10-4-2018

Twirling Into Hispanic Heritage Month

Andrews University

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.andrews.edu/sm-103
Part of the Higher Education Commons
I'M NOT MEXICAN...

“At first the questions didn’t phase me and oftentimes I’d think, ‘white people, they just don’t know.’”

P. 8

COVER DESIGN BY NATHANIEL PATTERSON

Twirling Into Hispanic Heritage Month
Uno Voz, Many Lands
Pg. 9

NO HABLO ESPAÑOL

“I wish you’d taught me Spanish,” I told her.
She looked at me for a long time. “So do I,” she said.”

P. 12

HISPANIC AGORA FOSTERS CHANGE

“Discourse changes the world, and the Agora cultivates the exact environment to do so.”

P. 3

FINDING THE JOY IN FAITH

“I know it is easy to feel guilty for being ‘unrightfully’ depressed. But I’ve learned that when I am at my lowest, when I feel like I have no other options, when I’m backed into a corner, that’s when I can see God most clearly.”

P. 4

TWO SIDES OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

“I think that we should remember that the goal is to not merely live but to be fully alive.”

P. 7

I’M NOT MEXICAN...

“At first the questions didn’t phase me and oftentimes I’d think, ‘white people, they just don’t know.’”

P. 8

DR. VANESSA CORREDERA

“A game of ‘playing house’ began with some of her classmates, and one told her, ‘you have to be the maid because you speak Spanish.’”

P. 10

“Discourse changes the world, and the Agora cultivates the exact environment to do so.”

P. 9

FINDING THE JOY IN FAITH

“I know it is easy to feel guilty for being ‘unrightfully’ depressed. But I’ve learned that when I am at my lowest, when I feel like I have no other options, when I’m backed into a corner, that’s when I can see God most clearly.”

P. 4

TWO SIDES OF THE SPINNING WHEEL

“I think that we should remember that the goal is to not merely live but to be fully alive.”

P. 7

I’M NOT MEXICAN...

“At first the questions didn’t phase me and oftentimes I’d think, ‘white people, they just don’t know.’”

P. 8

DR. VANESSA CORREDERA

“A game of ‘playing house’ began with some of her classmates, and one told her, ‘you have to be the maid because you speak Spanish.’”

P. 10

NO HABLO ESPAÑOL

“I wish you’d taught me Spanish,” I told her.
She looked at me for a long time. “So do I,” she said.”

P. 12
The Student Movement

Friday, Sept. 28, dawned bright and sunny, and expectations were high for the annual Alumni Homecoming Parade. But by the time the participants gathered on the back parking lot of Andrews Academy at 4:15 p.m., the air had turned cold and windy, and rain threatened to spill over. Observers watched the skies with trepidation: for many, their paper signs or elaborate costumes would not fair in bad weather.

Even so, there were impressive turnouts for multiple clubs and campus organizations. The Chemistry Club included a mass of students holding signs representing the periodic table. The AU Theatre Wing showed off their costumes and their choreography, as well as some lovely harmonies as they performed a song from last year’s production of Shakespeare’s Much Ado About Nothing for the judges. AUSA presented Pixar’s Up, with social vice president Karl Arrogante (senior, chemical engineering) as Russell, Jonathan Baker (junior, theology) as Carl and President LJ Robinson (senior, elementary education) donned the floppy ears of Doug the dog. And speaking of animals, the dairy brought a calf riding on the back of a vehicle, and multiple groups brought dogs.

As Winter Smith (senior, business pre-medecine) said, “Participating in the parade was a lot of fun. I’ve been wanting to do it ever since I joined Senate my freshman year, so participating now, on my senior year, felt like I came full circle.” Fortunately, by the time the judging started, there was nothing more than a light sprinkle of rain, with multiple groups now carrying umbrellas as their unofficial accessories. Children in raincoats danced around the edges of the road, waving at the parade participants. As the announcers reviewed the groups and decided on prizes, the audience gathered around the road to the HPAC and cheered for their favorites.

As participant Leah Wooten (junior, international business) said, “The parade was a great display of both school spirit and community involvement. It was great to see the turn out of community members, professors, alumni and current students.” Despite the imperfect weather, the parade provided a true coming-together of the Andrews community—past, present and future.

“Observers watched the skies with trepidation: for many, their paper signs or elaborate costumes would not fair in bad weather.”

Alexi Decker

PHOTOS BY JONATHAN LOGAN

Homecoming Parade 2018: Coming Full Circle
Agora Discourse Honors Hispanic Heritage Month

Kara Herrera  
On Sept. 29, in Newbold Auditorium, the Agora decided to tackle the topic of immigration in honor of Hispanic Heritage month. The Agora—a debate-style program where modern topics are debated about from two opposing sides—took place at 4 p.m. last Saturday and filled a large number of seats. The topic was specifically narrowed down to cover Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) and whether or not it is effective in accomplishing its mission. ICIIE is effective as a pawn in the hands of the right administration.

Usually during the Agora program, microphones are set up so that the audience members can participate and ask questions while the two people are debating. And Saturday found itself filled with audience members willing to share their thoughts about the event.

Nathaniel Patterson (junior, computer science) says that “The Agora on ICE was very enlightening. I loved the intelligent debate from both sides. I appreciated that both members of the dialogue had the best interest of the immigrant in mind and it was evident they both cared about making a difference for those marginalized voices in our society. Looking forward to the next one.”

In addition to audience participation, the Agora program utilizes a leadership team composed of students. One of those team members, Sharyl Cubero (junior, biology major) adds her take on the event.

Cubero says, “This is my second year on the Agora leadership team. The discussion ends up being different every time, which is one of my favorite things about it. It’s always interesting to see how the crowd reacts. The Agora pushes people to develop and challenge their own opinions about relevant issues. Ofentimes, we never get a chance to think about our own opinions. The very best part isn’t even during the actual event. I remember getting teary-eyed at the very end when people stay behind to discuss what happened.”

While the Agora definitely touched on a sensitive topic, students who attended seemed grateful for the opportunity to engage and observe the event. When asked what she thinks is valuable about the Agora, Cubero concludes that “Discourse changes the world, and the Agora cultivates the exact environment to do so.”

