

AND STILL
We
Rise

AND STILL
We
Rise

KU c HASSELL WOMEN OF
COLORS Retreat 2016
#KWOC

KU c HASSELL WOMEN OF
COLORS Retreat 2016
#KWOC

Women of Color
make the world
go round



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 amin
Love with my
education, ^{with my}
now!

Be you, Be great
in whatever
that may
be.

YOU

ARE

rupi kaur

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

LOVED

I am a woman

I am a woman of color

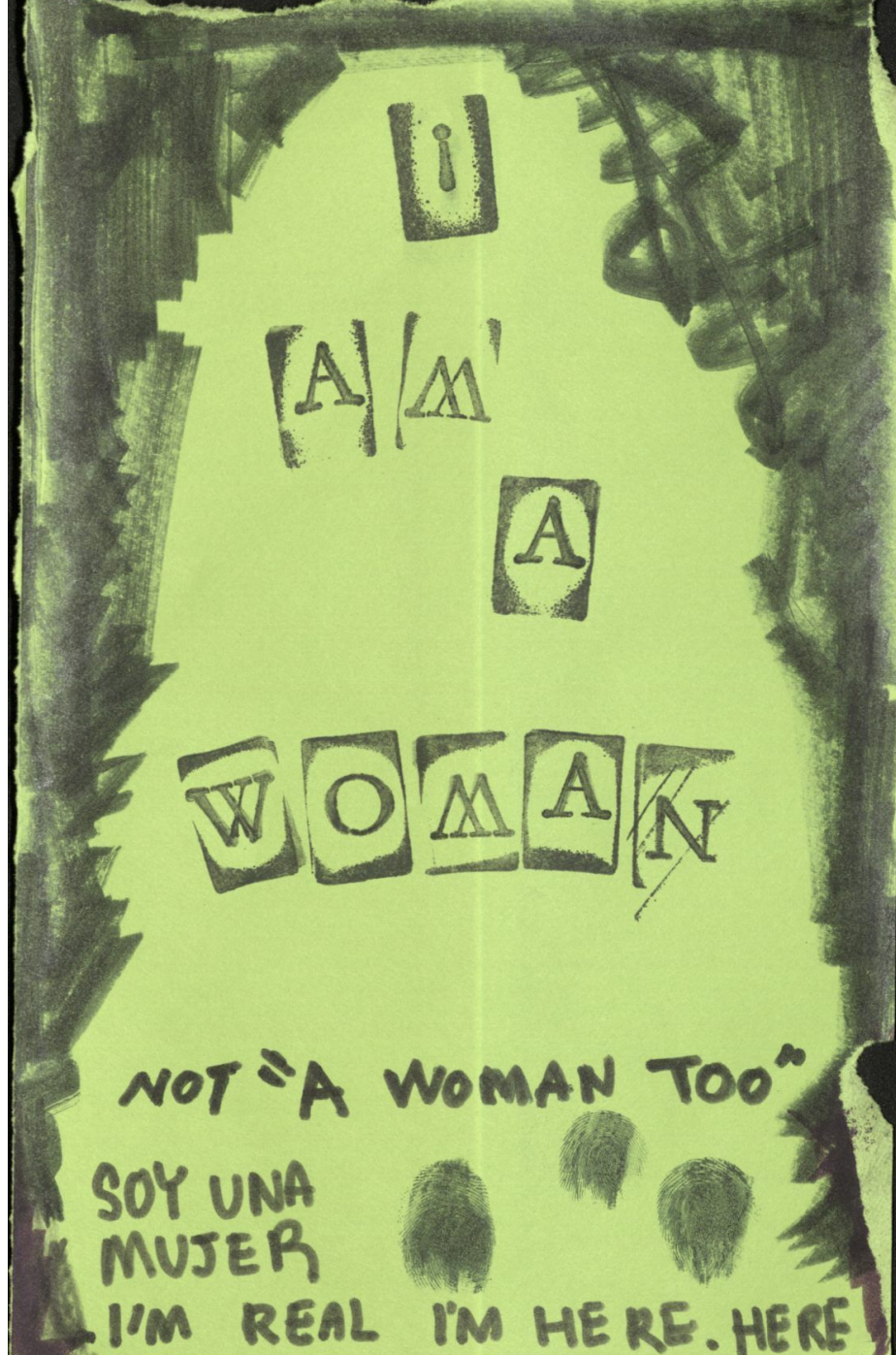
I am a woman of color with a voice

I am a woman of color with a voice of power, pain, and a story

I am a woman of color with a voice

I am a woman of color

I am a woman



I

A M

A

W O M A N

NOT "A WOMAN TOO"

SOY UNA MUJER

I'M REAL I'M HERE. HERE



AA
2016



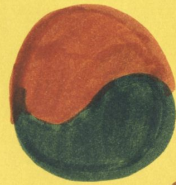
Being Black In America

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!



By Bmi

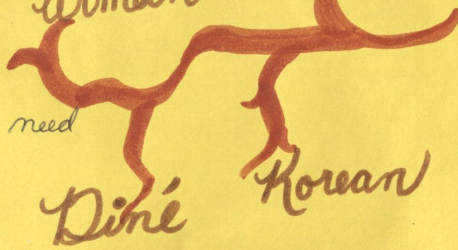
I DON'T need to
teach you about racism
and gender equality.



woman

STEM-
inist

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.

