

STORIES

FROM OUR

VILLAGE

**A “readers’ theater” revealing the amazing,
true stories of our New Columbia neighbors**



SAT. MAY 11, 2013, 7 P.M.

Community Education Center, 4625 N. Trenton

Regence Boys and Girls Club Kids’ Chorus will open with a song for moms

Then prepare to be inspired and informed by awesome
stories from our community

Young people who worked on this: Janaeya Fraction, Kionna Kelly, Kaleha Keenan, Yasmin Mohamed,
Walia Mohamed, Olesya Prokhorova, Veronika Prokhorova

Featuring stories from the lives of 22 wonderful people from our community

Information: Kay Reid, 503-282-4787

Made possible by a grant from the Regional Arts and Culture Council (RACC)

Stories from Our Village, first presented May 11, 2013

Trevon Oliver leads, with a children's chorus from the New Columbia Community opening with a song for Mother's Day. A child parts the curtains. Readers are on stage with music stands. Kay Reid introduces the program.

Kay: We are here tonight for the first presentation of Stories from Our Village. This is only the *first* presentation because there are so many other stories we want to tell. Perhaps yours!

There is no single story about the New Columbia neighborhood. There are many, one of shipyard housing built in World War II. Another is of the Columbia Villa of the 1980s and then the demolition and rebuild of New Columbia in the 2000s. And our new lovely Village Market? Already, it has a history and, soon, a birthday.

The first people who lived on this land where our apartments and houses stand were storytellers-- the Chinook-speaking Indians who lived their complex lives in this gorgeous area, just as we live our complex lives here today. During the past year, Kionna, Yasmin, Kaleha, Janaeya, Olesya, Veronika, Walia and I have been gathering and recording stories from New Columbia, and now tonight, with readers sharing them, we are carrying on a very old and wonderful tradition.

There was a beautiful, green world here thousands of years ago. Today New Columbia is a world in itself, with its bouquet of people, as storyteller Thurman says. And Ginean adds, we've got flavor. The mission of our story project has been to capture in their own words a variety of voices from the New Columbia world and present them. We hope the story sharing will build

on our community pride, and give other Portland neighborhoods a fuller picture of our neighborhood and who we are. Although we hear individual voices tonight, this project is about the community.

The original audio-recorded interviews we did in the community yielded a great many stories and words. The storytellers have approved the selections you'll hear tonight.

We want to give big thanks to the storytellers, the interviewers, the readers, to the Regional Arts and Culture Council, the Village Market, New Columbia Campus Community Partners; Home Forward and John Keating; and to New Columbia's Rachel Langford and her staff. Please read the program to see the many people who helped bring Stories of Our Village to you tonight.

Nicole Crain

Narrator: Student, mother, carpenter, bicycle rider, meet Nicole, our neighbor, who built her home with Habitat for Humanity.

As a child, my first plan was to be a doctor, but I found I wasn't skillful at seeing blood. For a time I wanted to become a police officer, but being harassed as a child for just hanging out with your friends changed my mind about that.

As a teen, I was not offered the choice of college or even told about college. I was determined to work to support my baby, and actually worked two jobs and got my first place to make sure I wasn't raising my child in my mother's home. Get out of high school, have a baby, get a job: That was routine for the women in my family. I seemed different and wanted to break the cycle.

My daughter's father died young and I worked even harder to make sure I was a stable role model for her. I lived and worked in Northwest Portland for a while, and then moved to Columbia Villa with my four kids at the end of the 90s. Actually, I hated it out here. They broke into my cars, not to say I had anything fancy. Actually, one of the cars was already open, but they decided to bust the windows to make it complete. They should have taken the windows first and then the stereos, more money. I caught the two guys running away and was like, "you should have just opened the door."

Then, I became part of the conversations about building New Columbia. Housing Authority also offered information about home ownership so you could come back a homeowner. The transition to New Columbia was really smooth and introduced avenues into employment, and that's how I found out about how to get into the carpentry trade. I like the feel of hammering, drilling holes, building something I can really see. I've done several big Portland units. I don't like the frizzy stuff, and when they'd say, "Most women do that," I say back, "I'm not most women."

But it was teaming up with Habitat that really enticed me to move back here. I got to put up my first wall in this house. During the time of the build I was actually pregnant with my last child, and my first was going to high school. Rosa Parks was new and I had five kids there and they all walked to school together. The kids loved that we were getting our own house.

I met my husband at my second job at a truck stop. I sold a candy bar to this nice guy, who then slipped me a note, "If you feel like talking give me a call." We've barely been able to be apart since, and have had three kids together, and he took on my four, too. I liked his approach, his demeanor. If

it wasn't for him I might not be receiving my degree this summer. In school, I have especially loved philosophy and women's studies.

Lately, I've been educating people around life insurance and end of life issues. A lot of men in our family didn't have life insurance ; I've told them that they'd be leaving their kids with huge debt versus the love and the memories they're supposed to be left with. So I've been giving parties called "Get your life together" where I invite companies to give their spiel about how to create a death plan.

I don't know how uplifting other areas of New Columbia are, but in our area, the community's good. Some individuals discreetly helped a guy out when he lost his job, and a group gathered to put together money for his monthly mortgage. I like the pride in New Columbia. Our kids can play together no matter what race or nationality, and that means they'll be able to function in society; they are getting communication skills.

Right around here we have six Habitat for Humanity built homes, with families from six different cultures. If people ask me how I got my house, I am more than willing to push them in the right direction for home ownership, because I say who doesn't deserve it? Who doesn't deserve a house?

Terry McLain

Narrator: "He's forever engaged, you never catch him on a day off," said Leslie Esinga of Terry McLain, who was a voice for residents on the Columbia Villa Relocation Task Force.

I was born in Weed, California, but fell in love with Portland and moved here as an adult. Football has been the love of my life, except for my wife, of course. I had a college scholarship to go to the University of Idaho but got caught up in Vietnam. I got a serious leg injury and wasn't able to play anymore. I still have leg problems, but I couldn't give up football! I was an official, and coached for 29 years. During that time, I said to my wife, *honey, you got to know, when it's football season each year, you're going to be a football fan or you're going to be a football widow.* Linda and I have been together 26 years.

Through a legal situation, we inherited twins when they were one month old. I was almost 50 when I became a daddy to babies again. Darren and Anna are now 20.

My big job in Portland was at the Memorial Coliseum, where you've got basketball, hockey and concerts. I got to meet a lot of big names, like Magic Johnson, Lou Rawls. I was a lead man of a crew that changed one show to another.

I worked there until I had my stroke, actually four strokes. With the first stroke, they thought I had multiple sclerosis and put me on the wrong medication. Then the VA got it right. I was only 40 at the first stroke. I did used to be a heavy smoker but quit completely 17 years ago.

The strokes took their toll, and the wrong medication along with the bad leg left me crippled. By that time, I was already on Social Security Disability and on VA Assistance.

