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Get to know us!

Elaine Kim-

Have you seen that girl who smiles widely and laughs obnoxiously in the hallway yet? I am sure you have, because that's me! Hi, my name is Elaine Kim and I am a junior and in the current 2017-18 Hands for A Bridge class (By far the best HFB



class in Roosevelt history). Entering this program was a significant milestone in the way I saw things before and after about the most important things that occur in our society. Before joining this class, I didn't expect myself to change as much as I anticipated and view such daily things in new ways. I have always been an optimistic person and I always believed that was the only thing I needed to understand others and enjoy my surroundings. When you are optimistic, you are able to overlook the bad and realize the good in everything. However, that's not always the case and things don't just start as bad. Although optimism is a good feature and I am glad that I am able to express such positivity, it doesn't overlook the aspect of understanding that we need to hold a grasp of. I had the opportunity of going to Northern Ireland and there is a religious divide in the country: Protestants and Catholics. We visited both sides of the sectarian divide and although there aren't violent clashes anymore between the two, there is still resentment and it is clear what the atmosphere is like. As long as there is no severe conflict between the two, then the country should be ok, right? Yet, when we ask ourselves this: has separation every solved spiteful feelings? In

Northern Ireland a very big lesson I was able to take away was, “Holding a grudge is like drinking poison and waiting for the other person to die”. Has a wall or any sort of division ever settled for peace? After the trip, I began to see that the blame we place on others and believing that the best way possible to make things better is to leave it as it was, was all wrong. This is why this class has changed me, because it made me realize everything goes beyond the surface we barely scratched and that it is now in our hands to take a step each day to piece together a better ending every day.

Sophia Modisette-

My name is Sophia Modisette, I'm 18, and I live in Seattle, Washington attending Roosevelt High School and will be attending UW in the fall. I was born and raised in America and grew up with my two older brothers while having a white father and Indian mother. A huge part of my life has always been surrounded by Indian culture because that is the side of the family I have connected with most in my life. I grew up thinking that being good



and helping others is the most important rule of life, and even now, I still have this thought.



I have a passion for social justice and helping others which I have had since I was very young. Before I applied for Hands for a Bridge I already knew that I wanted to study Global Health and help those around the world suffering from medical atrocities that are easily preventable and caused by oppression. I applied for Hands for a Bridge to continue my studies in social justice and make global connections. Not only has HFB shaped me into who I am nearing the end of my senior year, it has solidified my career path. HFB gave me a new

outlook on the world; helping me accept and use my privilege to learn, grow, and teach others.

Not only has HFB made me a more educated person, it has prepared me to travel the world. I know now that I will not be satisfied by a simple resort, but living and learning in a local sense will grant me greater satisfaction. When I graduate and move on to university, I fully intend to bring everything this year has taught me and spread what I know onto the rest of the world.

Daniella Miller-

My name is Daniella Miller, but you can call me Dani :) I am currently a senior at Roosevelt High School In Seattle, Washington. I am from the United States but have never lived here until now. I grew up in China, Kuwait, Tanzania, Vietnam, Mozambique and Seattle. I live with my mom, my sister, my dog and two cats. As you can probably tell, I like animals, a lot. I love meeting new people and experiencing new cultures. Being a part of Hands for a Bridge has really allowed me to do the things I love. I have met the most amazing, warm hearted people through this program. I enjoy listening to music and one of my favorite groups is Mi Casa. I also really enjoy sports, currently playing volleyball for Space Needle Volleyball Foundation. In my free time you can find



me drawing, watching TV, doing homework, or hanging out with friends. As for next year, I have no clue what I want to do or study however, I am interested in the field of sports science and events management. I want to travel the world and experience as much as I can.

When I Applied to Hands for a Bridge...

Louis Fuchs-

I applied to Hands for a Bridge not knowing anyone else also planning on joining. It seemed like I was the odd man out, as everyone already had acquaintances in the program. This meant that I sang songs and washed cars with, for the most part, strangers. Luckily, Hands for a Bridge quickly taught me one important lesson before it even taught me anything new about social justice: how to be comfortable being uncomfortable. This skill helped my branch out and meet everyone in my class. I quickly became accustomed to each and every member. Moreover, I applied this learning to my life outside of Hands for a Bridge, helping me begin new relationships inside of Seattle.



Slowly, these strangers who surrounded me in class every day turned into friends, and from friends they became family. What originally started as an awkward singing circle had turned into a wild, heartfelt experience with some of the most thoughtful and intelligent people I've ever met. I can't imagine learning, bonding, and traveling with any other group.