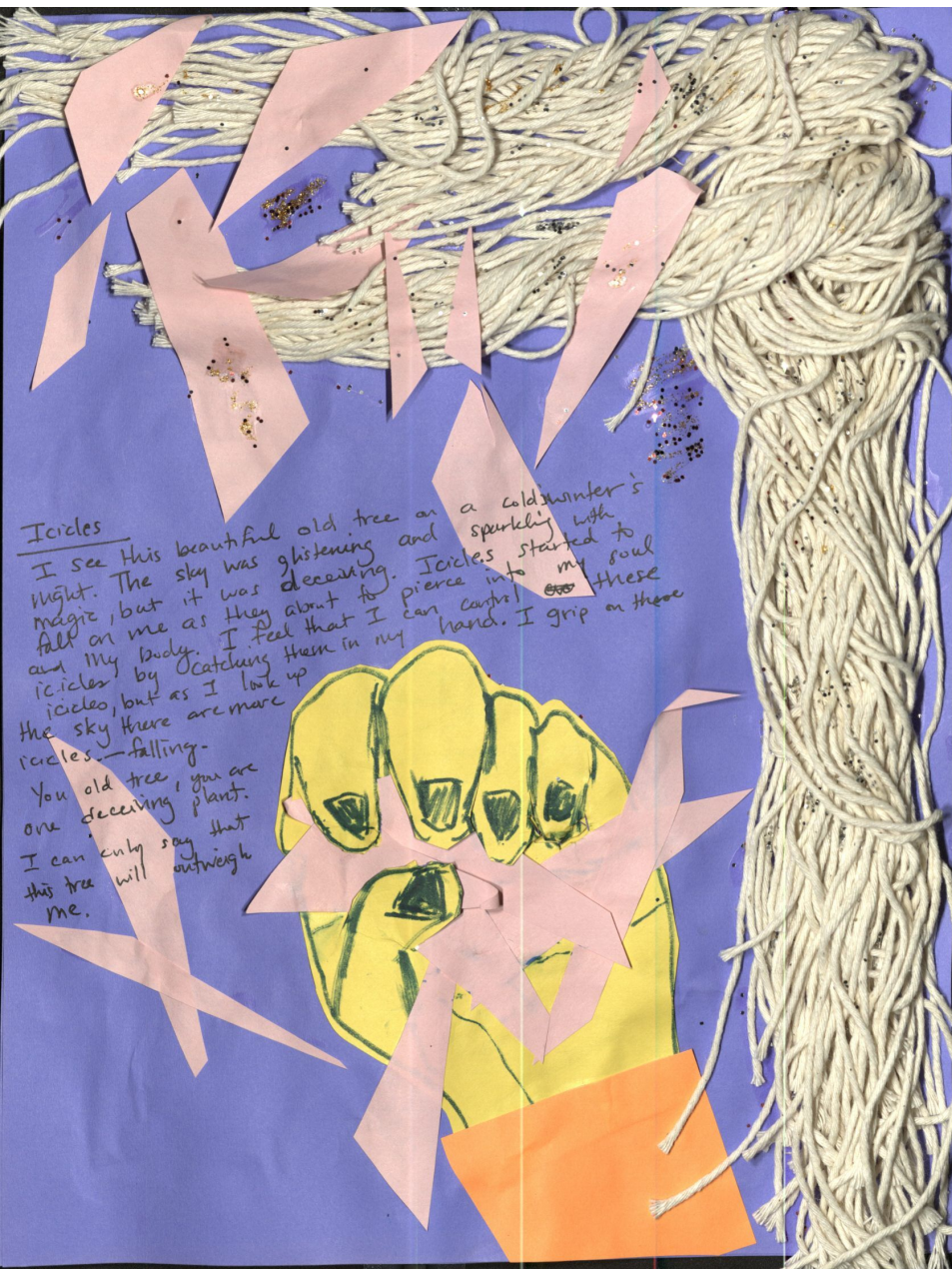


But don't expect me to teach you or help you
if you are not open and willing to discover that
of YOUR OWN VOLITION.

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 on a cold winter's night. The sky was glistening and sparkling with magic, but it was deceiving. Icicles started to fall on me as they about to pierce into my soul and my body. I feel that I can control these