

# REFLECTIONS ON THE YEAR THAT WAS...

A Collection of essays  
by Joe Wilson, Executive Director,  
Hospitality House



**Shelter-in-Place Hotel/Shelter Staff**

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Distributed by:

Hospitality House  
290 Turk Street  
San Francisco, CA, 94102

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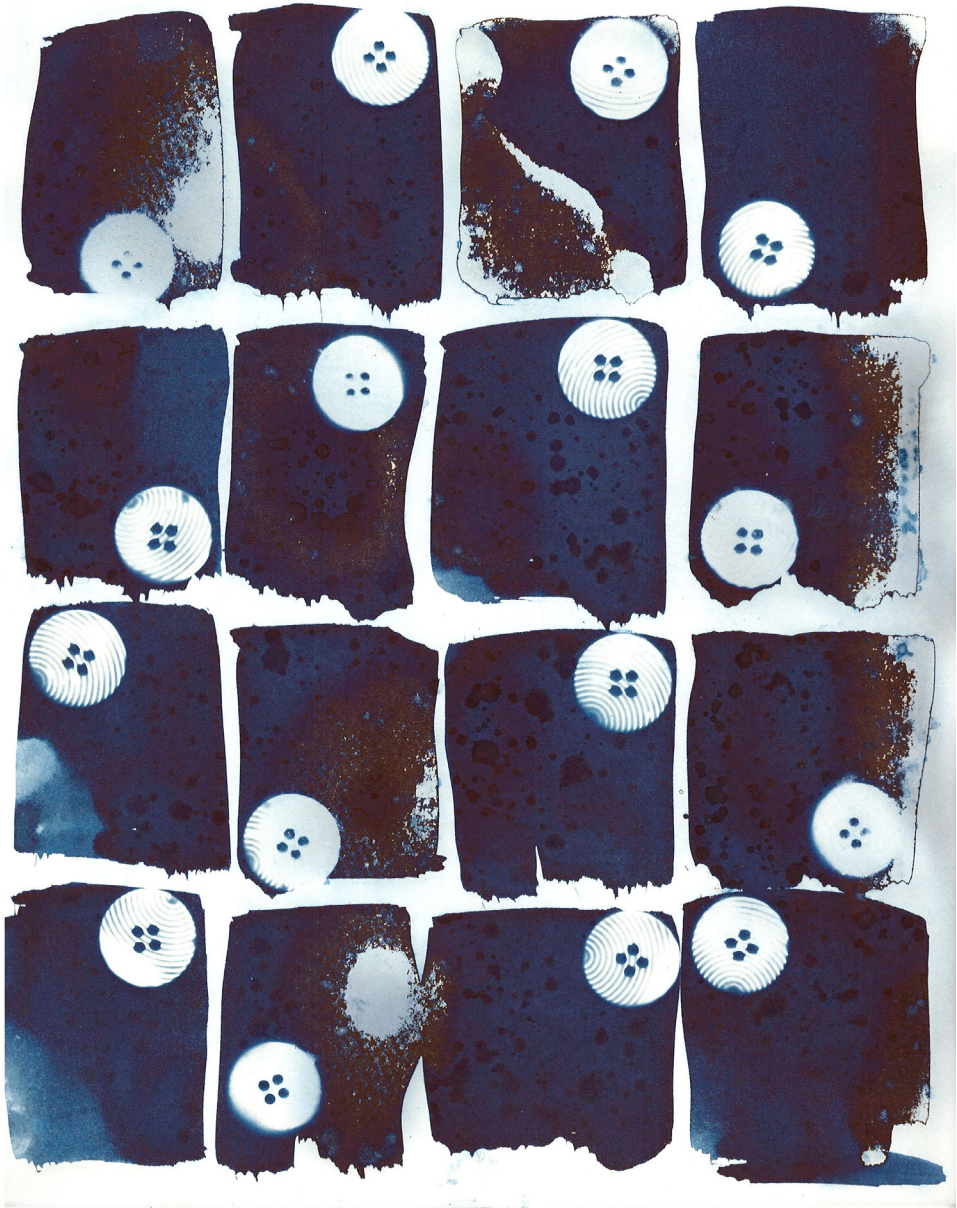
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# Seven-Letter Words

Seven-Letter Words...

*M-A-L-C-O-L-M.*

*T-R-A-Y-V-O-N.*

*B-R-E-O-N-N-A.*

## **Handgun.**

Weapons. Bullets. Gunshot.

Unarmed. Teenage.

Murders. Racists. Defends. Upholds.

Lawyers. Answers.

## **Nothing. NOTHING.**

Objects. Inhuman. Ignores.

Witness. Account. Useless. Protect.

Falsify. Testify. Justify.

Outrage. Protest. Agitate. Revolts.

## **EXPLODE.**

Failure. Beliefs. Silence. Tremble.

Mothers. Fathers. Feeling. Tearful. Swallow.

## **PAINFUL.**

Sadness. Anguish. Despair.

Imagine.

Inspire. Hopeful. Changes.

Respect. Rebuild. Restore.