When I worked at the Coliseum, I made good money and had great benefits. Linda and I were renting, but planned on buying . After the strokes, I was

able to collect built up pay and vacation time, but finally the paychecks ran out and I had to go on welfare. I reached a point when I had to decide: feed my family or pay rent. I chose to feed my family, and we got an eviction notice. With my wife's two girls and her son, *plus* the twins we inherited, we needed a 4-bedroom and Housing Authority moved us to Columbia Villa.

I don't think I'd heard anything good about Columbia Villa, so we were leery at first—but as soon as we got there we knew it was not like the newspaper writes it up. We fell in love with our place and our neighbors; the kids got along great and played well together.

When we started planning New Columbia, every Saturday morning we'd have a meeting of residents, with people from nearby neighborhoods putting their two cents worth in. We voted on everything. People agreed on most everything, but there was one outside guy who objected to everything. He even objected to the sun being out.

There were big lawns at Columbia Villa. I didn't have a power lawnmower. One day a neighbor saw me. He was a Vietnamese guy who had a power mower that he offered me. I found out where in Vietnam he was from and it was real close to where I served in the Army. We became friends. He was short and he'd taken the handle bars off the lawnmower. I had to bend over and push that thing.

My lawn mowing for other people got started when I saw that my neighbor, Grandma Jesse, needed her grass cut. I was cutting her yard and she looked out: *what are you doing out there?!*

I'm cutting your grass! I said. *I can't afford to pay you!* she said. *I'm not asking for pay!* I said.

She and I ended up being good friends. I mowed grass for many of the seniors and the handicapped folks and did it because I loved doing it, never charged a cent. After New Columbia was built and people came back, I started mowing lawns for my friends I used to do it for, and management said, *you can't do that anymore, it's an insurance problem!*

Anyway, they took it away from me and it really hurt me. I was almost crying. I knew my people, and they loved me coming. They'd come out and sit on the porch, it was a social thing. After that, John Keating and Leslie asked me to oversee the K-Ching with kids doing after school work. K-Ching stands for Kids Creating Harmony in Neighborhood Growth.

Property management became very complicated at New Columbia, with several different kinds of renters, plus homeowners. One night I reported to the police a very loud party at a homeowner's house back of me. I called the police and the next day **I got a notice from management that I was responsible, like it was at my house, but I was the one that called the police!** The management companies have not always known how to relate to low-income people.

But I've loved it here and I'd like a new volunteer job now. I've gotten some recognition from the police, the city, Governor Kulongoski, and sometimes I'd see something in the paper about it, and I'd think, *well, I've done something right!*

Carlos Chavez

Narrator: When the murals in the Village Market catch your eye, the mural with the cats was painted by our neighbor Carlos Chavez.

Just out of high school, I enlisted in the military and received four years of training in weapons and police law enforcement work. This gave me a good background for civilian police work, one of my first jobs as a young man. But before that, in the same police department, I was a parking control officer, a parking meter lady, so to speak. Then I was transferred to another city position as an animal control officer, which I hated. But I eventually became a full-fledged officer, and was placed on patrol by myself after completing the Police Academy in Boulder, Colorado. As a police officer, I had to give tickets. The nicest people in the world hated you; grandmas growled at you; mothers with babies in the car would break out crying; people would beg to get out of the ticket, OR turn seriously mad and call you names. After a few months, I decided this was not my cup of tea! I resigned and moved to Phoenix, Arizona with my girlfriend at that time.

There I got a job as a security officer in a large teaching hospital, which is where I discovered respiratory therapy and got a degree in it. For five years, I flew out on the air evacuation life flights, with two pilots and a flight nurse. I was a helicopter flight therapist. We were called to serious accidents and trauma; to boat, planes, gun, and motor accidents, to near drownings. After a while, I'd seen enough of that, so I went back to the hospital and did some teaching. I think I've done everything in my respiratory career it's possible to do. In my last job, as a manager at Providence the past 16 years, it was a different ballgame. You're managing people, which is the most stressful of all.

I met my wife, Nancy, through her sister-in-law; Nancy and I went out for Italian food on our first date. After dating a year, we got married, started house shopping, and discovered the house we now live in. We were one of

the first homeowners in New Columbia, moving here in 2005. Our house was only a cement foundation at the time, but we checked out the model homes here. The architecture was unique, fashioned after Portland in the 1940s.

Nancy is a nurse at American Red Cross; she and her team do important work to help treat very sick people in the hospital.

After moving here, I saw things I was not used to: a lot of kids out late in the park. Just not used to that. I also felt a barrier between the cultures and races. When I heard some kids talking bad about the Mexicans, I didn't feel too good about that. I wasn't used to prejudice. I grew up in Iowa and was never exposed to any racism.

But at one point, I engaged with some of the younger teens at New Columbia. I showed them how to build and stain a fence, and I paid them. I thought, if I can just get some kind of relationship with them, even if it's work, it would help. And it did: some of the kids still remember me and respect me. I think constant community events are important to draw in renters, homeowners, and the different cultures we have in our neighborhood.

My wife is a cat lover and I have become one too. Nancy and I learned about the cats that were found during the transition from Columbia Villa to New Columbia from the documentary *Imagining Home*. We've sometimes gone on trapping missions to St. Johns Fred Meyer, where there's a colony of feral cats. The concept is that you trap them, get them fixed, and return them to their outside homes; feral cats are too wild to tame. Getting them fixed so they can't have any more babies keeps the feral cat population down to a

manageable number. A couple near Fred Meyer on Lombard feeds the cats over there every day. Every neighborhood and almost every street in Portland probably has some feral cats running around wild. Nancy and I adopted two feral kittens, Olive and Panda, who were just young enough to be tamed, but they're both sweet cats now.

I volunteered to do a mural for the Village market, because in my heart of hearts I'm an artist. I recently retired and am working on a website where I will post my paintings and invite other artists to share theirs. As a board member, I still am involved with the Village Market and I hope to see it thrive.

I believe that we all need to be good neighbors, and greet everyone as we walk around our neighborhood. We need to be responsible neighbors, teach good manners to our children, teach them to be respectful of people and property; and teach them love, and how to love. New Columbia can be a great place to live if we all put some love and commitment into our community.

Rihab Hagahmad

Narrator: Our neighbor Rihab Hagahmad dreams of a day when she can be of assistance to elders who are lonely. Right now, she has her hands full with kids and family and taking classes.

I was born in Sudan, where my dad was a school principal. He passed away when I was very young and I do not remember him.

After that, my mom worked hard to raise us six kids. She didn't have a lot of education; she'd studied through high school and then got married. She

sewed clothes and made food to sell. Also, she was an artist. She painted cloth and sewed curtains to sell. All of the kids have a university degree so she worked very very hard. I have a degree in psychology and education from Sudan.