Physical Therapy Department Celebrates 30 Years

Gabrielle Johnson  
For alumni weekend, the Andrews University Physical Therapy Department will be taking time to celebrate and honor their alumni. The physical therapy program was first introduced to Andrews University in 1985 with the first graduating class being in 1988. For the past 30 years, the physical therapy department has produced quite a number of graduates. Many of these graduates have entered professional careers and have become leaders in the field.

At Andrews University, the physical therapy department offers four different programs that individuals can choose from. First, there is the Bachelors of Health Science for pre-physical therapy students. Next, there is the Doctor of Physical Therapy. Following that, individuals can choose between the Transitional Doctor of Physical Therapy (tDPT) and the Doctor of Science in Physical Therapy (DScPT). The tDPT can be completed in 18-24 months, and is specifically designed for clinicians who graduated years ago but want to become current with their skills. On the other hand, the DScPT usually takes five to seven years and was created to help clinicians become competent researchers.

Festivities began on Thursday, Sept. 27, with a continuing education (CE) seminar. Alumni had the opportunity to gain up to two CE credits—Anatomy Review and/or Health Promotion and Wellness in physical therapy. On Friday, Sept. 28, there was a panel discussion and networking event to celebrate innovative graduates. On Saturday, Sept. 29, the physical therapy department hosted a potluck for alumni and current students to fellowship with each other.

At least a hundred alumni showed up to the 30 year celebration. Every class over the last 20 years was represented. Kimberly Ferreira, the department chair, stated, “I believe that the physical therapy department has a very positive impact on campus. Our program brings people from very different faiths and backgrounds, which adds to the richness of our student body.”

Harvest Run Greets Autumn at AU

Megan Ehrhardt and Richla Sabuin  
Autumn at Andrews University is distinct with its brisk morning air, dark reds, oranges, and mellow yellows bursting forth to fill the air. It is a seasonal reminder of motion, change and of poignant life. In accordance with this seasonal atmosphere, the 2018 Harvest Run on Sunday, Sept. 30, allowed many to immerse themselves in that autumn, as well as making personal strides towards wellness and personal growth, while racing down a trail. Whether walking, jogging, or running, all who participated left in a healthier, livelier mood.

The Harvest Run took place on the last place of the 2018 Alumni Weekend, and summoned students, alumni, staff and faculty alike to bring their best to the beautiful campus and (for the 10k runners) woody trails. Featuring a one mile walk, a 5k and a 10k, runners would pass by the the Globe, the Buller arch, and the J.N. Andrews Statue. Sponsored by the Credit Union, runners’ bib numbers counted as an entry into the annual Harvest Run drawing—the prize, a $100 pair of Nike running shoes. Jocelyn Vierra (freshman, mechanical engineering), the second place winner in the 26-30 age group, recommended that everyone participate in the next Harvest Run.

The 5k winner was Tommy Imaizu (Junior, Medical Lab Science & pre-med), with a time of 20:39. The 10k winner was Carol Burt-nack (Assistant Professor of Nutrition & Dietetics) with a time of 22:56. The 10k winner was Seth Bussey (MDiv student) with a time of 46:20. The women’s winner was Heather Jurek (Junior, Nursing) with a time of 47:23. Jocelyn says, “I always recommend running because it is one of the best exercises that you can do literally anywhere, anytime. My goal is to be ready for the Chicago triathlon next year, utilizing these eleven months of preparation.” Jocelyn says that this year around seventy people participated.
The Struggle of Faith

Rebecca Keller

Although I wish I was like Tigger, I identify more with Eeyore. Tigger is fun and energetic and spontaneoues, while Eeyore is...depressing. The dark, rainy cloud follows him wherever he goes and makes him see the glass-half-empty side of the world. My dark cloud may be invisible, but it follows me and casts a shadow over even the best days.

Some days I feel sad or upset with the world or just down, and it’s hard for me to smile. Anis as the days when I do smile and everything seems to be going my way, that dark cloud looms over my shoulder, overshadowing my happiness with thoughts like what if you never get better? or remember that embarrassing thing you did once? or you don’t deserve to be happy. Even when I’m at my best, my brain sabotages me with patterns of negative thinking.

Let me be honest with you: depression sucks. It sucks away the fun when I’m with my friends; it sucks away my self-esteem when I encounter difficult classes or tasks; it sucks away my happiness when something good happens; it even sucks away my desire to spend time with God by making me feel guilty about my depression. Because if I were a true Christian, I wouldn’t be depressed, right? “I have the joy, joy, joy down in my heart.” “Therefore if anyone is in Christ, the new creation has come: the old has gone, the new is here!” (2 Cor. 5:17) “Cast all your anxieties on him because he cares for you.” (1 Pet. 5:7) Believe me, I’ve given my cares to God and asked him to heal me of this affliction so many times. And yet I still am fighting that negative voice in my head telling me I’m not good enough or I’m not worthy enough.

I am not the first believer who has experienced depression. King David, a man of God’s own heart, struggled with it too: “How long, Lord? Will you forget me forever? How long will you hide your face from me? How long must I wrestle with my thoughts and day after day have sorrow in my heart? How long will my enemy triumph over me?” (Ps. 13:1-2) David’s son Solomon, the wisest man, reflected on his own life, saying, “Yet when I surveyed all that my hands had done and what I had toiled to achieve, everything was meaningless, a chasing after the wind.” (Ecc. 2:11) The list of believers with depression goes on: Jeremiah (Jer. 20:7), Elijah (1 Kings 19:4), Job (Job 30:15-17), even Jesus before his death (Mark 14:34-36). These Biblical figures battled depression and yet they are recognized as righteous, godly people. In their darkest, most harrowing moments, God was with them.

I know it is easy to feel guilty for being “unrightfully depressed.” I’ve learned that when I am at my lowest, when I feel like I have no other options, when I’m shut into a corner, that’s when I can see God most clearly. And he is always there for you, too, waiting for you to ask him for help. While it may be difficult to speak about your feelings to your friends, family or teachers, God already knows what you’re struggling with, so don’t be afraid to tell him what you’re feeling. Your mental health does not invalidate your identity as a child of God. God is right there beside you, suffering and sorrowing right alongside you.