icicles by catching them in my hand. I grip on these the sky there are more icicles. —falling—

You old tree, you are one deceiving plant. I can only say that this tree will outweigh me.

Sweet Africana
Your name does not drip
with honey,
It is sharp with
Vengeance

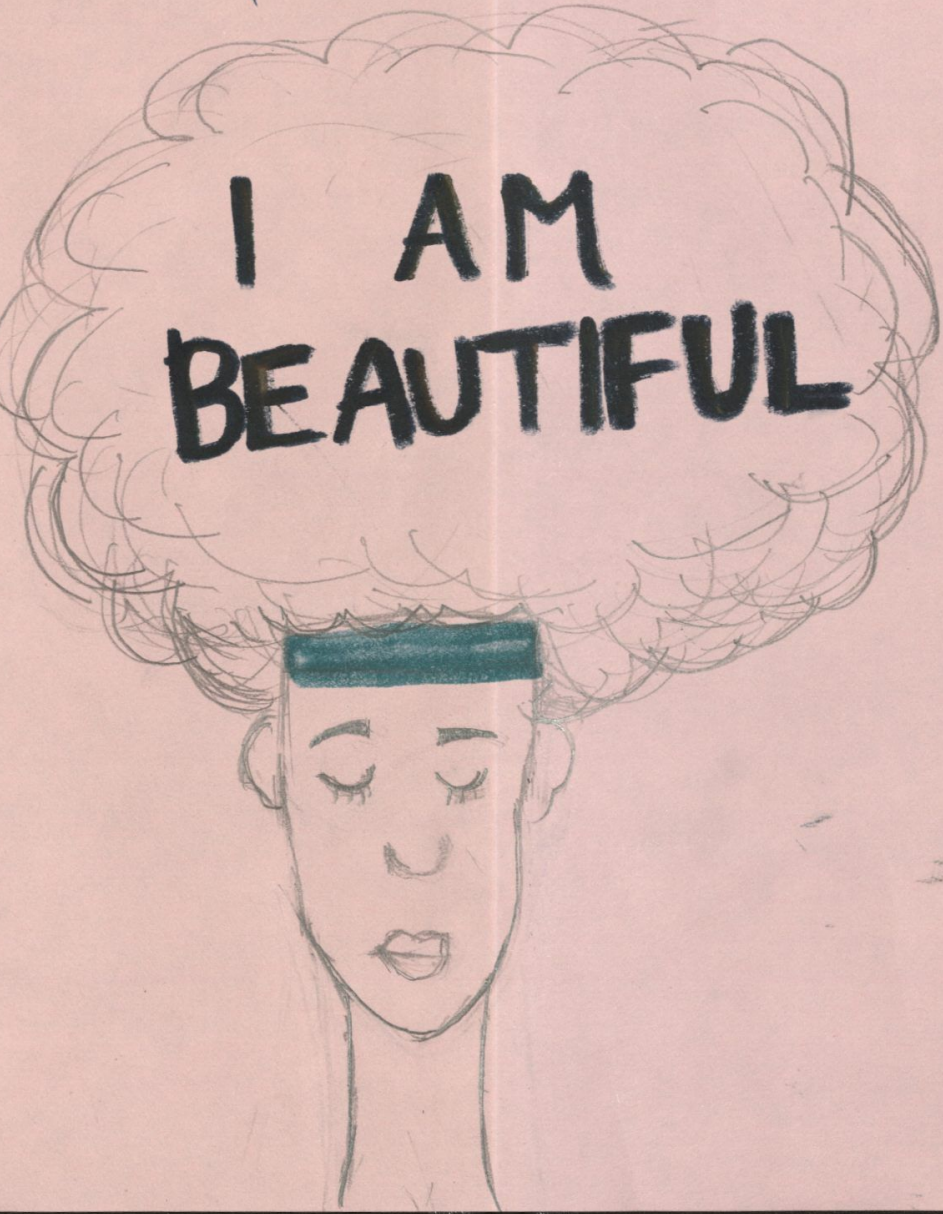
The soul of your flesh,
the souls of your body
The soles of your feet
Fitted against gravelly roads
& dewy grass.