Because of the political situation, my husband Machmoud and I came to the states and applied for asylum. We came to New York from the United Arab Emirates, where he had been working. September 11th is my husband's birthday and we were in New York on that very day. Friends called to tell us the towers were hit. We looked through the windows and I saw the towers falling down.

Shortly after, we had to go to Michigan, where my husband had friends in business. At that time, I wore long sleeves and covered my hair. When we got on the train there were five officers and they asked us to leave the train, took our passports and later brought a big dog that sniffed our luggage. We were there six hours and missed the train. We had a difficult time renting an apartment in Michigan because of our name, but we finally got one.

We came to Portland because my husband's friend working here said it would be a good climate for us. Our lives became very difficult in 2006, because my husband got very sick and could only work part time. Housing became a problem. We went to Housing Authority and eventually applied to New Columbia. Both housing and health insurance were difficult in our early years in Portland.

Now our lives have many medical appointments, both for my husband, and for one of our children, who has a disability. But many things are good. We

have a Sudanese community and friends here in Portland. Last Ramadan I had a potluck at my house and I cooked ten kinds of dishes

With a different background and different religion, sometimes assimilation is difficult. In my country we have respect. We can't be loud. You have to respect the elderly, and you cannot fight in the street. I would like to finish my education here in the U.S. and work with elders, because I feel they are lonely. In my country we don't have senior housing. You take care of your grandma and granddad.

I know here the life is tough but I'm glad I'm here. I have gained a lot from classes at New Columbia. And I love the green in Oregon and sometimes I sit by the river. I love it that in this country you don't get in other people's business. We suffer from that in my country.

My present life is very hard but I think I'm strong because I have a strong feeling for my God. Also, I am a very curious person. I love history, and when I get to any new place, the first thing I do is go to is the museum.

Charles Robertson

Narrator: Charles is known for his fabulous cookies, creative activism, and music.

I was raised in the Laurelhurst neighborhood by my adoptive parents, who've now gone on to other worlds. I am kind of on my own in this great and wonderful city. My home life really gave me a reason to delve deeply into music.

As a little person, I was always into the music and the community. When I got older, I was into the entrepreneurs; all my friends owned something, so it

was easy for me to get in on the ground floor, opening a grocery store, a night club, a gas station.

The piano is my main instrument, but I play fourteen. I played for the grand opening of the MAX, the Justice Center, the very first Mt. Hood Jazz Festival, and the grand opening of the Village Market. When I was young I admired Scott Joplin on the piano, Stevie Wonder on the piano, and I admired many friends who were artists and musicians.

I've mostly made my living as a musician and have lived in every sort of environment: high rises, mansions, nice houses, condos, the street, and shelters. I have lived in New Columbia for four years. I had a good friend here, Leslie Esinga, who let me do what I want, for instance stage a caroling party my first year here.

Anytime I move into a community, there are three things I have to do:

- work with the community to self empower
- do something that is lasting
- do something with kids, to better themselves

When I lived Laurelhurst five years ago, on Section 8, they said crime went down in that community during Christmas Season. Wild Oats allowed me to get fruit at the end of the day, and feed people hanging around. That's why Wild Oats said I was like a non-profit.

In Sellwood there were a few boys who needed some guidance; I offered them 2/3 of my cookie business to stay in school. They're now doing well, and one is in cooking school. I worked with some kids in Lents, what people call Felony Flats, and helped some them into alternative schools.

The simplicity of needing a market is what created Village Market. I was involved in every aspect of it: vendor hunting, finding the architects, and the people to build in there.

I have been the kitchen coordinator and we have had some great cooks creating authentic meals. I pictured more of a hippie style grocery or Latino market, things packaged freely

It would be great for the residents of New Columbia to have a sense of ownership, to have a community board that makes the next calls, the next decisions, for example, whether they want to have Saturday markets or a first or third Thursday. We need a robust board composed of tenants, homeowners, even youth. We want to see the next city commissioners, the next congress person from this community board.

I believe the press has gotten New Columbia wrong. In my time here I would never say this is a gang community. At no time would I say I've felt unsafe in this community. I walk my cat in the middle of the night.

Oksana Prokhorova

Narrator: In New Columbia we have families from all over the world. The many languages braided with the many traditions make our community rich.

I am from a big family in Kazakhstan; my father is Nicolai and my mother Raissa. I have eight brothers and two sisters. We lived in the city of Alma-Ata on the 7th floor of an apartment building, but had a small farm for summertime. We planted potatoes, carrots, peppers, cucumbers, turnips and many other vegetables. I enjoyed picking strawberries and raspberries, and every fall we made a lot of jam. For celebrations on holidays, we prepared

lots of good food, sang, and enjoyed conversation. I sang in the choir. My dream was to become a nurse.

It was a very hard decision, emotionally and physically, to come to America, where my brother already lived. I was expecting that life in the United States would be much easier. I was shocked when I saw a lot of extremely poor people, without a house, without money, on the street. In Russia we did not have people on the street, so it was very shocking here.

I didn't know any English when we came, and I would take pictures to the grocery store and show them to someone to help me find the food I needed. Also we had no medical insurance. My little son got really sick, and the only thing that I could do was give him medicine I brought from Russia. I was so worried that I cried for several days. For the first three years, we had to visit emergency for his health care, but only at age three he received medical insurance.

We moved to New Columbia after a Christmas season, and it was like a Christmas present. We finally had a place with room enough for our children! Three weeks after we moved here my husband got a job, and it was like one more gift for us. We'd love to buy a home right now, but it's not possible yet. I'm just finishing my ESL classes, and I'd like to receive a degree in two years. I think one of my dreams will happen, to be a nurse, or to be able to open my own bakery business. It's my big hobby to bake cakes and decorate them.

I have been happy with the schools we found in Portland. When I was trying to get my older children enrolled at De la Salle North High School, I used my hands to explain what I wanted. Then an interpreter from the school and

my brother helped me. One of our two little sons goes to Rosa Parks, also a very good school with friendly staff and teachers. My youngest son is going to Albina Head Start, where I was selected for this program so I can continue to take classes in college.

I would like to see more programs for little kids at New Columbia, and mentoring for teenagers. My oldest daughter wants to advocate for animals, and another wants to be a detective. I feel very happy that New Columbia has given us many opportunities to learn new skills, get better jobs, and the pleasure of living in a beautiful place.

Vladimir Prokhorov

Narrator: Our neighbor Vladimir is fascinated with how things work, and with materials. He really likes the metal statue of a man in the Rose Gardens and how that statue was made.

I was born in Kazakhstan in 1967, then moved to Russia for about 11 years, and came with my family to the United States in 2007. I came from a medium-sized family, five children. As a boy, I especially liked hockey, cars, and traveling to the mountains with my friend. Living in Kazakhstan, we had a beautiful winter, a lot of snow, but I also like the soft winter in Portland. My grandparents had a farm with cows and bulls. My grandfather used bulls to move materials or food from one city to another.