“I can empathize with you, displace myself for you, whoever and wherever you are, but I cannot write for you.”

Brown Man in White Man’s Clothes

Frentzen Pakpahan

Disclaimer: I do not like to write for my own section. Now, granted, you will see an article from me from time to time (or in this case, back-to-back weeks). However, it is often a matter of circumstance.

As I consider the articles for Ideas in this issue, I am proud to say that all the authors are women. I don’t mean to say this as a privileged woman that embarrasses me, but “my” people; I can claim that privilege. Some claim to feminist activism on my own part or to credit myself. Rather, given the headlines today—the flood of women running for office, national, state and local, as well as the national scrutiny of Professor Christine Blasey Ford—I believe it is crucial that everyone, especially women, be heard.

That is why, as a man, I did not want to intrude on this historical moment for women and the movement in Ideas and the nation.

However, the present humanitarian crisis in Palu, Sulawesi, Indonesia has compelled me to speak. On the morning of Friday Sept. 28, a 7.5-magnitude earthquake struck the island, triggering over five-meter tall tsunamis claiming around 1,300 lives, as of now. As an Indonesian, I am usually excited to see my country of birth in the news, but not under such terrible conditions. After all, my mother’s family is on the island: I’ve traversed the curving, jungled mountain roads, wandered along Manado’s concrete piers and under the poorly-painted murals of its malls, slept in its raised houses, standing on rickety stilts.

But strangely, when I saw on The New York Times home page an image of a few environmental refugees, displaced Indonesians, raggled and disoriented, I felt little connection. The romantic image of the colonized subject, of a people in need of (read: Western) aid and development, of a dying culture shrouded in wonder and mystery, was gone. Here they were, clothed in t-shirts and shorts, American branded but “Made in Indonesia.” I always thought I could relate to my fellow Indonesians because of where I was born, because of the language my parents still speak at home. I always felt (or, more like hoped) that there was some “primordial” Indonesian-ness within me that fundamentally distinguished me from the white Americans I grew up with and even other Asian-Americans. But I recognize that I am closer to the stereotypical WASP than the enlightened (in the distinctly Western sense) I’ve always wanted to be.

I have found that privilege, in the face of human suffering, it is easy to listen and say little because in truth, it knows little of suffering. I can claim to feel for women; I can claim to feel for “my” people; I can claim to feel for Hispanics—it is their Heritage Month and Ideas is sadly lacking an article from them. But I do not wish to take away space from the marginalized and powerless, from those who need it most. I cannot speak for the subaltern or from it, for “white men ... saving brown women” is no salvation at all. That is, I can empathize with you, displace myself for you, whoever and wherever you are, but I cannot write for you. You must do that.

From the seminal essay, “Can the Subaltern Speak?” by Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak.
When Women Speak

Caitlin Jankiewicz | On Thursday, Sept. 28, Dr. Christine Blasey Ford gave her testimony against Brett Kavanaugh, a sitting federal judge nominated for the Supreme Court, in a tense and highly stressful questioning. Though she was visibly shaking throughout, she shared her story bravely, accusing Kavanaugh of sexually assaulting her in high school. The #MeToo campaign has empowered many women to speak up about their experiences. Dr. Christine Blasey Ford gave her testimony clearly shows how much work is yet to be done, as she is now being attacked over her testimony. At the crux of the attack is the question of why she didn’t come forward before. The fact that Ford is speaking up now, after the brink of Kavanaugh’s election to Supreme Court, has led some people to believe that her motives are less than honorable. However, the fact is that speaking publicly about sexual assault is rare. One in five women on college campuses is raped or molested. If a third of rapes are ever reported (www.nsvrc.org/statistics, www.ran.org/statistics/criminal-justice-system), the reaction to Ford’s testimony clearly shows how much work is yet to be done, as she is now being attacked over her testimony.

Tori Kelly’s Hiding Place

Kelli Miller | A few weeks ago, singer-songwriter Tori Kelly released her first gospel album Hiding Place. There are eight songs featuring a range of worship styles, from her typical R&B/pop style to on orchestral/background choir gospel. Rather than transitioning from the Christian genre to pop as many artists have before her, Tori has made the less common transition from a successful pop album into a faith based album.

I was struck by this woman’s bravery incoming forward and sharing a painful and traumatic experience, putting herself and her family at risk for a lot of ugliness to stop a man of questionable integrity from coming into an office where integrity is paramount.

After watching Ford testify, I couldn’t believe that anyone would attack her for what evidently left such an indelible mark on her life. However, shortly after, I overheard several guys nearby saying “if her assault didn’t matter then when she was 15 it doesn’t matter now, that she was obviously only testifying for Kavanaugh and probably for monetary compensation.”

I think the answer to both of these questions is yes. Yes, she will probably lose a few listeners as not everyone is into gospel music, but I am also sure that some of her avid fans (like me) will listen to anything and everything she produces simply because it is Tori, since we love her style and the sound of her voice. I am sure that she will reach listeners with the gospel because of her acclaim in the pop industry, a distinction she would not otherwise have reached if she had simply begun her career as a gospel singer.

She talks frequently in her songs about staying true to herself and to her values. She does a beautiful job of expressing her genuine thoughts and feelings without compromising her views. She talks frequently in her songs about staying true to herself and to her values.

In her song “Unbreakable Smile” from her hit pop album Unbreakable Smile the lyrics, being somewhat of a slam to mainstream pop artists say “maybe I can sell-out shows without taking off my clothes, God made me sexy I don’t care if only I know.” In her song “Funky” she seems to struggle to maintain her identity in the face of all of her success and the chorus is a reminder that “if you lose your soul you lose it all.”

These are only a few lyrical examples from her discography that demonstrate her genuine dedication to her Christian values and this visible dedication, even in her secular work, has made it easy for me to accept her as both pop and gospel singer.