## **COURAGE.**

Liberty. Freedom. History. Journey.

Coroner. Autopsy. Sermons.

Another. Colored. Funeral.

## **BURIALS. JUSTICE.**

...AMERICA...

REPEATS...REPEATS...

April 2020

# A (Not So) Silent Spring

Nearly 60 years ago, the late Rachel Carson's monumental work, *Silent Spring*, called out the intergenerational dangers of indiscriminate use of pesticides - poisoning our land, our food, and our children. Carson's work helped ignite the global environmental movement, and stands as a fervent reminder of the power of using one's voice for good. The COVID-19 pandemic has pulled back the curtain on much of the racism, injustice, and inequity in America - indeed in San Francisco - that we've struggled against for generations.

*We can no longer be silent - not this Spring.*

The recent COVID-19 outbreak at MSC-South, not only the City's largest shelter but the largest in Northern California, should be a long overdue wake up call. For years, we've ignored the dangers of large, congregate shelters with 300-plus person capacities - shamelessly warehousing the poor in self-contained incubators of despair and disease. Each day, perhaps hour by hour, our collective humanity is whittled away, piece by piece, while our leaders weigh economic indicators, predictive models, and cost benefit analyses against the latest coroner's reports. Six months ago, people experiencing homelessness were last in line. Today, they are still last in line.

*We can no longer be silent - not this Spring.*

Poverty is unjust. Poverty kills. Poverty is preventable. Poverty stifles dreams and limits possibilities, and cuts to heart of who we claim to be as a society. For years, medical professionals have publicly asserted that adequate housing is essential for adequate health. Homelessness and poverty lead to poor health, physical deterioration, and compromised immune systems. Each homeless person are on the wait list for shelter. For decades, San Francisco activists and faith leaders have held Homeless Deaths' Memorials, to say their names, honor their memories. Generations of sons and daughters, mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers - all died without a place to call their own, except a coffin.

*We can no longer be silent - not this Spring.*

At some point, our lives will return to some semblance of normal, we will be able to enjoy the sunlight again, without fear of getting too close to one another. We look to the art-





ists, the dreamers, the culture-keepers and poet warriors, to remind us of what has transpired. We can no longer allow ourselves to pretend that injustice is acceptable. The twin pillars of race and class inequity, along with the systematic dismantling of our public institutions across multiple systems - are leaving casualties scattered across the global landscape. Making poverty palatable is not what we in the human services field signed up for - we can choose a different path. We cannot go back to what was. We must not. *We can no longer be silent - Not. One. More. Spring.*

June 2020

# **A Statement of Solidarity from Hospitality House**

First and foremost, the entire Hospitality House family extends its heartfelt condolences to the friends and families of George Floyd, Ahmaud Arbery, Breonna Taylor, Tony McDade, and so many, many others killed by the pandemic of racism. Communities of color bear much of the pain and unimaginable loss - but like most pandemics, all of us are at risk of the virus of racism.

However, all of us are not victimized or brutalized or disadvantaged equally. By our economic system. By our education system. By our healthcare system. By our political system - 45 Presidents, ONE black male, NO women. By our financial system - to participate in a capitalist system one needs capital. And without question, by our justice system. We can save the debate for another time whether or not class or race is the real disease.

If we've learned nothing else, this much is clear:  
ALL LIVES ARE NOT EQUAL.

None of our lives are diminished by that acknowledgement, nor does it value some lives more than others. Failure to acknowledge it, however, DEVALUES some lives more than others. Which is why hard and brutally honest dialogue about the pandemic of racism - the cruelty of it, the trauma of it, the lives and communities indelibly damaged by it, the violence of it - is needed NOW more than ever.

Undoubtedly, progress on this defining issue of our time is compromised by pathologically dysfunctional leadership. It's up to each of us to summon up all that we are, and can hope to be, now, in this moment.

Hospitality House will not judge those protesters whose actions - as covered by network news - may or may not reflect the best of humanity in this moment. Anger is rarely rational; but anger may well be necessary before healing is possible.



