



Asian

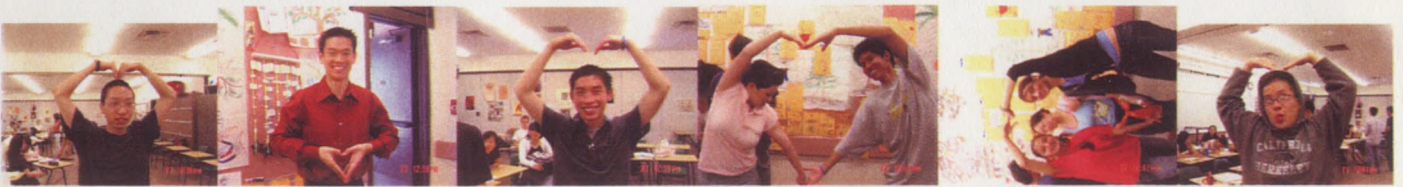
2005



Pacific



American



Leadership



Institute

“...it’s like alcohol.”



“It creeps up on you.”

- John Wang
Student 2004
Intern 2005

"It creeps up on you."

John Wang -
Student 2004
Intern 2002



Christine Duong

A Class Called APALI

APALI has been a great experience for me. Meeting all of you super cool people, but also learning about Asian Pacific American History has really opened my eyes to this world. As we continue to grow, so will our community, and we will continue to fight for equality and freedom from discrimination.

I close my eyes and I see hope.
I close my eyes and I hear unity.
I close my eyes and I feel pride.
I close my eyes and I wonder at our strength as a group.

As minorities, we need to stand up for ourselves and represent. We will not be stepped on. We will raise our fists in unison and fight to be recognized.

~APALI '05~
In my heart y'all will always stay.

~Vincent Li~
Group 7 Bobcats!



A Class Called APALI

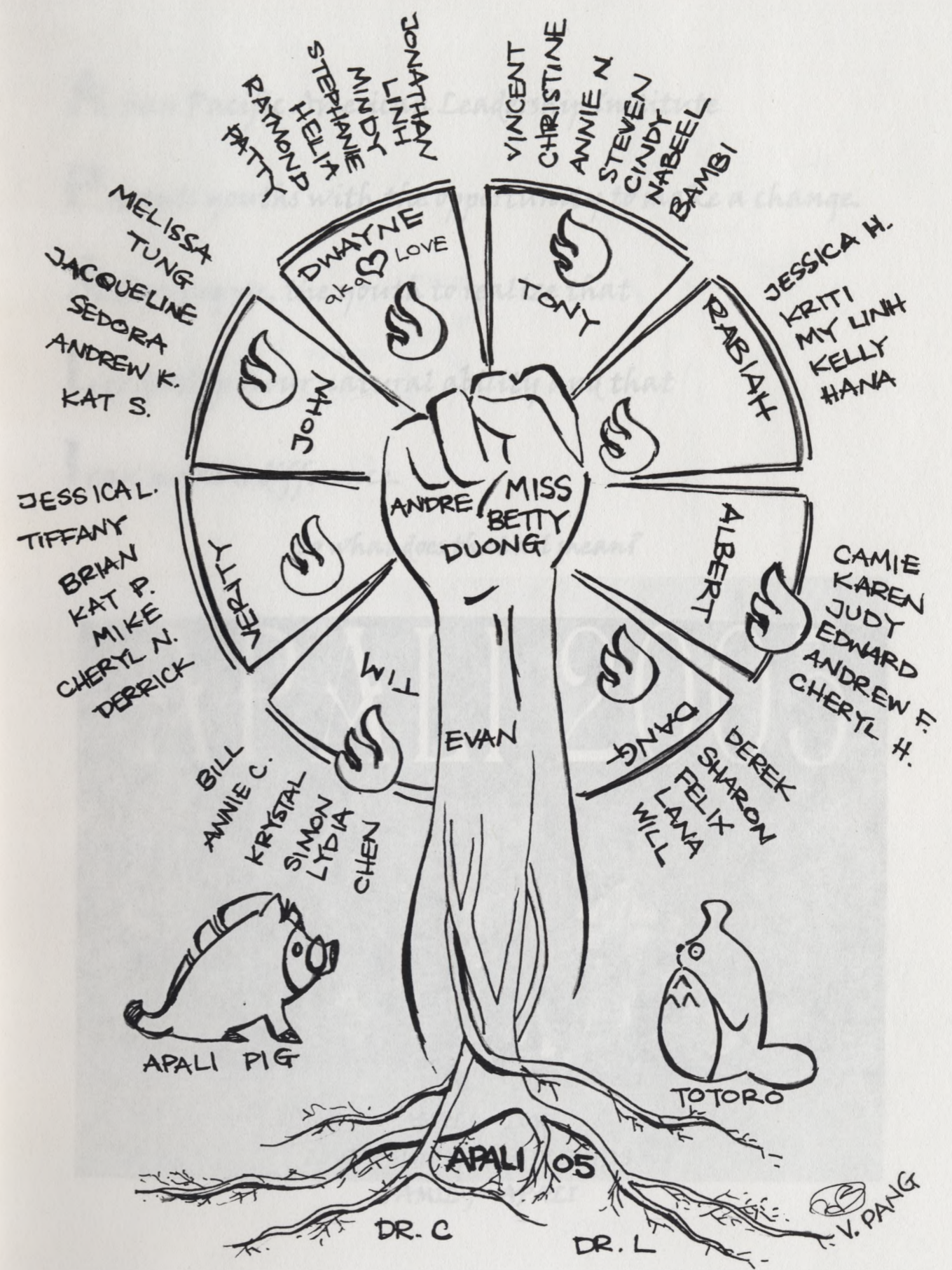
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Asian Pacific American Leadership Institute

Presents youths with the opportunity to make a change.