As a Christian and musician myself, a question that has frequently bothered me is whether it is okay for a Christian to sing and promote secular music. If any of my high school classmates are reading this, I am sure you know the conclusion I have come to. If you have heard me sing secular songs at school talent shows. But it has still been a question I continued to think about.

Let’s briefly define secular to me, secular music is anything that is not directly about praising, thanking, petitioning or worshipping God. I think the answer to my question has been partially found by observing Tori Kelly’s career unfold. I think she has done a wonderful job of appealing to a wider audience in her first album while still upholding her Christian values and even imbuing them into the lyrics of her songs and promoting healthy attitudes without coming off as “preachy.”

Sometimes people get scared when something is overtly religious and they shun it purely based on the fact that it is associated with Christianity. By beginning as a pop artist Tori has built a wider fan base, some of whom will now listen to her gospel album because she has already won their respect and appreciation. I think she is a great example of a Christian who has followed her dreams of having a successful music career without compromising her values. If any of you are aspiring musicians, don’t doubt God’s ability to use you to bless others and don’t assume that a career pursuing music even secular music, has to jeopardize your faith.
Lions Defeat Charging Cardinals

Dani Maletin

The first home game of the men’s soccer season began on Thursday, Sept. 27, at 3:30 p.m., lasting nearly two hours as the Cardinals fought hard, but lost to the Red Lions 5-2. Despite the chill in the air, and pesky mosquitoes roaming everywhere, the stands were filled with avid onlookers, excited for the very first opportunity to support our campus’ athletic teams. The two goals of the night were scored by players Tiago Barros and David Avelar. When interviewing Bogdan Pin-tile, a former player for the team and current staff member, he said, “I was really impressed with how they played. In the past years we struggled at chances to get a goal, but this year they were just unlucky. Their offense passes really well, and the team has a lot of potential for the season. If they continue to play together throughout the years they’ll just be getting better and better.”

Goalie Christian Gutiérrez made an impressive save, which is not surprising as he has played on the team in previous years and has both talent and years of practice under his belt. Regardless of the loss by the Cardinals, the game ended with the two teams congratulating each other and applause from the crowd.

Raymond Bennett, one of the onlookers said, “It was a really competitive game, and the guys played hard until the end. I’ve been out here for three hours because I wanted to see how good our team is doing. It was a great first home game and the fans got really into it.”

Lions Defeat Charging Cardinals looks like this is going to be a good season to watch, with many new players added to the team. We’ll just have to see how our Cardinals can hold up against other teams! Keep a lookout for more games and go show the soccer team some support.

October is National Domestic Violence Awareness Month

Testing and Counseling Center

Domestic Violence is one of the most silent secrets of society, and in all these years silence has not made things better. We must end the violence by breaking the silence.

Your partner may be abusive if he or she:

- Constantly accuses you of having an affair
- Becomes violent: by physically hurting you or objects around you
- Belittles you in front of your friends and family
- Makes you afraid to express your opinions or wishes
- Monitors who you speak to and whom you go out with
- Blames you for his/her appearance
- Threatens you or swears at you
- Criticizes all you do
- Disrespects you, your family and your friends
- Refuses to let you have your own money or handle your finances
- Forces you to have sex
- Demonstrates extreme possessiveness or jealousy

If you suspect someone you know is being abused:

- Call the authorities and report the abuse
- Call the Domestic Violence Hotline and initiate the help needed
- Encourage him/her to seek professional counseling
- Don’t criticize the abuser
- Offer to be a prayer partner
- Keep your word and frequently follow-up to see how he/she is doing

If you have been abused, help is available to you!

Contact the authorities, your pastor, doctor, family member or friend and let them know that you have been abused.

Call the Domestic Violence Hotline at: 1-800-790-7233 to get help and to find out about the laws in your area.

Abuse is not God’s plan for our lives: “For I know the plans I have for you,” declares the Lord, “plans to prosper you and not to harm you. Plans to give you hope and a good future.”

For counseling help on the AU campus, contact: AU Counseling and Testing Center—Bell Hall #123 269-471-3470

If you are in urgent need on the AU campus, contact: Campus Safety 269-471-3321
Soul Food for the Win

Vanessa Angel

Authentic food. Authentic food makes our homes unique. Soul food coupled with family and friends gives an enriching environment filled with laughter, joy and fond memories. Andrews University is home to one of the most diverse campuses in the whole United States and serves many dishes. I asked a few Hispanic students what they thought of the Hispanic food from the Terrace Cafe and the Gazebo and asked how it is the same or different the same food back home. It should be noted that since there are many different Spanish speaking countries and they all have their special foods, it would be unlikely that the “Hispanic” food at the cafe would be a match to their home cooking.

Yulian Tinoco (freshman, psychology and Spanish) says that the food is different especially when it comes to just rice and beans. He says, “It tastes different, or like it almost has no seasoning.” Paola says that the beans here aren’t well-seasoned. In Luis’s experience, “In my case, since I’m Peruvian, the cafe in which we do it. I asked the Peruvian dish. They’ve almost never serves a Peruvian dish. They’ve only had Peruvian beans, which I thought were delicious.”

Regarding the difference of foods, Paola (sophomore, psychology pre-law) says, “I’ve had beans back home and they’re good, it’s like one of the most traditional foods back home. Here at AU, they have no seasoning. No estan cocinados con amor.” Paola says that the beans here aren’t well-seasoned because they aren’t made with love. In other words, both Yulian and Paola agree that at least the beans are made differently than in their native countries.

Luis Gomez (junior, theology and business administration) had something to say regarding the food. “In my case, since I’m Peruvian, the cafeteria almost never serves a Peruvian dish. They’ve only had Peruvian beans, which I thought were delicious.”

In Luis’ experience, the Peruvian beans were great. However, even though he liked the beans he said that a home-cooked meal is always the best: “We come from different countries and we can all agree that even the best restaurant here that sells our native dish cannot compare to how it’s actually made back in our countries.”

Diversity is good. Healthy options are good, but when it comes to authenticity, food will always be different when the food is not from home. To Luis, this is true.