When I was growing up, I had a lot of purpose, but I changed my mind a few times. I worked first as a welder, then an electrician, then a mechanic.

I met my wife at a friend's wedding and would see her in church. At one point, I told her we should talk about our own marriage and she said *okay*.

We lived in my mother's home in Kazakhstan, and there we had three daughters. From my mother's home, we moved to Russia and bought a duplex.

We wanted to come to America for our children. In the United States; good students can receive financial aid for higher education. Middle school and high school are free in Russia, but for universities, you have to pay.

We prepared about two years to come to America—my wife's brother was already here. Speaking was very difficult for me when I first got here, but people were really friendly. I think that each country has its crazy people. There is one big difference in the behavior of people. In Portland, people are rushing and a little nervous. In Russia, people are working slowly. Here they do everything fast, thinking about bills, no free time.

My most difficult experience in America was getting my first job. I looked hard for a couple of years and was very happy to find one. We lived in a 2-bedroom apartment in Portland. Eventually, we were put on a program so we could move to New Columbia. We like our house here, but I do dream about buying my own home.

I like the ocean and parks in Oregon and Washington, and my family has gone to Kahneeta Hot Springs on an Indian reservation. I love the outdoors, playing soccer and basketball and singing in the church. Taking pictures is my hobby. I want in the future to open my business, like a mechanic shop.

I don't pay much attention to the political people I want to hope they will be making the right decisions for this country. Hope dies last! Good luck to everybody!

Trevon Oliver

Narrator: We see Trevon at the Village Market, where he is very popular with the community. And he's here at this event running the sound.

Hi, my name is Trevon and this is my story: Well, well, where can I begin? I grew up in a single parent home here in Portland until the age of 11, when my mom got married to a wonderful man to replace my father, who'd passed away right after my birth.

I was greatly inspired by a disc jockey (DJ) named Kid Capri and wanted to be a great DJ like him.

In 2007, when I first moved to the New Columbia neighborhood, I began to get involved with different community events.

I started to DJ some of these events and it was Greet!! I was given the opportunity to DJ at high school dances, and in 2012, through the Black Parent Initiative, I had a wonderful opportunity to DJ for David Banner, a famous rapper.

I began volunteering with children at church, and at Vernon Elementary School, where I read to them. I also liked assisting with my community with activities.

One day I walked into an empty store front and saw people having a community meeting. I inquired and then started to volunteer with them on a store project, working with others on a business plan for what's now known as The Village Market. It was fun to learn how to open a store from nothing.

We did not know at the time if we would be successful, as the previous store had not worked out. We wanted a store that New Columbia residents could be proud of, and be a place where the neighbors could come to get their groceries and see one another.

It has been a bit hit! We offer friendly, professional clerks to serve and manage the store. The store has fun specials, and great healthy treats for the young as well as the old. Great produce and easy to reach items!

The folks that live around the Market have been known to say how much they appreciate it for the lunches and items to take home for dinner.

Our market provides morning coffee and pastries that are pretty good, if I say so myself!

I am so glad I am still part of “History in the Making” for the New Columbia Community.

Ginean McIntosh

Narrator: Ginean McIntosh's parents met in California though they both grew up in Louisiana. Her mom worked for the Pomona school district and later retired from the federal government. Her dad was self-employed as a Steam Cleaner and coached track and field. Ginean took to track and started running at the age of 6 ½.

I really enjoyed our family activities growing up, especially in the sunny California weather! However, I was 13 years old and the only child left at home when my parents divorced. And, that's where my life changed dramatically... there were tough times walking through that, but out of it came a great testimony. We went to church as a family but I didn't know the need for the Lord Jesus Christ until my safety net with my

parents broke down; thankfully I accepted Jesus Christ and survived those difficult times. Because my parents were loved by family and the track community their divorce devastated way beyond our immediate family.

Track was my heart and I especially loved traveling to different states, like Oregon for National Track Meets! In my high school years I was active in student government, the Black Student Union, runway modeling, and other activities. I turned down an opportunity at a chance to model overseas in lieu of college. Due to falling in love with the Northwest from my track visits, I decided to attend George Fox, a small Christian college in Newberg, Oregon.

While attending George Fox, one area I was excited to assist in was starting a multicultural club. Later I worked with the college president to develop and offer African American and Hispanic American Scholarships to incoming cultural students.

As a college student of color there were a lot of pressures to represent your cultural positively, I did, as well as taking time to educate others about our African American cultural. Later I worked at George Fox for six years as both an admissions and transfer student counselor.

Fast forward to the year 2002, when I met my husband while we were both attending Mt. Olivet Baptist Church. We became acquainted while both serving in Children's Ministry; he was and is quite the gentleman and he WOWED me! Mark and I married 10 years ago this month, and have a total of four children!

When looking to buy our first home we wanted a neighborhood that was walkable, and a place kids could enjoy. It just so happened that my mom, on her own, had found something in the senior complex here. It was exciting to be not even a minute's walk from each other.

There are challenges in every neighborhood in America; I find that when challenges occur in New Columbia neighbors really reach out more to one another.

I'm active and healthy now, but just shy of two years ago I had to cease many of my neighborhood and church activities due to having had two brain surgeries for a very rare disease called *moya moya*. The strong prayers, acts of kindness, and friendship of family and neighbors helped me through my most challenging time in life.

Right now one of my passions is organizing retreats involving the entire family, there is nothing like seeing toddlers and older adults hula hooping and challenging each other. I'm grateful to be living here and that my children have had some excellent teachers, we have wonderful neighbors, and more. We may not be here forever, but it's been a great start for our kids, our family. Our community has flavor, it's not boring, and it's pleasing to the eye.

Nancy Haque

Narrator: Nancy Haque has fought for other people's rights for two decades. She is a social justice organizer who also likes to bake and craft, and sew.

My parents emigrated from Bangladesh in 1971 and I was born in 1974. The war for freedom in Bangladesh was the main reason my parents came to U.S. My dad got a posting to Washington D.C. and was part of the first embassy that opened for Bangladesh. My dad, however, had to work two jobs. He was a night manager at a theatre, so got a lot of free tickets to movies. My parents were very strict, but I went to my first big punk rock concert when I was in the 4th grade.

I think my sense of what was fair and not fair started as a kid. I was in the 5th grade when I realized that my dad worked 80 hours a week and everyone else's dad worked

40 hours. I was very bookish and wanted to learn a lot about problems in society. As a kid of 12 I'd read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. I took part in a lot of protests in the DC area: for the homeless, women's rights, and for peace rather than War in Iraq. I worked on animal rights and was a vegetarian when I was young, but in my 20s I thought, ooh, there's so much food I have never tried. I started slipping and I always say that salmon was my gateway meat.

I have been able to be an activist professionally since I graduated from college. I've worked for Jobs with Justice, and today I work at Western States Center. I get to support social justice organizations by doing training, leadership development, writing a Racial Equity Report Card for the State of Oregon and building political power in communities that are historically left out.

