

TCL 202 Readings/Resources

Testimonios/Exemplars

Tule-Aguirre, G. (2016). My Days in the Fields. (<http://www.nmshsa.com/my-days-in-the-fields/>)

Excerpts from:

Perez, P. & Zarate, M. (Eds.) (2017). Facilitating Educational Success for Migrant Farmworker Students in the U. S. New York: Routledge.

Cuádriz, G. & Flores, Y. (2017). Claiming Home, Shaping Community: Testimonios de los Valles. University of Arizona Press.

De Leon, J. (Ed.) (2014). Wise Latinas: Writers on Higher Education. University of Nebraska Press.

Wells, B. (2013). Daughters and Granddaughters of Farmworkers: Emerging From the Long Shadow of Farm Labor. Rutgers University Press.

Methods

Schensul, S., Schensul, J. & LeCompte, M. (2012). The Ethnographer's Toolkit. Walnut Creek: Alta Mira Press.

Storycenter.org

Delgado Bernal, D., Burciaga, R. and Flores Carmona, J. (Eds.). (2012). Special Issue on Testimonios. *Equity & Excellence in Education*, 45(3).

Rodriguez, G. (1993). "Visiting the Women and Neighborhood of My Past" in B. Bair & S. Cayleff (Eds.) Wings of Gauze: Women of Color and the Experience of Health and Illness. Detroit: Wayne State University Press.

Leavy, P. (2009.) "Narrative Inquiry." Method Meets Art: Arts-Based Research Practice. New York, NY: Guilford Press.

Analysis

Berg, C.R. (2002). Categorizing the other: Stereotypes and stereotyping. Stereotypes and Stereotyping. Latino Images in Film: Stereotypes, Subversion, and Resistance. University of Texas Press.

Godoy, N. (2021) Community Driven Archives: Conocimiento, Healing, and Justice. *Journal of Critical Library and Information Studies* 3: 2-24.

Solórzano, D. & Yosso. T. (2002). Critical race methodology: Counter-storytelling as an Analytical Framework for Education Research. *Qualitative Inquiry*, 8(1): 23-44.

Reinsborough, P. & Canning, D. (2010). Re:Imagining Change How to Use Story-based Strategy to Win Campaigns, Build Movements, and Change the World. PM Press.

Laubepin, F. (2013). How to Read (and Understand) a Social Science Journal Article. Inter-university Consortium for Political and Social Research.



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Examples of Student Work

Managing Motherhood and Farmwork by Maria Del Sol Almanza

Imagine being a woman, a mother, and having a difficult dirty job which takes 10-12 hours a day. According to the National Farm Worker Ministry, 28% of agricultural workers in this country are women who are also mothers. These women manage to find the balance between their demanding, hard work and motherhood. No matter how difficult it may be, these women give the best of their lives to their children; they sacrifice time with their children *for* their children, to raise them up and to give them a dignified and decent life.

My mother, Matilde Lanuza Ruiz, is a farm worker in Arizona, and I have personally lived through the experience and the consequences of this. When my sister and I were 14 years old, my parents made the decision to immigrate to the United States. They were looking for a better life with better educational opportunities for us. For more than 20 years, my father was one of the more than 5,900 citizens of San Luis Rio Colorado, Sonora who crossed the border daily to go to work in the fields in the United States.

It was then that my mother started working in the fields with my father. Life in the United States is easier and more comfortable than in Mexico, but that lifestyle has its price. At age 51, my mother began working outside the home for the first time in her life. Before immigrating, she had devoted herself completely to her home and her family.

When I was 17 years old, I worked in the fields for the first time in my life. It was during the summer, and then I really recognized the huge effort and the heavy work my parents put in every day to make a living.