Allowing us, the youth to realize that

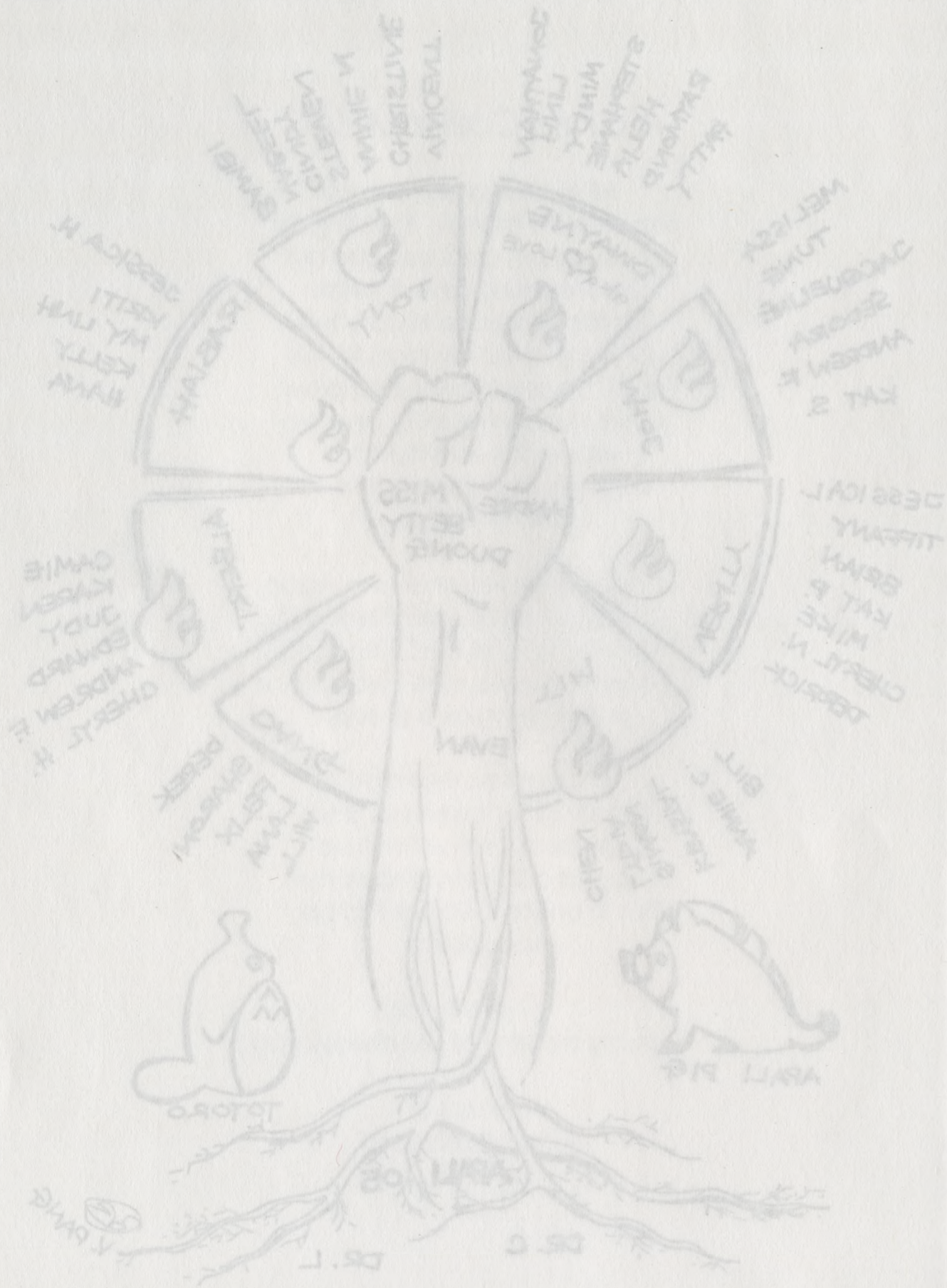
Leadership is our natural ability and that

I can make a difference.

So what does that all mean?



APALI = LOVE
 LOVE = YOU + ME = FRIENDS =
 FAMILY = APALI



TDGR
"Together"



We stand here
Facing these injustices
We stand still
Not daring to move
But we must be strong

We stand here together
To confront the pain
We walk forward together
To bring about change

We stand here
To challenge the injustice
We stand still
Firm in our resolve
We are strong

Together we will succeed

Julian Jones 2005



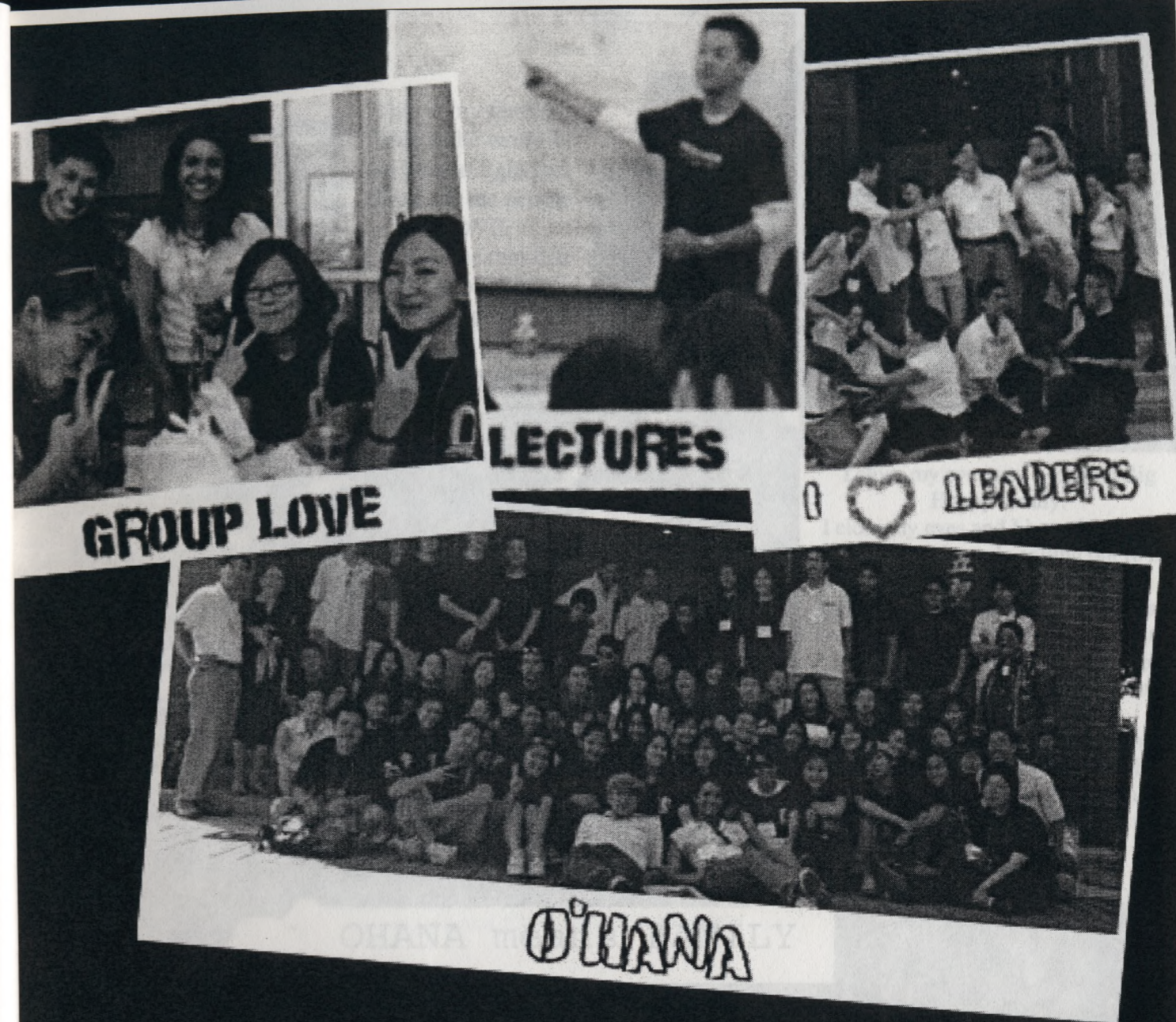
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"O'Hana means family. Family means **no one gets left behind or forgotten.**"

We are one big family of people, trying to make our way through the unfolding puzzle of life. Family is the first social unit for developing the qualities of the heart. A true family grows and moves through life together, inseparable in the heart. Connecting with the ultimate source of love is possible through discovering the hidden power in your heart. The word "family" implies warmth, a place where the core feelings of the heart are nurtured. The word "family" implies Apali 2005.