My trip to South Africa was unlike anything I could ever imagine. It offered me some of the most valuable life lessons, unforgettable, and everlasting friendships to date. I still vividly remember gazing upon the gargantuan city that is Cape Town atop Table Mountain, discussing social justice in South Africa and later singing with my brothers and sisters. To this day I'm extremely thankful for the travel opportunity I was presented.

Throughout Hands for a Bridge, I've grown immensely as a writer, scholar, activist, and as a person. I've learned so much about social justice, global history,

and friendship. I can't even begin to imagine where I'd be right now without this class. Thank you Hands for a Bridge for everything.

Amy Harris-

When I applied to Hands for A Bridge, I was nervous. I heard there was lots of singing, dancing, and reading books. Not my strongest suits. Every year, however, when the South Africans come, I always got jealous of the HFB class who would get to spend so much time with them. To a regular Roosevelt student I would only see them in the assembly and in the halls a few times. But I would never talk to them. At the end of sophomore year I picked up an application packet. However, the HFB students that year came into classrooms and gave a short presentations, and in their presentation mentioned that you should be prepared to sing alone in front of the class. Nope. Definitely not for me.

I start junior year and forget about HFB until October, when like every year before, a new batch of South African students came. Like the two years before I only had very brief encounters with them.

The year goes by and in April the applications pop up again. I decide to pick one up, debating if I would actually fill it out. I tell my parents and they were unsure at first but all for it once they learned how much colleges love to see it on applications. I started to fill it out, struggling with the creative portion the most. "Either draw or write a poem about what HFB means to you." I was stumped. I procrastinate until the day the application is due, where I decide to draw a shark and a fish swimming together, explaining that usually sharks eat fish, but they can learn to be friends. I connected it to HFB by writing how when you are in HFB you can become friends with anyone, even if they live on the other side of the world. I turn it in and after a day or two I get an interview time. Preparing for maximum



embarrassment after learning that in the interview you talk about the creative part, I walk in. Mr. Nolet and Ms. Magidman start chuckling when I talk about my artwork and say they've never gotten anything like this on an application. I walk out of the interview positive that I would be rejected from the program. A few weeks pass with no word, which only strengthened my theory that I wasn't getting in. Suddenly I get an email. I'm in! I'm in a program that I will never forget.

Hallee Olsen-

When I joined Hands for a Bridge, the first thing I was asked to do was write some sort of metaphor on how I expected the class to be. I wrote about it being a water slide. A fun winding adventure that I'm anxious to jump into, but once I'm in it I'm having fun. Now that I've come towards the end of my Hands for a Bridge journey I can say I was semi right.



But I think it would be better described as a roller coaster. See while water slides are fun, they start at the highest point at the beginning and slowly go down.

Rollercoasters can start wherever they want to and take up, down, and in a spiral in a quick second. Before you know it, its over. Your head still in the clouds as you try to comprehend what just happened. That

is Hands for a Bridge.

I signed up for this class knowing it was going to be a bit, wacky. It's not your average LA class. You talk about social issues are a problem in our everyday lives. We host students from South Africa who bring such a happy and shining feeling with them. Not to mention we travel across the world, away from our families, to immerse ourselves into a culture of a different country. No LA class I've ever heard of does that. But just knowing the outline of what we are doing in the class does not at all express what you experience. You can't just judge how stunning the roller coaster will be without hopping on it. Maybe you think you can, but trust me, it's



a lot different once you're on it.

It is such a unique experience I cannot describe using words. The happiness I felt when I met the Northern Irish for the first time, and the devastation I felt when we left them. I have built relationships across this world, across seas and mountains. I met people I would have never talked to in my own high school. I met a side of me which I never knew existed. I have learned more about Native American history this year than my whole life. I hit so many highs and lows.

Multiple times I thought I had this class figured out a curve ball would be thrown at me turning me all around again. But I loved the thrill. I adored the surprised and embraced every curve. You have to make the most of it. It's a one-time ride. After its done, its over. Which makes the whole thing that much more exciting.



Favorite Memories

My favorite memory from South Africa is when we were on top of Table Mountain, freezing, but huddled together and singing a song and unbelievably happy.

-Elaine Yao



This photo was taken of us right before we left our in Northern Ireland retreat.