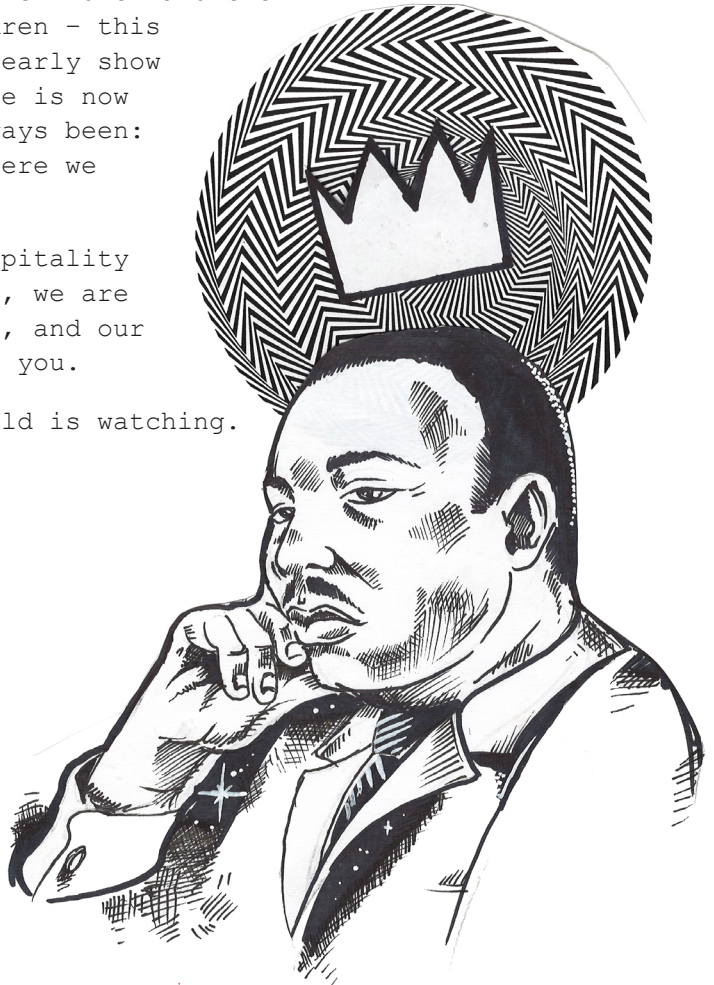
Hospitality House IS PROUD to stand in solidarity with the Movement for Black Lives, The Coalition of Asian American Leaders, MN Freedom Fund, Young Women's Freedom Center, Chinese Progressive Association, the Ella Baker Center for Human Rights, The Color of Change - these and so many other intergenerational champions engaged in the ongoing struggle for racial and economic justice.

We at Hospitality House grieve for the families scarred and ripped apart by the scourge of racial injustice, and the pandemic of racial violence. In the words of a former journalist, "Racism is more than simply a stain on the fabric of America - racism IS the fabric of America."

To all those racial justice warriors committed to a better country, to a better global community, to a better, safer future for their children and their children's children - this week's events clearly show that the struggle is now where it has always been: on the street where we live.

All of us at Hospitality House salute you, we are grateful for you, and our hearts ache with you.

America, the world is watching.



August 2020

# Farewell to Ronnie - The House He Always Knew





Last week, a friend of ours died on the street, where he lived. Ronnie Goodman, age 60, poet, father, ex-con, marathon runner, above all else, an artist - who lived life hard, every day. Ronnie Goodman found a creative home at our Community Arts Program, created a body of work that spanned several decades, mentored and supported by his long-time friend, Art Hazelwood. For those of us who knew Ronnie, he was complex, unpredictable, talented, troubled. He was a drug user. He was a gifted artist. He was a revolutionary poet. He was a marathon runner.

In Summer 2014, Ronnie trained for the San Francisco marathon and turned it into a fundraiser. Consistent with Ronnie's penchant for the unpredictable, he donated the entire proceeds from the Run with Ronnie benefit - several thousand dollars - to Hospitality House. Ronnie Goodman. Artist. Homeless Person. Philanthropist.

Unquestionably, Ronnie chose his own path. For so many years, community advocates, counselors, social workers, and health professionals all tried to get Ronnie to come in from the cold, to let others help him. Ronnie chose not to follow where others tried to lead him. Having survived the cold, hard walls of San Quentin, Ronnie decided he would not go back inside.

He'd done that.

Those who knew him best also knew that the tragic stabbing death of his son, Ronnie Goodman, Jr., also a talented artist and muralist, left a hole in Ronnie Sr.'s heart that perhaps could not be healed. True to form, Ronnie Goodman created his own space for his art, on the street where he lived, and where he died.

Former Hospitality House Executive Director Jackie Jenks had this to say about Ronnie Goodman:

"I keep going back to the Run with Ronnie event and talking with him about running the marathon. How free he felt when he was running. How he said that very act put him on a different plane in the eyes of others. He was just a runner - not a homeless person. Just someone running. I will never forget him saying that. And he would run for hours back then. After being incarcerated and battling so many demons, all the drugs...he said was most free when he was training for the marathon."

"Free from the ugliness, and feeling so good about where he was and his ability to do something bigger than himself, to give back to a place and people who were there for him. That's

