AND STILL

WE RISE

KU CHASKELL WOMEN OF COLORS RETREAT 2016 #KVWOC

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Women of Color make the world go round.
Our history, our labor, our beauty, our grace.
Our intelligence, our adaptability.

I should not, I will not have to choose between my education, starting a family, marriage, a career. I will be all, do all, and be great.

I am happy for a marriage, for a child but am in love with my education, with my now.

Be you, Be great in whatever that may be.
i want to apologize to all the women
i have called pretty
before i've called them intelligent or brave
i am sorry i made it sound as though
something as simple as what you're born with
is the most you have to be proud of when your
spirit has crushed mountains
from now on i will say things like
you are resilient or you are extraordinary
not because i don't think you're pretty
but because you are so much more than that

I am a woman of color
I am a woman with a voice
I am a woman of color with a voice
I am a woman of color with a voice
I am a woman of color with a voice
I am a woman of color with a voice
I am a woman of color with a voice
NO NOT "A WOMAN TOO"
SOY UNA MUJER
I'M REAL I'M HERE. HERE
Being Black In America

To the person who is reading this,
You are beautiful and smart.
Embrace every part of who you are.
Your dark skin is not a badge
of shame. Your Black is beautiful
and you are wonderfully and fearfully made
in the image of God!
I DON'T need to teach you about racism and gender equality. YOU have all the resources you need to find out for yourself (Google).

If you need direction, someone to point you the right way, I am here for you. But don't expect me to teach you or help you if you are not open and willing to discover that of YOUR OWN Volition.

YOU ARE REAL
YOU are not an aberration. YOU are not an aberration. YOU are not an aberration.
Icicles
I see this beautiful old tree as a goldhunter's
night. The sky was gleaming and sparkly with
magic but it was deceiving. Icicles started to
fall on me as they clung to a piece of my soul
and my body. I felt that I can catch these
icicles by catching them in my hand. I grip on these
icicles but as I look up
the sky there are more
icicles—falling.
You old tree, you are
ever deceiving plant.
I can only say that
this tree will outlive
me.

Sweet Africania
Your name does not drip
with honey,
it is sharp with
Vengeance

The soul of your flesh,
the souls of your body
The soles of your feet
Tied against gravelly roads
I dell "grass.

You share the transient
light of fireflies and
rum with cicadas
Sweet Africania
You pray that the
Fire of your blood doesn't burn
your skin, that it only keeps you
warm, I lights the
Revolution
I AM BEAUTIFUL

DO:

Women of Color

DON'T:

- Deserve your respect (unapologetically)
- Take up space (unapologetically)
- Have the right to be proud of ourselves
- Have power and a voice
- Speak for all women of color (stop expecting)
- Have to exist for your pleasure
- Have to teach you
Your acknowledgement doesn’t create my EXISTENCE...
and it certainly does not give you the right to define how much easier my life is.
The government does not and has never provided an easy life or amazing opportunities for me.
I am a NATIVE woman. I am here like I always have been...
and always will With or without your ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.
Recipes for the tired REVOLUTIONARY

* No measuring!
  - Apple Cider
    - Some apple juice
    - Some sugar
    - Tiny pinch of salt
    - Cinnamon
    - Nutmeg
    - Orange peels
    - Water
    - Boil in a pot for 30 minutes

No or very little measuring:

Chili
- 1 lb ground meat (lentils if vegetarian)
- Onions
- Peppers
- Tomatoes (like 2)
- Tomato paste (small can)
- 1 lb chili seasoning
- Some salt and pepper
- Black beans (or kidney beans)

- Cook in Crock Pot for 2 hours
  OR in a big pot for 1 hour

* No baking! No measuring!

Energy Bites
- Some peanut butter
- Some chocolate chips
- Some sugar
- Some oats
- Some melted butter
- Some Craisins
- Mix together
- Roll into balls
- Place in fridge

Disregard if under 21 +

Spiced Hot Cocoa
- 1 (or 2) pkg of hot cocoa mix
- Vanilla, soy milk, chocolate milk, or water is fine, too.
- Splash of cinnamon
- Splash of (Rum Chata or Tequila)
- Mix into mug and heat for 2 minutes +

*Cook, recharge, drink some water, get some sleep, and fight the good fight tomorrow!*
Lick ice

and all of the chingonas it has stolen from us.

