



FSEM 1000: CONNECTIONS & DECISIONS

A SERVICE-LEARNING PHOTO BOOK

BOSTON LIVING CENTER

MELANIE HASSOUN

The Boston Living Center is a nonprofit community and resource center that fosters the wellness of all HIV-positive people and educates people on HIV/AIDS. The two flags in the window represent this center as a place that accepts everyone regardless of race, sexuality, or identity.



FENWAY

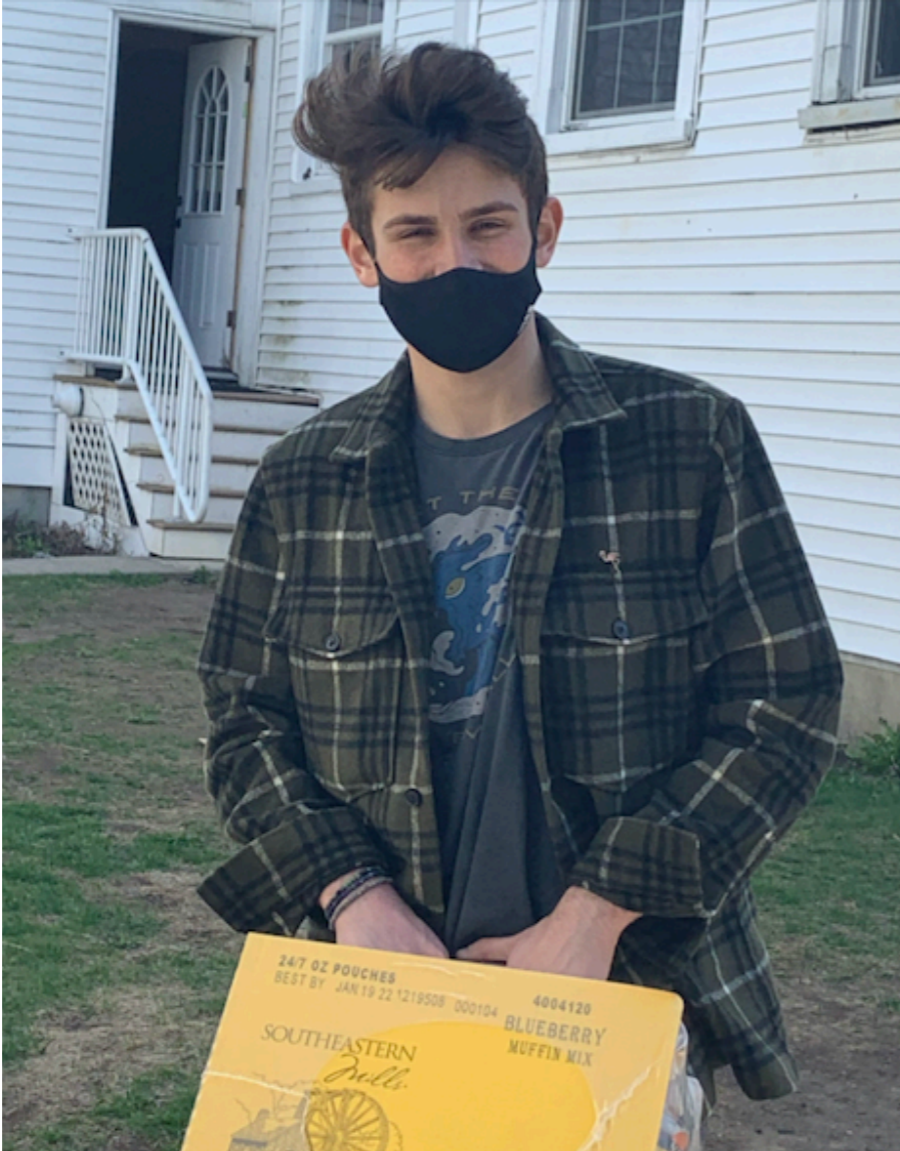
CARES

SAMANTHA (SAMI) CORDEIRO

Sami, Annabelle, and Charles.
Charles is explaining the
poems he wrote for us.



Annabelle, Sami, Matthew,
Sahmi, and Genevieve after
setting the food up.



BOSTON CARES

GABRIEL (GABI) GUON

Here is a collage of me at the Fourth Presbyterian Church. We unloaded a truck full of food and then packed them into grocery bags for people to hand them out later.



BOSTON LIVING CENTER

HIKARI SHAVER

I primarily worked at the Boston Living Center, serving breakfast and lunch to people living with HIV and AIDS. In addition to serving food, we prepped meals (cutting vegetables), make meal bags, washed, and cleaned dishes, and mopped and cleaned the entire kitchen and dining areas at the end of each Friday. I enjoyed this experience as it was typically the same people coming in every week to get their meals and chat with friends. Everyone there was very kind, helpful, and informative and I had a blast serving this community.



FENWAY CARES

MATTHEW SKOLNIK

Annabelle, Sami, Matthew, and Sahmi waiting to start handing out bags.



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

MICHAEL NESSRALLA

This photo shows the boxes of air purifiers that I eventually unboxed and organized at the Boston Latin School.



MY BROTHER'S TABLE

MADISON DAHLBERG

This is the coffee machine at My Brother's Table in Lynn, MA. Manning this station was my favourite part of volunteering there because I remembered some people's requests from previous visits. My favourite was this younger guy (maybe 30 years old) that almost always wore a blue shirt and ordered coffee with a lot of sugar in it. I mean A LOT. Another favourite is this elderly man who rarely ordered the same drink twice; sometimes it was tea, or milk, or juice, or coffee, or water. I always tried to guess his order, mostly unsuccessfully.



THE SPIDERS OF COMMUNITY SERVICE

GABI GUON

I arrive at the church basement suspended by strings of
privilege and good fortune

I am like a spider

Whose intricate silk home keeps its from falling to the
earth below

I have designed this and
the past of my past has designed this

But unlike many of those who came before me,
I extend my silk beyond the confines of my own web
I extend onto others

Perhaps they (the ones who live below) were up here once
too.

Similarly suspended and kept safe
by seemingly invincible strings of privilege and good
fortune

Until one day a strong wind blew. turbulence brought on
by little more than bad luck

Or it could have been a sparrow
With its sudden striking force of
two crushing beaks

Or maybe it wasn't a sparrow at all
But something man made
Systems which prevent them from ever being free
Racism and oppression

I'm lucky.

To have a web big enough where I can extend down a
thread or a hand

Give someone a meal
or 20 hours of time

And hope that one day,
They can shoot their webs back up
In a more equitable world

Humans are like spiders.

We are the architects of the webs of our world
The only limits to what we can achieve are set by ourselves

I refuse to just sit around and watch from the safety of my
web

Thinking of the world and its infinite darkness
Instead, I spin my web wildly

Exhausting the reserves of my thread

I think of nothing

But the fact

that in my own little way,

I am helping

And there are others helping with me

Each with four arms and four legs

By the end we've spun hundreds of little threads
ladders

To help someone climb up.