

# THE IMAGINE SOCIETY

AUGUST 27, 2021



SPECIAL ISSUE CELEBRATING OUR GLOBAL FAMILY  
KIDS AUGUST EDITION VOLUME 24!



"We are all part of  
one another."  
-Yuri Kochiyama



## Fond Memories of Pakistan

by Fahad Husain

"Go faster! Go faster!" my mom shouts in Urdu over the loud engine of the dune buggy. "Ugh, just let me do it next time! It'll be so much more fun!" We bump and tumble around the beach in a fairly desolate area as I squint so that the sand hitching a ride doesn't hitch a ride into my eye. My mom shouts some more in Urdu while my sister makes sudden swerves away from people. Our only saving grace is the poor guy half dangling off the buggy, steering us smoothly to safety. I am suddenly glad that it's his job, so he knows what to do. Swerving back to our original spot, we quickly rearrange ourselves, take a deep breath and zoom off for another lap – this time with my mom driving.



"Our Global Family" by Imagine Youth Leader Emery Brown (17). Check out page 14 for more about Emery!

...continued from page 2

She zips through the sand even more recklessly, but not uncontrollably, speeding past people as if she was in hyper-drive. After multiple laps, we all dismount from the sand-covered buggy and bundle into my mom's half-beaten down, but surprisingly comfortable, Suzuki Cultus. We stop for *Delizia* on our way home, a bakery with (arguably) the best brownie in the world: the delicious, creamy nutella brownie (I'm probably over hyping it but it is really good).

When we arrive home, my grandmother greets us with her usual scolding for being gone for so long. As I watch my mom's response, I can see a glimmer of her own youth shining through as she appeases her mother like a teenager caught after curfew. It's not long before we're all gathered in my grandmother's room, spread out on the two beds with matching exhausted smiles.

This is a typical day for me in Pakistan, where I spend my summers every year. The afternoons are quite normal. They are the picture of relaxation: sitting outside in the breeze, chatting, while enjoying some drinks and snacks. Only wait, those snacks are delicious Samosas (minced meat surrounded by crunchy deep-fried bread shaped in a triangle), Mithai (traditional assortment of Pakistani sweets), and biscuits from my grandmother's "secret" stash that she stacks up as if she is Smaug or Duck McScrooge. If there are any kids at home that day, then we play tag, cricket, or catch. If there are no kids, I have fun bothering my mom, my sister, and my grandmother. Afternoons are a lot of fun and I would hate to get rid of them from our Pakistan trips.

On some days, I play with my cousins and go to my paternal grandfather's house, sometimes both at the same time. My cousins are my paternal aunt's children. I play with the three of them for hours on end. They are slightly younger than me (10, 6, and 4 respectively, while I am 12) but we still have plenty of things to do. We play cricket, play on a slide in grandfather's backyard, or simply chase each other in a game of tag. We also do some creative indoor activities, such as setting up plays and creating a movie theater. Oh, and we watch lots and lots of TV—specifically, way too much of *Peppa Pig*, which is my cousins' favorite show to binge.

Pakistan is special to me because of how the people are so open and loving. With all of my cousins, I am surrounded by people that I love and I always have something to do. This might seem hectic to some people but when you are actually there, in the moment, it feels just right. That's the charm of Pakistan. It is fun, and fills me with pure joy as I get to be with family, lay back, and relax. It brings out the silly, and at times childish, side of me—but hey, I am a kid! Everything feels care-free in Pakistan, with nothing holding me back. But something has held me back: the pandemic causing COVID-19 virus. The fact that we couldn't go made us all extremely sad.



Thank you Fahad for sharing your memories of Pakistan! We hope you get to see your family again soon.

***Fahad Husain (12), is a rising 7th grader at Trinity School and a Junior Member of MV4NY***

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# The Light at the End of the Tunnel

by Farah Husain

*There is worse that could have happened, I reasoned with myself. Especially during these tough times, other people are dealing with much bigger problems.*

That didn't stop the disappointment from clouding my mind, nor, more surprisingly, the hurt and anger from choking my tongue. I felt like someone who was stumbling towards the end of a long tunnel, only to have the glowing door at the end vanish and leave them standing exhausted.

Of all of the moments the pandemic has stolen from me, losing my time in Pakistan is the hardest one to forgive. The day before we were scheduled to leave, my parents were notified that our flight was cancelled due to Covid. I sat at our dining table, hand paused mid air around a coffee cup, and listened as my mom broke the news.

