Children from the Other America
A Crisis of Possibility

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Necessity is the mother of invention and this all began with a plea on a listserv: "We have a sixteen year old Mayan Quiche young man who won’t stop crying in our school". How desperate must a parent be to say goodbye to their child/children to perhaps never see them again because of wars in Syria or gang violence in Central America making citizens so desperate? Will the children make it alive to the next border with so many more to cross? Will they really eventually meet up with family? Or is this pure folly? Will these children be able to go to school for an equitable education and have a much better life than their parents could ever imagine? More important are the implications for U.S. schools: how are they managing the sudden influx of children refugees who are road weary and expected to participate in school structures seamlessly? Many are not aware that, linguistically, these children may not be Spanish-speaking, but only communicate in their own indigenous language.
Children from the Other America
TRANSGRESSIONS: CULTURAL STUDIES AND EDUCATION

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This book series is dedicated to the radical love and actions of Paulo Freire, Jesus “Pato” Gomez, and Joe L. Kincheloe.
Cultural studies provides an analytical toolbox for both making sense of educational practice and extending the insights of educational professionals into their labors. In this context, *Transgressions: Cultural Studies and Education* provides a collection of books in the domain that specify this assertion. Crafted for an audience of teachers, teacher educators, scholars and students of cultural studies and others interested in cultural studies and pedagogy, the series documents both the possibilities of and the controversies surrounding the intersection of cultural studies and education. The editors and the authors of this series do not assume that the interaction of cultural studies and education devalues other types of knowledge and analytical forms. Rather the intersection of these knowledge disciplines offers a rejuvenating, optimistic, and positive perspective on education and educational institutions. Some might describe its contribution as democratic, emancipatory, and transformative. The editors and authors maintain that cultural studies helps free educators from sterile, monolithic analyses that have for too long undermined efforts to think of educational practices by providing other words, new languages, and fresh metaphors. Operating in an interdisciplinary cosmos, *Transgressions: Cultural Studies and Education* is dedicated to exploring the ways cultural studies enhances the study and practice of education. With this in mind the series focuses in a non-exclusive way on popular culture as well as other dimensions of cultural studies including social theory, social justice and positionality, cultural dimensions of technological innovation, new media and media literacy, new forms of oppression emerging in an electronic hyperreality, and postcolonial global concerns. With these concerns in mind cultural studies scholars often argue that the realm of popular culture is the most powerful educational force in contemporary culture. Indeed, in the twenty-first century this pedagogical dynamic is sweeping through the entire world. Educators, they believe, must understand these emerging realities in order to gain an important voice in the pedagogical conversation.

Without an understanding of cultural pedagogy’s (education that takes place outside of formal schooling) role in the shaping of individual identity – youth identity in particular – the role educators play in the lives of their students will continue to fade. Why do so many of our students feel that life is incomprehensible and devoid of meaning? What does it mean, teachers wonder, when young people are unable to describe their moods, their affective affiliation to the society around them. Meanings provided young people by mainstream institutions often do little to help them deal with their affective complexity, their difficulty negotiating the rift between meaning and affect. School knowledge and educational expectations seem as anachronistic as a ditto machine, not that learning ways of rational thought and making sense of the world are unimportant.

But school knowledge and educational expectations often have little to offer students about making sense of the way they feel, the way their affective lives are shaped. In no way do we argue that analysis of the production of youth in an electronic mediated world demands some “touchy-feely” educational superficiality. What is needed in this context is a rigorous analysis of the interrelationship between pedagogy, popular culture, meaning making, and youth subjectivity. In an era marked by youth depression, violence, and suicide such insights become extremely important, even life saving. Pessimism about the future is the common sense of many contemporary youth with its concomitant feeling that no one can make a difference.
If affective production can be shaped to reflect these perspectives, then it can be reshaped to lay the groundwork for optimism, passionate commitment, and transformative educational and political activity. In these ways cultural studies adds a dimension to the work of education unfilled by any other sub-discipline. This is what *Transgressions: Cultural Studies and Education* seeks to produce – literature on these issues that makes a difference. It seeks to publish studies that help those who work with young people, those individuals involved in the disciplines that study children and youth, and young people themselves improve their lives in these bizarre times.
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Our vision for this book is a collection of art and artifacts—filled with invaluable contributions from rock star scholars like Chomsky, López-Stafford and Duncan-Andrade. Art is sustenance for the soul especially when we are so thirsty for goodness and nonviolence in the world. We hope to share stories, narratives, poems, scholarship and photographs as a mindful assembly to create art.

