

Heart, Hands, Mind: Toward an Educated Solidarity

The Goal of Transformation on Mission and Immersion Trips at the Secondary Level

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“For 450 years Jesuit education has sought to educate “the whole person” intellectually and professionally, psychologically, morally and spiritually. But in the emerging global reality, with its great possibilities and deep contradictions, the whole person is different from the whole person of the Counter-Reformation, the Industrial Revolution or the 20th century. Tomorrow’s ‘whole person’ cannot be whole without an educated awareness of society and culture with which to contribute socially, generously, in the real world. Tomorrow’s whole person must have, in brief, a well-educated solidarity.

We must therefore raise our Jesuit educational standard to ‘educate the whole person of solidarity for the real world.’ Solidarity is learned through “contact” rather than through “concepts,” as the Holy Father said recently at an Italian university conference. When the heart is touched by direct experience, the mind may be challenged to change. Personal involvement with innocent suffering, with the injustice others suffer, is the catalyst for solidarity which then gives rise to intellectual inquiry and moral reflection.

Students, in the course of their formation, must let the gritty reality of this world into their lives, so they can learn to feel it, think about it critically, respond to its suffering and engage it constructively. They should learn to perceive, think, judge, choose and act for the rights of others, especially the disadvantaged and the oppressed.”

*-- Peter-Hans Kolvenbach, SJ
Former Superior of the Society of Jesus
Address at Santa Clara University, October, 2000*

The poor will lead you to truth by candlelight

In June of 2005 I took a group of Brophy students on an immersion trip to El Salvador that started rather inauspiciously. The plan was to fly mid-morning from Phoenix to Houston in time to catch our flight to San Salvador in the afternoon. We’d use the rest of that first day to orient the group in San Salvador before heading off the next morning on a six hour drive for three nights in two rural villages in northern Morazán Province. We got out of Phoenix fine. But as we approached Houston, we ended up circling the city a half dozen times before the pilot came on to tell us that there was a powerful thunderstorm sitting right over the airport, and that we were running low on fuel. We were being re-routed to Austin to refuel! Panic set in immediately. Here I was with my all my schedules, plans and contacts, and in the stroke of a moment, all of that was out the window, literally. So off we went to Austin, where we sat on the tarmac for over an hour, refueled, and headed off for Houston, this time landing safely. But by the time we arrived in Houston, our flight to San Salvador had long since departed. “Note to self,” I thought. “Next year book the 6am flight out of Phoenix.” We ended up staying overnight in Houston, and by the time we finally touched down in El Salvador it was well past noon on what was supposed to be our second day in-country. Since we were scheduled to arrive that

afternoon for our home-stays, we unloaded half of our stuff in San Salvador and after eating a late lunch, once again headed into the great unknown, bumping through the Salvadoran countryside. It was long past dark by the time we arrived at the villages of El Junquillo and La Hacienda, El Salvador.

Like many others in that region, both of these villages are home to former war refugees who lived for a period of nine years in UN refugee camps across the border in Honduras because their own government had attempted to wipe them out during the 1980's. These *campesino* families remain among the most marginalized in Salvadoran society. Neither village has running water, sewerage, or electricity. So when we arrived there, way off the beaten path, in the middle of the Salvadoran jungle, it was pitch dark. I mean *pitch* dark. You couldn't see the nose on your face. Except for the fact that waiting for us on the road into town, at something like 11:00 at night, was the entire population of both villages, men, women and children, each with a tiny candle in hand and enormous smiles on their faces! As the bus came to a stop, they broke into song and welcomed us with hugs and handshakes, and, taking all our luggage, led us, by candlelight, into their little chapel to pray with us, feed us and give us words of welcome. After a few minutes, they divided us into pairs and sent us off to the houses where we would be sleeping for the night, again, by candlelight.

Now, when I lived in El Salvador, it was not uncommon for the electricity to be cut. But that night, even I was a little bit afraid. Imagine what my students felt! Here we were, separated into twos and led off to God knows where by people we had just met half an hour earlier and could not really see, to sleep in their one-room houses with dirt floors and baby chicks at our feet, all in pitch darkness. I was led to the house where I stayed by an eight year old girl, who knew the way instinctively, and who held a small nib of a candle she hardly needed. The candle was for us.