I wanted to get the thoughts of a Hispanic student from every class and so I continued with a senior. Noemi Elizabeth (Senior, Nursing) says that seasoning is different when it comes to soup: “Back home, sancocho is like a vegetable soup, here at AU, the vegetable soup has no seasoning and the flavor is different. I miss my mom’s cooking, because she makes it with love.”

Authentic food. Every country is different, and every food is different wherever you go. Somebody can have the same exact ingredients as someone else, but it’s how the food is cooked that makes the food unique. Every response stated in one way or another that the food here is different than how it is made back home. The truth is that they are right. Food can only be called soul food when it is made with the heart. Soul food.

Two Sides of the Spinning Wheel

Cristen Williams

There are a variety of exercise classes offered in the dorm: spinning, POP Pilates and step to name a few. This week I interviewed Jackie Barrios, a fitness instructor for the Lamson Hall Health Club, and Evin Musgrove, a new member of the gym (Freshman, SPLAD).

What do you like most about Lamson’s Health Club?

Evin: It’s pretty good. No negatives. The temperature is always nice and people are respectful with the equipment. It is a very positive atmosphere too. There is always Christian music playing in the background.

What kind of classes do you teach?

Jackie: I teach indoor cycling so it works mostly legs. Expect to feel the burn on your quads, hamstrings, glutes and calves! Because cycling targets legs, on Thursdays I make it a full body workout! We incorporate upper arm workouts such as bicep curls and triceps extension by using 2-3 pound weights while on the bike.

We then proceed to do a good 10-minute off the bike workout to target the core. I also assist University Wellness Director, Dominique Gummelt, on Mondays for FitExpress at 6 p.m.

How often do you exercise?

Evin: I exercise 3-4 days a week, usually around 5 or 6 p.m. I love to use the stationary machine. I use the dumbbells to work my arms, the kettlebells for squats and the abduction and adduction machine to work my butt.

Are the exercise classes times in the dorm convenient?

Evin: I always exercise alone. I would go to the classes if they were earlier. They are often around 7 p.m., which is around the time I want to eat.

Why is exercise important?

Jackie: It works out so much more than the physical body. During cycling you have to mentally push yourself. Exercise teaches you that you are more than capable of doing extraordinary things. In a way, it produces resilience. I think that we should remember that the goal is to not merely live but to be fully alive. And one of the ways to do that is by living an active lifestyle which in turn means sit less, move more.
Speak English?

Adriana Santana | Humans

As I flew back to Andrews to start the new year, I got into a nice conversation with the person next to me on the plane. We covered different topics from movies to music to our faith, and somehow landed on our family dynamics. As I talked about how my father immigrated and brought my abuelos to this country, my new companion turned to me and ask, “So, when did your family immigrate from Mexico?”

They didn’t. Caught off guard, I recover and say in a small voice, “We’re not Mexican, my dad is from the Dominican Republic.”

Trying to recover from his racial assumption, he responds with, “Oh, that’s cool!”

But do you know what would’ve been actually cool? If this white man did not just assume that because I’m Hispanic, that I’m from Mexico. Someone reading this may not understand why I would feel a certain way getting asked that, but when you see, experience and hear stereotypical comments and assumptions like that after many years it gets a little tiring.

Growing up in a predominantly Hispanic city, I had always felt connected to my Dominican-American culture. My friends and I would band together and talk like we all could easily laugh about similar experiences we had in our own households. I had belonged to a community, and didn’t really see being Hispanic as a difference, but instead as more of a commonality. It wasn’t until a couple of my friends and I went to a predominantly white private high school in my city, where that community became very small and our ‘Hispanic-ness’ was always on display, that I noticed the differences. A culture that had always been so now known to everyone around me became a line of questioning, ranging from “So, you were born in the Dominican Republic?” to “How do you get your hair curly like that, can I touch it?” At first the questions didn’t phase me and oftentimes I’d think, “white people, they just don’t know.”

But throughout the years I started noticing the statements and questions around me were becoming more and more ignorant, like “I feel like quota systems are making it harder for me to get into the school I want” and “You better be careful walking outside at night here, you don’t want to get shot.”

Whenever this would happen, I would get annoyed. I’d try to reason with myself thinking, “They’re just privileged teenagers who don’t know any better.” I mean, honestly, there were probably hundreds of things I was ignorant about, so how could I blame them?

Then this past summer I walked into my bank to deposit some money. I had been working for a cleaning company (talk about a walk in stereotypical cliché) and had just come from work, so I was not looking my best. The man in front of me turned around and smiled to say something. I couldn’t hear what he said and at the same time I said “What?” he said, “Speak English?” I brushed it off with a polite smile and said, “Sorry I couldn’t hear you,” and continued about my business. Later on, as I recounted the story to my mom, I couldn’t help but wonder when the assumptions and stereotypes would end. When would being Hispanic stop having so much influence in how I am going to be perceived in the world? Are people’s ethnicities really that integrated into their personalities, so that they will always reign over no matter what the person does?

As I reflect on being Dominican, I can’t help but still be proud of where I come from. My culture is beautiful, and no amount of ignorant questions or statements will change that. However, that still doesn’t make such statements okay. It’s really time for change in this country. Hispanics, Latinos and Afro-Latinos are not all Mexican. We come from different cultures, countries and we’re tired of being lumped into the same stereotypes that are normalized in society. And even though the experiences I just described were mainly felt by the white demographic, that does not mean other races have not played their part in perpetuating the stereotypes that are often put on us. Ignorance, sadly, is universal. As Americans, we can all benefit from a little education.
President Ale’s Vision for Adelante

What drew you to become involved in Adelante, as well as serving as this year’s President?

My first year as a freshman was really hard because Hispanics tend to stick together and usually find unity in that, and there was no “Hispanic” club on campus. That had basically lost its status as one of the biggest clubs on campus since nobody was willing to lead the club. The next year—my sophomore year—I remember asking the current President, “Are there any (leadership) positions open?” The position for Religious Vice President was open so I said “yes,” not really knowing what I signed myself up for but really wanting to be involved in seeing that the club got started up again.