Happy Hispanic Heritage month.

Recipes for the tired REVOLUTIONARY

Only 1 pot needed!

*Bacon Macaroni*

In a pot, add:
- chopped bacon
- onion
Remove when cooked, then add:
- macaroni noodles
- water/milk/sour cream
- salt + pepper or whatever
- pepper jack, colby, and cheddar cheese
Cook then add bacon and onions back in!

*Watermelon Juice*

Small seedless watermelon
- water
- lemon
- strawberry
+BLEN (strain if you want)
Add Sprite and mint leaves

Cook a lot of this for a busy week!
- Brown Rice
- Chicken Breast (seasoned)
- Avocado stir-fry
- Black beans
- cilantro
Section into plastic containers
- Lemon Pepper Salmon
Salmon (raw, frozen or thawed)
Add:
- salt + melted butter
- lemon pepper seasoning
- lemon slices
place all of that on a pan and bake for 30 minutes
or place in pan-cook 10 minutes on each side

Green Smoothie(s)
- Blend:
  - Greek Yogurt
  - Spinach
  - Pineapple
  - bananas
  - ice

Fun Smoothie Blend:
- Bananas
- Strawberry
- Pineapple
- mango
- Ice

"Cook, recharge, drink water, get some sleep and fight the good fight tomorrow."

I am me. In all that my being encompasses. I am God's child. Created as royalty in his eyes. My heart spreads love. I was created to serve. The world tries to harden me. There is a constant inner-process of chiseling the worldly cement from accumulating and harming the world. I am in the world, but not of it. I strive to better everything I encounter. I am searching, yearning for the best version of me.
Resilient

Ty Ignacio

HAPA
they have no idea what it is like to lose home at the risk of never finding home again have your entire life split between two lands and become the bridge between two countries first generation immigrant.

-rupi kaur

We are here. We are present. Our presence exists. Our actions matter and have influence. We are women of color. We are nothing less and nothing more. Our presence exists. We are present. We are still here.
Caution
Woman of Color

Every link essential
Together, inseparable.
Unity
Strength

Women of Color
I AM HUMBLE.

Hopeful.
Helpful.
Honorable.
Ollymarie Butter,

$ My Voice Matters

I will succeed...

NATIVE PROUD

BE A DIAMOND
CANT BREAK UNDER PRESSURE

2 Timothy 1:7

For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of a sound mind.
BLACKLIVESMATTER. Tyre King.
BLACKLIVESMATTER. I Survive.
BLACKLIVESMATTER. I stand in all our Glory.
BLACKLIVESMATTER. Black Bodies.
BLACKLIVESMATTER. #BlackLivesMatter. 119.119.
BLACKLIVESMATTER. Freddie Gray.

The Story of My Eyes.
I survive.

My Beach.

Tamar Rice
Philando Castille
Sandra Bland
Trayvon Martin

Active Resistance.
I pretend. Whiteness.
I smile.
I die.

My Life.

But here we

My Fire.

I attend class.

I am a beautiful native, a Lakota woman of color.
Respect my existence.
I am my ancestors' daughter. Expect my resistance.
Not your token Native.
Not your property.
Not your enemy.
Not your friend.

I am not fragile.
I am not invisible.
I am not invisible.
I am not unimportant.
I am not your enemy.
I am not your friend.
I am not your property.
I am not your token Native.
ill a journey through mental illness

No one in my classes looked like me, and as painfully obvious as that was, I spent each day living like an apology, each night swimming in the bottom of bottles big and small, held my razor like a security blanket, held my tongue like my fucking life depended on it.

It was then I first learned just how violent SILENCE could really be. #blacklove #blackgirlmagic #blacklivesmatter

#staywoke #suicideprevention #unapologeticallyblack #radicallove #blackmentalhealth #KUWOC #selfcare
We are fire.

