

Global Education: The Hope for a New Generation

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First of all I want to thank you for inviting me to give this keynote for this Global Educators Conference. As president of Seattle University I like to say, “I give 200 talks a year and I say something in five of them!” You provide me with an opportunity to give a talk in which I say something. You can be the judge of that. As regards the other 195 talks, my Jesuit companions refer to them as my “Princess Margaret events”. The limp-wrist wave and how nice it is to be here and to cut the ribbon and move on with another wave.

Every university and every good secondary school is wrestling with global education, how to internationalize the curriculum, how and what kind of global learning experiences to make available to students. You would be hard pressed to find a single school for which global education is not one of the four or five major planks in its strategic plan. The world of the present and the future of the students we educate demands it. Our students—who increasingly see themselves as global citizens even more than citizens of their own country—demand it.

There are many ways to approach this subject and I am sure your conference will explore many of these rich ways. I have chosen to explore global education from the perspective of hope, and so I have called my talk “Global Education: the Hope for a New Generation”. I’ll take as experiential and as personal an approach to this topic as I can. Let me explain where and how it arises in me.

I have come to believe in sixteen years as a college president that for our students and for ourselves—at least this is true for me—the most important lever for how creatively we face the future is the degree and quality and source and freshness and firmness of our hope.

A telling example of this is a series of studies of the current generations of college students carried out by Arthur Levine and assistants over three points of time. He has written three books, all three of which have as their subtitle A Portrait of Today’s College Students. In 1980 he wrote When Dreams and Heroes Died based on research about college students in the 70s. Indeed, their dreams and their heroes from the revolution of 1968 and beyond had died. They were disheartened.

Then, in 1998, he wrote (with Jeanette S. Cureton) When Hope and Fear Collide: A Portrait of Today’s College Student. He showed convincingly that what dominated the lives of college students of the 90s was fear—or as one student of that time put it to me “Anything can happen, and probably will!”—and yet remarkably they had great hope for what their generation would achieve beyond what all other generations had done. The research showed this remarkable, against-all-odds but powerful hope was based on their experience of volunteering, of doing service as part of their schooling, of seeing often on the smallest or individual scale that they could and had made a difference in someone’s life. Remarkably, these very small experiences, and almost alone these experiences of directly helping another, gave them a huge and

disproportionate hope for the future of their whole generation and how it would change the world. This hopefulness based on small experiences hardly made sense, yet hope is not very rational and it is quite personal. This should have taught us that small direct experiences of contact with others can transform a whole attitude and can light the fuse of the hope of a generation.

Now in 2012 Arthur Levine (with Diane R. Dean) has again returned to his research and has published Generation on a Tightrope: A Portrait of Today's College Student. Most saliently what it shows about where hope is today among young people is, and let me quote:

“Nine out of ten undergraduates surveyed were optimistic about their personal futures... but only slightly more than a third were optimistic about their country's future... When asked to choose a number from one to ten, with one being the lowest and ten being the highest, to describe their level of optimism regarding themselves and the nation, students assigned an average 7.7 to themselves and 4.8 to the country.” (Levine and Dean, p.150)

Again the issue of hope as decisive among young people emerges, where it comes from, how strong it is, what it applies to, what difference it makes. My theory is that global education makes a huge difference in the hope and in the inclusiveness of the hope of our young people, and that it is the experiential dimension of global education that empowers, releases, and expands their hope. Hence my title Global Education: the Hope for a New Generation.

You have heard of the new Jesuit Pope. Because I am a Jesuit, you might call this the “Jesuit hope”!! By the way you can know the priority we put on Jesuit education at Seattle U., by the fact that when I returned to campus after a live, running commentary on T.V. from the white smoke rising over the Sistine Chapel to Bergolio, the only Jesuit of the 115 cardinals in the conclave, appearing on the balcony as Pope Francis, the first question I was asked back on campus was “Do we call him the Jesuit Pope, or the Pope Jesuit?!” That says a lot about our priorities! Hope from global education is a personal issue for me as a university president, as a Jesuit. The experience in global situations of actual people and my own hope is very important for me. As a Jesuit president I am part of a network of 115 Jesuit universities around the world all with a common mission. So global education is in my Jesuit D.N.A.