This book became a vision first, then a reality supported by our Executive Editor Shirley Steinberg and Michel Lokhorst at Sense Publishers.

Rosie Castro-Feinberg is an icon in south Florida and insisted Esq. Peter Roos from Multicultural Education and Training Advocacy (META) tell the story in celebration of twenty-five years of the Florida Consent Decree (1990). Things began to snowball and artists began to coalesce. Celia Roberts (www.celialroberts.com) our photographer from Colorado joined me and Carolyn O’Gorman-Fazzolari and Benito Fazzolari to document the memorial march for the slain Guatemalan young man named Marcelino in Jupiter, Florida. Suddenly we had a story to share, a memorial to attend, a call for calm and non-violence at the march in May of 2015, a month after this horrific hate crime. Very polished men in sunglasses joined us, chewing gum and even though they were Latino, seemed to be strangers in town because hate crimes are being hushed in the farms and fields of south Florida—folks are undocumented and so we’d like to empower them with a dedication to the people who put food on our tables and clean up after us at restaurants and mow our lawns. People who live in the shadows except when you need labor.

Fr. Frank O’Loughlin is a veritable living saint among us and has made south Florida his home since 1965. I like to call Padre “the real deal” because you meet so few of them in your life and yet you know you are with pure goodness when you meet a saint. Radical priests are present in slums, ghettos, barrios and rural areas and Padre Frank was with Cesar Chavez on behalf of farmworkers back in the day. When I met Frank I was inspired to write the book, pull together the team and dedicate it to hard working people who live in the shadows of ANY industrialized nation.

The cover photograph was taken in Immokalee, Florida which is famous for fair wage for tomato corporate farms and their challenges in times past. Immokalee is a symbol of Taco Bell finally paying tomato workers a decent wage. The symbolism of the bicycles was too hard to ignore as we passed by them because undocumented workers cannot have driver’s licenses and so they go to work on buses and leave their bikes chained together all day at the bus stop. To add insult to injury, farmworkers must ride a bicycle home (farm roads) after a hard day of working in the fields where
buses transport them. The chained bicycles are symbolic for farmworker’s chained lives yet strength in numbers too.

Thank you one and all for an incredible year of crisis and contemplation. There are many communities around the world with large influxes of refugees and we’d like to share how communities in the U.S. mobilized.

Visit us on: https://www.facebook.com/childrenfromtheotherAmerica/
1. INTRODUCTION

Policy makers, the public and the media were seemingly caught off guard in spring 2014 when a surge of child migrants from Central America reached the U.S. Mexico border in unprecedented numbers. (Migrant Policy Institute, 2014)

Imagine if you will a mist settling on the lush jungle floor and wise, old Mother Earth rumbles and tumbles and the land cracks and rolls and she painfully groans as her children once again wage war amongst themselves. An ensuing exodus from Central America has happened again.

The year was 2014, the month was June and suddenly it seemed like almost every school in the U.S. witnessed an influx of new students at the end of the school year from Central America. Bill O’Reilly callously proclaimed in July of 2014, We’re not a “dumping ground!” upon the news of child refugees at our doorstep. He seethed, “We can’t take care of the world’s poor” (July, 2014) mugging and miming quotation marks for the camera every time he said “refugees”. As orators know, the power of repetition is memorable for audiences. In that speech (YouTube), three times, O’Reilly says “refugees” miming his quotation fingers.

The reality is, the unaccompanied children are refugees. They come from desperate circumstances and here, many of them become the lowest rung on the ladder of success in the land of milk and honey. Donald Trump says, “I love Mexicans. They do a great job on my lawn” with his Manhattan accent. Jon Stewart calls Trump “a gift” to the Democratic Party. Latino/Hispanos just call him asshole (culero).

