

The background of the entire page is a photograph of two hands, one from the left and one from the right, reaching towards each other and holding each other. The hands are silhouetted against a bright, hazy sunset or sunrise sky. The light from the sun is visible between the hands, creating a warm, golden glow. In the background, there is a body of water reflecting the light, and some reeds or tall grasses on the right side.

# InLight

Creating Connections in a  
time of Coronavirus

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## Editorial Team

Editors in Chief	Ryanne Mills '21 and Nora Rosario '21
Art Editors	Prea Davis '21 and Dylann Hanrahan '21
Advisor	Dr. Sara Romeyn

## Letter from the Editors

Dear Bullis Community,

It's safe to say no one expected our 2020 to go like this. In an unprecedented time like this one, it is important that we continue to come together as a community and uplift student voices. For this issue of *InLight* Magazine, we focused our theme on creating connections in a time of Coronavirus. The Coronavirus has impacted us all in big and small ways. We wanted to establish some form of normality by continuing our plans to publish a spring issue of *InLight*. The mission for *InLight* remains the same: to showcase unique and different perspectives.

To our fellow team members, Dylann Hanrahan and Prea Davis (art editors), we thank you for all the hours you spent creating and gathering art to further highlight student voice in the community. We also want to thank our advisor Dr. Romeyn. Without you and your hard work, this publication never would have been created.

Lastly, we dedicate this issue to the entire Bullis community for the resilience and grit they have shown. It is impossible to express the amount of sadness we feel about our year being cut short, especially for our seniors. We hope that reading this issue of *InLight* gives you hope and positivity during this tough time. Stay strong, and stay safe!

Thank You,

Ryanne Mills and Nora Rosario  
*InLight* Magazine Editors-in-Chief

# WORLD PEACE

*article and poem by Shikun (Bryan) Tan '21*

WE ARE HERE WITH THE WORLD  
Death and Infection happening everywhere  
Don't panic,  
Don't be scared,  
Don't give up,  
We are all here with our World,  
FIGHT THE VIRUS,  
PROGRESS WITH OUR WORLD.  
Violence and Shortages are everywhere  
No discrimination,  
No stereotypes,  
No prejudice,  
We are all here with the World,  
FIGHT THE VIRUS,  
PROGRESS WITH THE WORLD.  
Cures and Treatments are everywhere  
We care,  
We love,  
We strive,  
We are all here with the World,  
FIGHT THE VIRUS,  
PROGRESS WITH THE WORLD.  
WORLD WITHOUT BORDERS

As the Coronavirus continues to spread across the world, the business and schools are closed, sporting and cultural events are canceled, and the economy has stagnated into recession. In the meantime, this issue the world faces has turned into a sociological crisis: in addition to the rising fear of the virus, certain people experienced a great deal of blame. The rise of racial discrimination and ethnic stereotypes can be clearly seen everywhere, from governmental legislation, social media, physical conflict, etc. Let's every person take a deep breath and think if there is really a need to do such things to contribute to the fight against the COVID-19 epidemics. My answer is NO. The world, despite the difference in all nations, should work along in unity to solve the current crisis we all face.

Since the outbreak of Coronavirus, which was first officially reported to the World Health Organization by Chinese authorities in Wuhan on Dec. 31, many countries raised their awareness concerning the effects of the virus. As the outbreaks of the virus swept from China to other parts of eastern Asia, while the outbreak had not yet reached Europe or North America, the World Health Organization had already urged other countries to prepare for the arrival of the virus. Director-General Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus said countries should be working to protect health workers, engaging groups that are at highest risk — for instance, the elderly — and striving to contain the spread of the virus to the highest degree possible to slow its arrival in countries that don't have the means to respond to its threat. By April 2020, there are at least 180 countries and territories that have confirmed cases of COVID-19. As the virus hits abroad, many countries had over-calmed their citizens, causing misunderstanding and absent recognition of the virus. Due to the inefficient action taken by these countries, harsh statistics of soaring numbers of deaths and infections can be seen throughout the world.

In the meantime, increasing acts of discrimination, prejudice, violence, and stereotype against a certain group of people associated with the COVID-19 has been displayed around the globe (OVER 1000 CASES HAVE BEEN REPORTED). "Online supporters of [governmental official] have promoted his Facebook page with calls to "shoot" Chinese Australians, labeling them "Chingers," "Filthy Mutts," and "Disgusting Maggots." This kind of information has not only been showcased everywhere on the internet, but more importantly, different countries express varying degrees of Sinophobia, including physical conflict. Instead, such actions create greater fear for the immigrants and fail to incorporate the immigrants, even the world, to combat the spread of disease. Since the breakout of the virus, people around the globe express nonsensical statements, which reveals their racial stereotype thinking. People are spending their non-useful effort tagging the virus with "Yellow People's Disease," dreaming that COVID-19 is only damaging the Asian immune system. Ignorance commixes with prejudice, undoubtedly instigating racial discrimination, that these actions can be called the "PEST" in the world.