Her day as a mother and as a fieldworker begins very early, around 4:30 in the morning. She gets ready to start the day, prepares something for breakfast for herself and my father. She then prepares something to take to work to eat during lunchtime. My parents leave home between 5:00 and 5:30 in the morning. That depends a lot on where they'll



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be working that day since the distance between home and the fields varies between 30 minutes to an hour and a half away. She starts working at 6:00 in the morning and ends her workday between 3:00 and 5:00 in the afternoon. From there she goes straight home, takes a bath, eats something, rests for a while, and she calls my sister and me. Before we left for university, we would spend the rest of the evening together, but now we spend hours talking on the phone. Later in the day, my mom does some chores around the house, cooks something, and has dinner with my dad. She finally goes to bed between 10:30 and 11:00 at night. At other times she has to go to California to follow la corrida of her work and stays there for weeks without getting back home.

Both my sister and I have always been very close to my mother. Before we moved to Arizona, my mother always dedicated herself to us, and we always spent the day together. When my mother started working in the fields it was more difficult, but we still always spent the rest of the afternoon together from the time she came home from work until we went to bed.

When she started working in the fields, she did not stop dedicating herself to us -- I recognize even the little things she did to always stay present and close to us. Maybe we didn't have time to eat together but she always left something prepared for us to eat once we came back from school. There were times when she didn't have time to attend our school events, but she was always aware of everything and let us know how happy and proud she was of us. Maybe we didn't spend much time together, but we knew how to enjoy the little time we had to the fullest.

She says that as she and my father spend so many hours away from home, my sister and I learned to be independent and do many things on our own at a younger age. Our parents' work has also taught us values such as working hard for what we want, and being thankful.



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I am very grateful for the work and effort that my parents have made. They have always carried our lives forward with their work in the fields. First, my father who started working in the fields when he was 20 years old, and then my mother. As my mother says, it is thanks to that work that we have reached where we are today. Every time I look back, I feel very proud to think that everything I have achieved, what I have, where I am, and what I am, I owe in large part because they have driven me with their sacrifices. First, they left their parents and siblings and moved to another state far away so that my father could work in the United States. Then, my mother put aside her dream of becoming a teacher to dedicate herself to us. Later, they left their life in Mexico to come here, where me and my sister had the tools to have a better future.

I have great affection for the fields and great respect for the people who work in the fields, but I aspire to something, let's not say better, but something with more opportunities. Because my parents already broke their backs for a long time for me, and now I owe it to them. I want to be able to help my parents so they don't have to work anymore. I want a better life for myself and for my future family.



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Soy Pobre, y Que? By Ricardo Villa Virrey

Coming from a migrant family, I have many stories I tell myself so that I can deal with the injustices and hard times I went through as I grew up. Starting in 2008, over a decade ago, my family (mother, brother, sister, and I) moved to the border town of San Luis, Arizona. At the time, I was just a child--too young to critically think about what was actually happening and what my mom was going through. I believed that we were just trying to settle in a better city, but my mother was actually separating from my father in hopes of starting a new life.

When we got to San Luis, we settled in with my mother's grandparents and my mom began her search for employment. She first worked in a call center and after a couple of months we moved out of her grandparent's house; now she was on her own raising three kids, and she started working in the fields.

I was not really proud of her working in the fields. I preferred when she worked in the call center and came back clean and early. Now my mother would come back really exhausted, drained of energy, always too tired to go out with us. I hated that! I could not stand that she was too tired to be with us and to play like she did when she worked in the call center. I was demanding more of her than she could give, not understanding that she had to wake up at 4am, prepare some lunch, leave at dark morning, and come back dark at night full of mud and dirt, exhausted to the bones.

As I grew, kids my age began to pick their own clothes. Once the teenage years came, I wanted to pick my own clothes as well, and like most teenagers, I wanted what everyone else wanted; unfortunately, that was never possible. What I despised the most of being a migrant student was that we never had money to buy what others had. I felt like other students could label me as poor or dirty because my outfit was not as expensive as theirs and that was because my mother could not afford anything more expensive. Most students whose parents were not field workers wore branded uniforms while my white polo was old, and my pants were above my ankles. I tried to hide that image from my friends in school so I would always be cleaning my shoes and ironing



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my clothes so that no matter what, my shoes looked clean and my uniform was neat. I secretly resented my mother for all those years having to deal with not being able to buy the clothes I wanted. I never told her anything about it; I knew that it was not right to be mad at her because I also knew she was trying hard.