You share the transient
light of fireflies and
hum with cicadas

Sweet Africana
You pray that the
fire of your blood does not burn
your skin, that it only keeps you
warm, & lights the
Revolution



I AM
BEAUTIFUL



WOMEN OF COLOR

DO:

- deserve your respect
- take up space (unapologetically)
- have the right to be proud of themselves
- have power and a voice

DONT:

- owe you explanations
- exist for your pleasure
- have to teach you
- speak for all women of color (stop expecting them to).

EOSECHA
MOVEMENT
.COM

for the permanent
protection, dignity,
and respect of
immigrants

Your acknowledgment 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 ~~min~~ minutes

* 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

No (or very little measuring)

Chili

- * 1 pkg ground meat (lentils if vegetarian)
- * onions * peppers
- * tomatoes (like 2)
- * tomato paste (small can)
- * 1 pkg 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

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 ☺
- sprinkle of cinnamon
- splash of (RumChata or Tequila)
- * mix into mug and heat for 2 ~~min~~ minutes *

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



Suck ice

and all of the
things 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 that, then add the
bacon and onions back in!

Watermelon Juice

- Small seedless watermelon
- Water
- Lemon
- Strawberry
- + BLEND (Strain if you want to)
- Add Sprite and mint leaves

Cook alot of this for a busy
Week! Rice Bowls

- Brown Rice
 - Chicken Breast (seasoned)
 - Avocado slices
 - Black beans
 - Cilantro
- Section into plastic containers

Lemon Pepper Salmon

Salmon ~~filet~~ (frozen or thawed)