Only a couple of days earlier, I had finished a summer internship, and right before that, two weeks of debate camp that had been more akin to bootcamp. My sophomore year had been grueling, my extracurriculars demanding, and my motivation was fraying at the edges. I needed a break. My summer had blurred together in a rush of summer programs, work, and studying, and my light at the end of the tunnel was definitely the opportunity to unwind in Pakistan. I missed my relatives, I longed for the delicious street food only found in Karachi, and if I focused really hard, I could almost hear the familiar call of Koel birds outside my window. The news of our cancelled trip felt like a comfort blanket snatched from my hands.

The mention of Pakistan brings with it a feeling of comfort combined with a flurry of memories, little flashes of unfiltered childhood and pure happiness. Golden sunlight, the pink petals that blanket my aunt's garden, a warm breeze through the rolled-down window of my mom's old car, the smell of salt in the wind combined with the sweetness of melting ice cream on a sandy beach. Really, Pakistan is my escape, my happy place, and my own little world shielded from the stress and responsibilities of New York. Every year, as I watch the twinkling lights of the skyline shrink from my plane window, I mentally leave my burdens down, down, down below, and clear my mind of everything.

If New York is my father, then Karachi is my mother. New York is my home and always will be, but Karachi has raised and shaped me into who I am just as much. They are two parts of me that have been irreversibly stitched into my



Pakistan's Flag! and where you can find Pakistan on your globe :)

...continued from page 3

being and to go without one of them for too long leaves an ache in my heart so fierce that it can sometimes steal my breath away.

Covid-19 has brought a whole host of trials for everyone—the passing of loved ones, long months of lockdown, and the heavy cloud of grief, loneliness and fear that seems to be ever present—sometimes shifting to offer a glimpse of the sun, only to return with even more force. For me, the whiplash from the constant changes yet restless stagnation was the worst part. In all of the chaos, I longed for some normalcy.

I entered the first lockdown as a freshman, barely adjusted to highschool, and concerned only with my next math test, debate tournament, or hanging out with my friends. The pandemic took those priorities, and tossed them into a blender with the fear for me and my loved ones' lives. To put it simply, it was humbling and it was terrifying. Now, seemingly in the blink of an eye, I am a junior, almost a legal adult, and feeling as if I haven't even had the chance to take a breath. Time has rushed past me, just like a tardy stranger on the street not even pausing to spare me a glance or offer a hello.

Through all of this, I kept myself composed with the thought of a reprieve. I knew summer would come, and with it, our yearly trip to Pakistan, when I would finally be able to tightly hug my grandparents instead of praying for their safety, and think of nothing else but the book in front of me as I sip chai outside, the pink hues of sunset dusting the tops of houses. And it is this same hope that will carry me through this year as well.

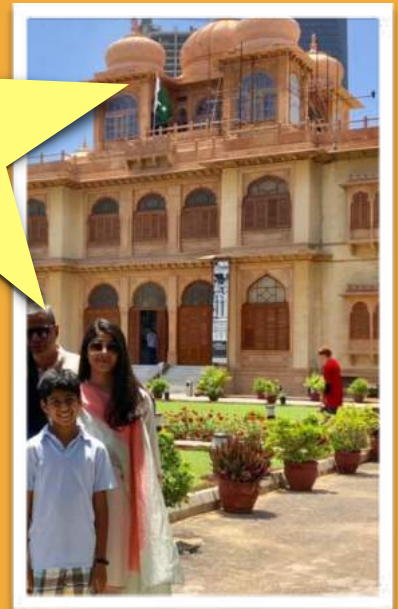


Thank you  
Farah!

What an incredibly moving  
essay Farah! Thank you for  
sharing so much with us.



Farah, her brother Fahad (he wrote  
the cover essay!), and their  
Grandfather (Dada) in Eid in  
Pakistan. Farah has beautiful Mehndi  
(henna) on her hands. Here she  
wears shalwar (pants), kameez (long  
tunic), and dupatta (long scarf).



Farah, Fahad and father Aamir  
at Mohatta Palace in Karachi.  
You can see the green flag of  
Pakistan softly fluttering in the  
wind at the palace building.