The first and obvious point is one I'm sure you've heard before about immersion experiences: the things that don't go as planned are often the things most packed with lessons. All of you who are reading this article know how true that is, but there is a second and less obvious, but no less important, point to be made. Even though this particular incident was totally unplanned, it speaks to an important consideration: we who do immersions must find ways within the particular context of the immersion setting to help us and our students to move beyond our defenses and enter into a place of vulnerability and trust. I believe the poor can teach us this better than anyone. I don't say this in any way to idealize the poor as models of virtue. Those of us who've done this long enough have left that myth behind and know that among the poor there are those who are as morally challenged as we are. Rather, it is by their very lives, by their very situation, by their amazing resilience and profound suffering, and by our being welcomed by them to enter into it

all, initially even for a short while, that the poor call us onto a journey of faith-justice and relationship. But that first experience must be one that wakes us up, frightens us a bit, challenges us to the core, and ultimately frees us to hear the truth the poor have to tell. Jon Sobrino, SJ, called it “Awakening from the Sleep of Inhumanity¹,” and it is to that awakening that we call our students.

New eyes, new heart, new life

After the initial shock of a night like we had, and all the feelings it engendered, I’m tempted to move my students right to the obvious questions: “Why don’t they have water?” “Why don’t they have electricity?” and so forth. And I think these are great questions! What teacher doesn’t want their students to be asking such questions? But I must keep in mind that they can also be a terrible trap, if they are too quickly answered. Why do I think that? Well, because I’ve been burned by that temptation in the past. At times like these, I have to remember that my goal in this moment is not primarily for my students to learn why these people have no electricity. Instead, my goal is to have them ask, “Why don’t we have electricity?” That is, I want the whole immersion trip to move them so profoundly that they find themselves desiring to be in relationships with people who can remove for them the blinders of an *us-and-them* world view and give them a new world view in which they find themselves surrounded by brothers and sisters. If we move too quickly to the analysis of the particular social injustice we are experiencing, I find we tend to maintain a safe distance from the reality. It remains in the head, and the fact of their poverty remains *their* poverty, not mine, even if we find ourselves more committed to solving it as a result of our brief contact with them. Instead, I want my students to see the fact of injustice not as a reality *out there*, but as one we are profoundly affected by, moved by, and called by to enter into with our whole self. This, I believe, is the beginning of the transformation I seek, a transformation which, as I often say, is “to change the trajectory of our lives forever.”

Of course, my students do not remain on immersion forever. On that trip they don’t build a hut and move into the village and start plowing a field somewhere. For sure we’ve all had a few that we wish we could leave behind! But I’m also sure you sometimes find your students saying things like, “I wish I could stay here.” There is much to be said about that desire. The self they experience while on immersion can be a self they finally find they are happy with,

¹ See Jon Sobrino, SJ., “Awakening from the Sleep of Inhumanity,” in *The Christian Century* 108, no. 11, (April 3, 1991): “The first thing we discovered was that this world is one gigantic cross for millions of innocent people who die at the hands of executioners. Father Ellacuría referred to them as ‘entire crucified peoples.’ And this is the salient fact of our world—quantitatively because it encompasses two thirds of humanity, and qualitatively because it is the most cruel and scandalous of realities” (366).

excited about being, and longing to explore. I find myself imagining God saying to them in these moments, “Good, good—this is closer to the real you that I know lies within you. Keep doing this and you will see in yourself the real you that I see.” But I also find that after four days in the *campo*, they are so drained that while they do find themselves longing to stay, they are also ready to return to the city, almost desperate for something familiar and “normal.”

Naturally, we do finally get to the questions. But the time for this has to come after that initial event, when they are so upended by it all that the questions come almost desperately out of them from a place they didn’t realize they had before. This, of course, is the place of the heart, and it must first be planted there by the poor and second stay with us forever through deepening contact if we are to remain on this road of transformation. It is from this place that I find my students are finally ready to hear the real answers to their questions from the proper people to answer them: the poor. So my initial hope is not to answer all of their questions about the place they’ve come to. My hope is that the immersion experience puts them on the road to seeing their life and what they want to do with it in a totally new and different way. After our time in the villages, we spend the next week in and around San Salvador unpacking those questions.