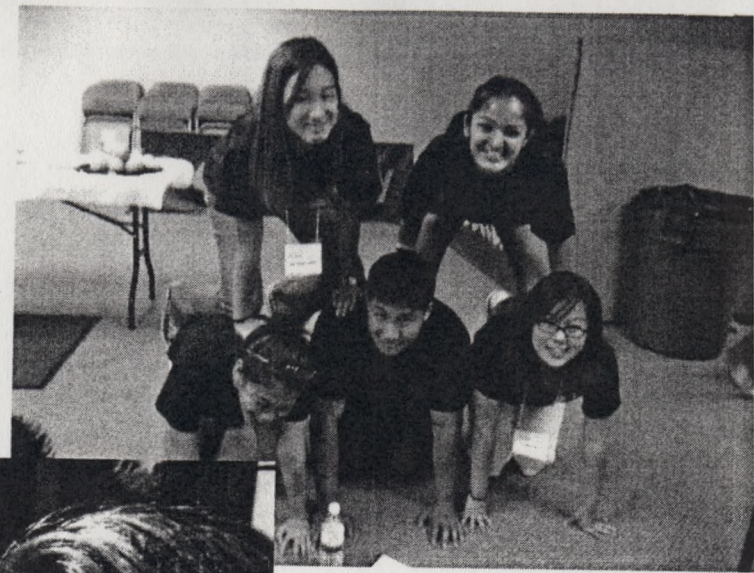
In all that we do let us do it for love.

A.P. ... A!

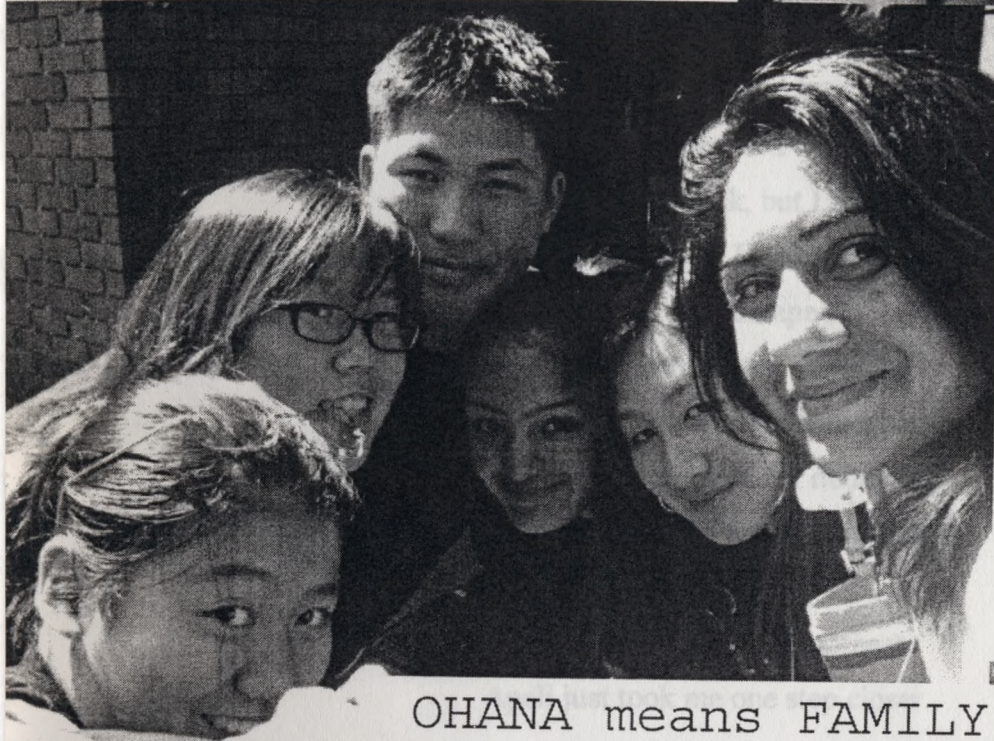
- Hana Chun



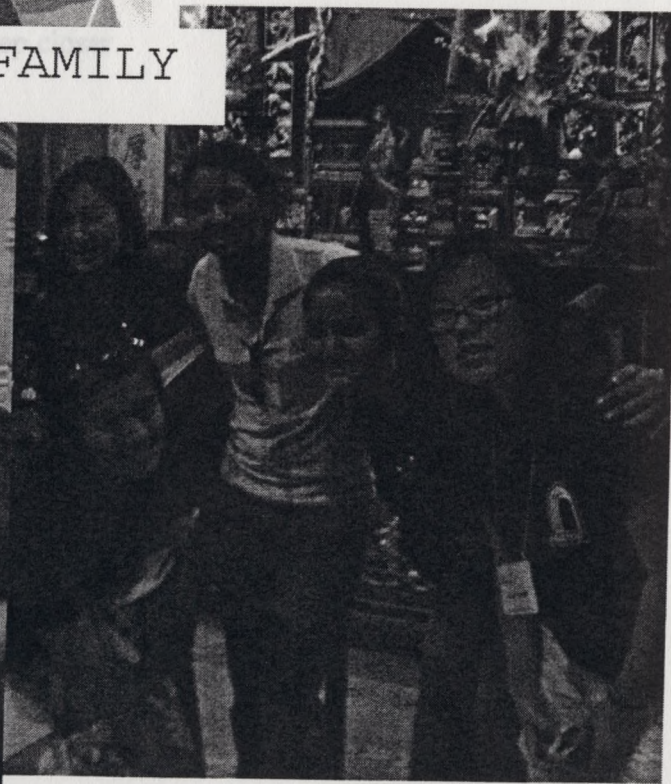
This is my family.
 This is the world I
 am here to fight for.
 These are the people
 I LOVE.
 Let us hope that that
 love is NEVER
 forgotten!



I close my eyes and I see one Big
 Happy family.
 I close my eyes and I hear the cries of
 the billions of people calling out to me.
 I close my eyes, only to open them a
 second later to see death, sorrow, hate,
 crime, segregation, violence, sexism.
 Later I see LOVE, family, courage,
 friendship, passion, peace, joy, and
 most importantly UNITY.
 Let us use this message as a reminder
 to look at the good things that we have
 in life. We must look at the bad things
 as something we can change. It is up to
 US to make the difference!