*Farah Husain (16), is a rising 11th Grader at Trinity School and a Junior Member of MV4NY*



# Bridging People and Movements

More about Yuri Kochiyama

by Elle Ferretti-Gray

On this month's issue of **The Imagine Society Newsletter** the cover's inspirational quote is from the longer quote:

***"Life is not what you alone make it. Life is the input of everyone who touched your life and every experience that entered it. We are all part of one another."***

This was said by the remarkable **Yuri Kochiyama**, a lifelong political activist and an inspiration to many. She was a victim of the vile racism born of Pearl Harbor, when her Japanese father who was just out of surgery was arrested and held in a hospital. A sheet was placed around him that said "Prisoner of War," and he died shortly after. She and her remaining family were placed in a concentration camp following **President Roosevelt's 1943 Executive Order 9066**. These experiences pushed her to fight for her rights and those of all minorities who were oppressed in America at that time. She was friends with **Malcolm X**, and can be seen in photos cradling his head after he was shot in 1965.

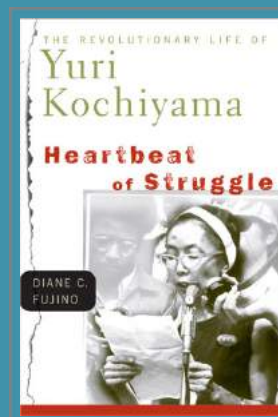
**Yuri Kochiyama** is more than just a friend to a famous activist though. **Lehman College's** Assistant History Professor **Robyn Spencer** artfully stated in a statement following Yuri's 2014 death, "It compounds the tragedy when people, who represent the grassroots and plural nature of the 60s movement, are reduced upon death to their relationship with Great Men. What I will remember about Yuri Kochiyama is her careful attention to mentoring and cultivating relationships." Yuri was a person who's life's work was born of childhood tragedy, and yet she made it something so poetically just to help prevent racism-born tragedies for future generations. She is a true inspiration and her work and kindness will long outlive her.



Mural in Harlem! Yuri alongside her friend and fellow activist Malcom X



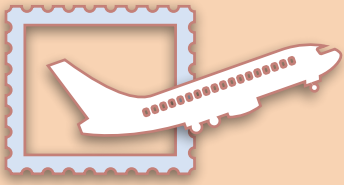
Yuri in action! NYC's Central Park in 1968



Book about Yuri!

**Elle Ferretti-Gray (16) is a rising Junior at Avenues the World School. Elle is also on the Imagine Newsletter Editorial Staff!**