I grew up in an extremely white neighborhood. We felt pretty isolated from other Bangladeshi people, and we were called awful names. It was isolating and there was a lot of racism. I think that deciding to buy a house in New Columbia was about wanting something completely different than where I grew up. I wanted to be in a place that had a lot of people of color, a lot of immigrants. It feels authentic and real to be here, and I always feel safe here.

When I was looking for a home, I came to an open house one day and saw some five year old girls sitting on the grass having a candy picnic all by themselves, it felt like an old-fashioned neighborhood.

Before September 11th, I saw so much power building for positive social change in the United States. In the late 90s I helped plan the huge World Trade Organization protest in Seattle, and it was a great success. But after September the 11th, it felt like the air came out of everything for a long time. I felt really mad at other progressive people for

not standing up for Muslim communities. All my white friends who say they are against racism weren't the ones surrounding mosques in support. It was church people. Most Americans didn't educate themselves about Islam. Most Americans weren't educating themselves about what is happening around the world. There's still a lot of terrible prejudice that happens against Muslims and immigrants and in general, we have a lot of work to do to make the world a better place. But I feel more optimistic now than I have in years. It feels like people are shifting, and that's perhaps because the recession has been reminding people about the importance of community.

When I'm at my home, I love to bake, especially cakes and cupcakes, and I just got a sewing machine. I made my friend's first baby a toy with a rattle in it, and it was really fun learning how to sew a cube. It was his favorite toy as a two month old.

Elizabeth Yule

Narrator: Elizabeth Yule's home is full of ideas; things she wants to read or cook, and the quilts her mother makes.

I am the second of five children of parents who are still happily married. My dad's a nursing home administrator, my mother's a teacher. A lot of times when nursing homes sell, they bring in their own staff. So my dad would look for work somewhere else—we moved around a lot, lived in several states.

The toughest part about moving was starting over again, and I actually took it the hardest. My parents used to joke that we didn't vacation, we just moved there. I loved sports, got along with boys, and enjoyed making our own kickball diamond and having mud fights in the rain. At one point, we rented our pasture to a lady who owned horses and we got to ride and care for them.

Even though I had the hardest time with the moves, I did better in school than the others. I was quite mischievous, and as I got older, got more mischievous, finding I could skip school and still get straight A's. I wanted to be a doctor or nurse. After a really bad car accident, I took care of my father and brother. I always did that, even with animals, like tending the horses when they cut their legs on the fence.

In Tillamook, when I was 14, I was taken out of my home and was placed in foster care and juvenile lockups; I managed to get in a lot of trouble. When my parents moved to Texas in the 90s, they wanted to take me, but I was tired of moving all over creation. I was 16 and probably the only 16 year old that ever faked her ID so she could get a job. I got a full time job and my own place. Cleaned hotel rooms, did telemarketing, worked at Wendy's.

I had my first child when I was 17 and he was the joy of my life and it was that way with each of my kids. But I was constantly doing things to better myself so I could make life good for my children. I got my GED, became a CNA, and then got myself trained to be a dialysis technician, making good money. But then I got sick with a serious and incurable illness that left me unable to work anymore. If this hadn't happened, I would have gone back to college and become a nurse.

Family members have been great to me, both before I got sick and after. When I got pregnant with my oldest son, my parents were afraid that I just wouldn't be able to do it, because I'd been such a wild child, but they were quite impressed. My mom sews and sends quilts for us all the time.

When I applied for New Columbia I was quickly accepted. I've been here six years and my kids have grown up with the same kids, gone to Rosa Parks with them.

They've had that stability I wish I had had. I'm still really here for my kids. I can't do it the way I used to but I love to cook them big meals.

I still run into some of the staff people from those places I went as a teenager. They tell me I'm the only one that really turned myself around. If I could, I would say to those girls: it's never too late to go back to school, get a job. You can do it. Don't listen to people who tell you that you can't.

Zubeda Tuffa

Narrator: Zubeda Tuffa's journey took her from Ethiopia to Somalia, to San Diego and Portland.

My strong memory of my childhood was going to Somalia from Ethiopia, which I later learned was because of the political situation. We walked during the night—I was very young. I remember my daddy holding my hand. We put a little blanket under a tree and slept—it was not dangerous. When we reached Somalia, police took us to barracks and gave us shelter. Then one uncle provided us with food and the other with a house. We had great food and used a lot of sesame oil, which is good for you. The kids played little children's games like hide and seek, and marbles.

Our name came up and we got a chance to go to America; Lutheran Services sponsored us. My mom said something like, *Oh my God, I don't know anybody there, how am I going to go to a place I've never been in my life?* Back home, you know, people always help each other and neighbors are there for each other. There weren't a lot of Africans when we came to America in 1990. A lot of stuff was hard to get used to when we went to school in San Diego. Kids in school would pull our hair and call us names. But, you know, we made it. I had a really nice teacher who helped me a lot. I'm still studying English and writing and am not going to stop until I succeed.

Mom was used to people in Ethiopia and Somalia always checking on each other. Let's say, somebody's neighbors didn't see you go out today, then they come over, and they're even like, *are you okay?*

My husband and I owned a home at one point in Portland, but had to sell it. I started having my kids in 1998, and my first was born at our home on Interstate. Our first low income housing was in a quiet southwest area. I didn't know anybody at all and it was cold. And my God, that house was freezing. Housing Authority gave us a chance to come to New Columbia. I have good friends and helpful neighbors here and I volunteer at the Village Market. My kids go to Rosa Parks, George and Roosevelt. My kids like Rosa Parks and it teaches them very well.

The important thing for me now is to teach my kids my culture. I really appreciate that people at Roosevelt are willing to understand my daughter's religion. The school even offers a place to pray. That's the main thing to me, that my kids not forget their religion, because that's your holy thing you need to do.

When I can, I'm going back to PCC to become a dental hygienist. I like to help others, so I would be paid to help others. People tell me I'd be a good social worker, but I don't like to be nosy unless a person is doing bad things to harm others. And taking kids from their parents? I would never ever want to do that. Right now, I'm trying to be a good neighbor.

Egbevado Ananouko

Narrator: Egvebado is a gardening and bicycle activist, a teacher, performing artist and media maker.

I am from Togo, West Africa, and was raised in a village given to my ancestors through time. My family lived there 8 years before we moved to a bordering country as refugees escaping political turmoil. We were supported coming to the US because a sponsor read my dad's biography from the refugee camp and he wanted our family to be one that should escape the trouble.

When we landed in the states, the weather was so crazy I wanted to get back on the airplane! We lived in Pier Park for a while and then an organization that assists immigrants thought New Columbia would be a good place for us.