But the first part of an immersion trip should feel like a great unknown. Immersions should put us, primarily, in a place of ambiguity and disorientation. My first immersion experience to Guatemala in the summer of 1988 was like that. Since then, I’ve lived in Latin America for more than four years, three years of which were spent as the Border Awareness Experience Coordinator in Ciudad Juarez, Mexico for [Annunciation House](#), a house of hospitality, advocacy and education based in El Paso, Texas. Here at Brophy I started running annual immersions to Mexico, and later to El Salvador, back in 1996.

So as I think about immersion today, even though I’ve led students from all over the US on well over fifty experiences similar to my first one in Guatemala, one thing that remains with me from that first experience is that it put me in a place where hard truths could get at me in such a way that my initial reaction was the experience of being totally overwhelmed and almost completely disoriented. As an Ignatian educator I count that today as a key feature of any immersion experience. I must remember that everything we do on immersion is done to cause the transformation of the student participant, and that that transformation begins with the dual experiences of ambiguity and disorientation. I find that these are the things that get us in the “door of the temple.”

Truth is not just something we assent to, finally, after long years of contemplation, introspection, and study. It is that, to be sure. But it is also something else, something totally other, into which we find ourselves being initiated. Since

we come into each moment of our lives with a store of experiences, feelings, beliefs, and perspectives, some of which are conscious but much of which are not, there must be some way for us to enter into a space where an even greater truth can grab us, mystify us, and change us forever. This is what I desire for my students on immersion. Not unlike the Kairos retreat, it is a moment in one's life that turns the world upside down. Or maybe it is we who are finally turned right-side up. In that moment—that *sacred* moment—all that our students thought they knew or believed about God, about themselves, about the world, and about their place in it can be gently (or not so gently) put to the test. And what a fruitful and wholesome test it is!

To stand under is to understand

The reality in Ciudad Juarez at the time when I lived there in the late 90's was a reality of poverty and insecurity for its many poor. It is even more so today with the drug wars currently ravaging its streets. It is a city that has been described as a model of the failure of neo-liberal economic policy. One third of the city's streets are paved, primarily the main arteries leading from the border to the nearly 300 *maquiladoras* present there, while the workers live in cardboard and pallet shacks or cinder block hovels and government subsidized houses that look like tiny jail cells. The salaries are so low that many families find it difficult to send their children to school past the ninth grade, and the kids turn to gangs and illicit activities. Or they go to work at the age of sixteen in the *maquilas*, where they piece together the many products we buy at the local mall. This is the reality for many, many people along the border.

During my years in Juarez, American church groups often came to Juarez on mission trips with the goal of building some poor family a house. A noble and much needed goal. But I have seen literally dozens of groups who come in and set up the frame for the foundation and then sit and wait for the cement mixer to arrive. When it does, the men empty the truck's load into the frames, and the whole job is done in a few hours. The group feels great and they start working on the walls. Meanwhile, the family that is going to live in that house stands by and watches, or they go about their business sheepishly, making food for the gringos and thanking them over and over. At the end of the week, the family has a house, and the group takes a photo, boards their bus or van, and heads off home. Of course, I am happy for the family. But I wonder what was learned in that interchange. Specifically, what did the group learn about what it means to be a companion of Jesus in the world today? Did their encounter with the poor lead them to a deepening understanding of the root causes and forces that create such a tragic landscape? Did they meet

people who are fighting for systemic change or did they meet only those responding to the immediate need? My experience of these types of groups has led me to the conclusion that the answer to these questions is largely “no,” and there are powerful reasons why not.

Fletcher Perry was one of the greatest Brophy kids I ever met. Friendly, smart, handsome, loving, and funny. A real Grad at Grad example. Also one heck of a football player. Strong as an ox, and tough. When Fletch came down to Juarez on a Brophy immersion experience, the plan was for Brophy to help us build a children’s library. The kids in the area had no access to books, so my wife decided to start a children’s library in our parish. But the shelves quickly took up too much space in the sacristy, so we decided to build a separate building. The site was in an area that was susceptible to flooding, so the floor had to be raised up three feet so water wouldn’t get in. This meant that we would have to build the first third of the building, then back-fill it with about 20 tons of dirt before we laid the foundation. Now, we could have ordered up a backhoe and had the job done in an afternoon. But instead, we spent three days doing nothing but hauling dirt, one wheel barrow after another. By the afternoon of the third day, we were almost done, but also totally wiped out. I had just dumped a load of dirt and was heading back up the hill when I saw Fletch coming down with a load, and he just fell over and lay there. He looked up at me and said, “Mr. Broyles, I can’t go anymore! I’m toast!” Part of me wanted to say to Fletch, “It’s cool, you’ve worked hard. Go take a break and get some water. We’ll finish up.” But luckily, I didn’t. I had been in Juarez long enough to know that this was the moment for Fletch that I was waiting for. So I stood by him and I said, “Fletch, get your butt up and get moving! We’re not finished here, and until we are, no one rests.” Then I added, “Fletch, do you see now? Do you feel in your bones and your heart and your hands what this is like? Can you feel in your feet and your side and your back what these people endure every day?” He looked at me sadly, nodded his head, and kept going.