My experiencing Adelante involved a lot of learning from the President and seeing how she did things and how the club was running that first year, as well as getting our name out there. Around January or February, I realized that I wanted to be President this year, it seemed like the doors were opening up to that. After seeing what worked and seeing how the campus responded, I knew where the club wanted to go. I had a lot of experience, and a lot to give: to be able to say “This didn’t end up working,” or “This did work. The campus responded well to this. This is what they like, this is what they want,” so I just felt that I could use that to Adelante’s advantage.

To be more specific, what sort of lessons did you learn from serving in leadership for Adelante last year?

I realized that doing a lot of PR for events doesn’t work as well as word-of-mouth—telling your friends and making sure people know about events. A lot of people respond well to Hispanic food, so making sure that’s included somehow in all of our events helps too.

Mostly though, I think a lot of people respond well to our culture; they want to learn more, so this year we’ve included the Hispanic Heritage Month, a project which I started last year as Adelante’s president. With this year’s Hispanic Heritage Month, Pineda has fostered a rebirth of Adelante as one of Andrews’ most popular clubs, with a 2017-2018 membership of more than 300 members.

This interview with Pineda is an exploration of her personal drive, her vision for Adelante, and an explanation of what to expect from the club this month and throughout the school year.

What brought you to Andrews, and why did you choose to study International Business?

I’m from Honduras—I was born and raised there—and my cousin, who studies here now, applied here and got in, so she convinced me to apply too. Once applying, everything worked out in a way that I felt like God had a purpose for me here. I’m not sure if this—Adelante—is my purpose, or what my purpose is yet. But I know and still know that there’s a reason that I need to be here, and so I all worked out. After bouncing around with majors for a while, I decided that business just fits my personality better and fits who I am, which is very much a people-person and a go-getter. And I’m very passionate about being Hispanic—I think everyone in about a five-mile radius from me can tell—and so in terms of choosing international business, I want to introduce that, being able to include different cultures, into wherever I’m working.

What is it like leading this year’s team of Adelante officers?

This year, it’s all new officers, as none of the officers moved on from last year since they were all seniors who were graduating. And because everything is new, there’s a lot of energy, a lot of motivation and a lot of enthusiasm from them, which I love because I can bounce off of that. And the team works, because I have very grounded people who say, “Ale, you need to think about this,” and I also have people on the team who are like, “We need to go bigger,” and it all just balances out.

Beyond Hispanic Heritage Month then, what else is there to look forward to this year from Adelante?

If I’m being completely honest, a lot of my energy has gone into Hispanic Heritage Month. It’s right at the beginning of the year, which makes it difficult because it’s a lot to plan for. Since last April, my only focus was making sure that I had all the elements covered for this month, that I had the entire month planned out to the last detail. Most of what’s coming then, is bouncing off of what’s happening during Hispanic Heritage Month, that we’re keeping a nice flow of events.

One thing I can share right now is that we’re pairing up with different clubs; we’ll be pairing up with French Club for a Game Night, there’s the Peruvian Club as well that we’re pairing up with. Since Adelante members pay into the club, of course we’ll have number of events throughout the year. But since I think this month is our most exciting month for sure, everyone should take advantage of what we’re doing right now.

I’ve been told that Adelante is hosting a special event—the first of its kind—on Oct. 13. What’s happening on the 13th?

On Oct. 13, there’s going to be a Hispanic Culture Night/Festival happening in John-son Gym, so we’re going to have a flag parade. There will be a Selena impersonator, there will be a few on new, there is a lot of energy, a lot of motivation and a lot of enthusiasm from them, which I love because I can bounce off of that. And the team works, because I have very grounded people who say, “Ale, you need to think about this,” and I also have people on the team who are like, “We need to go bigger,” and it all just balances out.

In two or three sentences, tell The Student Movement’s readers why they should get involved with Adelante this year.

As Hispanics, our energy and our way of doing things brings so much livelihood to things, and I want to make sure this campus is a part of that. It’s about making sure that people who aren’t Hispanic and who are Hispanic experience a culture that is so focused on you well-being, on your well-being, on your being happy, on you laughing, on you being a part of the family—so I think that’s why you should join or experience the club, to be part of this family.
Not Hispanic Enough, Not American Enough

Adair Kibble
On Tuesday, Sept. 25, Dr. Vanessa Correderra wove a moving tale of her journey to understanding and embracing her Cuban-American heritage as she dealt with reactions to her heritage and her membership in the Hispanic community.

First, she explained that she is a Cuban-American from Miami. Her mother came from Puerto Rico as a college student, and her father grew up a second-generation Cuban immigrant in Miami.

Then, she began with a story from graduate school that embodies one type of attack on her Latina identity: not being accepted as one. It was the first day of a theory class while she was pursuing her doctorate degree at Northwestern. She ventured to contribute something to the discussion, and she offered her background as a Cuban-American to as an example of how identities can overlap, when a classmate of hers interjected abruptly, "You don’t look Cuban. Are you sure you’re Latina?"

As well as adding to the stress of an unfamiliar situation, Correderra explained that this rude interruption struck a nerve that had been raw since she had first noticed her skin was light enough for people to "code as white," as she termed it. She summarized that moment as one of many moments in her life where she has been made to feel "not Hispanic enough."

She mentions this feeling coming from others in the Hispanic community as well as from her family when her grandmother, Correderra recounted the first time she remembered being treated like an "Other," on the playground when she was in elementary school. A game of "playing house" began with some of her classmates, and one told her, "you have to be the maid because you speak Spanish."

Because she was very young and there were no other Hispanic students in her academy, Correderra did not want to tell her parents. It was then she felt ashamed of her identity as a Hispanic American for the first time. She mentioned another time where she felt like a "sideshow" and an outsider even when she was invited to a friend’s house in academy when her friend’s parents asked what she ate at home, and, not contented with an answer like macaroni and cheese, pressed further, asking, "What do you really eat?"

Searching for times when she felt at peace with her Cuban-American heritage, she mentioned her time at Forest Lake Academy in Florida where, despite racial tensions, many people accepted others from different backgrounds, people of color accepted one another, and she was not ostracized for not speaking enough Spanish.