OHANA means FAMILY



This is my family
This is the world I
am here to fight for
These are the people
I LOVE.
Let us hope that this
love is NEVER
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I close my eyes and I see one thing
Happy family
I close my eyes and I hear the cries of
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I close my eyes, only to open them a
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dread, rejection, violence, sickness,
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most importantly, UNITY.
Let us see the message as a reminder
to look at the good things that we have
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OHANA MEANS FAMILY

From chance I take, to choices I make,
Everything I do, seems to be a mistake.
Everyday my eyes open to a world unknown,
They search and seek, but I am alone.

I have to move, I have to try,
to escape from my life, escape from the lies.

Perhaps only in death, I'll realize,
that happiness can only come, from what's inside.

Til then, i'll wallow in my dellusions,
Til I die, and come to that conclusion

Life is the persuit of Happiness,
Apali just took me one step closer.

And today, that's all that matters to me.

-Derek Shu

From chance I take to choices I make,
Everything I do seems to be a mistake
Everyday my eyes open to a world unknown,
They search and seek, but I am alone
I have to move, I have to try,
to escape from my life, escape from the lie,
For now only in death, I'll realize,
that happiness can only come from what's inside
I'll live, I'll suffer, in my decisions,
I'll die, and come to that conclusion
Life is the pursuit of happiness,
Asahi just took me one step closer
And today, that's all that matters to me
-Lord Jim

Check All That Apply

Check all that apply
I've always used credit
Have you checked if that apply?

Korean, check
Japanese, check

Make this a check number address thank you you're done
Near

What a life! by the income,
the law for the rest of the old around my ribcage,
the law for the

Check all that apply if there is no matchball box?

Not available, not listed, other

Can you see out of those eyes,
you are today I CH

I'm not a fish
I just need better water

Boxes for handbags and like Japanese grandmas with white hair and yellow skin
who drive the bus because they have no teeth

Boxes for basketball, and a pink iPod
A box for "Sex and the City" and "Friends" and the Beatles and Adam Brody
Maybe even a box for American Eagle, or perhaps hoodlugs and baseball

Check all that apply
Korean, check

Japanese, check
American, check

Not available, not listed, other

CHECK

Amie Kim Noguchi

Amie Kim Noguchi

Thank you, APALI 2005!

To know you is to love you...

Check All That Apply

Check all that apply
I've always hated those
How can I check all that apply?

Korean, check
Japanese, check
Name d.o.b. phone number address thank you you're done
Next!

Where is the box for the incense,
the box for the tight pull of the obi around my ribcage,
the box for the
shush-shush Obaachan is sleeping?
Where are the kimchee boxes, the
talk softly bow low boxes,
the make-sure-you-insah boxes?

How can I possibly check all that apply if there is no mothball box?

No ching-chong-there-goes-that-Chinese-girl box
No do you eat dog? box
No write my name in Asian,
can you see out of those eyes,
you are such a FOB box

I'm not a fob
I just need better boxes
Boxes for mochi and little Japanese grandmas with white hair and yellow skin
who save the hard Sees because they have no teeth

Boxes for basketball, and a pink ipod
A box for "Sex and the City" and "Friends" and the Beatles and Adam Brody
Maybe even a box for American Eagle, or perhaps hotdogs and baseball

Check all that apply
Korean, check
Japanese, check
American, check
Not available, not listed, *other*
CHECK.

Annie Kim Noguchi

by Kelly Tang
2unit

Thank you, APALI 2005!

Check All That Apply

Check all that apply
I've always hated those
How can I check all that apply?

Korean, check
Japanese, check
Name, d.o.b. phone number address thank you you're done
Next

Where is the box for the income,
the box for the right ball of the old around my message,
the box for the
shush-shush (Cherish is sleeping)
Where are the tangerine boxes, the
talk softly how low boxes,
the make-sure-you-look-down

How can I possibly check all that apply if there is no trashball box?

No check-check there goes that Chinese-tyd box

No do you eat dog, box
No write my name in Asian
can you see out of those eyes
you are such a FOB box

I'm not a job
I just need better boxes
Boxes for mochi and little Japanese granamas with white hair and yellow skin
who saw the hard sea because they have no teeth

Boxes for baseball, and a pink job
A box for "Sex and the City" and "Friends" and the Beatles and Adam Sandler
Maybe even a box for American flag, or perhaps hotdog and baseball

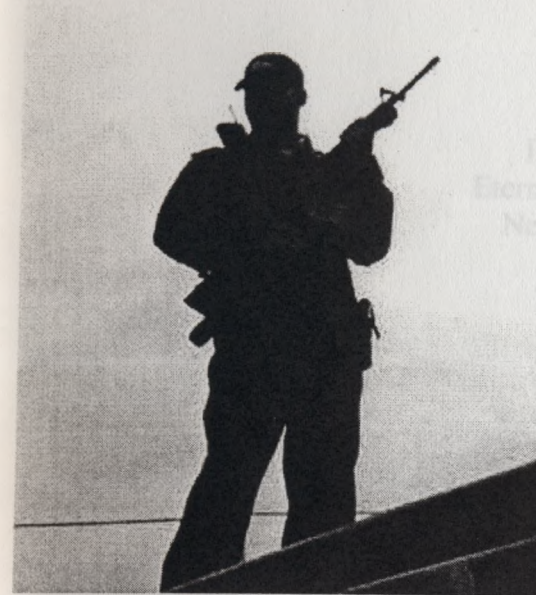
Check all that apply
Korean, check
Japanese, check
American, check
Not available, not listed, etc.

CHECK

Annie Kim Nojima

Thank you, WALL 2001

Wen Li



Struggling Journey

I cannot deny my identity
Eternal battles, constant struggles
Never a day without insanity
Always on the run
Running from gunshots
Down 2 blocks
Evading the cops
Usually, we all get caught
Strike one
Life behind bars
A funeral procession of 2 cars
Strike 2

My blood

I
China's 5000 years of history,
Hope of my mother and father,
Invited to America
laborers of rail road,
cheap labors
farm subordinates,
victim of espionage,
oppressed
target of the job market,
the blamed of economy,
neglected students,
scapegoat of American Society
praised of the model minority
treated as a foreign savage
Asian American Struggle,
Never the American Struggle

my blood shall bleed for the next generation.