- Add
- salt - melted butter
 - lemon pepper seasoning
 - lemon slices

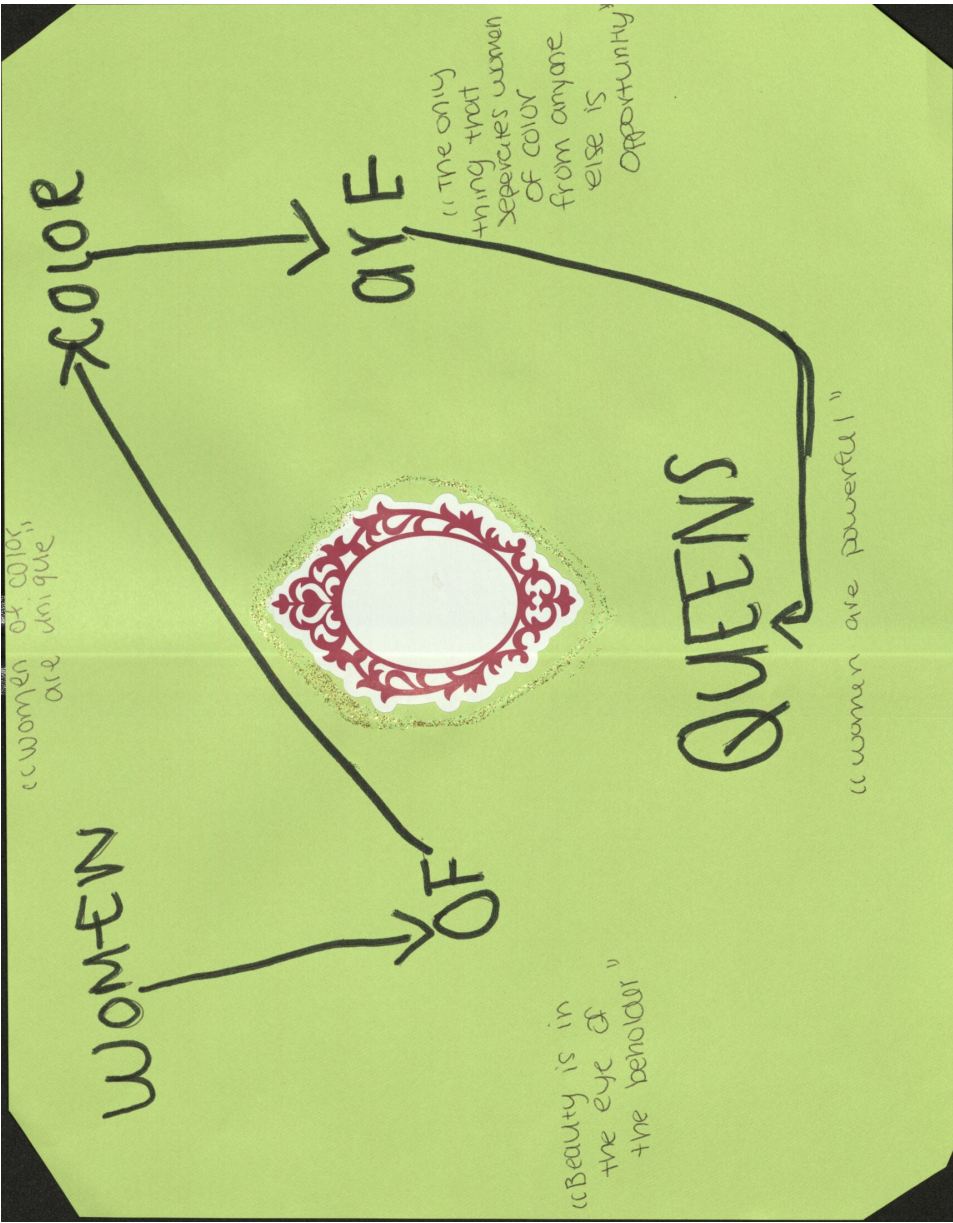
- place all of that on a pan
and bake for 30 minutes
or place in pan-cook ~~them~~ 10
minutes on each side

Green Smoothie(s) | Fun Smoothie

- Blend:
- Greek Yogurt
 - Spinach
 - pineapple
 - bananas
 - ice

- 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. To be Indigenous: A Snowflake.



Ty Ignacio

me me
me me
me me
me me unapologetic
me me me me
thriving me me me
me striving me
me me
me me
me me

meme
me me
meme
living me
me me me
me breathing
me me me
me powerful me
meme
meme
meme
meme

me me
me i am me
me me meme
liberated meme
me me me
me critical me
me meme
meme
me me
me me
me me
me me

me me
me me
me me
kalihī me
me me me
me kansas
me me me
me hawaii me
me me baltimore
me me
me me
me me
me me
anna

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.