Through this experience, she learned to accept her own heritage for what it was: not completely Cuban, but also not "just American." At the end of the talk, when asked if she sees things ever improving for Hispanic or Latinx people in America, she spoke of her son and how she hopes for his sake that it will improve. Discouraged by what she called "concentration camps at the border filled with children that look just like my son," she expressed a desire to keep her son in a "bubble" as long as possible, before he has to face these identity-related challenges that have troubled her most of her life.

Correderra said she asks herself often, "How do I help my son, who is not [American] enough already, feel like he has a culture, that is he Latino enough?" She hopes he can take advantage of the diverse community on campus, and she believes that as more people in the U.S. come from a multicultural background, the country will be more accepting of all different identities and cultures.

In the meantime, she said that she welcomes the strengthening of the Hispanic community on campus, greatly appreciates the opportunity to share her experience with others and to have these types of conversations on campus.

Why You Should Binge Watch Jane the Virgin

Ingrid Radulescu
As we celebrate Hispanic Heritage month, it’s time I introduce you to a must-see television series. I first discovered Jane the Virgin as a freshman in college, and the show has been a part of my university binge-watching experience ever since. The series centers around Jane, a virgin who accidentally gets artificially inseminated, and the upheaval of her life following the incident. As a religious young Latina, Jane is not your average girl-next-door, but a hardworking college student living with her single mom and her grandmother, Abuela, who first immigrated to the United States. Don’t get me wrong, I enjoyed growing up with series such as Full House, Hannah Montana or Drake & Josh, I just simply couldn’t relate. Although not Hispanic, I am able to project my own life experiences as an immigrant on the experiences and mishaps Jane and her family encounter, often making me laugh out loud more times than I would admit. Next time you get too-go from the cafe and settle into your dorm room, I would recommend binging Jane the Virgin as a little toast and support for Hispanic representation on television.
Hispanic and Latinx In Media: A Study in Profound Lack

Natalie Hwang | Ora Battle (Sophomore, Spanish), Alessandra Pineda (Junior, International Business) and Marcos Burgos (Sophomore, Pre-PT) contributed to this article in its entirety, detailing their personal experience with being Latinx and Hispanic in America, especially with regard to representation in American media.

Positive Latinx and Hispanic representation cannot be defined in the strictest of terms, especially since identifying as Latinx or Hispanic means being part of a large people group with diverse ethnic and cultural backgrounds. Many of these identities, while part of the larger Latinx and Hispanic heritage, intersect in tenuously defined ways and have relationships that are difficult to delineate. While American media falls incredibly short when attempting to represent non-white ethnicities, the burden of Hispanic representation should not fall on Latinx actors themselves. Lack of holistic representation is institutionalized racism.

Sometimes it is a lack of proper representation—one that does not characterize a people group as thugs and criminals. American media suffers from a simultaneous overrepresentation and underrepresentation, wherein Mexicans especially are typecast in real life as job-stealers, illegal immigrants and rapists. At the same time, other Hispanic cultures are glossed over completely, and much of Hispanic and Latinx representation is portrayed in violent and reductive stereotypes reinforcing ideas of xenophobia, racism and white supremacy.

Even one of the most lauded shows with truly positive Hispanic representation, One Day at a Time, casts mostly Puerto Rican actors to play a Cuban-American family. Gina Rodriguez, a Puerto Rican actress known for speaking out for Hispanic representation, plays a Venezuelan woman in her breakthrough role as Jane Villanueva on Jane the Virgin. Because of the lack of positive roles for Hispanic or Latinx characters, actors often play characters of different ethnicities or risk white-washing a character of color. However, in an interview with Google Arts and Culture, Rodri-quez said, “Being called a ‘Latino’ can sometimes feel bizarre because you’re being made a part of a huge group that is compiled of so many different countries and cultures. … But when I act, I am Latina. I represent all Latinos who feel connected to me and my journey.” I offer a story that many Latinas from different backgrounds can identify with. Rodriguez has been forced out on numerous occasions by various media outlets for anti-blackness and colorism in her idea of Hispanic representation, so this call for unification exists simply to her actual behavior.

The representation that Hispanic-Americans receive from American media differs in accuracy based on the ethnic group being portrayed and its proximity to whiteness. Because of this, Afro-Latinx representation simply does not exist in American media. Few Afro-Latinx actors play Hispanic characters, depending on their skin tone, and most play Black Americans because Hispanic representation as we know it still largely depicts only Eurocentric features within the Hispanic and Latinx community. The American media’s hegemonic view of Latinx people and the association of dark skin color with Blackness, shown in its blatant disregard for Black and brown communities’ variety of cultural backgrounds, only illustrates the extent to which America fails to represent Hispanic and Latinx-Americans and diversity of their experiences.

This lack not only manifests in television and entertainment media, but also in news, as issues concerning Hispanic people are usually pushed aside in American media. As in the case of discussions of ICE and their role in detaining, deporting and separating immigrant families. As ICE intentionally seeks out Black and brown individuals to question and find ways to arrest, the process becomes normalized, and media attention has shifted focus to other issues. Similarly, after a few weeks of reporting on the Hurricane Maria crisis in Puerto Rico, an American territory, news outlets found another topic and ignored the plight of people suffering from the second deadliest US storm in over a century. One of the fundamental issues preventing meaningful Hispanic representation in American media—both within and outside of arts and entertainment—is the idea of a pan-Hispanic or pan-Latinx identity, especially because there are numerous overlapping histories between each country being “represent- ed” in this block identity.

Where there is inadequate representation, it comes at the expense of casting ethnically accurate actors or Afro-Latinx identities. American media treats the issue as if one movie or TV show can represent multiple countries, languages and their experiences simply because it is in Spanish or depicts a Latinx-American family. Various identities are cast aside or pushed down in favor of a “whole” idea of Hispanic and Latinx identity. This does not exist.