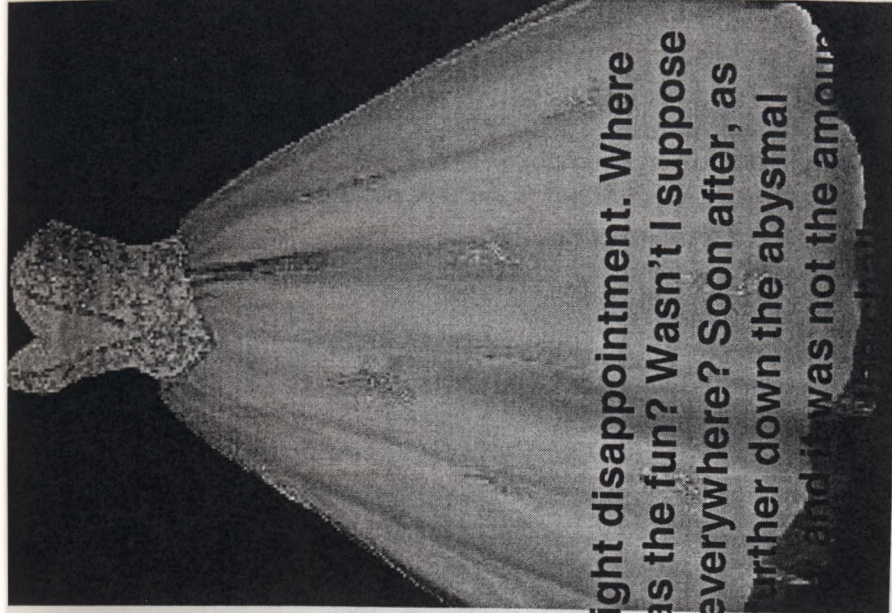
by Kelly Tang
2unit

apped in this hurricane
Round and round
Going nowhere, it's driving me insane
Pathways paved with shame
Never gonna get out and reach the fame
Searching for a way out
Disoriented realities
Reaching for the door
Stuck with the wrong mentality
Blood, sweat and tears
Darkness, my biggest fear
Bound by the shackles of my past
Holding me down
Not letting me pass
This emptiness swarming with sharks
Eating me away
I'm falling apart

I have always perceived America as a heaven for kids. In America, children have NO homework, eat all kinds of junk food without restriction, and play all day long. Parents supposedly treated their kids like angels, letting them do whatever they desired. So in second grade, when my dad announced to the whole family that we would be immigrating to the U.S. that summer, I was excited beyond words. Images of Disneyland popped up in my dreams, filled with princesses, gorgeous gowns, glass slippers, and magic! Of course this dream bubble did not last long before it exploded right in my face the moment I arrived in California.

My first step off the plane was a downright disappointment. Where were Mickey and Minnie? Furthermore, where was the fun? Wasn't I suppose to see amusement parks, circuses, and arcades everywhere? Soon after, as school started, my perceptions of America went further down the abysmal drain. There were plenty of homework to fill my days, and a language barrier that made it difficult but the language barrier that cafeteria at school was where I learned the concept of cafeteria mystery meat, squashed fruits, disgusting salads, and the fact the cheese went with every meal. Needless to say, I was losing weight faster than I was gaining it with the exception of occasional Halloween candy.

As time past by, I began seeing more of the things about the U.S. obscured by the "glamour" of America. In this land of equal opportunity, I saw years of racism and prejudice surface surreptitiously against all people of color. I felt it eating at me from the inside, making me helpless... confused... It was here that I lost my way about who I was suppose to be... An Asian American? A Taiwanese American?



Free From Fright

You all can remember the time; the time you received your first pet, received your first acknowledgement from your friends, your first sign of hope.

It arouses the body so much, that all feels surreal.

Well, now that the concept is out, I can assure you that I didn't have to fall through that again, into blindness.

Vowed that there will be no other, no matter how hard it is to accomplish.

Might be pretense, might be childish promises, but a promise nonetheless.

It was fun. Prom was fun. Food good, talk was nice, and met new people, in a way.

What was the most fun was the dancing, where you didn't really care how others saw you, and dancing with only a friend, nothing more.

Opens doors to a new feeling, not chained to one expression, not expected to do something spectacular, not held to specific words that had to be said. I wish this dream can stay, this nightmare dream, not a fluffy white cloud of a dream, but the one that

breeds sharp thorns that pierce my soul.

Hard to think this way, this limited ship.

But it must be obtained, cuz anything more is too much.

But nonetheless, it was fun, really, it was.

Anyone would've enjoyed it.

I'm no exception. now to write a few thoughts, down, just to express suppressed emotions.

Illusion

As I stare into those eyes,

Those wonderful eyes that are filled with excitement.

I long to continue on this journey, watching, as the days pass by.

When the pace changes, the look in your eyes, mark the remorse,

don't be blinded by the evils and lies conjured by others.

don't let things pull you down as you rise higher and higher.

Remember what's true, and what's not.

Don't fall into the pits, like many have.

Don't be like the ones who chained my life to the graves.

Please?

Unforgettable

Hope radiated from your face as time flew by

Hope stayed in my mind as I watched you day by day

Trust was made, sealed by tears wept over old stains

Trust heartened, only through pure intentions

The error made, one grave mistake, a life changing event,

corrupted the purest of snow created in your mind

expel me from the loss, the one loss that lost it all

forgiveness is never in reach, for forgiveness never will forgive me

A saint through the day, the devil when night falls

Will, couldn't be broken

Time, given away

Torture, accepted

Love, consumed by this greed, yet, still abundant

COLLIDE

The dawn is breaking
A light shining through
You're barely waking
And I'm tangled up in you

I'm open, you're closed
Where I follow, you'll go
I want I want see your face
Light up again

Even the best fall down sometimes
Even the wrong words seem to rhyme
Out of the dust that fills my mind

Somebody and
You and I collide

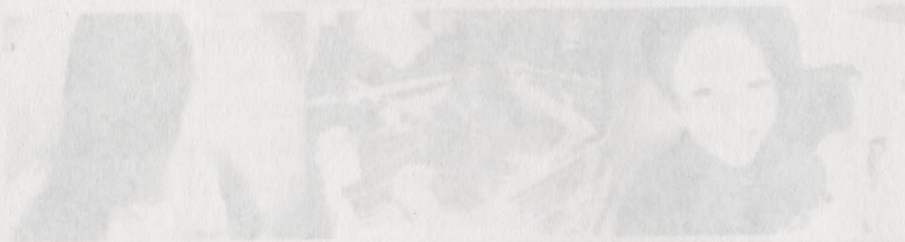
I'm quiet, you know
You make a real impression
I've found I've found to know I'm always on your mind

Even the best fall down sometimes
Even the stars refuse to shine
Out of the back you fall in time
Tomorrow find
You and I collide

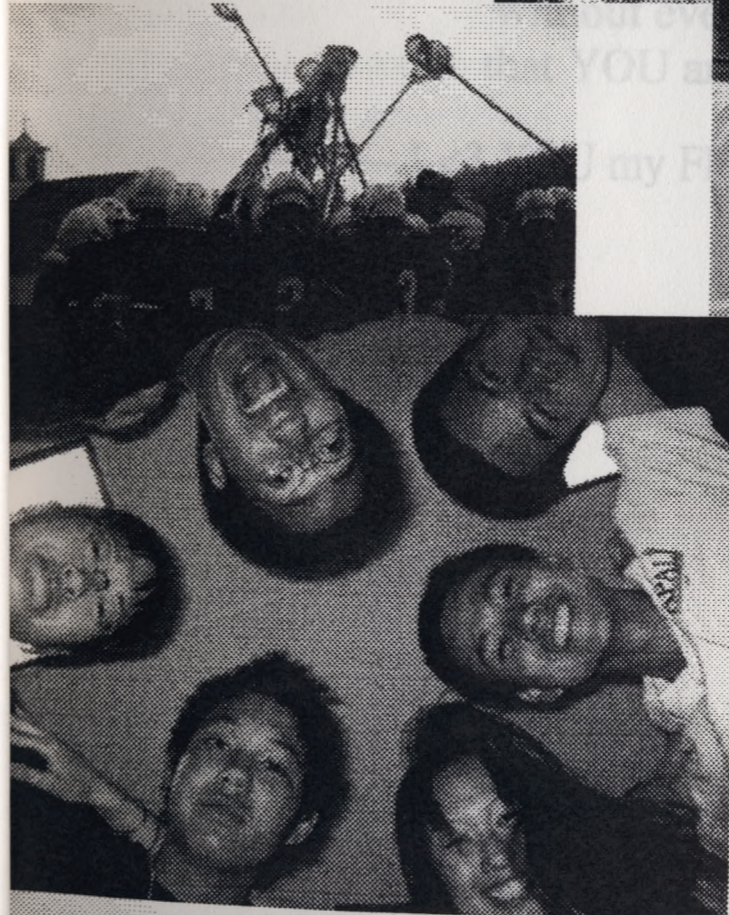
Even the best fall down sometimes
Even the wrong words seem to rhyme
Out of the dust that fills your mind
You finally find
You and I collide