History has demonstrated that racial discrimination followed by serious infectious diseases not only makes no contribution to solving the case but will result in greater issues. People should definitely take a lesson from past experience against another infectious disease, Ebola. During the period of Ebola, many African residents were being discriminated against, such as being forced to leave a job or school, not because they were diagnosed with Ebola virus but simply because they were from the country stricken by the virus. Spouting racist chants, discriminating against entire neighborhoods, nations, and continents, and isolating whole countries will only create unnecessary division around a health problem that requires a unified response.

With the spread of COVID-19, some malicious and widespread stigmatization and some systematic smears have led to the rise of bullying, discrimination, and even violence against the Chinese and Asian communities. This act of reversing the course of history is extremely dangerous and absolutely intolerable. People should chew over such action happening today, even in the past. Such shameful actions should never recur on the world stage when it is time for all nations to unite in our efforts to resist the virus



## Buzzing waves

By: Rachel Sita '20



We waltz along the beach together. With your hand in mine I can feel the rough grains of sand still dotting your fingertips after lying amongst the dunes for so long. The sand. So unpleasant to get rid of, but in the moment, we don't mind it.

A warm breeze carries the scent of the ocean, a soothing mixture of salt, seaweed, and your cologne. Breathing the scent in I bring myself closer, and instinctively, you wrap your arm around my shoulders. You brush away the stray, damp strands of hair from my face and push them back behind my ear with your hand. Turning my head, I lock eyes with yours. You smile an impish smirk.

Dragging my hand behind you, you race towards the water. Once I catch up, returning to your side, we skip together to the water's edge, like school children sprinting towards the playground during recess. As we run, I sense the ocean spray misting the air as the waves lap and crash onto the shore, tingling my lips with a thin layer of salt.

When my toes collide with the icy chill of the autumn sea, my feet freeze in place, but you keep running. You gallop through the waves towards the horizon, your head still turned towards me, eyes locked on mine, beckoning me to venture forward. I can't move through the suctioning sand, but I keep smiling. I smile as you move towards the sun, the light getting brighter, and brighter until my smile turns into a squint. I'm afraid. It's getting so bright I can't see you anymore. I can't see anymore. All I hear is the incessant crashing of the waves buzzing in my ears.

Blinding light

Buzzing

Blinding light

Buzzing

Buzz

Buzz

BUZZ...

The buzzing pulls me awake. The artificial sunlight of the fluorescent light bulbs flickering, crackling, buzzing above me tugs at my eyelids, exposing them to reality. The rhythmic beeping of the EKG acts as my alarm clock.

I lift my head up to look around me, but my eyes still haven't adjusted to the light bath surrounding me. I can't find you anywhere and I begin to wonder whether you really are gone, like when you walked away from me towards the sunset. But as soon as my senses have settled in the new setting around me, I notice a pressure in my left hand. Squeezing it, I can feel it as your hand in mine.

Calm at last I close my eyes and let your hand guide me back to the beach. Back to the sand on our skin. Back to the buzzing waves lapping at our feet. But this time, dragging me into the ocean, you don't let go. I follow along your side towards the sun, the light illuminating our faces. Mine happy at last.

# Journey to the Landpost

By: Baraedi Newman '21, with art by Prea Davis '21

It's the last day of school in the village of Serowe, and every student is excited about not having to wake up at six am anymore, late-night reading, homework, or studying for quizzes, tests, or exams. I immediately pack up my two 24.7 x 19 cm composition books for English and maths, two HB pencils, an eraser in my bag, and run straight home. Within ten minutes, I arrived, immediately changed into my old clothes, packed my old skirts and t-shirts, and ran straight to the village chief's house to ask for a ride to the cattle post. Usually, if there's transport to the cattle post, it is announced three days before for anyone who is planning to go. My grandmother had called the night before to invite us to the cattle post to help with farming. The duties of a girl at the cattle post is to cook for the farmers and family, plant seeds, and harvest crops. As long as I was next to my grandmother and grandfather, who I grew up with and considered them my mother and father, anything was



possible. My mom had to work multiple jobs to provide tuition and food for me and my siblings, so I rarely saw her, she worked extra late and woke up extra early. As for my father, I saw him once a week at the local tavern, but he didn't give a crap about me.