My school experiences were difficult for a long time, especially the way the kids acted toward each other. For me the different languages and ways were a lot to consume. At the time, I expressed a lot of unfriendly behavior and violence. The first English words I learned were not friendly; they were terrible. It got a lot better. George school definitely helped with a lot ESL classes.

My dad had been a community organizer in Africa, distributing food in the refugee camp, and he became an organizer in New Columbia, building Seeds of Harmony. I refused to help my dad out in the garden when he asked me, but he said, *Okay, you either live in the house and help me with the garden or you go.* I decided gardening would be good.

I did a lot of summer volunteer jobs, helping kids with homework, and cleaning up the park. Many things came together for me and I discovered my strengths. I realized in

the garden that I was a teacher and leader. When I received an Oregon Peacemaker Award in 2007, it kind of blew my mind.

I worked with some of the greatest youth ever at Food Works. I have many messages and being able to write up what I know is a deep desire. There's just so much to say because of what I've been through. Ideas for music come to me in many situations. Music is just puzzles and puzzles.

The first gift I received in America was a bicycle, so I became a bicycle activist.. Like gardening, bicycling is about health. I also believe bicycles are a way to bring peace to our neighborhoods.

I am young, and when I look at the world in the big picture and look at what I am doing, I don't feel like I'm doing as much as I should, but I believe music and media are a way to bring out good messages and intentions.

The most inspirational person I discovered in school was Martin Luther King. I was obsessed with him. My elementary and middle school speeches were all on Martin Luther King. Then I was surprised and happy to learn about Abraham Lincoln. WOW. I think some people are not grateful for this history. When I see young kids acting certain ways, I'm thinking, do you know anything about history and the great people to inspire you?

Rosario Irineo and Abad Pacheco

Narrator: You might be lucky enough to stroll by Rosario and Abad's home on Trenton and hear Abad singing, in Spanish, "yesterday you saw me cry but it wasn't my fault"
Rosario might often be your cashier at the Village Market.

Abad: When we first came to Portland, we lived near Chautauqua. There are beautiful parks, and the greenness is so nice. I like that it's clean here, no garbage in the streets. We'd go outside and walk in the small park, and we made friends with both English and Spanish-speaking people.

I've been working at McDonald's for a long time and am now a manager: I know customer service, cooking, supervising. The only time I don't like it is when a customer becomes angry.

Rosario: I've worked at Jack in the Box, Arbys, and now Village Market. I'm studying English both at PCC and here at New Columbia. We lived in Columbia Villa for a time, before New Columbia was built.. I really like our apartment now, and the security; we have the police around, and we have great neighbors. I like it that my daughter can walk from our house to Cesar Chavez School. Our son Eric will be returning to taking classes at PCC. When I'm not working or studying or going to classes at New Columbia, I do like to sing, especially in church.

Abad: I sing in the choir too. But I especially like to sing for small groups, when somebody gets married or has a birthday. In the house when I sing, I play guitar. In the church, I play percussion.

Rosario: Working at the Village Market, I enjoy the customers when they are nice, but if for example, kids are not respectful, I don't like it. I tell them: You need to respect me because I respect you.

We plan to buy a house and to create a small business where we can work together with food, selling both healthy food and unhealthy. Some people do not want healthy food.

I also am working toward becoming a tax preparer. I love the numbers. I want to help the Spanish –speaking people who don't speak English. Some people have no idea what benefit they can get if they do their taxes... They think doing taxes they're going to pay, pay pay. But, maybe they will get something back!

I like to offer help when people are depressed. I very much like to translate for people when they came in the store to talk to the manager.

Lateefah Mitchell

Narrator: Lateefah Mitchell practices being a good neighbor and mother. She works hard to constantly learn new skills in health and other fields.

I grew up on Williams Avenue in Portland. As kids, we'd play bike bus, pulling the leaves off the trees for dollars. We had big water fights, and I was always swimming and roller skating.

When I was little I didn't have heroes but there were people I looked up to. I would daydream about an island where all good people lived. They'd ship all the people who act bad off. Everybody would be really close and love each other. Always a childhood fantasy: people looking out for each other.

I started a day care when I was nine and also helped out the elderly, like dusting their furniture. My mom had a gleaners program where we took food to the elderly, and we kids didn't like it but we got to know a lot of people. My mom also had a garden that I hated. I grew up not to care for gardens.

As a kid I had a lot of anger. I saw a lot of violence and I didn't like going to Jefferson because of that. I was in a gang by then. Luckily, I ended up at Open Meadow, where I loved going and where I got to experience rockers, got to cook, and had teachers that

really cared. We had our first black American history class there. It was new to me; I'd never seen *Roots* and those different things.

I always had a job. In high school I had one job getting other people jobs and one in the gang task force office. I've worked in a rehab with teens coming off meth and I'm a CNA now. I went to every nursing home I knew of that was doing free CNA classes, and applied. I strive to learn in every circumstance.

I love it if I can get somebody to smile. I was working a nursing home where 90% of the people were Chinese when I got my license in 2009. I learned to do hospice, and was scared to learn it, but it was really rewarding. I did hospice for one individual I really liked. I made sure he was clean, his mouth care done; it was so rewarding that I could make somebody comfortable in their last days. It also was good for his family to see he was well cared for. The lord put me in this field. Life experience prepared me to do the things I'm now doing.

I lived in Columbia Villa for a while; my good friend and I had a path worn between our houses. She'd have the chicken, and I'd have the rice; she had the washer and I had the dryer. I have three good kids and am happy to be in New Columbia today. I love to read about different cultures and I'm beginning to open up to new things. The classes at New Columbia have helped with that. I'm thinking now I'd like to do a book of short stories about people's lives and when I'm in a good spirit I like to do poetry. In fact, I want to do standup poetry. My big dream is to be financially stable enough so I can help others. One day I want to be a counselor, own my own house and own low income apartments for people that need it.

Suad Elmi

Narrator: Suad Elmi came to the states with no English, but she graduated with honors from high school.

I was born in Somalia and came to the states with my two nieces when I was 13 years old. We left because of the civil war of 1991. My parents were still alive and I had extended family in the refugee camp. We played together, had meals; it was wonderful, but it was a camp.

I left Kenya because of an opportunity to come to the states. My nieces and I came with a family, a couple with no kids, and landed in Virginia. I did not speak any English at that time. The most shocking thing I noticed in school was that the kids were disrespectful of the teachers. Coming from Africa, we respect teachers and parents.

I have been studying English constantly since I arrived in the U.S. The teachers in Virginia were good to us and gave special attention. The Virginia family was so mean, however, that they made us wish to go back to the refugee camp. We couldn't use the washing machine and had to wash our hair with dish soap. The state finally took us and put us in a foster home, which was not bad. The family also had a Vietnamese child and an American baby, 3. The woman gave us an allowance and took us to the mosque every Friday and Saturday even though she was not a Muslim. I had no teen life, because I was a mother to my nieces.