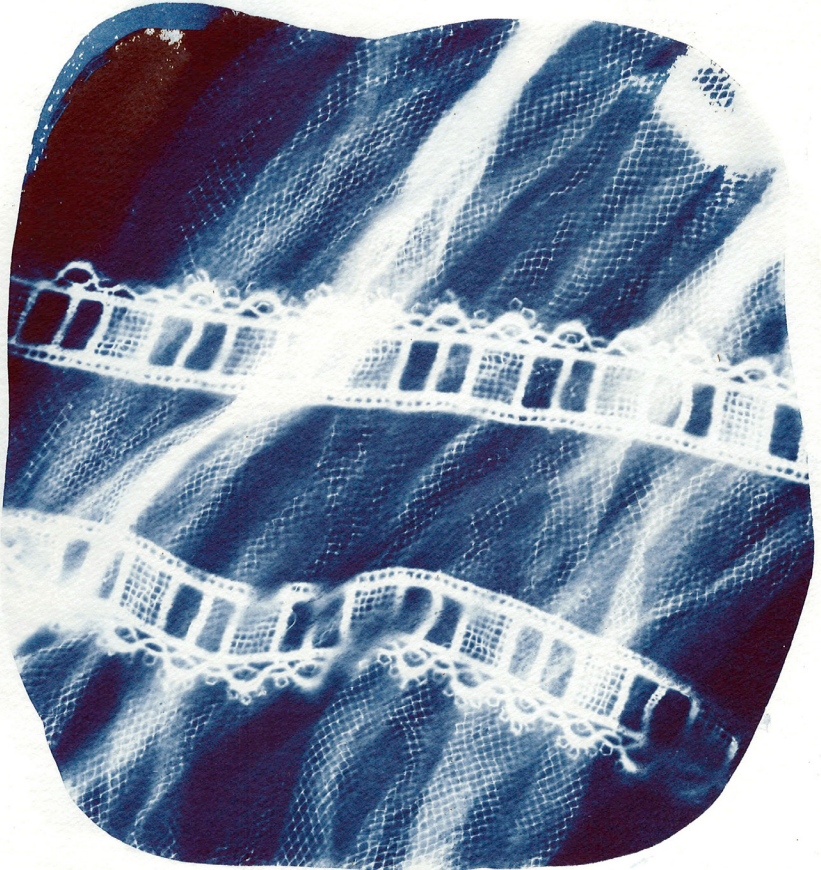
what his art did and does every day. His impact on the world was always bigger than he ever knew..."

"I hope he knows now."

First and foremost, all of us at Hospitality House extend our deepest condolences to Ronnie's family, his friends, and his incredible community of artists and creative souls, all indelibly touched by his artistic gifts, and his humanity. We thank you for sharing Ronnie Goodman with us. Though the loss of an artist creates a particular kind of grief - so does the loss of a friend and father.

We hope that Ronnie never doubted for a moment, that wherever his journey took him, the 'House would always be his home.

Rest in Power, Ronnie...





August 2020

## Two Cities - A Tale...

The pain and trauma that nonprofit workers are carrying every day is palpable, and deep. Seeing the communities in which they work, that so many grew up in, under siege, under assault by the ravages of a deadly disease - while seemingly abandoned to fend for themselves. In the City of St. Francis.

Communities of color, our communities, being crushed by the sheer weight of it: a perfect storm of poverty, racism, and disease. Where even having a tent to protect one's self - and others, as it turns out, according to the CDC - is considered an affront to our delicate sensibilities. Not the crime of poverty, mind you, just poor people.

Nonprofit workers, first responders, health professionals, those who care for others, and those who stock our grocery shelves - are living that trauma every day, then taking it home. Hoping against hope they aren't bringing more harm to others: their own families.

The pain is more than dollars and cents, or abstract accounting entries. It is real people, real lives, real harm. It is emotional violence - killing our souls, cutting out the heart of our humanity. We are crying and dying inside.

We remind ourselves every day why we came to this work to begin with: to help heal the wounds of oppression, not to cause more harm. To somehow make something - any single thing, just a little bit better. And yet. The harm that is seen all around us - and felt, internalized deep inside - in the eyes of people on the street. Wondering if anyone will ever come to their rescue, our rescue - if anyone cares if they live or die. If they matter at all. If any of us matter.

In fact, the communities in which we work, of which we are part, and claim to represent - bound together by MLK's garment of destiny - these communities have never been prioritized. Not women fleeing domestic violence. Not people of color. Not immigrants. Not seniors, not disabled people. Not the LGBTQ community. Not poor people. Not homeless people. Not surprising then, that those who stand shoulder to shoulder in this fight against time and against mortality, are not valued highly. In the City of St. Francis.

This pandemic has attacked the core of community connectedness, imposing separation on a community already isolated - and all that we have lived for and fought for is unraveling all around us. Every day. Every hour. Every minute.

No one has to explain to us how difficult it is, how challenging it is, and oh-my-goodness-the-hard-choices-we-have-to-make! Excuse me, that's what people of color, working people, poor people do every hour of every damn day, make impossible choices in order to live.