I’m sure that for you administrators who are reading this article, this story makes you cringe. But I want you to know that Fletch was totally safe and at all times hydrated and well-fed. Besides, he had been through much tougher workouts on the football field. So the point here is not that we want to take kids to their breaking point. The point is that in order for them to at least begin to internalize the reality they are experiencing on immersion, we must seek to help them feel it from the inside. It is one thing to see how the poor live, do a project the way we’d do it back home, and then hear from one of the locals. But it is quite another thing to carry their cross and to feel the weight of its heaviness. It is only then, I believe, when we “stand under,” that we can begin to understand with our whole self.

So when you think about the service-focused trips that you do, consider not only the project that you are doing, but the manner in which you are doing it. When US school and church groups approached us with the idea of doing a building project, which we did frequently, we insisted on a few key things. First of all, we said that the project must be done entirely as the local people do it, and that the family that would receive the house must be involved with all decisions regarding its construction. This meant that we would not bring in a crew who knew how to build a house as we would in the US, but that we would hire a local *maestro* who would be the foreman of the job and who would tell us what to do and how to do it. Second, we decided that we would use no motorized or electrical tools in the building of the house outside of those the local people use. This meant that if a board needed to be cut, it would be cut with a hand saw. And when cement was to be mixed, it would be mixed with shovels, and so on.

This did slow things down considerably, but we did things this way because we felt that the purpose of doing the project was not primarily to complete it before the group leaves. In fact, most of the time, the projects we did were not completed by the time the group left. The maestro and his local helpers and I would complete the project in the following days. The purpose of everything we do, including all forms of service-work, is always the awakening of the student to the reality of the people. This is what happened for Fletch. I submit that the reality of the poor can (and must) be experienced by those of us who are not poor in such a way that, as Fr. Kolvenbach says, we “begin to feel it.” In the short time we are on immersion that should be of primary concern. The fact that a project was left unfinished when a group departed was often one of the greatest lessons for the group. We live in a society that is used to instant gratification. This has debilitated our ability to develop in ourselves the virtue of hope. The unfinished house therefore becomes a metaphor for all the participants, a reminder that the work of solidarity, the road to transformation, is just beginning for them, and that there is much that remains to be done. If we finish the project, the message, however, can be quite different.

This also has implications for the kinds of service projects you agree to do. The disposition of some trips is and should be, “We do whatever they need. If they tell us to pick weeds, we pick weeds. If they need us to paint, we paint.” But in each case we need to ask ourselves if the service we are doing achieves the goal of transformation as I’ve described it above. I do not agree with those who say that all of this depends on the age of the participant. I find that this is often an excuse not to dig beneath the surface to face the profound and complex historical injustices that exist within the receiving community and that often have direct relation to us and our lifestyle and standard of living.

We simply don't have the time, don't want to do the work, and we don't want our trip to take on political implications that might upset parents. This, in my view, is a grave mistake, and I find that our trip to El Salvador, which includes much discussion about US foreign policy, has been very well-received by the mostly conservative parents of the students that I've led there.