I married a Somali man I knew in Kenya. My nieces lived with us, and then I became pregnant, but I did start college. We moved to Atlanta, then Maine, then Portland. I had one child in Atlanta and the other three kids in Maine

When I checked out New Columbia, I liked the green, and thought it was a beautiful place. I go to PCC and will continue until I complete a degree in social work. I am passionate about helping others. I especially want to help refugee people, no matter where they came from, because I've been through it. When people experience civil war, especially children, they need counseling, which they don't get through the regular agencies. I want to start a resource center for refugee women. I am a translator; plus, I work at the PCC Library.

I guess I'm a strong woman-- I'm just handling my schedule, you know. I'm an African woman, original African woman, we handle it, we don't play around.

I'm a very religious person. That's what makes me who I am, and why I'm having no depression. As a Muslim, we pray five times a day, do charity, help our neighbor. I do all that. I'm good to go.

Thurman and Kathy Landers

Narrator: You might see Thurman and Kathy Landers walking Precious, a little dog of advanced age, who is very spoiled. Precious' bosses always smile at the people they meet.

Kathy: I was born in Yakima and, to tell the truth, our family the only black family out there in the country. I loved growing up on a farm with my five brothers and sisters; we had chickens, rabbits, and a garden; my girlfriend and I rode a horse after school. I went to Yakima Valley College and liked it, but started working after two years.

Thurman: Like Kathy, there were six kids in my birth family, all boys, but we were raised in a city with people of diverse socio-economic, religious, and ethnic backgrounds. I went to traditional schools growing up and then to college at Central

Washington University, where I obtained my BA and Master's. My wrestling team there was the first team of any sport to be inducted into the school's hall of fame, into which I was also inducted. In 1971 I was also a national All American Wrestler.

East Yakima is the black and multi-cultural area of Yakima, and the kids would get together at the Methodist Church for Fun Night. One Fun Night, when I was in the 8th grade, I saw Kathy and that was it. I was mesmerized. I told the friend I was with I was going to marry her, but I didn't even know her name.

Way back in the Fun Night days I aspired to be successful in both athletics and academics. I had several school offers, including one to start a wrestling program at University of San Francisco, but I wanted to stay in the area.

Kathy: We stayed in Yakima, got married, and when we got pregnant with our first, I was ready to go back to work. Thurman was teaching and we had a babysitter. But plans changed: I was pregnant again. Hmm, if I have to pay a sitter for two babies, I might as well not be working. So I got my license and opened a daycare and did that for years. I love babies to this day! They just take to me.

Thurman: When we were young, in the 60s and 70s, Dr. King, Jesse Jackson and the civil rights movement had a definite positive impact on black people. I was senior class president in high school and we had the opportunity to go to Western to meet with Stokely Carmichael of the student non-violent coordinating committee. We brought a report back about what he said and there were repercussions throughout Yakima. Society has seen a lot of changes, thank God, and they haven't come easily.

We moved our family to Portland, and I had a great thrill as the head teacher at Genesis, a program for high risk kids, most of them known, shall we say, for their extracurricular activities in the community. I had to get permission from their social

workers and parole officers to take them on a trip to British Columbia to see the World's Fair in Canada. It was a chance of a lifetime for the kids. They didn't have to put the false images of Mr. Tough .Everybody was respecting everybody and knew the rules. After teaching, then I went into the financial planning and insurance areas. Today I drive a school bus, and teach karate over at the Charles Jordan Center.

Kathy: we got tired of our big houses Grant High and Peninsula Park and were happy to get an apartment in New Columbia. It's so near our church, Mt. Olivet, where we are Deacon and Deaconess and I'm a soprano in the choir. I love the music in the park at New Columbia and when we walk in the beautiful parks and streets, some of the kids from other countries actually call us Grandma and Grandpa.

Thurman: I've made it a point to know the police officers here. If something should happen, I want to know who I can get on board immediately for the sake of my wife and others around. One day I saw the patrol car and as I grabbed Kathy, she pushed me down in the street. I'm saying *Help Help!* The officer pulls around and looks down at me, "you all right, man?" He looks at our dog, Precious, "you all right dog?"

Kathy: One thing that we've always done is hold hands, even when we walk from the parking lot to the church.

Thurman: I walk on the street side, always. It just bothers me seeing a lady walking on the outside and a man walking on the inside. I'm just old-fashioned.

I may be old-fashioned in another way, too: I look at the people of the world as a big bouquet flowers. Let's say we take some carnations, white carnations, then some red, they are so pretty. Over there we have some roses, daffodils, and tulips. We put all those flowers in a vase and now we have a beautiful bouquet. Why can't we as humans

get together and work together just like the plants of the earth? It would be so beautiful.

Nazareth Gazai

Narrator: Naz Gazai is known to many people as a counselor and support, someone who rarely forgets details about your history you might tell her.

My mom, brothers, and sisters and I left Eritrea because of the war between our country and Ethiopia. We went through the jungle and got thrown into a couple of refugee camps. My mom and older sisters packed the food we had and we tried to camouflage our faces to look like dirt. We would literally be underground in tunnels some days. Missiles were worse on some days. One landed about a yard and a half away and hit my sister's friend, a terrible thing to look at. We lost all our belongings when they bombed the village we were in. Sometimes warriors would take us to a certain part of a city and drop us off

You didn't think about how much danger you were in, because you still have parents and the community helping you. I felt more safe there than I feel here in the U.S.; it's so isolated here. Everybody is doing their job. So when things were falling apart for us, the culture was there to help. My mom sold any gold jewelry to make sure we kids had food and clothes.

I guess my mom was a lucky woman, because normally at that age soldiers would have taken some of the kids so they could learn to fight. I remember one man offering her two camels if she would leave me behind. With two camels you'll be rich! No way would she leave her daughter behind. Some good people were generous enough to go find my mom's brother in Sudan and he came and got us at the border.

Eventually, my sister went to Cairo with a family, and my mom applied for sponsorship for America and Europe. She had to guess at birth dates and memorize them because all our papers were lost. At every step of the process, she had to use the same dates. By the Grace of God we passed and Catholic Charities sponsored us. We'd thought of New York and the buildings-- it's going to be heaven there! We were blown away by the rudeness of the people. But mother talked to a caseworker, a great woman, who said there's a chance for us to go to Portland. My first school was Woodlawn and kids were really mean, *oh you wore your outfit two times in a row!* At home, we did not change our clothes every day. Also around that time, there was an advertisement around starvation in Ethiopia, and kids would tease us about that. We got here in 1984 when there weren't a lot of Africans over here. The questions went on for years, *Oh, what kind of animals run by where you live!?*

I connected with a very special ESL teacher who took the time to teach me the language and, to this day, she checks on me. She took me to see ET—I'd never been in a theater in America.

I always say the first thing I learned coming to America was racism and prejudice. Every day I wanted to go back: *this is not what I imagined America to be.* But I, fortunately, encountered Asafa, a therapist and the greatest person; she understood what I was going through, being from that world and trying to fit in this world.