I remember once returning from summer vacation to my Jesuit community and asking a fellow well-read Jesuit named Roger, “What are people reading today and talking about?” (That's the kind of question Jesuits ask one another!) Roger said, “People are talking about a book called The Hope of Africa.” Wow, I thought, I'd love to read a book about the hope of Africa, its hopeful future, where it is going. So that evening I went to Elliott Bay Books and asked, “Do you have a book people are talking about called, The Hope of Africa?” The clerk said, “No, but I think what you are looking for and which people are reading is a new book called, The Fate of Africa.” Roger got it wrong! I was deflated by fate rather than uplifted by hope. Its subtitle, when I found and read it, was From the Hope of Freedom to the Heart of Despair. A History of Fifty Years of Independence. An excellent book; but hardly enkindling hope! My own experience of actually going to Africa and knowing the people was all about hope, not about despair.

I remember, too, returning from Nicaragua—where I had gone with my whole administrative cabinet to experience what we were asking faculty, staff, and students to experience—that my hope was deeper, truer, more real. One night while in Nicaragua after experiencing the people in the neighborhoods and factories of the second poorest country in our hemisphere, one participant said, “What we are experiencing is not unique; it is simply the daily experience of two-thirds of the people of the world.” I should have come back in despair, or depressed, or guilty. I didn’t. I came back with this curious intuition that I had discovered for the first time a truer and deeper part of my own humanity, revealed to me by how the people of Nicaragua lived their humanity in poverty; and, as it were, held that dimension of my true humanity in safe-keeping for me. I believe you call that hope. I came to believe that others hold half of the hope of my own fuller humanity. I called it a discovery of my own deeper humanity. I was more human, rather than less. Becoming so does something for you. I am sure young people today would understand me fully. My belief about global education is that none of us in our own culture holds the full hope of our own humanity, rather that people of other cultures hold and can make known to us the other half of the hope which belongs to our own humanity. How very important is that if it is hope rather than fear which makes the world go round!

When representatives of the Jesuit universities of the world met in Mexico City three years ago at a conference on networking our universities in order to shape a humane, just, and sustainable globe, the keynote address was given by Fr. Adolfo Nicolas, the Superior General of the Jesuits, the head of the Jesuits. Fr. Nicolas challenged us to confront by depth of thought and imagination in our educational institutions what he famously called “The globalization of superficiality”. By this phrase he referred to “a superficiality of thought, vision, dreams, relationships, convictions” which, because of the ease, speed, and habit-forming light skipping from one thing to another of our technologies is shaping the interior worlds of so many young people “limiting the fullnessness of their flourishing as human persons and limiting their responses to a world in need of healing intellectually, morally, and spiritually”.

Let me quote him more fully for his is a challenging view we must all critically engage in our work of global education:

“We need to understand this complex new interior world created by globalization more deeply and intelligently so that we can respond more adequately and decisively as educators to counter the deleterious effects of such superficiality. For a world of globalized superficiality of thought means the unchallenged reign of fundamentalism, fanaticism, ideology, and all those escapes from thinking that cause suffering for so many. Shallow, self-absorbed perceptions of reality make it almost impossible to feel compassion for the suffering of others; and contentment with the satisfaction of immediate desires or the laziness to engage competing claims on one’s deepest loyalty results in the inability to commit one’s life to what is truly worthwhile. I’m convinced that these kinds of processes bring the sort of dehumanization that we are already beginning to experience. People lose the ability to engage with reality; that is a process of dehumanization that may be gradual and silent, but very real. People are losing their mental home, their culture, their points of reference.”

In my view the remedy to a “globalization of superficiality” is a direct, deep, listening, mutually engaging, true meeting of person of other cultures. This is also where the only hope comes from which is adequate to our world, especially for our young people and especially as they and we are all increasingly becoming world citizens. In this actual meeting at depth with persons of other cultures we can discover the other half, the missing half, of our own needed hope. There is a hope which arises when we open ourselves to the truth and richness of persons of other countries and cultures if we can break through the screen of stereotypes we bring to the encounter. It is persons, often individual persons, genuinely met, who give hope for a new generation in global education. In this respect I am unapologetic about turning to what can be derided as “mere anecdotes”, rather than to data. I was at a meeting of the Governing Council of the Committee to End Homelessness when, after a person gave a story about the homeless, a member of the council said “We must remember that the plural of ‘anecdote’ is not ‘data’.” Yes, I thought, and “we must also remember that the singular of ‘data’ is not ‘person’, but ‘number’.” So let’s turn now to persons.