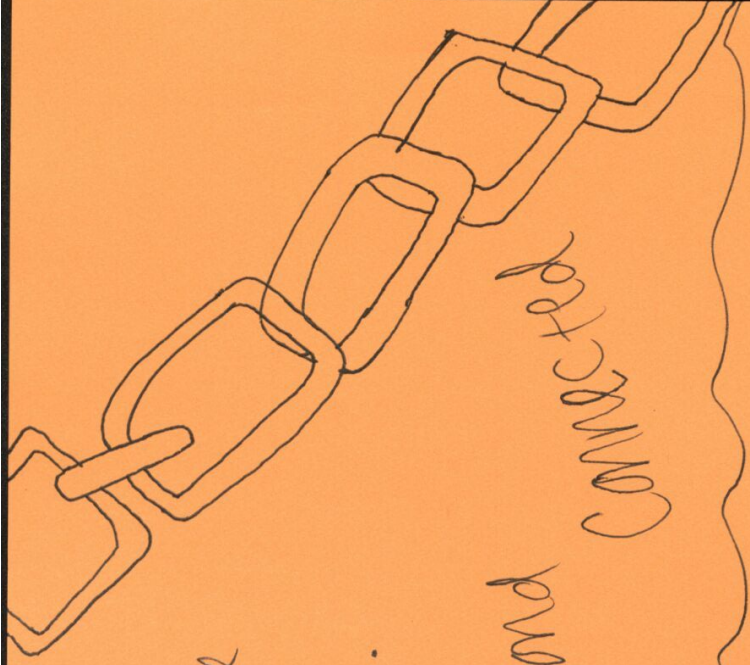
Tatyana T.

CAUTION
Carefree
WOMAN OF COLOR

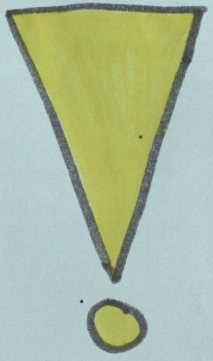
Women of Color

Every link essential
Together, inseparable.

Strength
Unity Bond
Community



H
I
AM
hopeful.
umble.
elpful.
onorable
Ollymarie Butler,



My Voice Matters

NATIVE PROUD

BE A DIAMOND
CANT BREAK
UNDER PRESSURE

I will Succeed.....

2 Timothy 1:7
For God has not given us a
spirit of fear, but of power
and of love and of a
sound mind.

I AM A BEAUTIFUL NATIVE, A LAKOTA WOMAN OF COLOR.

Not here for White fragility fears...

HANDS NOT YOUR POCAHONTAS

I AM INVISIBLE #MATTMATTERS

JAY HANK

MY CULTURE IS BEAUTIFUL

Respect My Existence
Expect My Resistance

Not your Native
I AM MY ANCESTORS

BLACKLIVESMATTER Tyre King.

BLACKLIVESMATTER The Story of 119.

BLACKLIVESMATTER My Eyes Album

BLACKLIVESMATTER Pain. Liberation.

BLACKLIVESMATTER Anguish. I Cry.

BLACKLIVESMATTER Ambition. Denial.

BLACKLIVESMATTER Anger

BLACKLIVESMATTER I SURVIVE

My Life

TAMIR RICE

Philando Castille

SANDRA BIANCHI

TRAYVON MARTIN

BUT HERE WE STAND IN ALL OUR GLORY

#BLACKLIBERATION

My Fire

BLACKLIVESMATTER. BLACK BODIES

BLACKTRANSLIVESMATTER. 119. 119

BLACKLIVESMATTER. FREDDIE GRAY

Active Resistance

I attend class.

I pretend whiteness.

I smile.

I Die.

i00

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 + small
held my razor like a security blanket
held my tongue like my fucking life
depended on it.

#staywoke

#suicideprevention

#unapologeticallyblack

#blackmentalhealth

#radicallove

#blackliberation

It was then I first learned just

how violent SILENCE could

#KUVOC

really be.