Healthy Crisis of Faith

What we need to create in our students on immersion is a healthy crisis of faith. This can happen if the sources and solutions to the injustices are revealed to them correctly. Dorothy Day said that "our problems stem for our acceptance of this filthy rotten system." Our students should come to this conclusion. If they don't the immersion experience has not done its job. I don't mean we should try to create anarchists, I mean that our students should see that the roots of injustice anywhere and everywhere are systemic, relational, and global. They should not come away from an experience of immersion with the sense that they have experienced an isolated instance of injustice in an otherwise just system. Rather, they should see that the reason injustice often lies unrevealed to us is not because it is rare, but rather because it is ubiquitous. It is the air we breathe and have been born into. An example from my own life demonstrates my point. When my first son was born, in an El Paso hospital three miles from the Mexican border, he was delivered with the help of suction cups made by the Johnson and Johnson Company. Those cups were made in a *maquiladora* in Juarez by people who make around \$60 a week for a 40-hour shift. So before he was even born, he was thrust into an economic relationship fraught with injustice. This is the reality that we must teach on immersion, not because it is unusual, but because it is the overwhelming reality of the world today. That fact taught well should create a healthy crisis of faith in a world that has put its entire trust in technology, capitalism, and progress. Instead, our students should come away from immersion with a new-born faith that inspires them to live in a different way, one that sees that true faith-justice emerges through inclusion and community rather than exclusion and ambitious individualism, solidarity and kinship rather than service and separation, compassion and simplicity rather than pity and worldly solutions. We need to engender in our students a faith that calls new things into being, not a faith in what already exists.

An Educated Solidarity

So, how do we do this? I have laid out some pretty challenging goals. How do we get there? I want to begin by saying that I am challenged by the Brazilian educator Paolo Friere, who says the following:

This is the great humanistic task of the oppressed: to liberate themselves *and* their oppressors as well. The oppressors cannot find in their power the strength to liberate either the oppressed or themselves. Only power that springs from the weakness of the oppressed will be sufficiently strong to free both.... Any attempt to “soften” the power of the oppressor in deference to the weakness of the oppressed almost always manifests itself in the form of false generosity; indeed, the attempt never goes beyond this. In order to have the continued opportunity to express their “generosity,” the oppressors must perpetuate injustice as well.... An unjust social order is the permanent fount of this “generosity” which is nourished by death, despair, and poverty. That is why the dispensers of false generosity become desperate at the slightest threat to its source.”²

Here Friere questions the value and validity of short term immersion. Now, I am a person who has seen the great value of these experiences. And yet, as a person who has spent his life building bridges between the rich and the poor, I see that Friere is right in so many ways. Therefore, if our goal is transformation of our students, if we desire for them to develop an educated solidarity, then the lessons we teach on immersion must come from the poor themselves and from those who have lived among them long enough to be able to say that they have taken on, at least in some measure, the same fate as the poor.

This means that we who lead immersion must therefore become practitioners of solidarity who develop long-term, permanent, mutual relationships with individuals and grass-roots organizations within the receiving community of our immersions. But beyond this, we who do immersion must risk coming to a place of relationship with real individuals, and those relationships should develop beyond the task of immersion trips. That implies a lot. First of all, it implies that when we develop a new immersion, we should do so with the intention of developing a permanent relationship between ourselves and our institutions and those individuals and receiving organizations we visit. We should think in terms of decades, not years, and we should share our lives with them over the years. Time and time again when we lived in Juarez, the people would tell us that a group would come and see them, bring candy and toys for the kids, spend an afternoon, and poof! They’d disappear, never to be heard from again. As immersion trip leaders we need to move beyond our role as chaperone or immersion coordinator to the role of friend and companion. This is tough. In the first place, just staffing your immersion experiences is often a great challenge. Finding someone willing to make a long-term commitment to one particular place might seem impossible. Yet I believe that if we are going to create experiences that get our students beyond the superficial lessons of an immersion trip, not only is it our job to support, train, and compensate professional Ignatian educators to direct an annual trip, but it is also absolutely

² Friere, Paolo. *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*. Continuum. New York, 1970, 1993.

essential to aid them in becoming practitioners of solidarity throughout the year, and not just while we are on the actual trip.

Years ago, immersion experiences were sort of on the fringe of what we did as Jesuit schools. They were there, but as an addendum to the *de rigueur* work of the school. Today, in so many ways, the documents of the Jesuits and of the larger Church in general call us to see immersion as a constitutive element of the work of Jesuit Education. I would go further to say that immersion can and should be an integrating factor of the entire formation process we offer to our students. We have come a long way toward this end, but a great deal remains to be done. Specifically, in regard to the question of how we educate immersion students, it is important for us to remain rooted in the idea I presented at the beginning of this article: the poor will lead you to truth by candlelight. If we are to respond to Friere's challenging words this must be our guide.