APAL CLASS OF 99 Even with our given differences and
Inexperience, I somehow find YOU and I

COLLIDE



<23 sharon lin



my connections



Let go
of your heart
You've been on my mind
All of the time
I don't know if you still care
But you know
All I can do is wait
As my heart slowly breaks
And I wonder
How long my heart will wait
I want to listen
To see what you want
But my heart can only take
Time has passed
I want to believe that you've changed
But my heart reminds me
Of the pain you've caused me

Someday...
you will ask me
what is the most important thing
to ME...

You....or MY LIFE, and i will say
"...my life."
And then you walk away
without even knowing
that YOU are My Life.

----- I <3 YOU my FELLA, APALI -----

Cindy Nguyen

Someday...
you will ask me
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You...or MY LIFE, and I will say
"...my life."
And then you walk away
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that YOU are MY Life

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Cindy Nguyen

Let Go

By Anonymous

In this Moment

You've been on my mind

All of the time

I don't know if you still care

But you know how I feel for you

All I can do is wait

As my heart slowly breaks

And I wonder to myself

How long my heart dwell on you

I want to listen

To see what you will say

But my heart can only take

This pain for so long

Time has passed

I want to believe that you've changed

But my heart reminds me

Of the pain you've caused me

Cindy Nguyen

In this Moment

I ran home today, hoping the cramps in my thighs and stomach will cover up the pain in my heart. I'm so stupid, just like I hurt myself on the outside to kill the thing on the inside. I slow down.

Walk. Breathe. Step forward. Breathe.

The cool wind tousles my hair, as I think about the consequences of my actions. I tell him I would kill myself if I was. But the truth is, if I died, I would miss walking and running, but mostly, I would miss the wind in my hair, actually, just the smell of the wind. I suppose I would miss the wind in general. I walk for the wind. I run for the wind. I live for the wind.

As I look ahead, I notice an orange cat sitting in the middle of the sidewalk. Like me, he's not facing me, but the road, not even aware of the approaching stranger. As I get closer. The cat faces me. He looks up at me with his golden yellow eyes and for the longest time, we stare at each other. Mysterious golden eyes meet tired brown ones. He meows, and twitches his tail, indicating that it is time for me to move on. Perhaps I should. I should. I can. I can't...

Walk. Breathe. Step forward. Breathe.

I glance at the earth supposedly filled with memories. Strangely, from the bottom up, I don't recognize this place, the pictures have changed, people have gone and I don't know you anymore.

There's this tree, in my neighbors yard. It's old and ugly, but you can tell, it's been through more than I can imagine. There is a plastic rod grown in the side of this tree. Perhaps it was supposed to be a support for this tree when it was younger, unknowingly causing it great pain and strife as life and minerals stream out from its veins. If this tree can grow bark around this plastic rod, then I certainly can grow with this still-bleeding gash in my side. It could take years. It could leave scars. It could be worth it.

I could be worth it.

I know that in this moment, I'm worth it.

In this Moment

I can't see the future, but I know that in this moment, I'm worth it.

Walk. Breathe. Step forward. Breathe.

The cool wind brushes my hair, as I think about the consequences of my actions. I tell him I would miss the wind in my hair, actually, just the smell of the wind. I suppose I would miss the wind in general. I walk for the wind. I run for the wind. I live for the wind.

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The image of one's self is in large part through the experiences with others: the family, the home, the community, the school. As a second generation Vietnamese American child of a refugee; the experiences of the family, home, recognition of community and understanding or acceptance of culture can at times be misunderstood, resented, accepted or forgotten. All in all, it's a process of recognizing me and knowing the story of my reflection- my mother's eyes, father's nose, ancestor's blood, the colonial paleness of my skin. Thirty years ago my community came to America with the anger of a lost homeland; today my generation's shoulders carry the weight of expectations and sacrifices. Thirty years later I will be the first in my family, among my siblings to graduate from an American college. What this means to me is that in my parents eyes I will be the first end of their journey, the first to reach a finish line that was drawn when they made the decision to leave.

I will be graduating with a degree in Asian American Studies, a discipline that was chosen out of love, concern, and anger. After graduation I've made plans for law school in preparation for a career in the public sector. Those plans are now on hold with the prospect of attending school in Viet Nam, for what I've realized is that, throughout the course of my studies I still cannot answer whether or not Viet Nam is my motherland or my mother's land?

In my younger days I quickly realized that no matter what I try there was no avoiding the legacy of war and history that my face, my being is attached to. At some point I kicked myself into high gear moving in the opposite direction: to embrace the legacy, history, and the community; for better or worse, I wasn't going to run anymore. I practiced the language, researched the history, and searched for community. As a result: my life goal is to serve the marginalized and the overlooked- starting at a focal point stemming from my own Southeast Asian community. As a result: my Vietnamese neighbors don't know what to make of me. As a result: my Vietnamese verbal skills are considered impeccable by second generation standards yet I'm still unable to understand or communicate myself when speaking of politics or making social commentary.

In Ethnic Studies, we are taught about the history of social movements and are asked to analyze the legacies of such history; however, all this must be engineered with an understanding of the people within the context of their social conditions with a strong tie to the indigenous culture. For my generation the relationship with this indigenous culture is still being negotiated. What I've also learned is that in popular immigrant models, there is no reference made to pre-migration conditions, the exact contradiction is seen in the creation of community, through the formation of immigrant networks, and through my personal need to know home. Because the one thing that I can't find in an American education is the understanding of my community outside of a hyphenated context; for example, speaking Vietnamese to navigate through my days, not just to speak on holidays and with family. An environment where the identity is Vietnamese not Vietnamese American. My generation is emerging as the direction of the Vietnamese American community, but I can't know where that horizon lies without knowing the path that leads there, and where that path began.