Over the years, as I grew up, I began to be able to understand her. That is one of the reasons why I never rebelled on her. I knew exactly what she was going through as she would tell us most of her problems so that we could understand, and we did.

In high school, I knew of my mother's economic status so I decided to start working. I started cleaning yards and washing cars for my neighbors when I was 14. I kept working throughout high school and the money I earned went to help my mother with her expenses.

I worked in the fields for a couple of months, enough to realize that it is way harder than my mother described it. Working in the fields is like being punished over and over for something good you did until the day ends and having to come back the next day for the same punishment. Now I understood thoroughly what my mother was going through as a field worker. I only worked there for a couple of months and it felt like it was forever. I cannot imagine how those that have been working there all their life do it.

These experiences helped me to be who I am now. I used to be ashamed of being a migrant student, of how others looked at me. Now I understand what it is to be a migrant student, what I have gone through, what my parents have gone through, and what other migrant students go through. I am proud of coming from a low-income family because that means I am where I am solely because of my efforts. I am proud of coming from a migrant family because I can understand what migrant parents go through to raise their children and the hard work it takes working in the fields. I am not ashamed of what I have been through; instead, I am proud of having these experiences, it just shows how strong I am.



Examples of Student Work

El Bracero by Lourdes Sanchez

My grandfather was born in a poor town in Southern Mexico. My great grandfather had already been married prior to meeting my great grandmother but his first wife died. My great grandfather was not the nicest person causing my grandfather to want to move out and away from home as soon as possible. Growing up, there was no money and the brothers would work on the family's acreage.

My grandfather was the first in his immediate family to say goodbye to the rancho when he came up to the United States as a Bracero. My grandfather told me that it was just common knowledge for people to pursue the American dream. He and 4 others all went to the neighboring town's municipio and signed up to be Braceros. They were promised housing, board, insurance, and a good paycheck but at 19, he just wanted to make money and buy nice things to impress the ladies.

Despite the fact that he was so unaware of the world, he was ready to come to America when he left Michoacán by bus. He arrived in Empalme, Sonora, Mexico in search of where Braceros would wait for their names to be called. He did make a few friends in Empalme; he met men from Durango, Jalisco, and Nayarit and many more states. He waited for 2 months the first time he came to the United States as a Bracero. He recalls everything costing about a peso, like a peso for a cup for water, a peso for a place to sleep, a peso for a tortilla, and a peso for a scoop of beans.

After being selected to be a Bracero, he was so happy for he finally was given food. In Mexico, all he ate were beans and tortillas and the occasional chicken stew but never ate enough to actually feel full. Now, my grandfather was able to pay for his expenses and still buy new things for when he went home. He bought himself better work clothes, shoes, and gifts for his family like little figurines for his mother.

My grandfather's first job was in Merced, CA south of Stockton and Fresno, CA. He picked figs and peaches for six weeks. It was hard work because they did not pay by the hour as employers do today. He would fill up pails of fruit and the foreman was the one who was supposed to be keeping track of the number of boxes each person filled,



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but sometimes they were not listening, so he would always keep track of his own boxes and talk to the foreman at the end.

After the six weeks ended, he and his new friends headed back south from Merced, CA the same way they came up. They went from Merced, CA to Calexico, CA on a bus but instead of going on the train back south from the state of Baja California to Michoacán, my grandfather paid a little more by taking the bus. He spent about a year back home spending the money he brought from America to help his family, got married, and bought his own home in a developing area. After the wedding and purchase of a new home, he needed to get back to work.