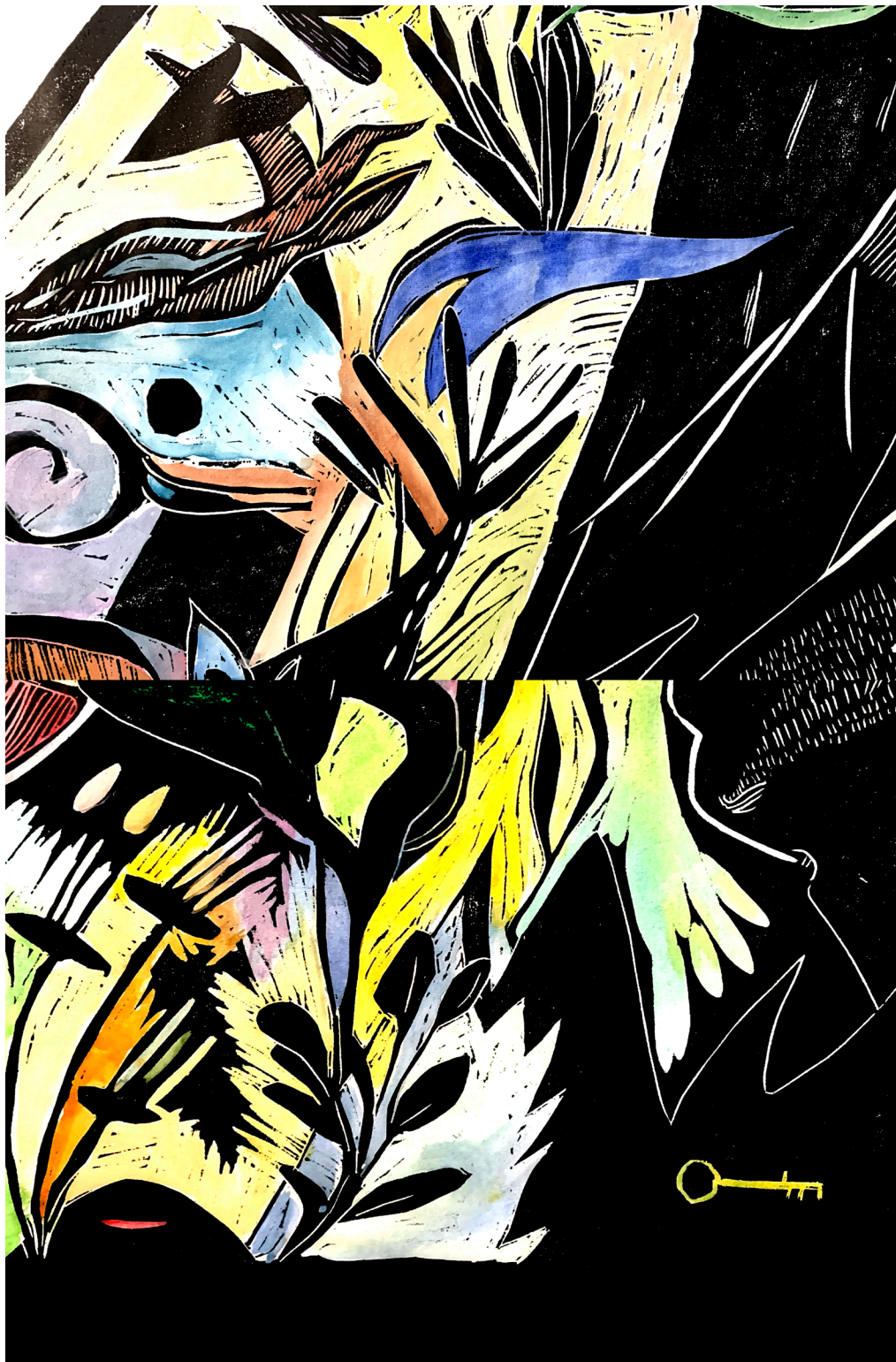
What we need to know is: do our leaders have the stuff that poor people are made of?

We know deep in the essence of all that we are, all that keeps us human, we will not go gently into that good night. The struggle chose us, and we choose to fight. We are throwing down, for our community, here, in this moment, for all of us. For all that we can be.

In the words of John Lewis, good trouble is coming your way... in the City of St. Francis.



**Sixth Street Self-Help Center Staff**





November 2020

# Voting Matters



A reminder for us: snap out of it. No time for self-pity, or the shell shock of reality TV. Too much at stake. Our best and our brightest were not on display last night - but we already knew that. The other side seems oddly energized and motivated after the debate. And you know what? We should be too.

The lives of Congressman John Lewis and Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg - a sharecropper's son and an immigrant's daughter - offer a timeless lesson for all of us : every day matters. John Lewis' good trouble and RBG's workout routine sum it up well:

Make It Count.

Voting is an individual act with collective consequence. Not voting also has collective consequences. In this moment, how I "feel" about voting is irrelevant. So too, are the existential implications of my complicity in a fundamentally corrupt political system. If all goes well, you can lecture me about that on November, um, 4th...

Questions? No? Everybody good?

Make It Count.



The Community Building Program on Election Day 2020

# The Dred Scott Case - In Matters of Justice... Justices Matter

In March of 1857, barely four years before the start of the Civil War, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down probably its most controversial ruling ever in the *Scott v. Sandford* case or Dred Scott Decision. The case was so controversial that Harriet Beecher Stowe (author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*) wrote a book about the decision and its far-reaching effects. Legal scholars and historians frequently cite the Dred Scott ruling as the worst decision in the history of the US Supreme Court.

Dred Scott, a slave owned by an Army surgeon, later escaped while in a free state, and subsequently filed suit in court for his freedom. Scott was at one point ruled a free man by a lower court - but that ruling was overturned by the Missouri Supreme Court. With the assistance of abolitionists and others, Dred Scott filed suit in federal court, and ultimately, the case would be heard by the US Supreme Court.

