I'm sorry, Knox

On Wednesday, I participated in the anti-Trump rally on the Gianni Putin and the subsequent march. After a campaign with such explicit racist and misogynist, Donald Trump's success in the election was expected for many, including myself. I precipitated the opportunity to hear students speak out against Trump, and I was comforted by the idea of uniting with my fellow students in a time where so much hate is celebrated.

At the rally, I was pleased to hear negative messages celebrating a new commitment to political involvement and standing up for our values of equality and justice. Unfortunately, I struggled to truly find unity. While I empathize with the anger felt by many, I was disheartened to see my fellow students actively antagonizing Trump's supporters.

I saw our fellow conservative students stand, rally, and feel their isolation. When we began the march, I heard my fellow students actively disparaging derogatory terms toward some of our conservative students. How is it that we were calling for peace while simultaneously firing shots of hate? On the march, our movement vocalized how black, brown, and all lives mattered. Subsequently we shouted “I'm with Trump” and “I'm with him” his supporters. Did all lives matter to us then? I demand that our community racy be protected, but are we not being hypocritical by refusing to accept Trump's electoral victory? We called for unity, but did we not just perpetuate the divide in our very own community? We shouted that love doesn’t discriminate, but didn’t our actions show otherwise? I am the one to blame! I feel that’s interesting we go to such great lengths to define and declare Trump’s idealism to build a wall when it seems that we stacked the bricks pretty high on our very own campus today.

I’m sorry, Knox College. I’m sorry; Galesburg, a city in Illinois. United States. I can’t speak for anyone else, but I know I let you down today. While I kept silent when I didn’t agree with the words being shouted, I was complacent in an effort that isolated one who must embrace most. I admit I am hurt by the election results, but I am not equipped to truly solve any of the problems I’m too far to quickly identify. It is easy to be tolerant in my echo-chamber of liberalism at Knox, but my humanity is only realized when I accept the differ- ences of others.

President Teresa Amott always says that we learn the most from those who are not like us, but the only way we can do that is if we open our ears and hearts to them. Let’s take this chance to grip our egos and divisive. Now is the time to pull out a chair for those who are different than us. We need to ‘round about the table, and truly start to craft holistic solutions together.

Editor’s Note: Standing Rock

During the 24 hours we spent in North Dakota last week, I filmed a sacred fire ceremony, not realizing what was going on, though that was exactly what I wasn’t supposed to do. My camera was not confiscated. I was not ejected off the camp. I think the man who stopped me saw my camera and took it from me when I understood what I’d done.

I filmed children, before being told that they could be taken from their families if the footage reached the Internet. Later, I covered my lens as a toddler ran across the gymna- sium floor straight through my lens not depicting hundreds of clergy gathered for a single footage reached the Internet. Though that was exactly what I wasn’t supposed to do.

There is so much doc- umentation, information, misinformation flying around Facebook and the web. Here, we offer you what a group of Knox students saw when they abandoned dozens of days before they decided to answer the call of something they believed was greater. This is our tiny sliver of history, printed here and on display in a virtual timeline on our website.

See it, don’t it, but hundreds living at the Oekti Sakowin camp have torn through these pages, scroll through your feed. The Sioux tribe at Standing Rock has no running water. They’re paying thousands a day to provide portable toilets.

A woman is roaming camp, inviting others to join her tent for dinner. She’s made soup, and has plenty to share. There is no meal where here, and very little cell cover- age except for the location of the media tent dubbed “Facebook Hill.” Thirteen hours from us, people are traveling across the country, the world, to join Standing Rock. Here at TKS, we can show you what the Knox students who joined them there. This group has returned, more have left, and more continue. Tune in. Take five minutes and learn how what it means to be an American different from our understandings, on different 13 hours from here.

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