There is no denial every industrialized nation needs immigrant labor. Undocumented workers do the nasty, grueling and menial jobs no Northern American wants to do and furthermore, in Florida, city officials cordon off their Guatemalan community in both Jupiter and Lake Worth as well as Immokalee to the west on the Florida Everglades. This is where the Seminole tribe was ultimately banished and ironically sits on a gold mine—the Florida Everglades, the port of Miami and Fort Lauderdale for cruise lines, hotels and tourism. The wheels of justice are slow but they grind ever so finely. All those twenty dollar bills with Andrew Jackson on them are spinning in the fat wallets of U.S. citizens spending big bucks in Seminole Casinos. Cha ching! Poetic justice!

In this creative collection are a variety of narratives, poems, short stories and scholarly articles with attempts to honor in artistic ways the unaccompanied
children, the work of farm labor and the Guatemala Mayan communities of south Florida. Our sole focus is on the plight of children and families unable to fully engage in a community—unable to get a driver’s license. To even further isolate the Guatemalan Maya Indian in communities leaving them stripped and powerless with no ability to drive—no recognition of international driver’s licenses (cover photo), no clear path to citizenship nor recognition of refugee status because the U.S. does not recognize the drug wars in the Northern Triangle worthy of refugee status. Just like Bill O’Reilly.

Thirty years ago there was a drug war of epic proportions in Central America. Cultural anthropologist J. P. Linstroth (2004) a scholar and fellow activist documented the depositions of Guatemalans fleeing in droves to the U.S. in the 1980’s and described the scorched and abandoned Mayan villages in the jungles of Guatemala as being annihilated. Linstroth reports, “Mayan babies were being banded about like soccer balls” by ladino soldiers (p. 27). Another narrative describes babies “melting on stones like oil” (p. 28).

We offer no apologies about these graphic images but rather propose them to serve as memory palaces—to remember and pay homage to all of our immigrant and native ancestors alike. We come to the U.S. for various reasons—some under circumstances more desperate than others.

Fast forward thirty years to the summer of 2014, as “La Bestia” (the train known as “the beast”) rolls into Mexico delivering desperate people to even more desperate circumstances at our southwestern most border. La bestia was but one of many ways our nation’s thousands of refugees arrived in the summer of 2014.

Needless to say, because of the surge in unaccompanied children, the backlog of immigration court dockets in places like Texas, Arizona and California were unable to process refugees in a timely manner and operated at full throttle and maximum capacity as immigrants and newcomers alike escaped the unthinkable violence back home in Central America.

One can’t help but ask, who are these women and children and who did they leave behind? Who do they know when they reach their family in the U.S.? What about the completely unaccompanied minor? What then? Can we grow roses in the concrete (Duncan-Andrade, 2009)?

This eclectic collection of artifacts knits together a snapshot in time when immigrants from Central America arrived at our borders weaving a tapestry of narratives—both scholarly and aesthetically (Greene, 1980). We weave threads from Web 2.0 narratives/blogs/posts among scholarly research interspersed with poetry/literature from the academic fields of Chicana/Chicano Studies (López-Stafford) liberatory education (Duncan-Andrade) and critical pedagogy (O’Gorman-Fazzolari). In honor of the symbolism of the weaver’s loom for native indigenous/aboriginal peoples, we attempt to weave a story in honor of your incredible personal narratives of survival and disaster, about human trafficking of both boys and girls and inconceivable accounts of resiliency (Final Chapter).
In our time capsule filled with snapshots of immigrant accounts (Stafford-Levy, 2004) our work shares photos, recordings, interviews, transcripts and original research attempting to re-tell stories about activism by sharing narratives through our lens as scholars, community members, grassroots activism, teachers of this population we serve in south Florida and even the powerful work of the clergy and liberatory theologians like Fr. Frank O’Loughlin of south Florida—a radical priest working with farmworkers for more than forty years now.