I chose this photo because this was just the beginning of our adventure with the Oakgrove students. At this point we had spent three whole days together and gotten to know each other pretty well. We had

started to build individual relationships with the people around us, creating life long bonds. After our retreat we went off to live with our home stays for a week and attend Oakgrove Integrated College. For me, attending Oakgrove was something that was outside my comfort zone, but with all of the wonderful HFB students and welcoming underclassmen it was very easy to navigate and talk to the students. Some might say it was HFABulous!!!

- **Georgia Hale**



On our trip to South Africa we had the opportunity to go on a walking tour of the Langa Township. A community experiencing grave poverty, it still manages to be full of some of the most friendly individuals I have ever come into contact with. No one ever fails to say hello or to flash a smile at you when you walk by. We walked through shacks, met people making beer, met children at a preschool, went to a cultural center, saw a hostel-- we got a feel of the community. Part of the tour included a stop at a small street shop filled with goods made by local artists. All proceeds went directly to the sellers. When we were

all browsing through these goods in the unbearable, blazing heat, a little girl spotted us from her window. Her head peeking out in awe. The second I made eye contact with her, she sprinted out of her home and joined us. She couldn't speak English. She spoke only with her smile. This is how we communicated-- smiles and laughter. Within seconds she had created a human swing. For the next 20 minutes, she went from person to person grabbing their hands to be swung. She would tightly grip your hands and leap forward. With every leap, came a bigger smile. This is one of the moments I realized that making someone happy doesn't take much. Sometimes all it takes is a smile, and open hands.

- **Lila Stocking**



While we were in Belfast, it happened to snow one day so that the whole city was covered in a layer of beautiful, powery white snow. The next day, snow still covering the ground, we decided to take a hike up a mountain which overlooks the city. And so we caught a double decker bus about 40 minutes out of the center of town and then started our climb. We went past a castle, up the side of the mountain, across the very windy edge which looked out to the whole foreign land below, ate lunch in the middle of the snow, and then climbed back down under the sun. It was a perfect day filled with lots of laughs, pictures, and even some tears from the insane wind.



In Derry, we had one afternoon during which we were free to roam the city with our new friends from HFB Northern Ireland. In search of wool sweaters to take back home to Seattle, they took us to a little place called craft village, the cutest collection of small shops filled with handmade gifts. We ran around, excited and eager, but we never did find the perfect wool sweaters. Instead, we ended up going to a vintage thrift store, chatting in a small cafe, and getting a personal tour of the history of Derry from our Northern Irish friends while walking across the walls admiring the city below.



- **Amy Ozinsky**



This picture was taken on our last day with the Oakgrove students, about an hour before we said goodbye (so if we're trying to smile but actually just look sad that's why.) In the back row are Lauren, Katie, Aleksandra, and I, and Christian and Eleanor are in the front. I had so much fun with them and with everyone through the whole trip, both the heartbreaking moments and the hilarious moments: everything from tearful memorial services to laughing hysterically at the bowling alley. I also learned just how close you can become with people in three minutes if given the chance, and

how anyone can bond through fangirling over Hamilton no matter what continent they live on.

- **Corinne Herzog**



It was day three in South Africa. As we sang inside, our minds were elsewhere. The rumbles of thunder and the strobes of lightning were too prominent to ignore. We all ran outside as if it were the last day of school and were ecstatic to see the rain bouncing off the pavement, and mimicked it with *High School Musical* jumps. Rain has always been my favorite weather, and this is one of my favorite memories from the

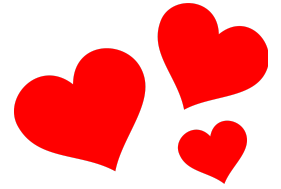
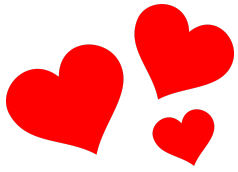
whole trip. Everlasting bonds were forming as the rains of home fell over Langa.

- **Jaelyn Johnson**

This is a picture of the longest peace wall in all of Northern Ireland. It divides the catholic neighborhood from the protestant neighborhoods and has had to be made taller on three separate occasions due to the violence shown by both sides. Rocks, bombs, bullets and many other things have been and are thrown across this wall at each other. Despite being named a “peace wall” this wall symbolizes anything but peace. It symbolizes the hate and anger protestants and catholics had and some still have for each other. There is only one gate in and out of the protestant neighborhood that this wall surrounds. Every morning at seven o’clock the gates open and people are able to freely go in and out as they please, until seven o’clock that night that those very same gates will slam shut locking the people who live there in and the people who don’t out. The wall provides a sense of security for the people who live near it. Some people are friends with people on the other side yet they still believe that wall is needed in order to protect themselves.