Andrews Music Ensembles Unite for Homecoming Gala

Megan Jacobs | “When is this going to be over?” The little boy in front of me asks his mother. I can’t hear the murmured response, but I can tell it’s not the answer he wanted when he groans and flops back into his chair. I can’t blame him for his attitude, really. Picture yourself at five or six years old, sitting in a performing arts center, waiting for a concert to start. Your friends aren’t there, the chair is too big so your seat flips up if you shift your weight the wrong way (although this is definitely a good form of entertainment at some point) and the people up on the stage are wearing dresses and suits that look titchy. And, if you’re like me, your mom has just started you on violin lessons which haven’t been particularly enjoyable, so really you just feel bad for all the people up there who are obviously perfect and their parents do this. Conclusion? No one here is going to have a good time.

Maybe I’m projecting too much of my childhood self onto this kid, or maybe I’m right on the money. Either way, I don’t think much of it as the lights dim and the orchestra starts off the night with Haydn’s “Mimuet and Trio” from Symphony No. 100. Throughout the piece, I am reminded of why I love classical music so much—even without words, it can tell a powerful story. Imagination can run wild with music, and you can see it racing in the way the orchestra moves, stretching and exciting forties, crowding in on themselves in soft pianos. The university singers give me chills with Elaine Hagenberg’s “The Music of Stillness,” and I see a man to the side of me hold an amused smile as the wind symphony performs Sousa’s “The Liberty Bell.” The wind symphony and university choir end the night with “Battle Hymn of the Republic.” Although they had already performed it earlier that day during PMC’s services, the audience isn’t bored, and voices are raised around me as people sing along.

And the little boy? He is humming along and mimes the conductor the entire time, much to the chagrin of his mom. He is on his feet, clapping away animatedly with everyone else as the performers give their bows. You don’t get a standing ovation from a little kid who was bored. Conclusion? Everyone here had a good time.
Crying for My Argentina

The first time I ever heard Andrew Lloyd Webber’s Evita, I was eleven years old and my dad had plugged the movie into our old TV with the two antenna lines running through the screen. He watched it with me while my mom tended to dinner in the adjacent kitchen. But the moment the first few notes played of Eva’s big showstopper Don’t Cry For Me Argentina, my mom was standing in the doorway, watching, humming along. I don’t know that I don’t they’d listen at me, that contagious smile I can’t help returning. When my movie was over, she told me about my great-uncles, the Domato brothers, and how they provided Buenos Aires and that Evita was a diminutive of Eva, like Johnny for John. “I wish you’d taught me Spanish,” I told her. “I wish you’d taught me Spanish,” she looked at me for a second, and the steel in my mother’s black curls made my eyes turn childlike and baffled. My mother’s story was my grandmother’s story, and my grandmother spoke Italian and my grandmother spoke Spanish, except that my great-grandparents had been born in Italy and my great-grandparents had spoken Spanish, and my mother had taught me Spanish, because she loved me so much. The things I don’t know could fill a book. I hang on to these details because they’re all I have left of my grandmother, all I have of Argentine and my history. I hold them onto them because I know that if I don’t they’ll slip away, in a year, or two, or ten, and eventually, someone will slip away completely from my family, from my brother’s children and from mine. Who will remember it not me? ***

If you know anything about mid-century Argentine politics (or, like me, too much about bombastic, mid-’70s Andrews Lloyd Webber musicals), Eva Duarte de Perón’s story should be familiar. Born illegitimate to an impoverished mother, at fifteen years old she moved to Buenos Aires to become an actress, and became a celebrity within ten years. Her fame and ambition led her in suitably dramatic fashion to political rising star Juan Perón. They married. Less than a year later, Perón became president of Argentina—largely thanks to Eva’s rebranding of him as a man of the people, loving her or hate her—and people hated her, especially the societal upper crust who considered her impoverished roots and boundless ambition unsuitable—she was an icon, known worldwide for her charity, grace and ambition. Her foundation funded scholarships, women’s homes, distributed hundreds of thousands of shoes and sewing machines and cooking pots annually. It helped millions. Even now, after history has unveiled the Peróns’ diplomatic relations with fascist Spain and Juan Perón’s Nazi sympathies, Evita is credited with being a passionate anti-poverty activist and an important forerunner for South American female politicians. At the time, however, the working-class descamisados (shirtless ones) called her a saint. Among such descamisados, according to family history, were my great-uncles. They were too poor to buy out a loan to buy land; the bank refused. So the brothers donated the land to Eva Perón Foundation. Their request was granted. The bank gave them a loan. Eva’s legendary status was assured in my family and all over Argentina. And then, at the height of her power, Eva, vibrant, powerful, ambitious—she was a driving force of Argentina. Eva was dead at 33 years old.

The world stopped. The Argentine government shut down the country for two days. The mourning crowd gathered outside the Casa Rosada, crushed eight people to death. Lines stretched for blocks as people waited to pay their respects to Eva’s body. She was given a state funeral, despite having nearly held office and her body being buried in the Duarte family tomb in Buenos Aires. ***

The world didn’t stop when my grandmother died. I was too young to remember the day she did. My mother buried her sudden body in a cemetery in Mexico that I’ve never visited. When she came home from the funeral, my mother stopped speaking Spanish to my brother and me. Perhaps this is the worst of it: If I saw my grandmother alive today, I wouldn’t be able to talk to her. I would smile apologetically and say “No hablo español” as if we were strangers. And I’d blame it on my mother’s grief or on my father’s English but ultimately it is no one’s fault but mine, because I know two languages and neither of them is the one I need to understand my past. Neither of them will give me back my grandmother’s voice.

Instead, I was given the sound of my mother crying every day for a year after my grandmother passed, weeping her Spanish out in my father’s American arms. I knew that sound the same way I knew the dimples in her smile—because they’re a part of me, etched into my DNA along with my brown eyes.

I think of the Spanish that can’t seem to leave my tongue, despite my father’s insistence that if I don’t, I wonder if that’s etched in my DNA too, or if I’m just waiting my time to see a corpse, wanting something that will never come back to me.

It was only a week or two before school started this year, and I was driving to Michigan alone when I thought of my mother, all dimples and sunshine. I sang the tune from the living room doorway, whispering fiercely “I love you so much” as I kissed her American arms. I thought of my grandmother, and her voice, and for a moment I thought I could hear it—singing fiercely and low and rich, harmonizing effortlessly, like sunshine or the smile we share.