As for the personal journey, the one that started with departure and the goal of a new life for me thirty years ago, will not end but meet a personal watershed in

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American child of a refugee; the experience of the family, home, recognition of
family, the home, the community, the school. As a second generation Vietnamese
The image of one's self is in large part through the experiences with others; the

Freestyle Bill I Am

Asian American, so which I be?
Why are we oppressed by the land of the free
If ignorance is bliss, than America must be blissful
They grab-twist-pull
Because we're only a fistful
Subliminal oppression, subconscious racism, America,
Land of the great system but the system wasn't made for me
Oh what? You're Asian? So you must be Chinese. You must know Bruce Lee!!
You must do karate!! Oh..but you're just an ABC...wait, what? You can speak
Cantonese?

Neglect me because I'm not American enough
Neglect me because I'm not Chinese enough

But enough is enough
Asian-American
Because that's who I am

Bill Tang

INVOLVEMENT:

When has it been an issue that we weren't involved enough?! In community?! In family? In a job? Why is it we have to come together on such unfortunate events? We're all part of this world. When we meet one other person, it could be fate or could be that person coming in to change your life. It's all about engaging, initiating, involving yourself on what is laying in front of you. Sometimes disconnecting yourself from the world is ok too. We all have those times, but we've gotta have heart and stand back up. Be strong and feel empowered to know others, your society, your people, stand there, waiting for you to speak out and they want you to be heard. Stand tall and **BE PROUD**

Regards,

Camie

One love.

INVOLVEMENT:

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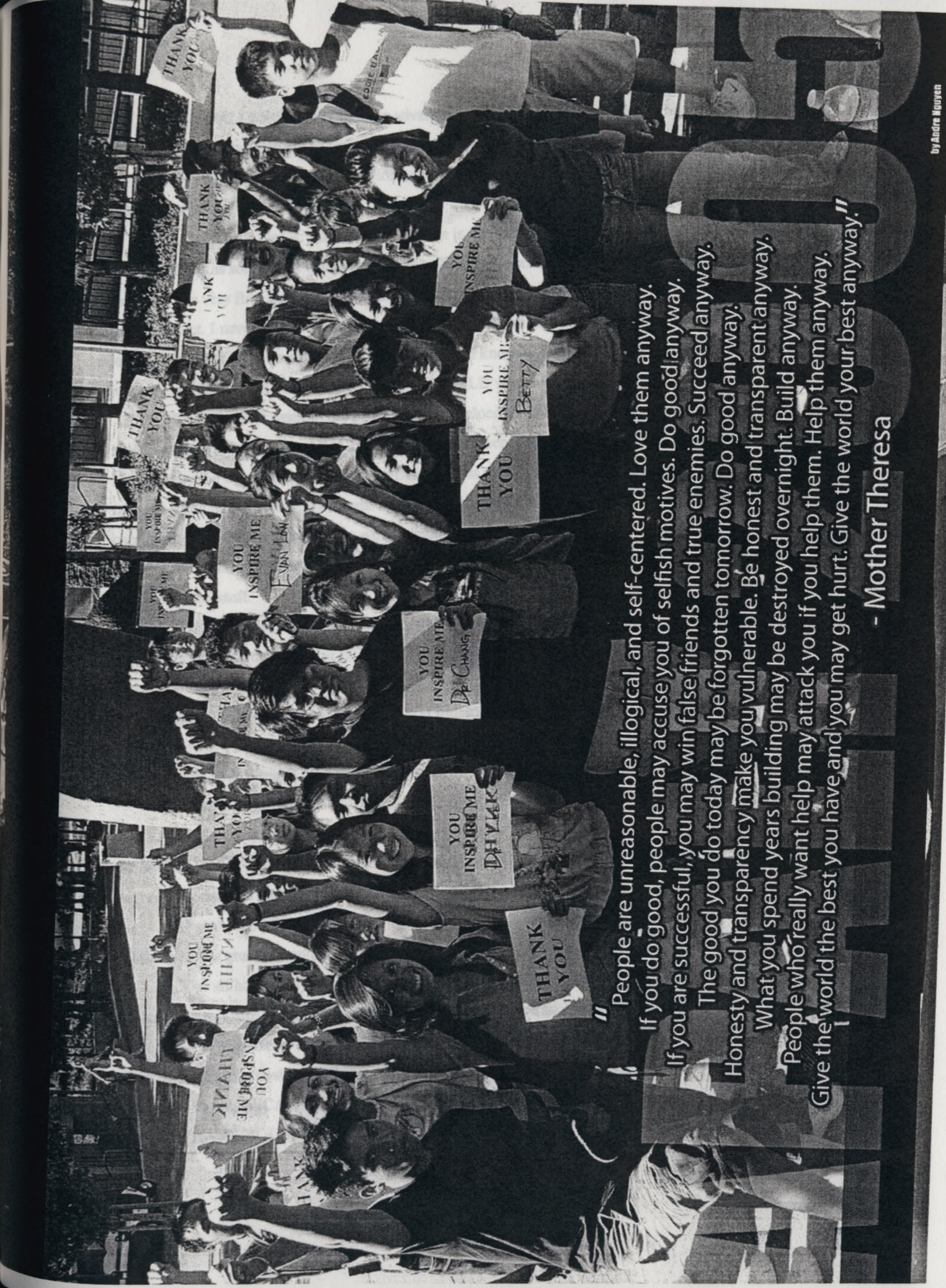
BE PROUD

Regards,

Carrie

One love.

One love!



“ People are unreasonable, illogical, and self-centered. Love them anyway. If you do good, people may accuse you of selfish motives. Do good anyway. If you are successful, you may win false friends and true enemies. Succeed anyway. The good you do today may be forgotten tomorrow. Do good anyway. Honesty and transparency make you vulnerable. Be honest and transparent anyway. What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight. Build anyway. People who really want help may attack you if you help them. Help them anyway. Give the world the best you have and you may get hurt. Give the world your best anyway.”

- Mother Theresa

Hey APALI 2005! It was such an adventurous and memorable 4 weeks of my life. This was my best experience I ever had, getting to know other people personally and create those BONDS which later turns out to be my homies. You know what? Honestly, everyone of you had made an IMPACT in my life that I will NOT forget as long as I live. Thank YOU ALL!

Alright, let's face it: this APALI program is not like any other class you ever take in your life. I first thought of this as some class where the usual stuff happens, such as take test, quiz, notes, and final exam. However, the very first moment I stepped into the classroom, I remember having the feeling of landing on an unique planet. I never knew about the agenda and interns and other stuff like that. It has been a wonderful journey; learning all sorts of different information and knowing many of the APALI homies. I think I would just sum up the experience as a WHOLE NEW WORLD where there are NO BOUNDS.

Wow, the first week of the program really helped me take many steps out of my comfort zone and be able to express myself in the APALI community. Yes, there were tons of cool facts given to us by Dr. Mae Lee. And by the way, thank you. This learning process really opened up my eyes to see the REAL world and take my stand in the society. This gave me the assurance that I AM WANTED & NEEDED in the community. If I wasn't there, things would change (a little), but I seriously made some difference as a human being. On the side note, I was always interested in these information but never had the guts to research such extensive good stuff.