- **Ellie James**



Moms!

Throughout the month of May we invited all the amazing HFB moms to come and speak to the class about their experiences living in a world full of male privilege. We were lucky enough to hear the stories of four incredible moms!

Dharma Dailey

Dharma Dailey grew up in Scranton, PA with her teen mother in the projects. She herself became a teen mom at the age of seventeen and put off her aspirations of attending college and becoming an engineer until recently. Choosing a male dominated field, she inspires us to not shy away and to follow our desires even if it takes time to get there.

Sandy Kilroy

Sandy Kilroy visited the class and focused specifically on the injustices females face within the workplace, pay gap in particular, and talked about how stereotypical gender roles can get in the way of a females career choices and family life. She encouraged us to not be afraid to ask for a raise when felt it is deserved and to follow our own path and not the one typically laid out for our genders



Sonal Modisette



Sonal Modisette shared with us her personal experience with racism and the traditional gender roles that come from being the daughter of Indian immigrants. She expressed the pressures placed upon her by her parents and how she chose to stray from their customary wishes and follow her heart.

Shelley Barnes

Shelley Barnes is a former Roosevelt High School student back when it was diverse. She opened up about her personal experience with sexual assault and how she has felt comfort by the bravery of those who have spoken out in the #metoo movement. She has helped us to understand the guilt placed upon sexual harassment victims, how we can support those who have endured such injustices, and shared with us her hope for a better and safer future.



Poetry

An American Success Story

By Mackenzie Kilroy

Get home.
Get home.
Drive with tired eyes, hand over horn. Drag your bones, heavy inside your clothes, up concrete stairs.
Turn on the light.
Rest your bones on your granite counter, paid for by your important job, the title with which you find nothing in common. fingers in hair.
The sounds of your beautiful, silent home, stagnant in your ears. Your friends comment on the modern polish of it all when they can make it away from the office. You no longer notice. It is manicured by other hands and It always



looks this way. Chase the stress with wine and a bright TV. Another bottle rattles into the recycling bin. Slumped on your grey couch you close your eyes. Replaying today's events in your mind, you think of the emails that went unsent and the dinner you neglected to eat. Your bones are settled now. Your finger extends at your side to silence the Flat Screen that flickers where a fireplace is supposed to be. You sleep, your tailored suit melting into Restoration Hardware cushions beneath a photo of your loving parents who you haven't seen in months. All of their friends at the club wish that their children could be as successful as you.

A Garbage truck wakes you.

You pull your Bones from the space in the couch where they have melted so many nights before. You brush your hair and pull a fresh tailored suit off of the hanger. You have an appearance to keep up after all. Your colleges are often impressed by the perfection with which you present yourself. Keys jangle in hand. Turn off the light.

Drive with tired eyes, hand over horn.

Get to work.

Get to work.

Social Justice

By Isabel Lundquist

Back in October I wrote about what the phrase “social justice” meant to me. How we seem to focus on it so much yet I didn't totally know what it means. I threw around big words like righteousness and morality. Equity versus equality. Those words have a lot of power behind them. They are large, complex words that aren't easily unpacked.

Now it is April and I look back and see my growth. I see how my thoughts have changed and how my understanding has changed along with it.



Social justice means standing up for what is right, whether you are in the face of adversity or not. It is welcoming people from all walks of life into your heart. Social justice to me is working for a better future with more equality and opportunity for all. It means taking the hard to road to face morality. I believe that social justice is also a combination of the little things you do. Making someone's day brighter mean more than any time or money you donate. All of

these things add up to the meaning of social justice for me.



I realize you might not agree with me. Or even understand what I'm saying. But after six months of learning and growth through trial and error, I have finally figured out what social justice looks like to me. And that's all that really matters.