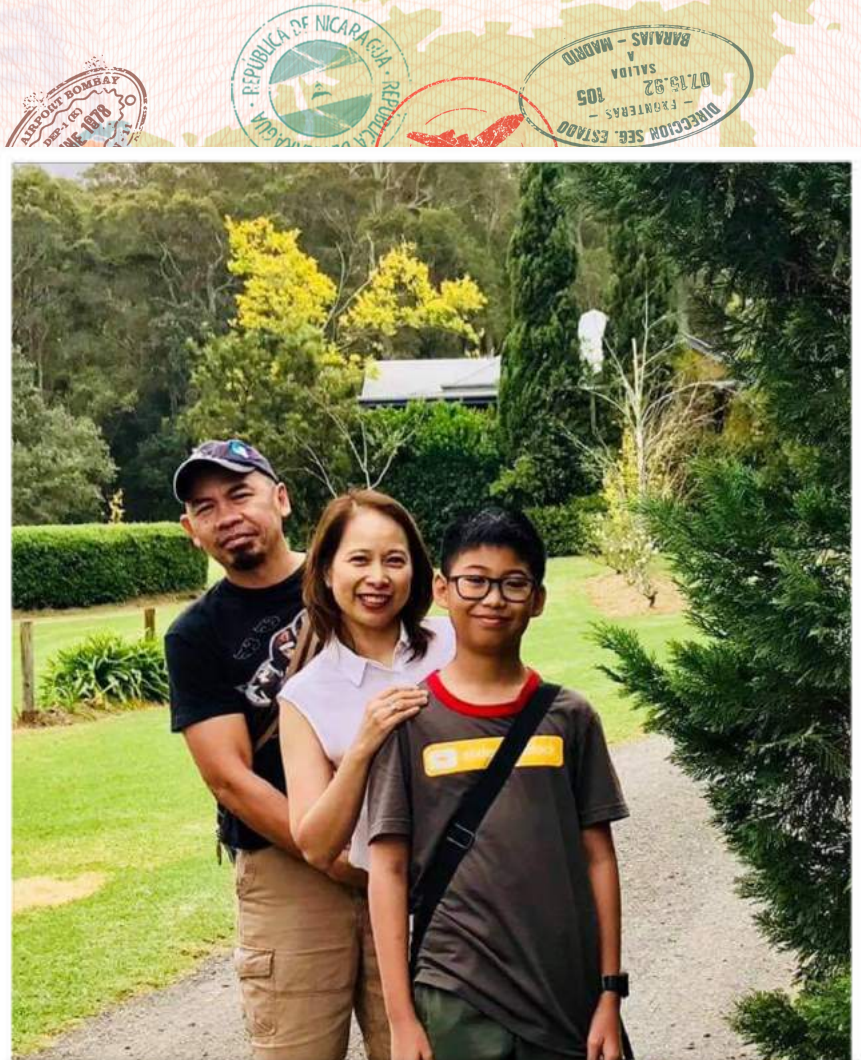
# Global Community

by Ezekiel R. Salazar

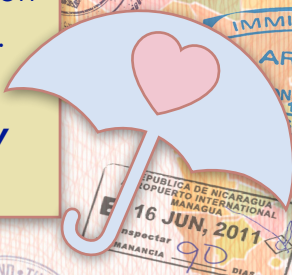


In the Philippines, we have a custom called *Bayanihan*, derived from the word *Bayan* which can mean nation, town, or community. In its simplest form, *Bayanihan* is the act of helping others without expecting rewards to achieve a certain goal. This is a cornerstone of Filipino life and why we Filipinos always love and care for each other. I have been fortunate enough to have been able to travel abroad with my family, and we've been delighted to find that the *Bayanihan* spirit exists in so many other countries. On one occasion, my Dad and I had to duck into a store in the UK to escape the rainy English weather. As I was enjoying some candy that my Dad got for me, I hoped the rain would stop because we were meeting my Mom somewhere. I noticed the shopkeeper approach and he had something in his hand that I thought he was going to sell to us. He handed over an umbrella to my Dad and said "I'm giving this to you and your son. Go on, you can have it." My Dad expressed his appreciation and was moved by the kind gesture.

***If we look out for each other like family, maybe we can weather any storm.***



Ezekiel (EZ), with parents Eric and Lilit while visiting Australia!



Thank you EZ for your incredible essay showing us the power of kindness!

By Ezekiel R. Salazar (15), incoming Grade 10 student, Philippine Science High School



# Bringing Awareness About Refugees Through Ice Cream

by Kalil Nasrani



Over the past ten years in the Middle East, there has been a civil war going on in Syria and that has created a refugee crisis, with millions of refugees fleeing for their lives. Refugees are people who have been forced to leave their home due to war, natural disaster or persecution. Sometimes the refugees, many of them children, aren't welcome in other countries and have to stay in tents hundreds of miles from home. **Paul Nasrani**, owner of the ice cream company, **Adirondack Creamery** happened to know about the crisis. He met a couple of Syrian refugees who came to Brooklyn and opened a Syrian pastry shop. Nasrani enjoyed the cookies and decided to bring awareness to the refugee crisis and to make a unique flavor inspired by the Syrian cookie Ma'amoul which is a shortbread pastry filled with dates and nuts. 50% of the profits from the flavor are donated to organizations that help Syrian refugees such as the **International Rescue Committee (IRC)** and **CanDoAction**. The message on the pint of Adirondack Creamery's Syrian Date and Walnut is **"We are all immigrants"** to show solidarity with immigrants and refugees.

Thanks to the generosity of Adirondack Creamery, on August 21st, our friends at the Ascension Food Pantry were able to distribute 350 pints of their ice cream to families in need!