I am a very fortunate person in that as a university president and more simply as “Fr. Steve” I have ready access to students. They know me and they trust me. I decided that for this talk I wanted to have a conversation with several students at Seattle University from other countries and cultures. I emailed them and invited them to come and see me in my office—hopefully a bit different for them from being called to the principal’s office. I told them I wanted to ask two questions: 1) “What of your people would you most want Americans to know and appreciate?” and 2) “What from your experience have you come to know and most appreciate about Americans?” In they came from Uganda, Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, Russia, China, and the Siberian Yupik St. Laurence Island of Alaska.

I invite you to come with me on a journey to meet these students to explore with and learn from them if and how the hope for a new generation of students we work with in global education can arise from getting beyond the images we have of others to the persons they are, what they live, what they love, and what they appreciate about us, which we may not adequately see or appreciate about ourselves. My intention is that this morning we begin this conference not by first talking about global education, but by experiencing it first together as best we can, so that all else builds on what is first-hand, primary, and what we are all really about. I am asking whether these students have the other half of the hope we all need.

Tesi of Uganda

Tesi is a sophomore, a tall woman student from Uganda whose family was convinced that an education in the U.S. was worth the expense. She is able to go to Seattle U. because of a special “Leaders for Africa” program. Her father works for the police and her mother is a primary school teacher in congested Kampala. What she wants me to know is that Uganda is a very young country with its future in front of it and is one of the friendliest countries of the world. It is called “The Pearl of Africa”, source of the Nile, with game parks and gorillas, soil so fertile you can grow anything, and with a climate that makes it one of the best places in the world to live. I think you can see that Tesi is proud of Uganda even though she says it is so hard to keep growing as a developing country when the whole of the world is developing so fast.

Tesi discovers our stereotypes of her country and its people by how friends ask only about the war, about corruption, about Kony, AIDS, anti-homosexual attitudes, poverty, and when they make telling remarks about her such as “You don’t act black!”, which she feels denigrates our African-Americans. She wants me to know that it is actually good that her people are conservative as shown in preserving a daughter’s dignity, emphasizes on behavior, respect for elders, holding traditional values which help her people to live so close with one another with all their differences. She is surprised that even here in the U.S., though she thinks of herself as liberal, she finds herself being conservative about her culture’s values and norms of behavior. Like all of the students who spoke to me, Tesi exclaims on how different families are, hold together, extend widely, always help and provide homes; simply one for all and all for one. She, like others, finds it “crazy”—that’s her word—that students here even think of “paying back to their parents” and even more so that we put elders in nursing homes. So great is her love of her own people’s accepted family interdependence that she wonders if American parents let their children leave home too soon and then the children become independent in living their own lives once they have a job.

I asked Tesi where she would take me to most appreciate her country and people. She would take me to one room where people of dozens of cultures are mingling, dancing, telling stories, and putting on skits. Then she would have me go to a Ugandan wedding where the uncles of the groom—loaded with gifts, food, and cows—are negotiating with the uncles of the bride. Then out we’d go to Lake Victoria and the falls where I could if I wanted—but I don’t!—go bungee jumping. Of course, I’d have to go to a game park with giraffes and leopards for, says Tesi, “Nothing beats that!” Finally she’d drive me eight hours to her family’s village near a huge forested mountain where the gorillas are, and we would enjoy food, beer, family, and life. I’m exhausted!

What Tesi most appreciates about Americans is our confidence, that we speak out, ask questions, challenge, are so able to be engaged with one another even if we have very different opinions. She is still trying to get used to American freedom in dress and behavior and in what we do and say in public. She says, “It still surprises me, but I think it is harmless.” Even with our freedom and tolerance, she is amazed how much we dwell on our differences, almost to the point, not of segregation, but of not belonging to one another, not fitting in with one another, and not making it easy for her to fit in. She says, “I expected America to be like Hippyville, where no one cares about differences”, but she has found we focus on differences and, of course—as all my interviewee students will say—“you do know you are very focused on yourselves!”

The part of the other half of my hope which Tesi of Uganda holds is a connectedness, a knowing that we are all one, that we can depend on one another, that the elderly are our most treasured members, and that there are some values which are so important that in regard to them it is okay to be conservative.

Paola of Venezuela

Opportunities are very slim in Venezuela today, universities are controlled by the government, the people are totally engrossed in politics, so polarized that they are forced to take sides and to nearly hate the other side. Paola left Venezuela when she was sixteen, first to Italy and London, and then came to the U.S., but decided to go to “any place but Miami”, so she chose the extreme opposite, Seattle.