At the time of the decision, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Roger B. Taney, was himself a slave owner, and a staunch defender of slavery as an institution. Sitting in judgement of a man who had been a slave. Key points of the ruling included declaring that Congress did not have the power to outlaw slavery in US territories (specifically the Missouri Compromise). It is one of only two decisions in US history that the Court held an act by Congress to be unconstitutional.

The Court ruled that Scott had no right to sue in federal court, had no standing as a citizen, and because slaves were property - not human beings - Dred Scott must be returned to his rightful owner. Even more controversial was Chief Justice Taney's - who might charitably be described as a despicable human being - formal Opinion of the Court regarding the constitutional rights - or lack thereof - of any black person, whether slave or free.

Chief Justice Taney wrote:

..." [Negroes] were a subordinate and inferior class of beings, who had been subjugated by the dominant race, and whether emancipated or not, remained subject to [white] authority... The Negro race were beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race... *and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect*; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his [own] benefit."

Chilling words. Those words had consequences then, and consequences now. It was true nearly 165 years ago, it is still true today: It ABSOLUTELY does matter who serves on our nation's highest court - and in our federal judiciary generally. These are all LIFETIME appointments. All those who sit in judgment of others, who interpret how the law applies to others, do so through the lens of their lived experience. And their values. Then. And now.

As America's prisons continue to be filled disproportionately by black and brown people - with corporations making hundreds of millions in profits every year off cheap labor; while federal courts continue to decide the constitutionality of locking immigrant children in cages, and whether state-sanctioned kidnapping is executive overreach; while judicial nominees accused of violating women now serve on the nation's highest court and soon will decide a woman's right to choose - we are painfully reminded why justices matter in matters of justice. And those with the power to appoint them...

Women, people of color, poor people, immigrants, homeless people, the LGBTQ community - recognize how far we've come, but also know how far we have to go. The struggle continues...





HI

ANCIENT  
HISTORY

February 2021

# **A Statement of Solidarity from Hospitality House**

As a Black-led, multi-racial, social justice organization, Hospitality House extends its deepest sympathy and condolences to our Asian American brothers and sisters. We are appalled at the recent acts of violence upon Asian American community members and particularly horrified at the assaults upon elders, who've given so much with their nurturing, their guidance, and their wisdom.

Hospitality House is profoundly grateful to our Asian American sisters and brothers for all that you have given - and continue to give in the struggle for racial justice. In the midst of the COVID-19 crisis, you've donated much-needed personal protective equipment, from gloves to sanitizing supplies. Your donations of hand-sewn masks made with love - indelibly touched our hearts.

You've invited us into your restorative justice circles without hesitation, to share in thoughtful and difficult discussions of what community can and should be in times of crisis. You've taught us how to grapple with the essence of our own humanity and vulnerability, as we make the road by walking.

Your youth justice warriors have shared remarkable reflections on homelessness and poverty, displaying wisdom beyond their years, making us proud and privileged to witness students becoming the teachers.

Ours is a shared history. Asian Americans labored shoulder to shoulder with African Americans to build the intercontinental railroad. Jim Crow laws were followed by the Chinese Exclusion Act. Before the Dred Scott case, which ruled that Blacks were " ... so far inferior, that they had no rights that the white man was bound to respect..." there was *People vs. Hall*, when the California Supreme Court ruled that Chinese Americans were "...a race of people whom nature has marked as inferior.."

While African Americans faced segregation in the U.S. military, Asian Americans were imprisoned in internment camps - in California. When Malcolm X was assassinated in 1965 in

Harlem, an Asian American activist gently cradled Malcolm's head as he lay dying in her lap.

Your struggle is OUR struggle. Your fight is OUR fight. When our Asian American sisters and brothers are victimized by hate and violence, we cannot stay silent. You have opened your homes and your hearts to us when we needed solace from the cold. You've broken bread with us when we hungered for nourishment. You've linked arms with us as we stared down the twin barrels of brutality and racism.

We link arms with you now. We must be better.

Today and tomorrow - together.

"ANOTHER WORLD  
IS NECESSARY.  
ANOTHER WORLD  
IS POSSIBLE,  
ANOTHER WORLD  
IS HAPPENING,"

GRACE LEE BOGGS

# **Womxn's History Month - Gloria Anzaldua: "This Bridge Called My Back"**

**Gloria Evangelina Anzaldua**, is widely recognized as one of the founding architects of the worldwide multicultural feminist movement, and her writings and philosophy continues to influence generations of feminists and revolutionary writers of color, as well as Chicana/o studies around the globe.

Author, queer Chicana poet, cultural and revolutionary thinker, feminist philosopher, Gloria Anzaldua was born September 1942 in Raymondville, Texas the oldest of four children of sixth-generation Mexican-American rancher-farmers. Gloria was diagnosed in infancy with a rare hormonal disorder that triggered premature puberty, and marked Gloria as physiologically different from her peers, fostering in her a lifelong empathy for other outsiders, which motivated her social justice work and her desire to use the written word to create new forms of inclusionary communities.