Ghosts of the Bogside

By Matthew Torrey

I have wailed through the streets of Derry
Guided by the voices of Napoleonic ghosts
I have shivered in the waters of the Irish Sea
Pulled down by hands of lost sailors
In their terror they forget nothing
Nothing exists to forget but the million
goulish bodies floating beside my corpse
In my terror I am nothing
Draining from that green sea is this
monstrous river of blood, the Foyle
Draining from that city are the souls of all
that have gone
There are paratroopers in the streets firing
upon the innocent
There is a parade of lost souls burned in
petrol bombs or beat to hells gate with billy
club
There are bombs under every mans car



And in my madness the dead whooping wailing howling at the moon turn their drunken
lustful angry heads toward me and name me their murderer
I confess without trial and am hung that day beside ten known IRA members
Even through I am not IRA
Even though I am not Catholic or Protestant
I am an American accomplice so I do not protest the judgement handed down by God
upon my soul
I am glad to hang rather than see another hang in my place
After the last spectator has gone my body is buried in a simple grave beside those ten
men who I never met
I awake twenty years gone by and see the beautiful daughters and sons of the hangmen
and the holy sons and daughters of the hung and they all glance at each other



suspiciously from behind muraled walls or barbed fences
I see a single girl in a beautiful dress and instantly I am in love (but
more in the way a man loves a beautiful piece of art or an
enlightened passage from a book than a woman, even though I also
love her in her physical form as a woman) and she sings a song of
hope, tears in her eyes and blood on her hands where she held the
hand of her mother
I see a boy with a long somber face strumming the same sad lost
ancient tune on the gnarled worn out strings of his grandfathers
guitar
It is a song of hope, sad and lonely
And with it I die a million times, hopes beauty brings fiery
poisonous tears to my eyes and so I return to the underworld alive

And I dance with the ghosts of the bogside forevermore

Truth

By Rudy Toepfer

Truth

I began by looking for an academic truth
A truth that was factual, that served the powerful

I learned a practical truth
A truth that is supported by emotion, not hindered by it
A truth not decided by an authority
instead by a community
Truth is found when stories are heard and ancestors
heeded



Truths were present

Untitled

By Quinn Gunter

When you're lying in bed alone at night
when it's like being dead but just not quite
and you hear the beating of your own heart
and you feel you breathing stop and start
you remember all the celebrities that died in their
sleep
and all the ones who went to quickly like Plath
and Keats



'Cause death is so crazy ya-know?
people and planets and rainstorms
where does all that go?
why do we bother sitting in class
while cars are crashing and people are passing
and middle fingers are flicking and nicknames are sticking
and rain is falling and fires are starting
and death is coming.



Like blacking out but blacking out forever
like forgetting anything that's ever happened ever
being where there's no feelings or temperature or weather
and there you are, but you're not 'cause you're nothing
can you feel the water in your lungs
can you feel the movement in the dark
can you see the other frozen figures as you fight against the
pressure
or have you accepted it by now is the fear no longer worth the
effort

we must have evolved it to survive this feeling that I get
sometimes when my blood pumping vessels feel so delicate and quivering
like they're barely holding on and would stop for almost anything is this the
price for loving life too much
when nihilism and sentimentality roll all up into one
horrifying feeling that all of life is fleeting

oh I really should be sleeping so goodnight

The Tide

By Adrian Gervassi- Saga

People come and go

Like the tide

In and out, up and down, and side to side

And as we move on from one stage of life to another

We tend to forget

We forget about the people

About the memories

That have made us who we are

Who have shapes us into the beautiful beings we are today

I owe tribute to the people and these memories

For making me who I am today

Because of these people, I've found my dream

And because of these memories, I've chosen to pursue it

These people are a part of my identity

I've learned lessons from them

I've had amazing experiences

I've lived a life beyond satisfactory

And as I continue living this life of mine

And the tide resides

I want to acknowledge

The imprints the people have left on my life

Untitled

By Lydia Ringer

Twisted in darkness

The light becomes harder to see

It becomes harder to follow the right path Harder to
follow any path

But there's a light in the darkness

So focused on grades

That the light of common sense, Imagination,
selfcare,

Becomes harder to find

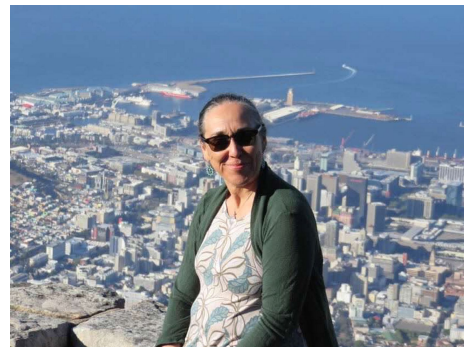


It's still there
Just buried, deeper and deeper Harder to find
Some stop looking for it
Some stop digging
Only then has the darkness won

Polly Olson



Polly Olson has played a huge role in HFB. She traveled to South Africa this year and was one of our drivers but also taught us about Native American culture, the



importance of the ancestors specifically. She also led us in the making of the corn husk dolls which we gifted to our families during our closing

ceremony. In ways all of us consider Polly to be a second mom and cannot thank her enough for everything she's done for this program!