To get your own pint of Syrian Date and Walnut and help support Syrian refugees please visit: [adirondackcreamery.com/](http://adirondackcreamery.com/) and check them out on IG @adirondackcreamery



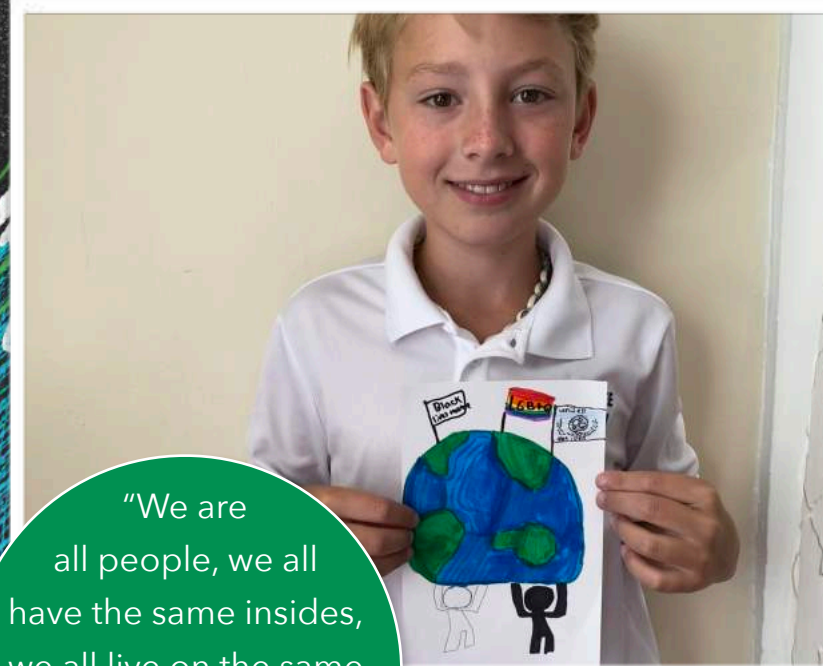
Thank you Kalil, for bringing support and awareness for Syrian refugees!



Amazing work!

Kalil Nasrani (12) is a rising 7th grade student!





"We are all people, we all have the same insides, we all live on the same world. That means we should care."

Dashiell (10)



"We are different and unique and it's good."

Olympia (8)



# Squad Vs. Blue

by Nicholas Rolon

6 year Spirit Squad member and pretty good ball player  
(says Ms. Robin, the Squad Director)

*The Imagine Society and the Spirit Squad teamed up with the NY Police Transit Unit #1 on Saturday, July 17th to distribute and deliver groceries to over 380 families on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, Morningside Heights, Hamilton Heights and western Harlem. Afterward, we challenged the Police to a fun game of basketball in our gym.*

After doing service with the police delivering food we had the opportunity to play with the police a game of basketball. The police were super cool and very friendly. We all liked the chance to hang out with them and eat together!

While we were playing "squad" against the "police," everyone in the crowd started to cheer us on. Of course, the **Spirit Squad** won against the **NYP**...they had an excuse saying they are too old (the reason they lost)!!

In all, getting the chance to speak to them, work and play with them, getting to know them, was a great learning experience for so many of us teens.



Squad vs. Blue! Nicholas top row, 6th from left.

Awesome work  
Nick!

Thank you for sharing about this really special event  
that helped build and strengthen our community!



Imagine Advisory Board Member **Laurence Jolicouer** volunteers as adult mentor!



The game in action!

**Nicholas Rolon (18), is entering his Freshman year at BMCC this fall! CONGRATULATIONS NICK!**

# Stand With Our Sisters

by Marre Gaffigan



*Trigger warning – mentions of extreme violence against women*

I have a younger sister, and I feel so much gratitude that she is a part of my life. As sisters, we do oftentimes disagree and argue (both of us being earth signs), but at the end of the day I would do anything for her. I feel grateful when she comes to me with a problem, as I remember when I went through similar things at her age not that long ago. Sometimes she takes my advice, but most of the time she decides to work it out for herself. Through it all though, we do have a close bond that I know will last a lifetime. When she is hurt, sad, or scared I immediately feel a pang of pain in my own heart, and I want to do everything I can to protect her.

I felt a similar pain when I heard about the terrible plight of women living in Afghanistan. When the Taliban took control of Afghanistan back in 1996, they enforced extremely harsh conditions under their strict interpretation of Islamic law. These rules disproportionately impacted women specifically. For example, women were forced to cover themselves completely in burkas and only permitted to leave the house when in the company of a male relative. Women were banned from attending school, working outside the home, and even from voting. Under Taliban rule, women were severely and violently punished for violating these laws. These cruel and inhumane punishments included public beatings, floggings, sometimes even being stoned. Women and children had limited access to healthcare and Afghanistan had the highest maternal mortality rate in the world.