Because she spoke only Spanish, her teacher mocked and punished her. Despite this ostracism, Gloria excelled in school. The only Chicana in advanced high school classes, she took pride in challenging teachers' negative stereotypes of "Meskin'" children and was determined to become a writer. From 1965 to 1968, she attended Pan American University (now the University of Texas-Pan American) in Edinburg, Texas, with an emphasis on English and education. Anzaldua put herself through college by working during the day and taking courses at night.

Although from the late 1960s onward Anzaldua was active in various nationalist movements, she was troubled by their male, heteronormative bias. It was not until she encountered feminist and esoteric metaphysical writings in the mid-1970s that she found frameworks enabling her to develop a multi-pronged theory and aesthetics of social transformation and inclusive politics.



Determined to become an influential published author, in September 1977 Anzaldúa withdrew from the University of Texas doctoral program and moved to California. living in the San Francisco Bay Area for several years. She joined the Feminist Writers Guild, initiated a multicultural reading series called *El Mundo Surdo* ("The Left-Handed World"; Anzaldúa intentionally spelled Surdo with an S rather than the common Z to pay homage to her south Texas roots), and led writing workshops.



Anzaldúa co-edited (with Cherrie Moraga) a collection of writings by feminist women of color and began working on what would become *This Bridge Called My Back: Writings by Radical Women of Color* published in 1981, a groundbreaking collection of essays, letters, personal narratives, and poems widely recognized as the premiere multicultural feminist text, simultaneously demonstrating that U.S. feminism was not a "white" middle-class women's movement and showcasing innovative theories.

From 1982 until 1985, Anzaldúa lived in Brooklyn, New York, returning to Northern California in 1985, where she lived for the rest of her life. In 1987 Aunt Lute Books published Anzaldúa's ***Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza***, a thoroughly revised and expanded version of Gloria's poetry manuscript. *Borderlands/La Frontera* became Anzaldúa's most widely acclaimed book, named one of the top one hundred best books of the century by both the *Hungry Mind Review* (now *Ruminator Review*) and *Utne Reader*. Anzaldúa interweaves historical, contemporary, and mythic perspectives to describe her experiences as a Chicana-Tejana lesbian feminist while also developing her theories of "the new mestiza," "mestiza consciousness," and "the borderlands."

Diagnosed with type 1 diabetes in 1992, Anzaldúa battled a variety of severe health-related complications and financial concerns while maintaining a rigorous writing schedule. In 2002 Anzaldúa published ***this bridge we call home: radical visions for transformation***, a multigenre co-edited collection of narratives, theoretical essays, short stories, poems, e-mail dialogues, and artwork that builds on and goes beyond ***This Bridge Called My Back*** to offer a transgressive vision of twenty-first-century women-of-color consciousness and documents the growth of Anzaldúa's vision of social change and her radically inclusionary feminism, or what she called "spiritual activism."

Anzaldúa died at her home in Santa Cruz, California, in May 2004.

May 2020

# **Celebrating Asian American and Pacific Islander Heritage Month - Remembering Yori Wada**

**"For those who aren't in the room..."**

Legendary human rights champion Yori Wada died nearly 25 years ago, leaving a legacy of achievement, and an indelible imprint on the lives of youth and adults - across generations, across neighborhoods, across races and ethnicities. Yori Wada battled injustice throughout his life. While Yori's family was imprisoned at an internment camp in Arkansas, Yori served in the celebrated Japanese American 442nd Combat Team. Yori worked at both the Booker T. Washington Community Center and was Director of the Buchanan YMCA for nearly two decades. Yori Wada was the first Japanese-American ever appointed to the University of California's Board of Regents in its 109-year history, the first Asian American on the City's Civil Service Commission, and he fought tirelessly for affirmative action and divestment from apartheid-era South Africa. Ahead of his time.

Yori Wada mentored and counseled youth and adults from different racial backgrounds and neighborhoods throughout San Francisco and across the state. He championed issues of the day across the political landscape throughout California on issues of juvenile justice, violence prevention, education equity and racial justice.

My first meeting with Yori Wada was certainly fortuitous. He saved me from being handcuffed and taken to jail. Hard to believe, I know, but my big mouth nearly got me locked up. And would have had it not been for Yori's timely intervention - on behalf of someone he'd only just met.