He came three more times to America as a Bracero between 1960 and 1961. Working in Arizona and California, each time familiarizing himself better and better. He worked mostly harvesting berries, celery, citrus, and lettuce. Every so often, he would send money back home so my grandmother could provide for their new family in Mexico (including my mother). In 1962, when my grandfather became a legal resident of the state of California, my grandfather no longer participated in the Bracero program and instead found more stable work picking strawberries in Oxnard, CA.

After obtaining his residency, he also built up more courage to move around the state of California wherever work called, since his family was all in Mexico and he did not have children to watch over. The more he moved, the more money he made, so the more money he could send back to Mexico. He also needed to save enough money to be able to afford a place to live because he knew that his family was big and could not just live in any small home. My grandfather did not want to waste his money renting apartments as he had before when he was younger because he knew they were too expensive. He once did have the money for a house but used it instead to buy a car so that he could go to Mexico and not rely on public buses.

The Bracero program taught him that you needed to save money if you wanted to buy something. He was much more independent and was able to save up a lot more money and send a lot more to his family in Mexico. When he worked as a Bracero, it was only a bit of what he was actually able to make long term in America. I do not think



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he was disappointed in the program because it offered him a new way of life for him and his family.

However, strikes were happening in California due to the movement led by Cesar Chavez. My grandfather saw many people get injured from protestors and there were times when field workers' cars would be vandalized by protestors. My grandfather did not like Chavez because my grandfather needed to work in order to provide for his family in Mexico but couldn't work in peace because of the protestors.

Although, after the protests were over, the work in the fields did improve a lot. Before, my grandfather had to use the handheld hoe that became illegal due to its short length and the negative effects it had on people's posture.

Finally, in 1972 he had saved up enough money to move his family to America. He immigrated my grandmother, mother, and 4 other children. My grandfather brought his family to Oxnard, CA where my great grandparents from my grandmother lived as well. In a year, my grandfather moved his family to Arizona where housing and food were cheaper, but he would still continue to work in California, Oregon, and Washington because of higher pay and a better climate.



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My Migrant Life by Alondra Salazar

Fieldwork first started in my family with my great grandma, Dolores Hernandez. She started working in the fields at the age of 13 while she was pregnant with my grandma and continued to work for 47 years.

My grandma, Guadalupe Sanchez, followed right in my great grandma's footsteps by working in the fields as well. She began working at the age of 15 alongside her 8 siblings. When she was 18 years old, she migrated to the U.S. and continued to work in the fields for 34 years.

My mom, Elizabeth Natal, started working in the fields with her 2 brothers and cousins at the age of 18, right after she graduated from high school and is still presently a fieldworker. This is a sturdy chain of field work in my family that I broke once I graduated from High School and started attending Arizona State University.

Preschool

At the age of 5 is when my experiences as a migrant student first started. I was so anxious and scared to begin my first day at Head Start. I was never good with making friends because I always felt like the odd one out, I felt like I didn't belong. When I got to school, I immediately connected with the kids there. I think I formed such a quick and strong connection with them because we had one thing in common, we all came from a migrant background. Forming such a strong bond with them was something so powerful and impactful for me to feel at that age. Going to school every day didn't feel like I was going to school; it more felt like I was returning to a second home because all the kids and teachers there were like a second family to me. I clearly remember we would all sit in a circle at the bottom of the monkey bars right before the school bell rang. We would talk about how late our parents would return from work and how they would hardly have time to spend with us. It was such a sad way to begin our days, but all the fun we would have throughout the day would make up for it.

Elementary School

Third grade is the grade I remember the most. For Halloween, we had to show up to class in any costume because we were going to do an improvisation for a play. I



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decided to dress up as my mom, as a field worker. I cut down one of her long sleeve button-up shirts and put it on. I covered some old, ripped jeans and black boots in mud to make it seem like I had barely gotten out of work. Then, I wrapped my face and head around in one of her pañuelos and put one of her black hats on. I went to school that day with a little extra jump in my step because of how happy and satisfied I was with the way my costume had turned out.