To White Nail Polish

by Margarita Nely Nuñez Arroyo

My mother once said to forget of your existence
she claimed you made me dark
and darkness was always something we needed to run from
As woman of color, we live by rules
even in choosing the next color of our nail polish
my mother felt separated from her skin, she dreamed of being a European princess
but her hair was dark as night and instead of appearing as a slender ballerina
she appeared as a powerful warrior
with thighs of security and manhood
she danced as she entered in a struggle with the roots rocked back and forth
entering in an embrace with her feet
Her dancing was grounded, it didn’t reach toward the skies like Ballet
but while Ballerina stood on their tips; two intending to reach the hands of people too beyond
my mother pulled up her people
she moved her feet with power, beauty, and courage
His thoughts creating the earth to rumble and sneer
She was the dancer that created her own noise, her own voice
Beyond the power of her body she found you... white nail polish
reminded her of her brown skin
You reminded her of her two different body for ballet
You mocked her for years, telling her her pigmentation was not accurate for you
And one day el conde you and told my mother she should too
Sara is not a white name

Shades of Brown to Spay We Are
"Negro..." 
"Beaner..."

"Kill the Indian,
Save the Man..."

Don't let their words stop you. They're the one's scared of what you are capable of...

- Clara Cisco
When I think about being a woman of color, I associate that identity with chocolate. And when I think chocolate, I think...

emotions, tissues, tears, romance, solitude

 ↔️ taste, yummy, satisfying, sweet & the right amount of sweet.

 ↔️ smiles, filling, feeling

 ↔️ Brown, female identified bodies, "second" sex

 ↔️ Brown and yes there’s many forms of chocolate.

But I feel true chocolate is brown chocolate. And true chocolate isn’t for everybody. We, women of color, are not responsible to heal the world. So when I think chocolate, I think of...

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I am tempered by the fire.
I am no one’s token, leverage, mascot or am I what others label me to fit into their preconceived colonial box.
So if you were told I was anything less than human you were lied to. I was lied to as I believed this person to be an ally.

This is who I am.
I am a mixed Shawnee Woman. I have lighter skin than some of my relatives and darker than others, it does not define my being.

I define myself through actions and relationships to and with all my relations, those seen and unseen. I am educated and learning more all the time. I am a friend, partner, student, mother, daughter, grand mother, and so on, of people that love me and I love.

I am free and I am loved. I am not born again... I was only awakened...

I have always been Shawnee.
I was told that someone that I thought was an advocate and scholar of Indigenous rights, decolonization, indigenization, feminism and social justice called me many negative things, one of which was "Born Again Indian." I thought about this for a long time, at first I was mad, then hurt, then angry, and now I have to laugh.

If being Born Again ignites the fire in my soul and spirit of who I already am and who I am to grow into being then let me grab onto the paradigm. Indigenize and Decolonize!

How dare a colonial, settler, white feminist, "Savior wanna be" label me after what my family fought to survive and protect so I might be here at all, as well as have anything left to learn I will Never have to justify to anyone who I am because I know who I am and where I come from. I am proud of my heritage. It was never our fault we suffered physical and cultural genocide at the hands of the settler colonizers. I am reminded that the colonization and genocide and history is very much alive, living in actions and remarks like the ones made by someone in a position of power I trusted. I make no apologies for the woman I am... I have been through hell to get to who I am today.
I wanna fuck you up.

I want to pinch your ears with my shrilly laughter because it's most likely your fault.
I want to stain your skin with my kisses.
I want to give you cavities with tiny favors.

I want to tug your hair gently, so you can feel the bliss I can almost physically pull from your body.
I want to PUNCH you in the chest for all the times you've made my heart choke with either happiness or desperation.
I want to arm wrestle you just to prove that I know that sometimes I am wrong.

I want to give you a shiner on a day that I put in a little more effort into myself.

I want to crack your nose, back into place, because I am usually the one busting it because I am clumsy both verbally and physically.
Yet somehow you can still sense my love and for this I am forever grateful because damn do you smell good.

Sometimes I'm in the ring.
Getting riled up ready to lose myself.
But, I'm in your corner.