#blacklove

#selfcare

#blackgirlmagi

#blacklivesmatter



We are fire.



To White Nail Polish

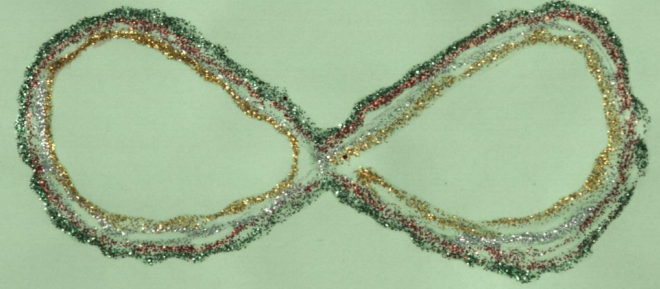
By: Margarita Aily Niño Arroyo

My mother once said to forget of your existence
she claimed you made me darker
and darkness was always something I needed to run from
As women of color, we live by rules
even in choosing the next color of our nail polish
My mother felt tormented 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 powerful warrior
with thighs of security and womanhood
she danced as she ~~entered in a struggle with the roots~~ rocked back and forth
entering in an embrace with la tierra
Her dancing was grounded, it didn't reach toward the skies like ballet
but while ballerinas stood on their tip-toes intending to reach the hands of people to be pulled
my mother pulled up her people
she moved her feet with power, beauty, and courage
Her thighs creating the earth to rumble and shake
She was the dancer that created her own noise, her own voice
Beyond the power of her body she feared you ... white nail polish
You reminded her of her brown skin
You reminded her of her too different body for ballet.
You mocked her for years, telling her, her pigmentation was not accute for you
And one day I wore you and told my mother she should too

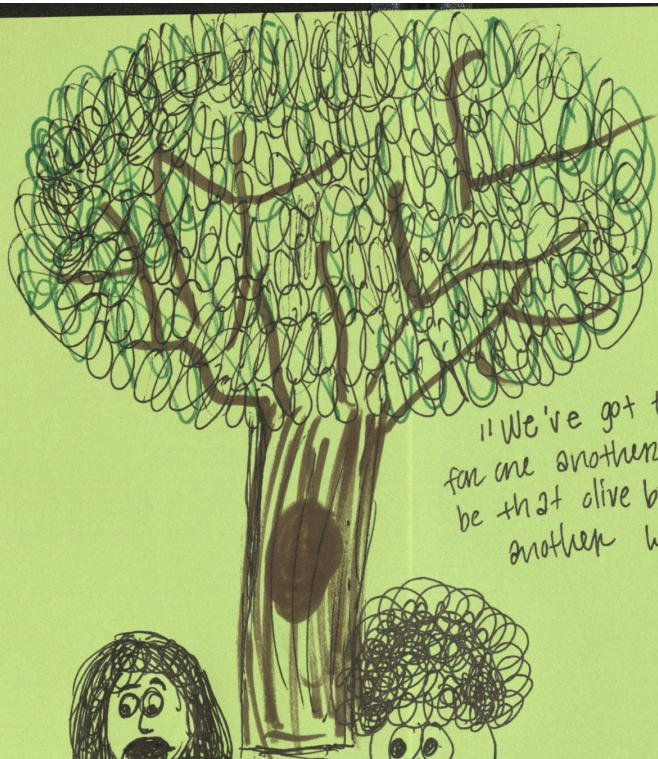


SARA'S
ARTS

We Are



Shades of
BROWN



"We've got to be brave
for one another. You could
be that olive branch for
another womxn."



"Negro..."

"Beamer..."

"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
Women, 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...



leah

I am tempered by the **fire**
I am no ones **token** leverage, mascot or am I what others lable 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, grandmother, daughter grand~~da~~ughter 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 wannabe** 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 **genocide** and **Colonization** some think is 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



WANNAB FOCK YOU UP.



I want to pinch your ears with my shrilly laughter

because it's most likely your fault.

I want to stin 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 ram 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.