Our Wonderful Teachers! -

without whom this program would be impossible. Thank You for all the heart and mind you put into this program!



Committee's

Zimkhita

The Zimkhita committee was in charge of beginning a dialogue with Zimkhita Ndinga. A former HFB member, Zimkhita created Township Roots, an after school program aimed at giving middle school aged children more opportunities and a larger scope of life, by doing things like teaching them to use computers or bettering their English.

We pursued establishing a connection with Zimkhita and next years HFB, as well as the principal at Jane Addams Middle School.

Duwamish

The Duwamish committee focused on learning about the history behind the three paintings that are right in front of our school's library. Until Mr. Nolet pointed these paintings out to us, we were never aware that they existed and I'm sure most of the Roosevelt population feels the same way. There is one main painting about Mount Rainier with some Native Americans and a horse in the background. The other two paintings are smaller and are about colonists coming to Alki beach, with a better representation what Northwest Native Americans looked like. Olin went to the librarian and got research about the artist who created the paintings as well as a book about the landing on Alki beach. As a group, we all read through the research and read snippets of the book. We also talked to Polly, who helped us understand more about the Duwamish tribe and helped us with understanding what the three paintings mean.

Magazine

The magazine committee gathered pieces of creative writing and some art from our own RHS HFB students, Northern Ireland and South Africa. We

gathered these pieces to compile them together into a magazine so that we could share the pieces with each other. I believe that this was a successful committee even though it wasn't published this year because we managed to gather unique writings from three different schools and put them in a place where they can all be read.

Homelessness

Our committee was tasked with a project that related to the homeless population of Seattle. We knew there were two main ways we could go with it. We could do something to spread awareness and the stories of the homeless. Or we could do some sort of service job, like a drive or serving food. After much deliberation we settled on a service project because the outcome for the timeframe seemed more doable.

With that decision we decided to do a drive to donate supplies to local homeless shelters. We thought that would be an easy way to reach the community on a grand scale and getting our school community involved in the process. We set about contacting homeless shelter in Seattle and ended up in contact with Facing Homelessness and Youth Care. We emailed both organizations who were thrilled that we had taken an interest and gave us a list of supplies they take. We put flyers around the school advertising the drive and eventually set up bags in every second period to start collections. We had a few bumps in the road throughout the process but in the end we collectively are proud of the work we did. The four of us hope that we at least made a small difference in the lives of a few people.

High School Visits

High school visits committee consists of Lydia Ringer, Anna Bricknell, Sophia Modiste, and Rudy Toepfer. The goal of High School visits committee is to reach out to other schools that Roosevelt High School student would not normally interact with, and bridge the gap.

All members of the committee reached out to different teachers at different schools. Sophia reached out to Holly Cotton at the Seattle World School. She reached out about the possibility of a connection between Roosevelt Hands For A Bridge and World School students.

The first interaction with the World School was at the world school. Roosevelt Hands For A Bridge Students bussed down to the World School. Students bonded over their common interests and lives.

The second interaction with the World School was at Roosevelt High School. Students continued the connection and shared more about their past, present and future.

Ninth Grade

Overall, the efforts of the 9th grade committee led to great leaps forward in intertwining the Roosevelt student body as a whole. The entire Roosevelt community seems more tightly connected as a result of our efforts to reach out to the freshman class. Looking back, I wish there was a Hands for a Bridge group that came into my language arts class as a freshman. I felt very distant from the Roosevelt student body. I didn't know many of my peers and upperclassmen intimidated me. Had there been a few in-class sessions with HFB upperclassmen, I would've had a much easier time adjusting to my new and strenuous high school life. I'm sure the rest of the committee would agree with me on this. I and the rest of the 9th Grade committee are very glad to have helped set the precedent for future relations between freshmen and upperclassmen.

South African Visit!

In October 2017, we had our South African friends come and visit us for ten days. Our time together may have been short, but the memories and bonds made will last a lifetime! We love you guys!!!



Songs

At our end of the year ceremony two students performed songs that they wrote. In Northern Ireland there are a few main bridges that people jump off, Mackenzie's song is about those who lost their lives. Fiona Tracey wrote a song reflecting the amazing year we've had in HFB.