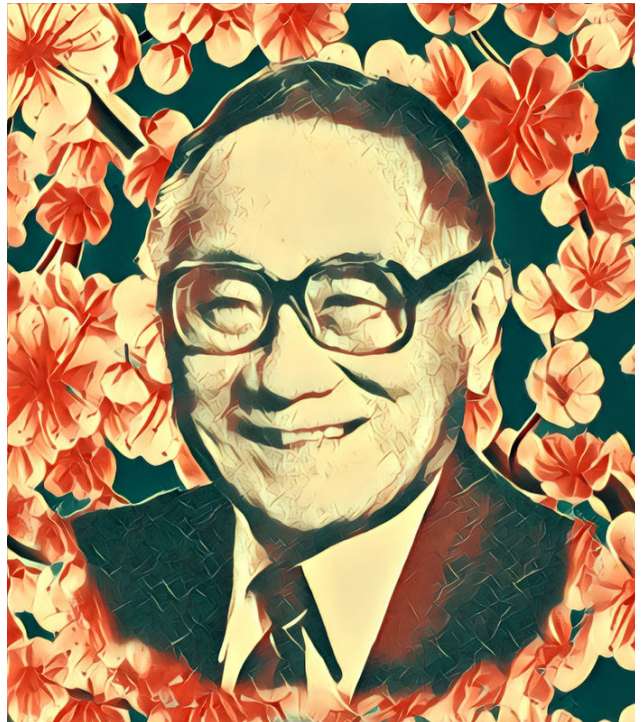
In the 1990's, the Private Industry Council was the precursor to today's Workforce Investment Board. In those days, public comment was not allowed at Council meetings. Public meeting, public policy being set - but no public comment. So, of

course, I show up and start commenting on nearly every agenda item. The first meeting, Council members humored me. The second, they admonished me. The third meeting, though, I got into an ill-advised argument with the Council Chair. Security guards escorted me out of the meeting, planning to have me arrested for trespassing. Unbeknownst to me, Yori Wada - a Council member at the time - had followed us out.

Yori interceded just as the guards were phoning SFPD. "It's ok, gentlemen," Yori said calmly. "He's with me." Yori's eyes held mine. Yori Wada's modest physical stature belied his mesmerizing presence that could be comforting or relentless - often both - depending on the situation. "Young man," Yori began, "You've got heart, and you've got smarts. But remember this: you're not speaking for yourself - ***you're speaking for those who aren't in the room.***" Yori paused to let this sink in, then added, "It's not enough for you to BE right. You've got to DO right by people who aren't here. Don't forget that."

Solidarity is often expressed in soaring platitudes, appeals to our better angels, impassioned pleas to recognize our shared struggles. All good, all necessary. Sometimes though, solidarity bridges the racial divide with little fanfare: a subtle breeze of emotional clarity, a moment of human connection. Yori Wada - World War II hero, University of California Regent, global human rights champion, multi-generational mentor - extended his friendship, his kindness - and yes, his love to someone he'd only just met. I've often fallen short of Yori's advice, but it's remained part of me for more than 25 years. Quietude amidst the noise.

Along with untold thousands whom he touched, I'm forever grateful - and fortunate - for having met the esteemed Yori Wada.







June 19<sup>th</sup>, 2021

# Reflections of Juneteenth - Time to Get Paid...

June 19, 1865, Major General Gordon Granger arrived in Galveston, Texas with federal troops and delivered General Order No. 3, which declared that in accordance with the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, "...the people of Texas are...hereby informed that all slaves are free..."

Texas, along with many of the Confederate states, had simply ignored Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1863. Plantation owners openly defied the law of the land. Blacks were property, not people. Furthermore, in the eyes of many, certainly in the eyes of Texas, Lincoln was not their president. Sound familiar?

General Order also stated, "...that the connection heretofore existing between them [ former masters and slaves] becomes that of employer and hired labor..." More than 250,000 Texas slaves, along with many of the Confederate states, had labored long, hard - and illegally, as it turns out - without compensation for nearly two and one-half years. 900 days.

Educator and activist Opal Lee of Fort Worth, Texas, known affectionately as the "Grandmother of Juneteenth" for her decades-long crusade to elevate recognition of Juneteenth into the national consciousness, was measured in her optimism after President Biden declared Juneteenth to be the nation's 12th federal holiday this past week. " We've got more work to do, " declared Ms. Lee. Indeed.

Juneteenth is now a federal holiday - cause for celebration. Juneteenth is worthy of recognition, the struggles of a people in the long walk to freedom. Also, a reminder of debts owed.

Juneteenth. Two and one-half years later. 900 days.

Time to get paid.

February 2021

# Farewell to Cameron Kim

To Our Friend, Cameron -

Our hearts are heavy, words difficult and inadequate, the wound still fresh. In our work, our paths often cross with wandering souls, those seeking solace and belonging.

Cameron was a soulful wanderer - not so much seeking as sharing, and while wrapped in the comfort of belonging, greeting other wandering souls with a furtive glance and a mischievous smile.

One of his fellow artists remarked that ` his soul was hurting ` - one of the many casualties of COVID. Perhaps Cameron's soulfulness bore witness to too much pain, and rather than lash out, he directed his pain inward. As Cameron's soul nourished others around him, he hungered. Ultimately, his body collapsed under the sheer weight of it all.

Though all too briefly, Cameron's star shone brightly across the firmament. So many of us basked in the glow of Cameron's twinkling star.

To his considerable community of artists, wanderers, and dreamers, let's be reminded that Cameron's soulfulness endures. And somewhere, hopefully, he is smiling...



REST  
IN  
PEACE

김동욱

CAMERON  
KIM

BELOVED BROTHER, FRIEND, & ARTIST



# HOLD TIGHT SAN FRANCISCO

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