Once I stepped inside my classroom, I saw all these girls dressed in cute little fairy, princess, and witch costumes. I didn't mind sticking out from the rest of them, because I didn't see anything wrong in the way I was dressed, but sadly I was the only one that thought that way. My classmates immediately started laughing at the sight of me while some of them told me that "I was dirty or that I looked dirty," and that "being a migrant wasn't something to be proud of." To this day, I believe it to be such a traumatic experience for me because it really hurt me to hear such antagonizing and ruthless comments at such a young age.

But what deeply affected me most was not the sight of all these kids laughing, but the one of my teacher just standing there and taking no course of action. She didn't intervene nor did she assure me that it was okay to be a migrant kid or that it was okay to be the child of a fieldworker. Throughout the whole experience, that was what struck me the most, not getting the reassurance that I needed about all of these things being okay. Ever since that day, I was ashamed to be a migrant child, I was ashamed to be the daughter of my mother, the daughter of a fieldworker. I was ashamed to be what I now consider to be such a huge and important part of me.

High School

During one of my lectures in Spanish class, our teacher brought up the topic of how fieldworkers were constantly put down for the simple reason that they worked in the fields, and their kids were victims of this as well. I got flashbacks of the days I was bullied about being migrant and it made me reflect on all the different emotions that would run through me when I went through each of those events. It made me realize how strong I was, and all the different ways I could positively act towards people who



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saw me as lesser than them. In High School, I would constantly hear side comments from other students: “I feel bad for her, she probably doesn’t have much”, or “she doesn’t have much of a good influence because her mom is a fieldworker.” I used all of these side comments as a source of motivation to graduate. I pushed myself to do this for myself and my mom. The day of my graduation, I felt powerful for having the simple knowledge that I was a graduating migrant student; I was not another statistic.

College

After High School, I had doubts about continuing to get a higher education at Arizona State University because of how expensive it was. The salary of my mom wasn’t enough to pay for the amount I would owe and my Financial Aid wasn’t enough. CAMP gave me the extra push I needed to come to ASU because of the financial assistance they were offering. I am immensely grateful with this program because it has made my experience as a migrant student at Arizona State University unforgettable. The first time I met the rest of the students in the program, it reminded me of the same feeling I got in Head Start. I felt acceptance and a connection with all of them. It was amazing because I didn’t know most of them, but we all had one thing in common. Being a migrant has us all tied to each other.

I’ve come to see how being a migrant has shaped such a huge part of me. I laugh at how embarrassed I used to be for being the daughter of a field worker. I look at everything I have now and I take pride in knowing that I have all of it because of my mom’s hard work. Ask me now if I’m migrant, and I will proudly answer “Yes, I am. I am the daughter of one of the strongest women I know. I am the daughter of a hardworking fieldworker.”



TCL 202: Transborder Society & Culture

Course Description

Stories have power. They delight, enchant, touch, teach, recall, inspire, motivate, challenge. They help us understand. They imprint a picture on our minds. Want to make a point or raise an issue? Tell a story. - Janet Litherland

This section of TCL 202, designed especially for CAMP Scholars, is structured around narrative inquiry: *research-based storytelling*. Our appetite for stories is a reflection of the basic human need to understand patterns of life - not merely as an intellectual exercise but as a personal, experience of making meaning. Stories are a way to reach out to people and emotionally connect.

In this course, students will gain the methodological tools to tell stories – that of their own experience, their family's, or their community. Academia can be a hostile colonizing space when our voices as students are silenced, our experiences unacknowledged, our cultures neglected, and our histories erased. The course will also expose students to traditional and emerging ways to share these narratives with various audiences, both academic and community.

TCL 202 is a 3-unit course which can be used to fulfill the Social/Behavioral Sciences (SB) and Cultural Diversity (C) General Studies requirements. A variety of pedagogical techniques will be used including lecture, class discussion, in-class activities, brief writing assignments, and dialogue with guest researchers.