She too first talks about family—cousins, aunts, uncles, grandparents—who gather every Sunday to be together and to be laid back, to touch base, laugh, enjoy one another, go to the beach. All college students continue to live at home with their families and would not think of anything else. No matter what, the family supports you, enjoy having you in the family no matter what your troubles, and you support them and never feel you have to leave. Paola is amazed how “impersonal”—her word—family seems for Americans and how her college friends seem burdened and suffocated by an obligation to pay their parents back, and even more “strange” that students say, “My parents want me out!”

Besides family—which was sort of taken for granted—I was most surprised that what Paola most appreciated about her culture and wanted me to know was their superstitious side. She says that everywhere there are ghosts, spirits, esoteric beings, a sense of wonder, magic, mystique and that you see much more than what’s in front of you. She found it curious that here in the U.S. it is more T.V. shows which hunt for the superstitious. She told me of her first night when she experienced a ghost. When she told her mom about it in the morning, her mom did not tell her to forget it, but rather asked, “Paola, why didn’t you ask him what he wanted!?”

What Paola most appreciates about Americans—for she says she is a Latin American, not an American—is our incredible open-mindedness, how forward thinking we are, how often we have great conversations, dialogues on human rights, and are transparent and hospitable. Oh, she thinks, as all my interviewees do, that we are overly competitive and live stressful lives and are self-centered and are very poorly educated about the world, its geography, and its big picture. She loves how easy it is for us to vote to the point that we are too casual or lazy about it. She thinks we downplay ourselves by thinking everyone hates Americans. “They don’t”, she says, “but unfortunately developing countries don’t know what you are really like but only look on you in regard to economic development.” Most of all she wishes they knew how green we are! She says, “Everyone here, especially in Seattle, is so green, so passionate about being green.” People in Venezuela are not green. She wants to reach out to them through education and film to make Venezuela green.

You can almost guess where Paola would want to take me. It would be to a small town on the coast outside of Caracas during Carnival Season so I could experience the people wearing devil masks, the “Devils of Llare”, with dance, music, and drums. Then we’d go up the mountain of which Caracas is the foot, a mountain called “El Avila”, or popularly, “The Lung of Caracas”, a four hour temperate day-hike to the top followed by savory, stuffed arepas bought from street vendors. I’d need it... and again I’m panting, having climbed “The Lung of Caracas”!

Paola holds and offers to us that part of the needed other half of our hope which believes there's much more mystery to life than we see or let in and that we should be able to breathe more deeply, see more widely, and not be so burdened by the obligations we lay on ourselves.

Mohammed of Saudi Arabia

Mohammed was born and reared in Saudi Arabia. He says he comes from a small family of 10, but that the extended family is about 200; and the annual gathering of the family tree numbers 500-600. All of them have the same name: "Alturki". "Al" means "the family of", and "Turki" was his great grandfather's first name. So 600 Alturkis! The family is of Riyadh where his father was an advisor to the King, Minister of Religious Affairs, founder of a university of Islamic studies, and is now Secretary General of the Muslim World League. I would never have known this of one of about 75 Middle Eastern students at Seattle University, one of the 90,000 persons the Saudi government supports at American universities with a budget of \$2 billion a year. Clearly they appreciate very much something we have. (Of the total 150,000 persons the Saudi government support at universities, 90,000 are here in the U.S., which says much about how our education ranks worldwide.)

What Mohammed wants us most to appreciate is, of course, what family means, enjoying living at home, when married living close by, visiting his parents every single day of the week and bringing his children every Friday, not because he has to, but because that's who he is so that's what he wants. To live is to live as part of the family; to be is to be part of family. Family is the source of hospitality—preparing huge meals for guests, giving gifts, staying as long as you want, being taken to whatever you want to see, never paying for anything. The house is like the home mosque with open conversations for two to three hours of all those who gather about how to help someone or to solve a problem.

There is also an amazing graciousness and beauty Mohammed wants us to experience, to hear the melody of the oud and the taabel, music of the land and of imagination and for love. If you are invited to visit Mohammed's house, he will ask someone to write a poem for you and to recite it aloud. The companion of the Prophet was the Prophet's poet. Poetry is woven into the tapestry of life and helps create its graciousness and it gives it color and feeling.

Mohammed sees that all of his country's emphasis on family, its hospitality, its beauty and charm, its unity among a whole society, all comes from Islam. He laments that in returning to Saudi Arabia from America he got cultural shock all over again because he found that his people now get angry more quickly, are losing their manners, and some their religious practices, but that while so many religious and cultural values are slipping, family values remain firm and unchanging.