The chief was the only transport going to the cattle post that whole month, and we were about to leave, yet my cousin, who was basically my twin, hadn't shown up yet. My heart begins to beat fast because I could not stay a month in the village while my grandparents are struggling at the cattle post so we leave without him. I am sitting alone

on the truck floor and I spot my cousin by the corner store chatting with his friends before we join the main road. As soon as he sees me, he runs after the car; we stop for him, he throws his school bag in the truck and hops in with greetings of terror "Oh, if I missed this ride my grandpa would have whooped me! Why did you get in without me knowing you were going to be whooped if you were only by yourself?" As you can tell, our grandfather was a super strict man but he still cared. We pass the mall, looking super rough, strangers and schoolmates pointing and laughing, but we don't care because we have the experience every time. The only time I care is when my crush shows up then I have to lie down on the truck floor and cover my face with my clothing bag. After 30-45 minutes of the wind blowing in our face every direction, we finally arrive at the cattle post where our grandparents welcome us politely and immediately send us to the farm. My grandparents described my cousin and I as



the hardest workers out of their 20 children and grandchildren that is why they chose us to come to help them. They rewarded us with corn, sugarcane, fresh watermelon plus there was nothing to do in the village but hang out with friends, go to church, cook for the family, relax, and repeat. Our daily schedule at the cattle post is strict; we start by waking up around 6 in the morning, making breakfast, then head to the farm from 8 am until 1 pm for women. Women return to the house and cook lunch for the family; everyone eats, then goes back to work until 4 pm, cook, and eat dinner. By 7 pm everyone is sleeping because there's no electricity or entertainment.

It is three days before school starts and still, there is no sign of transportation from the cattle post to the village. My grandmother, knowing my cousin knows the walking journey to the village, guides us to leave early the next morning. Worried sick about her 9 years old grandchildren traveling alone, along with no way to communicate with us or siblings in the village, she prays for us, our journey, and sends us off. About 12 hours later, we arrive at our home in Serowe village wet with ripped clothes and mud up to our knees. It has been a scary and fun journey, but would that stop us from going to the cattle post....NO! We made it back on time for school the next day; my cousin has to wash his school uniform that same night in hopes it's dry by morning, my grandma is still worried sick about us at the cattle post and asking everyone who might have crossed paths with us if we seemed okay. We have no way of communicating with her, so the next person who decides to leave the village and go to the cattle post lets her know we arrived safely and are doing well in school. The following school holiday we take the same journey, sometimes we had a ride back to the village, sometimes we did not. But our bravery and intelligence helped us every time.





## My SDLC Experience

By: Juliana Leith '22

This December four Bullis students (Prea Davis '21, Kennedy Cameron '21, Juliana Leith '21 and Nora Rosario '21) traveled to Seattle, Washington to partake in the Student Diversity Leadership Conference (SDLC) with the purpose of self-reflecting, forming allies, and building community.

SDLC was a life changing experience. I got to meet and hear from students all around the world and hear what their life is like and how it differs from mine. I am very happy that I still talk to some of the girls everyday. Coming back from the conference, it was hard at first because I wanted to make a change at Bullis as soon as possible but I had to understand some people were not ready for the conversations that I did with the other students during the conference and that is what SDLC so special because everyone was so eager to learn, meet new people and have deep and tough discussions. This experience taught me how privileged I really am and to not take things for granted because there's a lot of people in the world that do not have as much as I do. I also learned a lot about what other people go through and how being nice can really help or save a person's life since we never really do not know what someone is going through or what their homelife is like. SDLC was not just a conference about race because diversity is much more than that it is, socio-economic background, gender, ability, sexual orientation, religion, family structure as well as race and these are just some of the topics we discussed for the four days we were there.

## Ending the Silence

By: Julia Evans '22

At Bullis, students are encouraged to participate in this annual event and help break the silence by staying silent for In life, it can feel like we are living behind a facade. We mask what we truly feel and don't speak up for fear of being judged. One way we can end the silence is by being silent. That may sound counterintuitive, but it's true. On the second Friday of April, thousands of students raised awareness for those who can't speak out. Day of Silence is an annual day of action to spread awareness about the effects of bullying and harassment on LGBTQ+ students. This day has been held each year in April since 1996 and was started by a group of students at the University of Virginia. It was created for a class project on nonviolent protest, and over 150 students participated that first year. Now over 10,000 students register their participation each year. GLSEN is a non-profit organization that



works on ending discrimination, harassment, and bullying based on sexual orientation and gender identity. In 1997, Day of Silence became a national day of action, and in 2000, it became an official project of GLSEN and soon after, became international. a whole day. This year's Day of Silence was still held even under the unique circumstances, and student's remained silent from 8:00am-3:00pm on April 22nd. I have participated in Day of Silence for two years, and when I learned we were going to be holding it virtually, I was nervous but optimistic. Even though Day of Silence is an entirely silent event, it's still hands-on and makes a more significant impact



when it's visible to more people. Nevertheless, students throughout different grades and classes took a stand and showed how powerful silence can be.