Course Activity Descriptions

Participation

I will have exercises that will allow you to explore who you are as an individual and allow you to practice some storytelling tools. All exercises will help you narrow down the area you want to focus on for your final story project.

Blog Posts

Students will complete a set of 4 blogs (of at least 200 words each) throughout the semester; each post and comment on peer posts. The blogs will allow students to reflect on their experiences and their formation as an individual. Each blog will have a different prompt that will allow students the opportunity for self-reflection. By sharing, the goal is for others to get to know each students' view on their own experiences and the similarities they have as a group.

Assignments

Students will have 5 written assignments to support course objectives.

Story inventory

Research Topics and Questions

Preliminary Literature Search

Consent and Interview Questions

Research Proposal



Final Story Project and Presentation

For the final story project, students must write a story that is personal, autobiographical, or family framed. The story must reflect techniques and perspectives learned in the class, and include a reflective analysis. The story must also be presented orally (or using technology) to the class without reading. (Please note that you must rehearse in advance in order to do this well.) You will submit a formal proposal what you are doing for your final story project as one of your written assignments. The goal is for you to have something that could be used in a personal statement, conference presentation, video, short publication, etc.

Weekly Schedule

Session	Topic	Reading/Assignment
1	Welcome-Review of the Course	Overview of the course, expectations, & introductions
2	Storytelling in Community	Reading: Tule-Aguirre, G. (2016). My Days in the Fields.
3	Why Stories? / Review of Theory: How Storytelling is Sensemaking	
4	Power of telling your story- Personal Statements	Reading: Mendoza, C. (2014). Las Otras.
5	The Transborder Context - Research Subjects and Topics	DUE: Assignment 1 Story Inventory Reading: Torres, B. (2014). Going the Distance.
6	Choosing a Research Question	Reading: Schensul, J. & LeCompte, M. (2012). Why Are Research Questions Required to Guide Essential Data Collection? Activity: Developing a Research or Guiding Question
7	The Research Proposal	DUE: Assignment 2 Research Topic and Questions Activity: Keywords
8	Literature Review/ Library Research & Resources	Literature Review Activity Meet at Library
9	Overview of Qualitative Research Approaches & Process	
10	Family/ Community Method: Interviewing	DUE: Assignment 3 Preliminary Reference List Reading: Schensul, S., Schensul, J., and LeCompte, M. (1999). In-Depth, Open-Ended Interviewing.



11	Family/ Community Method: Oral History	
12	Community History & Archives	Reading: Godoy (2021) Community Driven Archives Meet at Library
13	Self/ Family/ Community Methods: Counter Narratives/ Testimonios	Reading: Hernández, E. (2017). From the Fields to Fieldwork.
14	Self Method: Autoethnography	
15	Choosing a Research Approach	
16	Ethics - CITI Training	www.citiprogram.org Undergraduate RCR Training
17	Interview Practicum	DUE: Assignment 4 Consent & Interview Questions Practice Interview Activity
18	Research Project Check-In: Methods & Data Collection	Reading: Jiménez, R. (2017). Nuestro Camino es Mas Largo'.
19	Analysis: Stereotypes	Reading: Berg, C.R. (2002). Categorizing the other: Stereotypes and stereotyping.
20	Methods: Field Notes, Observation & Visual Documentation	Reading: Schensul, S., Schensul, J., and LeCompte, M. (1999). Exploratory or Open-ended Observation.
21	Observation Exercise	Meet at Art Museum
22	Analysis: Stories for Social Change	DUE: Assignment 5 Research Proposal Reading: Reinsborough, P. & Canning, D.(2010) Narrative Power Analysis.
23	Analysis: Themes	
24	Ways to Present: Digital Story Telling	Reading: Story Center Stories, 7 Elements in 4 Minutes
25	Ways to Present:	DUE: Research Project Data Collection Sample
26-30	Individual Story workshops	
30-32	Project Presentations	Due: Story Projects & Paper