Mohammed would take me—or rather he would let his father take me—to their family farm among camels so that by his hard work of hosting me to a big meal out there in the desert, he could most clearly demonstrate or prove his hospitality and welcome whereas it would not be so easy to prove this in the more convenient city. There, on this 300-year-old farm, I'd be treated to their dates—emphasis on their—by his father who can distinguish by taste which farm any date

comes from. This would be a meal among men, but Mohammed calmly and confidently says that all women have a college education, are supported and made secure by the requirement of father and husband to provide for all their needs, and that all that women earn by work remains their own possession.

What Mohammed most appreciates about Americans is that we easily accept others, even someone a little afraid like Mohammed when he came at the age of 17, that we are not offended by one's opinions or religion. He had been taught back home that he would be arrested in America if he prayed. Rather he finds people are eager, even in airports, to show him where he can pray when he needs to. He admires the fact that we are serious and competitive—he loves that aspect—and he contrasts it to people back home valuing more being “content”. Here everyone strives for a better job and life while the huge central reality of American freedom allows individuals to pursue these goals. He does think this freedom of ours goes too far even to the point that parents want to be independent and don't want to be helped by children in such things as walking and washing, which in his culture children are most honored to do for parents who in turn cherish these mundane forms of care.

The hope of a new generation can be expanded, can find its other half, in the hope Mohammed holds about religion as a source and shaping of all of life, a desert vastness and poetic graciousness in life, hospitality to the stranger, and an eager honoring of the elderly.

Angelina of Russia

The most vivacious of the students who sat in one of the leather chairs in my office and told me what they wanted Americans to most appreciate about their cultures was Angelina of Russia. She didn't mind how I pronounced her last name as long as I ended it with “vich”! Angelina is simply something else in her vitality, laugh, smile, and humor. I wanted to ask, “Are you sure you're Russian?!” Actually, she is Polish on her mother's side; Russian on her father's.

Angelina is very much about traditions and customs, some of them ancient, many of them as she says, “crazy”, old stricter Catholic ones, family celebrations and generations-old ways of doing things. Angelina and Russians, it becomes clear, have a very strong sense of historical identity. The life of her people is permeated with history, culture, music, literature, ballet, opera, poetry. Everyone has studied and knows all of the authors, writers, composers; there are streets named after them. They are a source of national pride, the lifeblood of their common humanity; the way in which people are joined together beyond politics, in a deeper, longer, more historical way.

Angelina says with an ironic smile, “Yes, Russians are not the smiley people, you know, like your smiley waiters who ask how your meal is, or your smiley sales clerks asking how they can help you. So there is a bit of a distance about us; it's just the way it is, but once you break through, you are welcomed, made a friend, become a member of the family.” Angelina hardly seems distant; I feel like her friend after ten minutes. She is enormously hopeful for her country of Russia for she explains that it is a brand new country and has only come into being in a little over twenty years with the break-up of the U.S.S.R.

My Russian friend would take me to a town on the Black Sea (this one ends with “chick”) to see the mountains there, to take a boat ride, but soon to be dragged around to see the historical places of the past, the palaces and the monuments, recollections of the Czars, the Communists, WWII. Angelina comes back to that central reality that the Russians have a long history, and they hold onto their history. I keep getting the idea that their identity is their history and that they themselves are monuments of history. If I am rich—and I’m not because I’m a Jesuit like Pope Francis—she’d take me to the Russian Ballet. Again, more history and culture.

She would also take me home to her family where her father would take hours to prepare a Russian meal while we’d talk for more hours. Of course, she says, before this we would have a sauna—they have one in the house—or would go to a public one where Russians are not nearly so nervous about gender boundaries and being undressed together, would not even give it a thought, and we’d socialize for hours in a therapeutic way in the hot room and lounge but would of course not drink because it is dangerous in a sauna to drink. No Vodka! Her family always liked to have a sauna every Thursday; they called it “Clean Thursday”. Unlike some of my ventures with other students to their favorite places, I’m not exhausted by Angelina’s visit to her family. I’m limp!

What does extroverted, say-it-as-it-is Angelina experience in Americans? She says that contrary to what the media shows, “Americans are generally very nice people”! She also adds, “I was amazed to discover they are just ordinary people with their struggles, fears, being afraid of losing loved ones, etc.” I think she has an insight into us in that she says, “If you are from another country, Americans are so curious about you that they will ask you everything.” Her interpretation of this—and I found this quite interesting—is that, because Americans are so culturally, ethnically, racially, mixed they are trying to find their own roots, so they are fascinated by someone who comes from a country which actually has a common culture.