An example: Anita Ortiz is the president of FUNDAHMER, a non-profit foundation in El Salvador working for change in the most isolated and poverty stricken communities of El Salvador. FUNDAHMER has deep roots in the Christian Base Communities movement of which many Jesuits of El Salvador were key figures. Her story is an example of the kind of education for solidarity that I am attempting to practice at Brophy. Anita comes from a very poor *campesino* village near the two villages we visit in Morazán Province. In the 1970's Anita's family participated in their parish's formation classes and activities, and her father became a catechist. Her older brother Octavio was ordained a priest, one of the first priests ever to be ordained from their region, and the entire family participated in organizations focused on change in that oppressive, oligarchic society.

At dawn on January 20, 1979, while Anita's brother Fr. Octavio was leading a retreat for young people in his parish in San Salvador, soldiers of the Salvadoran Army entered the parish grounds and opened fire, killing Fr. Octavio and four of the young people who were on retreat that day. The army then proceeded to run over the head of Fr. Octavio with a tank. The following morning, the army released a televised report stating that Fr. Octavio and his companions were participating in a guerrilla formation meeting and that not only were they armed, but also that they fired upon the soldiers when they were killed. The same day, in his homily eulogizing him, Archbishop Oscar Romero remembered Fr. Octavio as a man dedicated to the peaceful transformation of Salvadoran society. Then, in the years of civil war that followed the martyrdom of both

Octavio and Archbishop Romero, one by one, each of Anita's remaining four brothers were all killed by the Salvadoran army. To make matters worse, Anita's father and mother's lives were threatened and they were forced to abandon their small farm and flee to the refugee camps in Honduras, during which they endured years without contact with their remaining children. Anita and her family are real life examples of the persecution of the Church in modern times.

So each year when we go to El Salvador, my students and I spend an evening with Anita as she tells us the story of her life. I'm sure I don't have to tell you what a powerful, even life changing, experience it is simply to meet Anita and to hear her story. But on this immersion, we do more than that. We do spend the evening with Anita, but we also eat with her pretty much every day, talk casually with her, and even go to the beach or to a dance together with her and her family. The idea here is that a key feature of an education for solidarity is to, in an intentional way, create new heroes in the hearts and minds of our students. These should be the ordinary heroes that you and I find as we commit ourselves more and more deeply in solidarity to a particular place and people.

The educational benefit of establishing this friendship with Anita is that our later study of the war in El Salvador, the injustices that caused it and the consequences of it are characterized by a sense of veracity and universality that would be difficult to achieve without Anita's help. Furthermore, her story and daily presence among us also produces in my students an urgent desire to become peacemakers in the world today that they would not have had without her help. That is, the call to work for peace and justice is no longer seen by them as simply a good thing to do, but as a personal and loving response to their new friend Anita. Here again is this notion of relationship. There is no guilt in their response; rather, while the hearing of the story is devastating, my students are grateful for its brutal honesty because they find in it the call of God in their lives. So many of my students over the years have told me that meeting Anita and hearing her story has been the single most influential experience on their lives and that as a result they now understand with much greater clarity what they are to do with themselves in life. Over the years Anita has been instrumental in helping us support various projects of the people in our two sister-community villages in Morazán. This has created a need to stay in contact with her and her organization year round. This is in part what I think the phrase "an educated solidarity" means.

Therefore, we should look for groups and organizations that have a long-standing record of grassroots community-based involvement in a particular place, neighborhood, or region and then make a long-term commitment to them that includes more than financial support. The local heroes will emerge over time if we continue to look for them. We should be looking for organizations and people that develop the gifts of their community using the most local of sources—themselves. We should look for elders and leaders within the community, especially women, who can demonstrate to us the power of local efforts at social change. We should seek out those who can help us become experts about the local community and its history, people whose stories are so compelling that they give our students a clarity they did not previously have, and we should commit ourselves to learning from them. Little by little, year by year, our developing knowledge and growing bond with the local community and its people will transform us into better and better resources for our students and schools. This is the route to an educated solidarity. When we learn from the receiving community what the issues are, we then can learn how to learn about them. They will lead us to the resources we need to help our students learn to think critically about and respond faithfully to the issues our receiving communities are confronting. The poor will lead us to truth by candlelight.

Links to the Brophy El Salvador Trip Blogs from [2008](#) and [2009](#).