One Year

By Fiona Tracey

The things we've been through
Times we've had
Memories shared it
Went by so fast

Say goodbye and
Hit the road
All the stories
We never told

I'll see you later
In another time
I'll remember these days
My whole life

It's only been one year
Look how much we've done
Look who've we become
It went by so fast
I'll miss it when it's gone
Miss you when it's gone
x 2

Weigh the good with all the bad
Save the frowns and look ahead

Live life how it's meant to be
Always cherish these memories

It's only been one year
Look how much we've done
Look who've we become
It went by so fast
I'll miss it when it's gone
Miss you when it's gone X 2

River Foyle

By Mackenzie Kilroy

Rushing, icy, cold

Sweeping, chilling, home

Darkness holds him tight

He'll find his place tonight

Standing all alone, nothing is below

Giving up his fight

He'll find his place tonight

He thinks this is the low

And down, down he goes

Rushing, icy, cold

Sweeping, chilling, home

Darkness holds him tight

River feels just right

River take him slow

And down, down he goes



HFB South Africa

HFB Northern Ireland



Reflections

Anna Bricknell-

My trip to Northern Ireland was something else to say the least. It was full of new experiences, new friends, and new memories. This trip is really hard to reflect on, it is one of those trips that you have to be there to understand why it was so hard to leave and how important the people in Northern Ireland are. But, I will talk about my trip anyways.



The flight to London was chill, I watched some movies and tried to do some homework. When we landed in London, we had about five hours to hangout in the airport. And like any group of teenagers, we did some exploring. Then we got on our flight to Belfast, which was your average flight. We finally landed in Belfast after 16 or so hours of travel!

On our first day in Belfast, we went on a tour of the Catholic and Protestant sides of the city. I found the differences and similarities of the two sides of the wall very interesting. Both sides had murals on sides of houses. One of the saddest parts of the tour was when we transferred from our Catholic tour guide to our Protestant tour guide. We had to walk through a gate that separated the Catholics and the Protestants. This gate opened at 7:00 A.M. and closed at 7:00 P.M.. After the tours, we were given free time to explore the city and buy gifts for our family.

The next day, we woke up and it was snowing! I am very glad I brought a lot of layers. We took the train to the Titanic Museum where we learned about the production of the Titanic. As we were exploring the museum, we looked outside and saw so much snow falling one minute and then sun the next!

The third day, our last day in Belfast before we went to Derry, was spent outdoors. Ms. MacDonald took some of the group on a hike up that overlooked the city. It was pretty cold that day, so there was a lot of snow at the top. Since we don't really get snow in Seattle, it was really fun to roll around in the snow.

After three days in Belfast, it was finally time to take a bus to Derry and meet the students of HFB Northern Ireland. We got on our bus relatively early,

taking a stop at the Seamus Heaney Museum. Seamus Heaney was a famous Northern Irish poet and won a Nobel prize for literature for his work. After the museum, we drove for about an hour when we finally arrived in beautiful Derry. We met the students and went home to our host families.

The next day, we drove to Corrymeela, where we had our retreat. The retreat was amazing. I was able to get really close with everyone there since we spent so much time together. Some of my favorite memories were when we had an impromptu dance party and Elaine and Adrian showed us some killer dance moves, all of the food we ate, and drinking tea all the time. One of my favorite people I am fortunate to know is Mr. Harkin. Mr. Harkin is the leader of HFB in Northern Ireland. If you ever get the opportunity to meet or know Mr. Harkin, you are so lucky. He is one of the most generous, caring, and funny man I have ever had the pleasure of knowing.

The next few days were a blur. Mr. Harkin set up so much for us to do and so many people to meet and so many sites to see. All I know is that I cried a lot and I laughed a lot and I made memories that I will keep forever.

Jackson McAlpine-

What to say about the HFB Program... When I begin to try and compose my thoughts into sentences, my brain is flooded with an immense number of phrases and adjectives to describe what Hands For a Bridge is all about. The first word that comes to mind is “altering”. I can honestly say that I have learned more about the world in this one class than I have learned in my entire high school career. No class I have ever taken at Roosevelt has even come close to comparing to how amazing this one is. In my opinion, this is due to the programs incredible teacher, Mr. Nolet. Over the last 6 months, Mr. Nolet has opened my eyes to things I don’t think anyone else could. He has challenged my viewpoints and made it possible for me to understand intense topics like sexism and racism, and where these are rooted in our society. For this and so many other reasons, I will be grateful to have had the privilege of being able to learn from this man.