Perhaps what most impresses our Russian is how innovative we are. One way she puts this is, “The U.S. will always be the first to leave a crisis!” She thinks almost all new ideas and inventions and technological breakthroughs come from America—though manufactured elsewhere—because we take risks, are free, stand up for our own opinions, and are not afraid to dialogue about anything—even though often, as she remarks, “with screaming and shouting”. She would like us to know more about the geography of the rest of the world, because, as she points out, “You should know that maybe your troops are in those countries!” She loves the fact that here anyone can make it in politics, does not need connections, that dialogue between politicians is possible—with more of our screaming and shouting—and that here you can even put on skits which make fun of politicians.

Angelina has in her what I would hope I—perhaps we—would have more of: a tradition, history, culture, art, and literature common to all of us from which we could more easily figure out who we are and perhaps from this be more able to be one people. Perhaps I need more of that long sauna to drain from me some of my American intrigue about just what makes a person like Angelina to be who she is, so much herself, so solid in her identity. I’d like to ask her everything!

Sherry of China

Yanbin Ren, who prefers to go by Sherry, comes from the capital city of Henan Province with its huge population. So large is its population that Sherry explains to me that in regard to population as China is to the world, so Henan Province is to China. This huge population keeps coming up in what Sherry tells me as it lies behind the stiff competition in schools, 70 kids in a classroom in grade school; how hard it is to get a job, and hence the drive to study practical subjects; and how impossible it is to get a license plate for a car, a limitation the government uses to keep everyone from having a car. Sherry even says the population is so huge that no one could ever fight the Chinese! The other side of this huge population reality is what Sherry wants me to appreciate, what a resource it is, how many more friends you can have because of it, and the extraordinary variety of the Chinese within this massive population. She insists that, contrary to stereotypes fostered here, Chinese are amazingly and wonderfully different, not a huge collective, but an amazing country of 1.3 billion persons each with his or her own personality. She says she is out to crash our negative stereotype of the Chinese as a uniform mass. What's remarkable, she says, is that while America is justifiably known for its variety, this comes from the many different ethnic and racial groups in America, whereas in China there is just as much variety but all are Chinese. She clearly loves this. Another stereotype she wants to crash is that Chinese are uniquely hard working. "Yes", she says, "that's true, but Americans are just as hard working and they study very hard too." I felt like I heard a plea in her for our appreciation of the humanity of the Chinese.

I was intrigued that though Sherry is an only child—a result of the one-child policy of Mao—and each of her cousins and friends is an only child, it is not a lonely life. She is eager for me to meet her family, an extended, vigorous family which loves to gather, chat, laugh, exchange views and feelings, enjoy the amazing Chinese cuisine, see how much grandma joins in and does, how with all the different personalities and even conflicts the family loves the whole family so much that it holds together in a very lively way.

Sherry would also like me to get to know her friends, because she wants me to see what young Chinese are like and how different they are from one another. Here she makes a gentle observation by way of contrast. She says, "It is easy to get into the outer circle of Americans and to be a friend from there, but you can't really be a friend. It seems all American friends want to do is drink, party, and dance; it's like you hate being still. Chinese friends are able to be still, they really talk to one another, they talk about themselves, they turn to one another in all their difficulties." Once again, her theme is the humanization of the Chinese people.

I asked Sherry about the incredible, ancient, artistic and literary Chinese culture by which we are so impressed. She informed me that regrettably the Chinese do not know or even have this culture. They know they should admire it, are taught that it is amazing, but that's about all they know about it. Even though they are required to study this culture, it really has no meaning for them because their career focus and practical mindset blurs it. She envies the fact that Japan and Taiwan still have their cultures. She says simply, "We don't." The reason for her regret of having lost their culture is, as she explains to me, "If every Chinese could grasp the traditional culture, there would not be any ethical issues because from the classics we would learn to be true people of integrity."

What this very mature 22 year-old student most values about her experience of Americans is our tolerance of the very different kinds of people which compose our society, our tolerance of ideas and opinions and that we can voice these, and that people from such different kinds of backgrounds can get along. She's amazed that American students can choose to study whatever they want, subjects like art history or the humanities, which you could never study in China. She even goes so far as to tell me, "I would say that my major (professional accounting) was chosen for me by my mother because with it she knew I would easily get a job." She claims that they are taught to have awe for nature in China, but that even nature is turned into an economy, while Americans actually go out into nature which is still nature. Her saddest comment to me was, "China is developing so fast at the cost of nature; that's sad, sad!"