Since the fall of the Taliban in 2001, Afghan women have slowly made progress in their fight for rights and equality. Over the past 20 years, more than my entire lifetime, Afghan women have gained access to education, and now hold positions as ambassadors, governors, officers, security force members, and even athletes. These advances over the past two decades are now under the threat of being totally erased in a matter of months, weeks, or even days.



...continued from page 11

Last week as the remaining American troops withdrew from Afghanistan, we all watched with disbelief as the Taliban easily took over the entire country save for the city of Kabul, where at the only airport planes have been evacuating Afghans by the thousands as they flee for their lives. Women all over the country who cannot get to Kabul have little hope of getting out. They have been instructed to destroy all evidence of their freedom and rights out of fear they will be arrested, tortured, and killed.

A couple of days ago, I was packing my bag in preparation for preseason for my school's soccer team. While doing that, I watched with horror as **Khalida Popal**, the former captain of the Afghan women's soccer team, in a video interview (recorded from her home in Copenhagen) urged Afghan women soccer players to erase their public identities, delete their social media, and burn their uniforms for their own safety, all because the country is again under Taliban rule ([video](#)).

Although the situation seems hopeless, there are many things we can do to help urge President Biden make it easier for women as well as their children to escape Afghanistan. I implore anyone reading this now to [take action](#).

Meanwhile, the Afghan refugees who are able to make it out and get to the United States will arrive with nothing. They will be traumatized and scared and alone. We must open our arms and offer comfort and support to these mothers, grandmothers, and families as we would a little sister or brother. **We are all one family. The human family.**

*Marre Gaffigan (17) is a rising Senior at Marymount School of New York*



What does the future hold for the women of Afghanistan? How can we help?



Sisters! Katie and Marre :)

Thank you Marre for helping bring awareness and support!



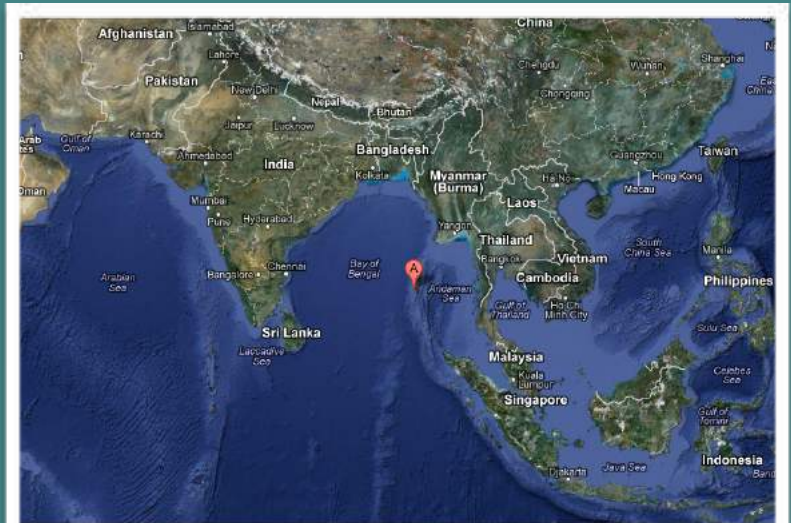
# The Wonders of an Unexplored Land

by Shelby Fenton



It seems as if every corner of the Earth has been reached and civilized but what if it wasn't? This land has been discovered by humans but what if the humans are the wonder?

What is North Sentinel Island and what does it hold? North Sentinel Island is a part of the Andaman Islands. The Andaman Islands are a collection of Islands located in the Bay of Bengal in India. Many of the islands hold their own group of indigenous peoples. The people native to North Sentinel Island are the Sentinelese people. They are a hostile but intriguing group of isolated people. The Sentinelese are what makes the island interesting as little is known about them.



North Sentinel Island's location in the Bay of Bengal (Courtesy of Google Maps)

What are the Sentinelese people about? Their population is so small we don't even have an exact amount of Sentinelese people inhabiting the island. The more exact estimate is 80-150 people populating the island but there could be as many as 500 or as little as 80! The Sentinelese are related to other groups of indigenous people inhabiting the other islands of the Andamans.

Although there is not much known, there is a basic knowledge of their daily life! To start, based on a single visit in 1967 it is known that they live in huts that are lean-to style with slanted roofs. It's important to note that the Sentinelese are hunter gatherers. It is also known that they have narrow outrigger canoes that they build. The canoes they build are controlled with long slender poles. With the help from the canoes they can harvest crabs and fish in the shallow water. They also weave mesh baskets. This is just a taste of their daily lives.