While we held our Day of Silence on a Wednesday, the International Day of Silence was held that Friday on its official date and was done completely virtually. Graphics, posters, and art pieces were shared by participants to show what Day of Silence meant to them and why they chose to participate. At 3:00pm, a live stream started, and students were able to break the silence. Guests like Tan France and Emma González made special appearances, and students from schools across the United States shared what they are doing in their schools to better LGBTQ+ safety and acceptance.

It's so important to see representation in the media and to recognize the importance of LGBTQ+ activism. Without events like Day of Silence, thousands of LGBTQ+ students will continue to hide who they truly are and will feel as if they aren't important. The world is such a diverse place, and organizations like GLSEN and activists like Emma González are helping people understand that. Day of Silence is more than just staying silent; it's helping end the silence and show that actions speak louder than words.



"Concourse" by Fiona Caulfield '20

### Untitled by Ella Rosoff '23

Growing up life gets fogged  
By stereotypes and "harmless jokes"  
By "that's gay" accompanied with  
"I'm just teasing"  
  
That "being bi is selfish"  
And "how can you like both genders?"  
  
Being erased and displaced  
Alone and misunderstood  
Loathing yourself for feeling different  
  
There's beauty in liking boys and girls  
Admiring and loving every gender  
  
Every detail  
Every person  
  
Your heart is filled with love  
With no worries of who receives it  
Because you find worth in everyone  
  
And that's valid



Illustrations by Dylann Hanrahan '21



# A Senior Reflection by Maddie Hammer '20

The Coronavirus pandemic has negatively affected all of us in different ways. It's something none of us expected. In only a matter of weeks no one could've possibly anticipated the world we live in to be changed forever - the world we once knew to be shut down. No one knew we were saying goodbye to "normals" we took advantage of each day of our lives. Hugging our loved ones, seeing friends, classmates, and coworkers. No one could've imagined how difficult daily outings would suddenly become. Going to the market, checking in to a hospital, going to your yearly appointments, traveling, going into work, going into school - all activities that are now considered "high at risk for exposure". In the beginning, I was still in shock with what was happening. Especially as a senior in high school, there would be a lot of missing checkmarks under what I anticipated my

senior year to uphold. But in the beginning, I wouldn't let myself think about that, I wouldn't let myself be selfish. I tried not to think of all the things I would miss. Graduation, prom, Habitat for Humanity, my symposium presentation, senior skip day and pranks, the senior staff basketball game, uniform modifications, and most importantly... saying goodbye to my high school experience. I wouldn't allow myself to be a little upset, because I knew there were so many people in the world going through unimaginable tragedies. With the scarcity of supplies to provision of food to losing jobs to emotional and domestic abuse, I just couldn't think about myself. Think about seniors all around who were missing the experiences we've dreamed about since starting school.... not being able to finish it. But after a while, I realized that it was ok for me to mourn what I've lost, I missed something that

was extremely valuable to me. Because despite all the sadness and negativity this pandemic has brought on everyone, I can now appreciate how the world has come together to support one another in times of distress.

Doctors, nurses, essential workers and teachers all around the world are finally being appreciated for the hard work they do - selfless service and sacrifice. How the earth is finally being restored because of fewer carbon emissions and air quality improvement. We have lost so much during this time, but also gained an understanding for each other. So - I'm challenging you. It's easy to think of all the negatives corona has been in our lives. But we can also try to focus on the positives and let that represent our senior year. One can feel so helpless amidst Covid-19, but we can reshape the world together. Donating blood, donating to local food banks, volunteering, social distancing, supporting local/small businesses, fostering a pet, and most importantly - being kind. Looking back at my senior year experience at Bullis, I will try not to think of everything I've missed, but better yet everything I've gained. Although this is an extremely hard time for us, we are allowed to let ourselves be sad. But we can also let ourselves be happy knowing that most of us in the Bullis community are fortunate to be healthy and well.