Like Foucault, Avi Chomsky looks at the “master narrative” of post-colonial Mesoamerican history and creatively slices up the U.S. immigration pie into four acts as a dramatic essay in our extremely diverse collection. This editor watched an online recording of Avi at a conference workshop in Austin, Texas. There were Mexican-Americans speaking on stage who were more comfortable using highly academic Spanish and sharing concepts about activism. Finally the interpreter waved their hand, stepped off the stage and let Dr. Chomsky take over—no middleman needed. The daughter of Noam Chomsky is perfectly bilingual in Spanish and did the interpreting herself while serving as plenary speaker—double duty a lot like our bilingual students. Truly remarkable. We are delighted to share her wonderful, original contribution to this anthology.

It is an interesting anecdote the way this book emerged which came from pleas posted on a professional listserv (FLSSTESOL @Yahoo Groups) for help from educators like Dr. Mercedes Pichard who teaches the unaccompanied refugees in a high school near Immokalee however in Lee County and a professor in a local teacher preparation as well. The editor of this anthology serves on the Executive Board of Directors of SSTESOL (Florida’s Sunshine State Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages) with Dr. Pichard who posted in the spring of 2014:

This Quiche student will not stop crying and he’s sixteen years old. The entire school has been traumatized and his classmates are upset as well and no one knows exactly what to do. (Blog Artifact)

It became apparent, some of these children were suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) and suddenly an overwhelming need for Quiche speaking mental health practitioners befell the communities of Dade, Broward, Palm Beach County and Lee to name but a few.

Some of our conversations with the students in these overwhelmed schools spoke of calloused, mean and insensitive teachers, especially when it came to test scores for immigrants. As life would have it, the trauma manifest in the classrooms, out in the school yards and into the community culminating in a horrific hate crime in Palm Beach County in April of 2015. We deliberately have avoided the deficit model for this collection. We choose to honor our dead and the community they live in and the schools and churches who have come together in a time of crisis. It does take a village—and a fairly tenacious one, at that.
Gloria López-Stafford shares the story of Yoya in *A Place in El Paso* where you’ll see the recurrent symbol of the street lamp in our anthology shedding light on the immigrant narrative.

Yoya and her band of *barrio* boys play under the street lamp in *la Tartana*—an old jalopy belonging to a Mexican-American soldier who never returned home to his beloved barrio from WWII. The Second Ward children played under the glow of a lamp in the *Segundo barrio*’s cool nights after a hot summer day in El Paso/Juarez. Her chapter *The Trouble with English* is part of our collection emblematic of the voice of the immigrant child learning English and trying to find their place in the world and their own identity. The character Yoya was not really interested in learning the new language until she was motivated. There are many universal themes immigrant children share concerning bilingualism. For example, Yoya shares the phenomenon of losing her English over the summer and reminds us about the importance of identity and the immigrant experience. In other parts of her book, López-Stafford writes about the money boys who craned their necks below the bridge catching coins in large newspaper cones from pedestrians above. Rich literacy skills like these might not be recognized by white teachers in South Florida. Luis Moll (2015) calls them funds of knowledge urging educators to tap and mold like clay. This editor was a high school English teacher and says, “You just have to look for that special gift within each child—some a little harder than others”.

Yet, *A Place in El Paso* demonstrates how schools can wound too (Olson, 2009). The Anglo teacher catches the girls speaking Spanish IN THE COAT CLOSET and punishes Yoya and Raquel from recess. This rich narrative from the perspective of an immigrant child deserves a special thank you for your contribution to our anthology and for sharing your story with the world.

Central American refugees endure an extremely perilous journey to the U.S. The Migration Policy Institute (2015) states between 2011 and 2014 the number of Central American children and “family units” (official terminology) surged and for parents traveling north but if you talk to any of the locals in this particular farming community of Immokalee, Florida where we visited, the community members all had incredible stories of determination and resiliency. While seated at a local lunch counter eating tacos in this very small farm town, one genteel lady in a maroon apron shared her story with us and the irony was not lost on me. Lunch counters are quite symbolic for my “g-g-generation”.