A look upon the shores of North Sentinel Island.

...continued from page 12

There is still some knowledge about their daily lives but much of it is assumed from studying other indigenous people. If they share similar daily lives of other indigenous peoples of the Andaman islands they probably have wild fruits, eggs from turtles and seagulls, and small animals such as birds and wild boars. They carry bows and arrows, spears, and knives. The tools and weapons tipped with iron are assumed to be crafted from drift metal that ends up on their island. In the mid 1990s a salvage crew that had anchored near the island heard singing coming from North Sentinel Island. Although they heard singing there is still no language from the Sentinelese known by outsiders. Daily life has evolved with time.



An overhead look at North Sentinel Island.

A question on all our minds is why they are isolated and how did they get there? They are not completely isolated as we have made contact a few times. The little contact does not excuse the mistreatment they faced. During the first visits centuries ago they had many horrendous acts committed against their women and people as a whole. This has caused the unwelcoming of visitors. Now these people are hostile and cautious around new people. How did they get there? The theory is that they are descendants of the original people of Africa that had been separated and isolated.

Although they are isolated it does not mean they do not deserve to be respected and left alone. People from the outside world can be dangerous in many ways such as disease. If the Sentinelese make regular contact with outsiders they are at risk. Their immune systems do not have the same exposure or vaccines as the outsiders. It would be very probable of an illness wiping out all of the Sentinelese people. The other obvious reason is that outsiders will be treated violently. Outsiders have been killed in recent years for going to the island. To prevent unwanted visitors the Indian government made it illegal to boat close to the island.

Although it seems we know everything about every corner of the Earth there is still much to learn about this little island.



Thank you Shelby for this  
incredibly informative essay.  
So much to learn!

***Shelby Fenton (14) is in Grade 10 at St. Timothy School in Alberta, Canada. Shelby is also on the Editorial Staff for The Imagine Newsletter!***



# Shedding My Skin

by Emery Brown



One big experience in my life will be going to Cooke. I will shed my skin in the sense that I am leaving my school, IDEAL and going to Cooke School. It's a big change for me. This will be an important event in my life because I will learn new things. I will learn life skills. This will help me grow up. I am excited about Cooke because I will learn life skills and can meet new people.



We  
are so proud of  
you Emery!



Emery is changing  
schools after 12  
years!

What an  
accomplishment!

*Emery Brown (17) is a rising 11th grader at Cooke School. Emery is also a Youth Leader at The Imagine Society and our Ambassador to GiGi's NYC!*



# Never Give Up!

by Louis A. Craco III



My name is Louis A. Craco III. I am a 12 year old author and a self advocate for Down syndrome. I can do these things: basketball, ride a bike, swimming, mini golf, slap jack, video games and chess.

**Basketball.** I like playing this sport because I do lay ups. Coach Ryan of the **Brooklyn Nets** taught me and my friends at **GiGi's Playhouse NYC** to shoot properly. Make your right arm become the shape of the letter L. He told us to do drills and to dribble the ball between our legs. I play basketball in Connecticut at West Rocks where my mother used to go to school when she was younger. Every night I play basketball and I do 100 shots. Last year me and Poppy were playing basketball; Poppy however was sitting because he has weak balance, so it was all me. Then there were two teenagers at the court outside. A couple of minutes later, I took the leap to shoot one basket in their hoop where I met one of the teenagers. His name was Barrett, and I met the other teenager - I think his name was Aaron. When I continued to play basketball, Barrett and Aaron passed the ball to me and I passed their ball to them. After awhile me and Poppy left the court and when I was close to the car in the parking lot, I saw Barrett and Aaron playing. I said to Poppy if I could be just like them. Poppy said I was practicing, I was playing basketball. I said, **I AM like them!** I also want you to remember that I loved it when I was at West Rocks, and it got dark outside and that is not something you see every day. You guys out there can play basketball and when you see anyone who is playing in the same court as you make them feel welcome.



Louis playing basketball! Looks like a good shot!