In Yanbin, or Sherry, I would have to say that my latent fear of the Chinese masses was overcome. She was successful in crashing through the barrier of my hope so that it was broadened to meet Chinese as individual, interesting persons and as promising friends. I was encouraged to know that if the Chinese with the one-child policy can have such an incredible experience of and foundation in family, our on-your-own independence might also have a greater hope for being able to be also grounded in family. She also taught me, indirectly, especially in light of culture-rich Angelina of Russia, how big a role the culture of art, literature and tradition can play in our hope and humanity.

Tanya of St. Lawrence Island

Tanya is from the Yupik island in the Bering Sea called St. Lawrence Island. It is near the International Dateline. Her grandmother came over from the Yupik villages of Siberia where people speak the same language and are related to the Alaskan Yupiks of St. Lawrence Island. Tanya has progressively made it through community college, a bachelor's and then a master's degree at Seattle University, and is now completing an educational doctorate, writing her dissertation on the persistence of urban Native American and Alaskan Native women in community colleges. She is quiet; she is steady; she is strong; she has a story; she lives a culture.

Tanya's Yupik culture is one of subsistence living from the ocean: whales, walrus, seals, fish, crabs. She says her people are still living now as they lived 100, 500, 1,000 years ago. Because colonialization—often through missionaries—got to her island late, the last westward expansion of American colonialization of Native peoples, her people have better preserved their culture and language. English is the second language on the island, not the first. The people are revitalizing the culture after the forced assimilation by the missionaries; community is strong and the language is alive. The essence of the culture is even deeper and wider than family; it is community. When hunters bring back whales and seals from the ocean, they are divided up and distributed to feed the whole community. Everything is for everyone. When a couple of children were lost at sea on a whaling hunt, some accused her people saying the children should not have been out on the ocean, but the islanders replied, "This is how we teach the children how to take care of the community." So important is this giving to and depending on community that people are not known as "cousins" but as "brothers and sisters". They take care of one another even to the extent that if someone comes over to another's house, that family gives whatever

food they have to that person even if it is the last they have. At times some have been relocated and almost inevitably have experienced isolation, depression, and fallen into alcoholism. Tanya told me that their belief is that “when children are cast out from community bad things can happen to them because the universe perceives that they are unprotected”. Of course, where Tanya would take me was to a gathering of the whole community at the time of Yupik Days to experience the whole culture intensely with drumming, dancing, and to see the special designs children make for shirts for these days.

Tanya tells me of her experience of going back to St. Lawrence Island. She laughs when she recognizes the irony in saying she feels most “grounded” when she is by the water! Her mother did not force religion on her, but Tanya says, “I sense a divine presence in Alaska, one that is right next to me, and one that saturates the land.” Looking out on the Bering Sea, she experiences that she is at the mercy of nature, her D.N.A. recognizes the island as home, and she knows that her ancestors are there. She believes, “God made this land special” and it is beautiful, stunning, breathtaking, awe-inspiring, majestic and always near the water. She told me that when her grandmother died, she and her mother returned to the island. On the island they can’t bury their dead so they took the grandmother’s body up the mountain on the island and returned it into the care of the elements. When she and her mother came down to the water’s edge they saw a whale cresting, the shore covered with summer flowers, and a bird, which usually will not let you get close to it, came near to them. She experienced that nature knew of her grandmother returning to it and that nature was welcoming her.

What Tanya most appreciates about her experience in Seattle is how many and amazing are the opportunities which are available to people. She feels better treated and more respected here in Seattle than in the cities of Alaska, where she says you are sometimes made to feel that your Yupik heritage is something to be ashamed of. People ask stupid questions of her in Seattle too but she finds this a very special place where people are not only tolerant but try to learn from the diversity of peoples. She told of how she first walked into the room of her education college cohort and, as any person of color does, she scanned the room to see if there were any allies there. Now she wishes there were more people in the world like those in her cohort. I think, you see, they have become a community for Tanya.

What most disturbs Tanya—as a person of nature—is global climate change. She believes her St. Lawrence Island at sea level is the canary in the mine shaft of global warming, which is melting the ice and forcing relocation of villages. Feeding off the fat of fish and mammals of Arctic waters, she believes her people are absorbing chemicals which are causing greater instances of cancer and leukemia even as her pristine, gorgeous land is polluted. I perceived that global climate change is not just about nature but strikes at the very identity of this woman of a community in nature.