My family and nine others from Eritrea lived in Columbia Villa. Instead of having the bus bring us right here, we'd take the Greeley bus and walk to our houses. We didn't want to be teased about living in low income housing. At Jefferson high school, the African Americans told us we belonged with the white people. *Well, who DO I belong to!* But In my junior year I started finding who I was. I loved my sewing class, and we did a fashion show our junior year to introduce our culture. People were amazed.

Finally, kids started engaging more, not tearing my name into 500 pieces or calling me Nancy instead of Nazareth.

I went to Eastern Oregon State College in La Grande, pretty much a redneck town, but there a lot of Samoans, Hawaiians, and Africans. It was the school we could afford to attend. Two girls from Kenya and I stuck together. Unfortunately, my counselor told me that I should change my field because I'm never going to be a nurse. *Your English is not there*, she said. It broke me into pieces. I wish I'd had the resources that kids have now in New Columbia. I can only imagine how that information would have helped. What people say and do affects you in such a big way. A word can break you into pieces or make you the strongest person in the world.

Our parents kept telling us we needed to be professionals, a doctor or lawyer. They didn't see the baker, the tattoo artist, and that's sad. You have to love what you do. That's how I mentor kids today and I love being able to explain things to parents. It's really good for me to talk to the parents of refugee and immigrant kids, given what I went through.

My first job with Housing Authority was in a program that serves people with special dietary meals. In different high rises, we had people cooking and serving the food and making sure people were following their dietary plans. I first supervised three employees and then I ended up running the program.

Then I met John Keating, who told me about the Hope VI project to build New Columbia, and he said, *I think you'd be great in the relocation job. You did such an awesome job with the other program.* I remember being terrified and interviewing with several people. I always say John is my angel. If it weren't for him, I would still be a sheltered person and, I must say, I did do a great job. We were taking people out of

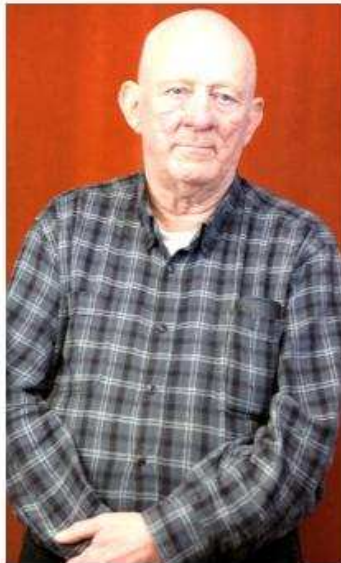
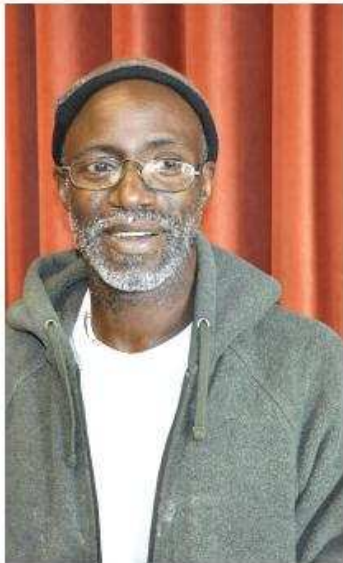
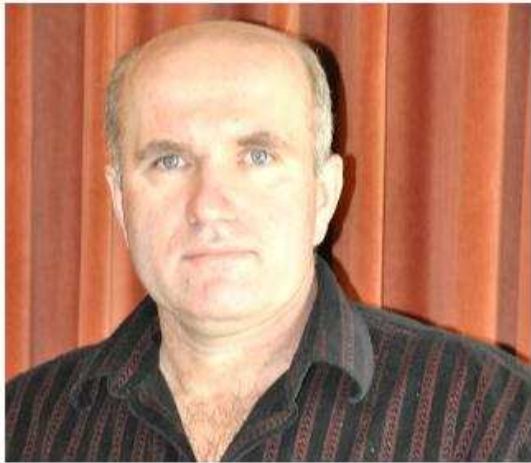
their comfort zone and putting them all over Portland. It felt good to come back, explain that process, and have them believe in you. Then I became a lead in resident service and I've been with Home Forward 15 years.

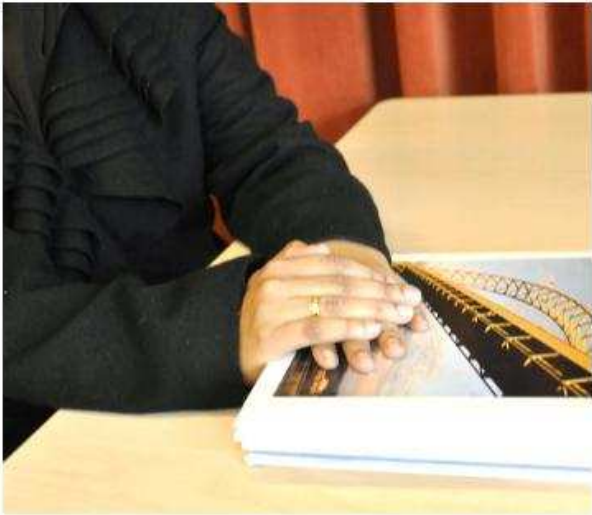
My two boys are my world, and in my free time, I love to sew pillows, curtains and scarves. I want to take a jewelry making class using clay. It might be my calling after doing this kind of job to have my own clothing and pottery store. You never know!

Narrator: And you never know who you will meet at New Columbia or what fascinating stories they might have. If you would like to have your story recorded and told for next year's presentation, please sign up with your contact information in the lobby.

A DVD of tonight's program will be available at a cost of only \$8. Please sign up and let us know how to get hold of you. Again, thanks to all of the wonderful friends and partners who made this evening possible. Kay Reid kreid@spiritone.com







About the creator of “Stories From Our Village”

Kay Reid has devoted much of her life to seeking out and recording the unknown stories of individuals and organizations—what they have given this world, what they’ve fought for in bad times and good. She’s recorded and written the stories of legislators, oyster growers, and refugees. She’s told the stories of those who live on the town’s periphery and those in its centers of power. Kay has often worked in what Jane Addams called “the social claim” to achieve justice, fairness, and peace. She has directed several major oral history programs in the Pacific Northwest, including *Great Tribal Leaders of Modern Times* through the Hatfield School of Government, Portland State University. She has great admiration for individuals and families who have built their lives, dreams, and neighborhoods against unlikely odds.

In 2012 Kay’s essay, “Multilayered Loyalties: Oregon Indian Woman as Citizens of the Land, Their Tribal Nations and the United States,” was published in the fall 2012 issue of *Oregon Historical Quarterly*. Kay’s monograph, “Recollections by Fae Dougan,” was published by the Oregon Friends of C.G. Jung Elder Project.”