The highlight of the class obviously is the cultural exchanges. I had the amazing opportunity to go to South Africa. To sum it up in one phrase, my experience was life changing. It is one thing to hear about issues going on in

other parts of the world, and you can learn all you want about the struggles people are going through elsewhere, but it is so immeasurably different to go into an area like that and not only see it through your own eyes, but experience it for yourself as well. To live in the same conditions that those wonderful people live in everyday was heartbreaking. On top of all that, the water crisis forced people into extreme levels of worry and fright. I cannot begin to explain how humbling it was to see how rich and beautiful that culture is while having so little material objects. When I came home from my trip, I sat down on my bed and started crying. I was so overwhelmed with emotion and was unsure of how to handle all the information I had just taken in. I realized how many things I had that I just didn't need. I wonder how the South Africans felt when they returned home after experiencing bright, electric, rich Seattle.



Chadwick Acarregui-

Hands For a Bridge has been a life changing experience for me. I learned more through this class than all classes I've taken day Roosevelt combined. I personally believe school is a waste of time and the things we learn are (most of the time) not applicable to the real world. Language arts classes at Roosevelt are of high difficult with little to no reward. I honestly don't think I learned anything in my previous 3 LA classes, maybe it was the teachers or maybe it was just me, but that's how I feel. So naturally, I was a little skeptical going into Hands For a Bridge.

Tom Nolet took my feelings about school and threw them out the window. I never believed one man could change my life so drastically but this one did. I was in a bad place with my views on a lot of things. I was very angry at the world for all the shit it has put me through, and that left me feeling bitter day in and day out. But that first day I came into class we got a song sheet full of songs I loved. Maybe it was all the music that did the trick, but I wake up most days with a smile on my face.



Northern Ireland for sure changed my life. Seeing how much those people had been through to be smiling in the end truly was inspiring. Although we didn't spend the entire time with the Northern Ireland HFBSers, the relationships we built with them were life long. I still talk to the Irish kids everyday, and am actually trying to organize a trip to go back at some point. However this time if I were to go, I would bring my grandma. When she asked me about Northern Ireland and my trip, it was hard to explain because of how unique of an experience I had. So I told her it would be easier just to show her. My best advice for you regarding Hands For a Bridge is that, you get out of it what you put in, so it's best to just dive into everything without acting "too cool" to do the activities.

Fiona Tracey-

Coming into this class I didn't know what to expect, I was excited for the journey but had no idea where it lead. I was pushed outside my comfort zone many times during this year and I'm so grateful for that. There's many things looking back that I was initially so nervous about like singing ice ice baby at the open mic in South Africa, or performing the song I wrote, and just singing in front of people in general. But you all supported me and helped to give me that lil push I needed, I'm so thankful for that.



This class has taught me so much, I learned more about important issues with all of our class discussions and was inspired to push for a change. I got involved with the community with the lunchroom project, real change, and class visits. I had practice working as a team through any problems that might arise with all the group projects we've had. I've learned how to try and be a better person, how to acknowledge my own privilege. And how to see all sides of the story.

When the South Africans came to Seattle we did so much together, stretching that week as far as we could. Blasting Sia's favorite songs in Sophia's car on the way to the football game, and getting trapped in the parking lot after. Running up the hill at gasworks as it

poured so we could get that group picture. The retreat, the movie night at Hallee's House, the potluck at Rudy's

I'll never forget when we first landed in Cape Town. We hadn't met many of those people but we hugged and laughed as if everyone of them we had known for a lifetime. And 2 weeks later we cried and hugged again as we left the place and people that became a second home. Playing with the children at the park, dancing in the rain, singing songs, all the Polly selfies, and so much more...



We laughed together, sang together, danced together, smiled together, and cried together. We've been there for each other, encouraged each other, cheered on one another, and when times were tough... we've comforted each other. It's insane to think we are in the last days of our journey and that the next class is just starting theirs. This year has been a blast and truly unforgettable. I care about every single one of you guys and I'm so glad I got to be a part of this program.



Thank You For Reading!

This newsletter was made by Fiona Tracey, Jaelyn Johnson, Ellie James and Rebecca Carpenter.

Check out the Hands For a Bridge website: <http://www.handsforabridge.org>

Two students from this year created videos from their trips. Visit the links below to watch the videos!

Northern Ireland video by Anna Bricknell-
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nD6gvtNWzFg>

South Africa video by Fiona Tracey-
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=i3THgQ5-sUI&t=8s>