Somehow my grasp for the other half of my hope in these six students most came home in Tanya of Alaska—maybe because she holds most naturally and most in her D.N.A. the greatest hope of ourselves and of our current generation of students, the hope for the very life of the planet. It can be a hope far away from many of us; it can never be far away from Tanya. Her identity in and from community also widened in me a very primordial hope for family and for community which, perhaps, is indigenous to the human family and community.

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As global educators I propose that we are most importantly in the business of educating our students for a fullness of hope. I also propose that only this full hope, experienced from genuine encounter and mutual, sympathetic listening with person of other cultures, is the kind of hope which is adequate both to our students and to the global challenges of our world today. Emily Dickenson says, “Hope is the thing with feathers.” Living off the hope we have in ourselves, from our own culture, is one-winged hope, and will not fly nor sing. Is any one of us fully human? “Yes”, in that we are truly human and possess our humanity with integrity and should all be respected for that. “No”, in that we only know the humanity we know, and much of what humanity is and means is held by others and can only be known and possessed by our learning it from others and integrating it into our humanity. In this sense we are both “full humans” and “half humans”. The source of our hope has to be both rooted in our own humanity and flowing from our knowledge of and compassion for the humanity of others, whether of our own communities, our country, or our world.

I don't see it a tension between what we most appreciate about the values of our culture and what we come to appreciate about other cultures. It is not a tension but an invitation to integration and to a fullness of hope. Our frankness and face-value practicality needs some superstition, mystique, and wonder. Their interdependence and family and community-bondedness needs our get-up and be-yourself and make something of yourself. Our innovation and creativity would be much fuller if it were married to rootedness and rich traditions. Their keener identity, their clearer knowing who they are, would be truer if it had to struggle with the tolerance and diversity of our nation. Our freshness, friendliness, individuality, and contemporaneity would be more genuine if it were informed by the wisdom of a common culture of art and literature. Their economic hopefulness and drive to develop needs to be tempered by our discovery of the critical challenge to be green. Our global citizenship and global reach needs to be much more knowledgeable of the geography and peoples of the globe of which we want to be citizens. None of us has the whole of hope, but together we can fashion a fuller hope from our welcome of one another in our humanity. There is an invitation in global education which is an invitation to a common place where hope, hospitality and humanity meet.

Recently a mother told me a story about her daughter who was trying to figure out where to go to college. The college viewbooks, brochures, and application materials piled up in a stack near the front door. One day her daughter glanced at the one on the top of the stack which happened to be from a college in Ohio. On the cover it said, “Do you believe you can change the world?” Her daughter opened the brochure to find, “We do at such and such Ohio college.” Her mother told me, “Guess what, my daughter is going to college in Ohio!” Good for her and good for her generation! I think we in global education would like that cover to read, “Do you believe the

world can change you?” and the inside to read “We do!” here at our school. Change you, yes, and most importantly expand your hope to be deep enough and rich enough and strong enough and big enough to change a world you come to know and love.

Let me bring to a close this address. I hope I have rather rarely for me actually said something, something that makes you think as global educators in this conference about the why of what you do and the who for whom you do it and something which will be helpful for the rest of your conference. Let me close with an illustration I often use and is often the only one I am asked to make available to others. You can check my facts in this illustration by binging “Village of 100”. You may have heard of it. This morning I use it for a new purpose.

If you were to take the entire population of the world of seven billion people and reduce it to a village of 100, while keeping intact among the 100 inhabitants of the village the proportions of the seven billion, who would be in the village of 100? There would be 61 Asians, 14 Africans, 11 Europeans, 9 from Latin and South America, and 5 from North America. 50 would be males; 50 females. 24 would have no electricity; 82 would be non-white; 33 would be Christians; 20 Muslims; 13 Hindus, six Buddhists, and 2 athiests. 33 would be without clean drinking water; 63 without adequate sanitation; 80 live in substandard housing; 50 would be malnourished; 18 unable to read or write; 53 would live on less than \$2 a day; ...and 1 would have a college degree.

Only one in a hundred in our global village has a college degree. What I usually like to say about that are two things. First, what a treasure, a gift, a privilege, a college education is and therefore how much students should make the very most of it and be grateful for it. Second, if only one in a hundred in our world has a college education then it just can't be that that education is meant solely for the one person, but must be meant to be put at the service of the other 99 in the village. Today, I would add a third. It just has to be that the 99 in the village are necessary for the one college student or college-bound student to discover the revelation and enrichment, the source and strength, of his or her hope and the only chance of his or her attaining anything like the fullness of humanity. Global education is, indeed, the hope for a new generation.