to be thinking about it all the time, but it’s something that when it happens to you repetitively it ends up sticking in there as a deep, hardwired anxiety.” For Baril, that anxiety became a problem even when the Crohn’s symptoms weren’t flaring.

“Every opportunity there was to go, I just went.”



Jaime Lee, Photo by Anne Cleary

Since the worst symptoms often appeared in the morning, it was difficult for him to make it to first and second period classes in high school.

“I skidded through the finish line with just enough credits to graduate because I was always playing catch-up,” Baril said. He didn’t believe he had the confidence to succeed at a university, so he decided not to go.

When he turned 19, he sought natural changes in his treatment in search of success. He cut out gluten and sought therapy to work through anxiety. He stopped all prescribed medication and began using cannabis as a natural way to ease his symptoms. The cannabis bolstered his appetite and also allowed him to sleep. He saw steady improvement, but nothing would last. Painful flare-ups continued to hit him periodically.

Baril found peace on the ski slopes. He outgrew the city-league ski racing that his parents coached at Snoqualmie Pass every Friday, and instead would ski from Summit West to Summit Central where the terrain park was.

“Every opportunity there was to go, I just went.”

He now wanted to be a slopestyle athlete, learn big tricks and participate in competitions. He traveled around Washington, Oregon and Idaho competing and making more friends and connections. Around age 20, he became sponsored by local companies K2 Skis, NWT3K and Evo.

Like his parents, Baril discovered a passion for coaching the younger generation of skiers. He works at Mt. Hood ski camps, located near the small town of Government Camp, Oregon over the summer, and during the winter coaches the Alpentel Freeride Team.

“I fell in love with coaching right away,” Baril said. “It’s a cool feeling to help mold a group of teenagers into better skiers and show them the things within the sport that made me fall in love with it.” The joy that coaching brought him was therapeutic in fighting his disease, but he still endured major setbacks along the way.

Twice, flare-ups reached a severe level. When he was 21, he crashed on a ski rail and smashed the iliac crest of his pelvis. Inflammation from the injury exacerbated his Crohn’s.

Once again he was put on medication to alleviate the symptoms. He was prescribed Methotrexate, Cimzia and Prednisone. Baril had to learn to inject Cimzia directly into his abdomen with a syringe. After five months, the combination of those drugs pulled him out of his flare, but side effects such as nausea and potential hair loss from Methotrexate scared Baril, so he stopped taking all prescribed medication again.

“A few years down the road in October, 2018, it hit me really bad again,” Baril said. His gut health slipped harder and faster than it had in a long time. “All of a sudden I was back in it again, and was as sick as I was when I was 15.”

Baril had just turned 26 and lost the health insurance coverage that was provided by his parents until that point. Because of this unsteady ground, he was unsure how to find treatment. While trying to find insurance and a new treatment regimen, he lost 25 pounds.

“You could see it in my body that I was losing weight fast,” Baril said. Baril was unable to retrain nutrients and was tired and sore most of the day because of it.

“It’s never easy to see someone you love experience pain and discomfort on a daily basis,” said Baril’s girlfriend Merrill Fitts, who is a fourth-year Western student. “His pain took him down some days and it really bummed him out.”

Fitts recognizes Baril’s resiliency.

“Jamie is tough and full of stoke. His strength and attitude in dealing with his Crohn’s is very admirable,” Fitts said. “Sports are Jamie’s favorite outlet. He describes skiing as a way to express himself, carving turns into the mountain Skiing, biking and being a part of mountain culture brings Jamie to life.” His love for skiing never wavered despite the daily hardships he faced.

“Having [skiing] taken away from me this year was a reminder of how much I missed it,” Baril said. “Fighting the disease is a job that doesn’t stop. This particular slip-up along my journey was an eye-opener. The lesson I’ve learned is that I have to stick with it.”

This summer Baril was able to coach the adult ski camp at Mt. Hood. Coaching the adults introduced him to a wide variety of people from different ages who all bring new experiences and backgrounds to the table. He’s found that while giving pointers

on skis is extremely gratifying, sharing life advice and perspectives with new people everyday is equally satisfying.

Baril is optimistic and determined. He hopes for less sleepless nights and more powder-filled mornings. He hopes his journey inspires others to find their passion and meet their adversities head on. ♦



“Skiing, biking and being a part of mountain culture brings Jamie to life.”

ONLINE EXCLUSIVES



WHEN THE SMOKE DRIFTS IN

Story and podcast by Jon Foster



WA NA WARI // THE ART OF RECLAIMING SPACE

*Documentary by Isa Kaufman-
Geballe*

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