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**Bike Riding.** Riding bikes can be hard or easy. When it's hard to ride a bike you may fall down. A couple of years ago Poppy got a bike with three wheels. And I was riding it. When I got my helmet and got up Rainbow Hill, I pedaled it down and when I hit the brakes, nothing happened. I felt like I was in the sky falling, and my friend Roman's house has a brick wall in front! After the fall I got the brutal achievement of blood! After the brutal fall I got back to the house with the bike. I was transformed to the hospital and I had bandages on my hand and leg. My chest was absolutely red. And, yeah, that just pains me to write about it. Whenever you ride a bike it does not matter. All people can ride a bike without falling because they have courage to keep going and don't worry about accidents. When it comes to facing your fears you watch what's in your way, especially cars. When I was on Poppy's three wheel bike I was determined if I would achieve by going down Rainbow Hill. Unfortunately, all of that became brutal. I was so determined that I did not find a way of controlling the brakes within the bike, but it was too late to stop. If I had controlled the brakes none of that would happen. For the present I still have a reminder of that accident on my right leg. It is getting better and I still have a scar, not like Harry Potter who has a scar on his forehead. So does that mean I'm a wizard? (Oh, come on, this is about bikes, not wizards!) Now I am a pro at controlling the bike, including the brakes. I am also a pro bike rider with two wheels. I inspired two people I know, a terrific basketball player and a professional DJ, to ride a bike and to overcome their fears.

**And remember, winning and failing are both alive! "Never Give Up!" is my motto. Keep trying!**

**Louis A. Craco III (12) is a rising 8th grade student at Cooke School**

*Dear Louis, Thank you for this inspirational essay!  
You definitely inspired us to not give up, and I'm sure all  
our readers will be inspired too!*



You look like a pro on your bike Louis!



Louis at West Rocks where he practices basketball!



SPOTTED

ON

THE

STREET!

From community gardens in New York City, to front lawns in New Jersey - showing love!



So many businesses in Pittsburgh, PA putting up signs of support! We love to see it!



Send in your "Spotted on the Street" photos to: [outreach@theimagesociety.org](mailto:outreach@theimagesociety.org)





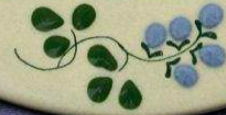
# FUN PAGES

we stick together.



Edited by  
Junior Member  
Katie Gaffigan  
(12)

REMEMBER,  
AS FAR AS ANYONE KNOWS  
WE ARE A NORMAL FAMILY



Eventually, all genealogists  
come to their census...

Katie's  
Fave  
Memes  
:)

Lol!

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ANCESTRY.COM

23% TOASTER  
18% CAMCORDER  
26% TRASH CAN  
4% HUB CAP  
3% LASER POINTER  
12% DURACELL BATTERY

8/25

SCOTT  
HILBURN

I DID MY FAMILY HISTORY  
AND GUESS WHAT?  
I'M SCOTTISH!  
THE McNUGGET CLAN!



©2015 Scott Hilburn/Distributed by Andrews McMeel Syndication

That's right bro.  
Our ancestors had  
buttons.



THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR,  
OUR ANCESTORS  
HAD TAILS.



I LOVE THE WAY THE EARTH ROTATES

IT REALLY MAKES MY DAY



Edited by  
Junior Member  
Katie Gaffigan  
(12)



"I believe the world is one big family and we need to help each other."

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# We Are ALL One Family

Count  
your  
ancestors



5 parents,  
 4 grandparents,  
 8, 9, 10, 14,  
 16K, 25K, 75K,  
 80 generations,  
 1 trillion ancestors

*The One Trillion Principle*

<http://www.apearson.com/1trillionprinciple.html>



2 parents,  
4 grandparents,  
8, 16, 32, 64,  
128, 256, 512,  
40 generations,  
1 trillion ancestors

**WE  
ARE  
FAMILY**



"Families are like branches of a tree.  
We grow differently but our root  
remains the same."



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A group of people, mostly children, are holding up large, white, block letters that spell out the word "FAMILY". They are standing in a line, and the background is dark, making the white letters stand out. The image is framed by a black border.





## Global Family Word Scramble

agape	aadpe
family	mafity
global	lloagb
international	ttaeolniam
peace	acpee
refugees	eeurtgse
ancestors	eeosnactsr
legacy	gecylla
humanity	taihmny
unity	intyu
heritage	itehgare
culture	trulecu
united	ueidtn
generations	neogisranet
descendants	dtaeensdsce
interwoven	wnonevrtei
transcendent	dttrneesancn
connected	cdoonntce
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