Weeks before the hate crime in Charleston, South Carolina at Emanuel A.M.E Church, Reverend Clementa Pinkney’s church, a hate crime took place in Jupiter, Florida. Local young men in the community conceived the racial slur “‘Guat’ hunting” referring to Guatemala Mayan living there. This is how “Marcelino” was referred to (see Hines poem) in a vicious, seemingly premeditated murder with a rock to the skull and even worse, the murder is being swept under the rug by local, conservative media. They even titled the article wrong in the local newspaper to
further bury the story. City officials told Father Frank founder of the Guatemala Mayan Center in Lake Worth, Florida they didn’t want another Ferguson on their hands.

A month after the murder of Marcelino, the locals (indigenous, Hispanic and Anglo American) memorialized him in a city-sponsored march by the mayor and local law enforcement agencies trying desperately to gain the trust of these undocumented immigrants.

While this book was being written and in a show of solidarity, three of this anthology’s authors slowly and solemnly marched among television cameras and media in show of unity with those who live in the shadows. At the end of the march, participants gathered in the community park. With television cameras present, we took the opportunity to address the importance of non-violence in response to the murder as many Mayans, Mexicans and Central Americans stood in the crowd. A hushed gathering listened as the clergy, professors and community members called for calm and nonviolence and resolved to meet again about street lamps—a great place to start in a long line of safety concerns and issues by mothers from Central America living in Palm Beach County, Florida.

![Figure 1. Memorial march for slain Guatemalan teen and gathering in the park](© 2015 Celila Roberts)

In trying to secure popular activism within this mourning community of Jupiter, a young mother and budding community activist by the name of Isabel wearing a straw *hipster* hat and glasses spoke on behalf of the deeply saddened mothers at
Marcelino’s memorial. She shouted loudly for the Sherriff to answer some questions. He waved his hand at Isabel and said, “No questions, no questions.” So Isabel turned to her community and asked, “What can we do? What do we need? What do we want?” We dedicate this book to those who live in the shadows on streets with no street lamps. We dedicate this work to Marcelino.

Another community member by the name of Marlena (as in Dietrich) told us her son had earned a full ride to the University of Michigan and her eyes welled up with tears as she recounted her story of a three-day harrowing trek by foot when she first entered the U.S. with her toddler at her side. Marlena said she came here for a better life so that her son could have a real chance at life and a decent education. Her burgundy apron was clean and tidy and Marlena told us she cleaned the refugee center across the street and that she’d be here the next time we returned to visit the center called the Coalition of Immokalee Workers.

Immokalee, if you know your migrant rights history, is iconic for the rights of tomato workers. Back in the day, Cesar Chavez was unable to organize under United Farmworkers thanks to the gargantuan lobbying power of Florida’s corporate farms and any hints of unionized labor were quickly snuffed by the giant companies and, out of necessity, the Immokalee Coalition of Workers was born. These tenacious laborers brought national and international attention to the need for decent and fair wages for the people who help bring food to our tables. Presently, the Coalition is boycotting grocery chains like Publix who ignore Fair Food efforts and post on their web site (www.ciw-online.org/) Fair Food Program participants like Trader Joe’s and WalMart.

It’s quite challenging to write books in these times of incredible change from moment to moment and day to day and so in order to not become quickly dated, our idea is to share stories close to our hearts after the influx of immigrants from Central America in the summer of 2014 and try to give voice to the voiceless who provide the beautiful vegetables and produce in our markets and work as bus boys and wait staff in restaurants. Every industrial society needs the working poor to perform the back-breaking, grueling and menial jobs no one else will do. Immokalee Florida has a long history of civil disobedience (see YouTube) and to unionize in the red state of Florida heretical thanks to strong lobby groups funded by corporate farms and so the Immokalee farmworkers created a coalition years ago and urged Americans to boycott the likes of Publix (Fair Food), Taco Bell (Yum Brands) and Minute Maid in the 1970’s, ‘80’s for a decent wage. Back in the day, tomatoes fetched thirty-five cents a bucket. To make $50.00, someone had to pick 2 tons of tomatoes.

Cesar Chavez’ United Farmworkers was not allowed in the state of Florida. Chavez tried with our colleague, fellow activist and friend Fr. Frank O’Loughlin in Palm Beach County Florida and slept on his sofa during the really hard years. Nothing doing! Florida was not for Cesar Chavez. As Freire (1970) so aptly reminds us,
Men and women [sic] simultaneously create history and become historical beings. Because—in contrast to animals—people can tri-dimensionalize time into the past, the present and the future, their history, in function of their own creations, develop as a constant process of transformation within which epochal units materialize … On the contrary, epochal units interrelate in the dynamics of historical continuity. (p. 82)

The editor Michele Stafford Levy wrote a play while a drama major during undergraduate school at LSU in the 1980’s when the first drug wars broke out in Guatemala. Inspired by the now controversial Nobel Peace Prize recipient Rigoberta Menchú and based on the saying from Menchú Tum (2004):

The bones of the dead tell no lies. In many cases, they speak on their own behalf, telling stories of pain, violence, and abuse. In Guatemala, every clandestine cemetery that is found, every bone that is recovered from Mother Earth speaks of the people who were annihilated, of the homes burned, of the indiscriminate massacres. In short, they speak of the crimes against humanity, of the genocide committed by the army against the indigenous population. (Menchú Tum, 2004: 7)

The first scene of Michele’s drama takes place in a Mayan jungle cemetery with an eerie fog hovering on a dimly lit stage—headstones under low spots. Suddenly agonizing howls from the ghosts of slain indigenous awaken to the drone of a weepy drum. Strangely, from the grave, like Shakespeare’s Lear, the slain return from the dead to reveal the secrets of their atrocious deaths. And like our anthology’s beginning, Mother Earth rolls over again and sobs for her babies.

Fast forward thirty years later, same stage different players. These poor characters (extended metaphor) journey through dangerous Mexican highways and end up in detention centers but by U.S. standards are NOT considered refugees. We write this book about the unaccompanied children who certainly are the most distressing of collateral damage from the Northern Triangle drug wars and, ironically, the country who consumes the drugs doesn’t quite know what to do with the most vulnerable of the world’s population—child refugees from Central America.

To add insult to injury, for-profit detention centers reveal the ugly, opportunistic face of U.S. corporate profiteering off the backs of women and children who are charged for food when the cafeteria fare purposively atrocious so they pay the canteen (prison owned), refugees pay the prison for phone calls and decent food and yet in Summer of 2015, the women and children organized an audacious protest in Dilley, Texas when federal officials visited. Meanwhile, the detention centers owned by the likes of the McCombs family of Texas embody American opportunism at its finest. Columbia University just severed its ties with its for-profit penal system association. Let’s see if UT Austin can match Columbia University’s pledge. McCombs school of Business might not appreciate a for-profit detention center relationship (Observer, 2015).
In our collection are two transcripts to capture narratives from the actors themselves. First we’ll meet Jonathan Ryan (a “good attorney”) of San Antonio’s RAICES who leads this immigration law firm and held a press conference during a town hall style meeting as one of the largest surges of Central American refugees streamed across the borders. We share Jonathan’s “live” speech to honor his great leadership abilities, eloquence with educating the public (mostly churches and charity groups) and mobilizing a community for the unaccompanied minors who “retain” legal counsel. Children must secure legal counsel once here in the U.S. and to hear children talk about their lawyers is stupefying.

Speaking of legal issues, if you’ve lived in south Florida for any amount of time and follow causes like LULAC and TESOL, you’ll eventually hear about the legend of Rosie Castro-Feinberg. Rosie has the power to not only raise the waters but part them as well; to get people to help her pass laws for children who don’t speak English. In 1990, language rights prevailed and the passage of the Florida Consent Decree was won. In honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Florida Consent Decree supporting and honoring the rights of children who are learning English, we wanted to interview Rosie as the former Miami Dade school board member and she wouldn’t hear of it. She directed us to Peter Roos one of our nation’s top civil rights attorneys. Tapestry, a highly informative website by the University of South Florida for TESOL pre-service teachers lists Esq. Roos’ lifetime achievements in the form of a timeline at http://tapestry.usf.edu/Roos/outline.html. We feel we’ve incorporated the Lau decision and the Civil Rights Movement in a creative and interesting way by offering the reader a primary source from the attorney responsible for a very important language rights law in Florida.

Quick facts where the Consent Decree came from:

- Title VI and VII Civil Rights Act of 1964
- Office of Civil Rights Memorandum (Standards for Title VI Compliance) of May 25, 1970
- Requirements based on the Supreme Court decision in Lau v. Nichols, 1974
- Equal Education Opportunities Act of 1974
- Requirements of the Vocational Education Guidelines, 1979
- Requirements based on the Fifth Circuit court decision in Castañeda v. Pickard, 1981
- Requirements based on the Supreme Court decision in Plyler v. Doe, 1982
- Americans with Disabilities Act (PL 94–142)
- Florida Education Equity Act, 1984
- Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973

When school laws are in place, school teachers have been known to be activists. We had the opportunity to meet a teacher at the Florida State TESOL Conference who is originally from Guatemala. She is married to a fellow Guatemalan
INTRODUCTION

physician and lives in northern Florida. This advocate and school teacher for Central American students just quit her teaching job. Marta tells us her “contract was not renewed” because she defended the children and championed their causes. Marta was mortified when the cafeteria staff created problems for a young Guatemalan boy unfairly accused of “stealing chicken” in the lunch line (personal communication). We desperately need great teachers and the system seems to be failing them.

Recently, Donald Trump swiped a very, very broad brushstroke that Mexicans were rapists and drug lords. It hurts. Really. And so we dedicate this anthology with the passion Latinos have for art and drama, literature and poetry with “weavings” of photographs, scholarly writings from critical theorists and local activists. Incorporating Web 2.0 attempts to address the urgency of and critical nature of social networking hoping more and more of us use Web 2.0 artifacts as part of the larger narrative. We can make a change and therein lies possibility—a crisis of possibility and how to mobilize a community like Jonathan Ryan and the staff RAICES of San Antonio, Texas.

Henry Giroux (2011) believes we are in dire crisis of ideas and urges debate in our schools across this representative nation as tantamount to true democratic processes to model what years earlier Neil Postman (1969) suggested “teaching as a subversive activity.” (p. 1) and Giroux (2004) further suggests “when hope is subversive” (p. 1). Let’s get teachers involved in activism through debate about noble ideas like being good stewards of our beautiful planet and championing dignity and the rights of those who are marginalized. Either way, it is incumbent upon educators to keep Hegel’s (2004) dialectic bulldozing forward with our very eager and energetic youth engaged in debates about social justice and democracy across our country and the very, very large discussion about what empowering education looks like (Freire, 1970) – especially for the Mesoamerican refugees in U.S schools, crowded adult education programs and those who are trapped in for-profit detention centers in the U.S. Europe now too has an influx of refugees (2016). We share a common challenge.

For Peter McLaren (1997), like Giroux, debates are critical to our conversation in a democracy calling them “engaged narratives” (p. 91). McLaren’s development of revolutionary politics and the struggle for social justice is “not so much the politics of diversity as the global decentering and dismantling of whiteness” (p. 306). History will teach us how communities coalesce during huge influxes of immigrants no matter the country and whether the dominant culture is compassionate or repulsed and filled with xenophobia. Whether they embrace or whether they “other” folks, the crisis of possibility rests in the hands of the entirety of a democracy during surges of immigrants to new lands.

John Hines was so utterly and deeply moved by Marcelino’s hate crime he penned this poem as a tribute to his life because all lives matter. Marcelino López’ short life was cut short by haters and cut down by a crushing final blow to his Guatemala Mayan (Guat) skull.
HUNTING GUATS BY JOHN HINES

Walking Wakodahachee
Right there on the boardwalk
Below our feet
Purple gallinules – great yellow feet splayed –
We’re gathering nesting shoots of green grass
You told me of that murder

Three kids about nineteen
Who taught them to hate?
They called themselves Guat hunters
One picked up a rock
One picked up an iron bar
And with heavy arms
They bludgeoned another kid
A Guatemalan immigrant
Who had fled the killings at home
Such ugliness amid such beauty!
I won’t pass those gallinules again
Without anger
Without recalling
Hateful arms
The iron bar
That bloody rock

Children destroying children
What have we come to?

To Marcelino: Slain Mayan teenager,
Palm Beach County Florida Spring 2015

REFERENCES
INTRODUCTION