Besides academic, we also had the privilege to have Dr. Michael Chang as our co-instructor. This saying might be too extreme, but he ROCKED the house. He pioneered the program and cooperated with the rest of the staff to make it FUN and INTERESTING for all. I never really felt like I was in a class. There was so much ahead to look forward to, that the best illustration of my feeling would be like a miner searching for MORE GOLD. I wanted MORE of APALI every single day. And it is real sad to accept the fact that APALI 2005 is about over. I really miss the staff & all of you HOMIES and the excitement of the daily program.

Finally, I want to thank all the INTERNS, HOMIES and SUPPORTERS for all their HARD-WORK and EFFORT to make APALI 2005 the GOLD (for me, at least). I was reminded to give UTMOST RESPECT FOR EVERY HUMAN BEINGS, no matter WHO THEY ARE. I DON'T CARE who they were and can be, they are HUMAN BEINGS JUST LIKE US.

O yeah, the FIRST thing I was reminded of and constantly expressing to others was THE LOVE! Nothing else is greater than this one principle. LOVE is EVERYTHING!

You all have really made it the BEST OF THE BEST for me. And I THANK YOU APALI 2005! I know I wasn't able to make too much out of your experience such as spending time with all of you. But I hope that you will able to take away the SAME EXPERIENCE as I DID from APALI 2005! My name is Felix and I promise that I will BACK YOU UP whenever you need it. Hope to CONTINUE the BONDS with you in the future, BECAUSE WE ARE ALL HOMIES! TAKE CARE!

THANK YOU ALL & LOVE YOU ALL!

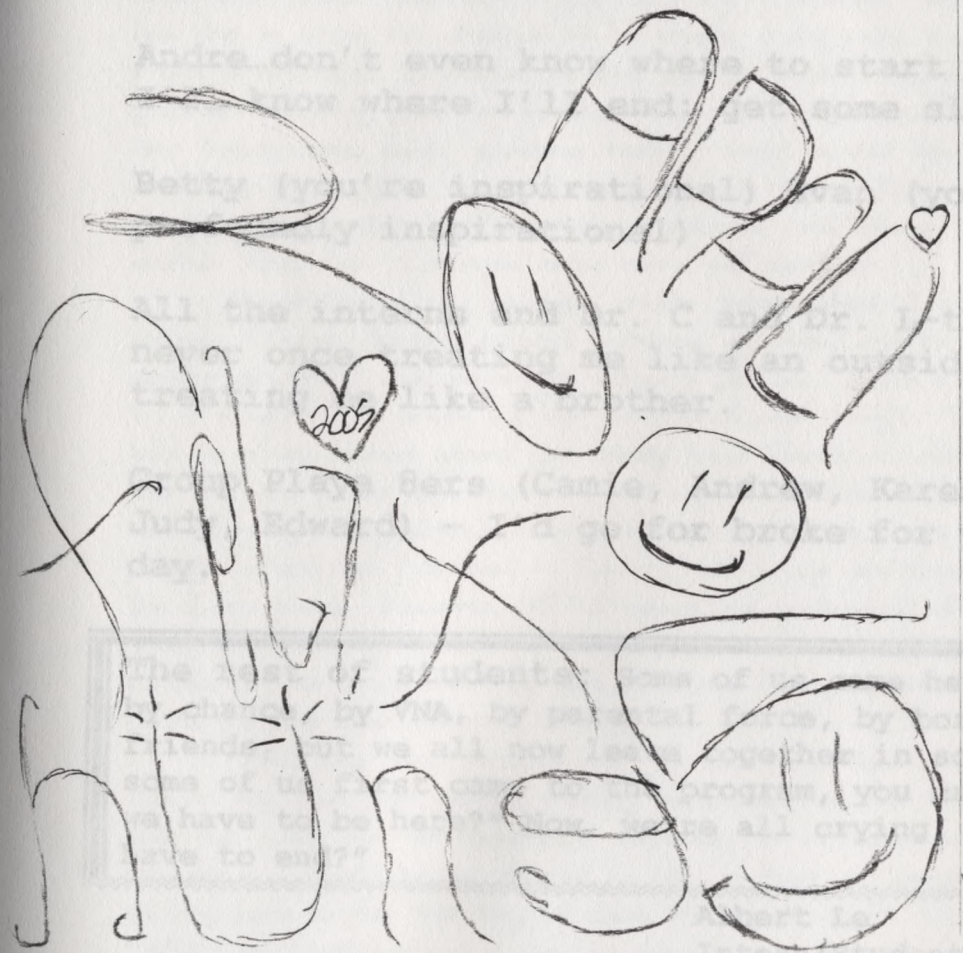
- Felix Hung

"I needed to get away,
not from you or from them, but from me.
I need to see if I'm worth coming back to."

I was at a point in my life where that was my
guiding principle for personal development. Was
the person I was who I really wanted to be?

For the longest time, my answer was an emphatic NO,
but then came APALI. Introduced to the program by
a friend (Andre), I came looking for a "me" I could
come back to, but I found more than just myself.
Instead, I found others. The new me was all of you
at the program.

60 people, 60 friends, 60 rich personal stories
but more importantly, 60 ways to reach out



APALI
GIVE
EMO
HOME

THANK YOU ALL & LOVE YOU ALL

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"I needed to get away,
Not from you or from them, but from me.
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-me

I was at a point in my life where that was my guiding principle for personal development. Was the person I was who I really wanted to be?

For the longest time, my answer was an emphatic NO, but then came APALi. Introduced to the program by a friend (Andre), I came looking for a "me" I could come back to, but I found more than just myself. Instead, I found others. The new me was all of you at the program.

60 people... 60 friends... 60 rich personal stories... but more importantly, 60 ways to redefine myself.

Andre...don't even know where to start with you...but I'll know where I'll end: get some sleep.

Betty (you're inspirational) Evan (you're profoundly inspirational)

All the interns and Dr. C and Dr. L-thanks for never once treating me like an outsider, and always treating me like a brother.

Group Playa 8ers (Camie, Andrew, Karen, Cheryl, Judy, Edward) - I'd go for broke for you guys any day.

The rest of students: Some of us came here by mistake, by chance, by VNA, by parental force, by boredom and by friends, but we all now leave together in solidarity. When some of us first came to the program, you cried, "why did we have to be here?" Now, we're all crying, "why did it have to end?"

Albert Le
Intern/Student

What I Want to Take Away From My APALI Experience
Karen Tjhan

Day one consisted of me dragging my sad and sorry bottom to class, wondering like always who will be there and wishing that my last name would be easier to pronounce correctly. As I stood in class, I looked around desperately for someone I knew. Alright! There were a couple of people. At least I'm not a total loner, right? The anxiety felt during the first day of class was not uncommon, and often reflected by many in the class. Only the interns and a few of those brave souls were outgoing enough to create noise in the otherwise rather silent classroom.

Many talked about APALI as a life changing experience. I rejected that thought in my head because there was no way that any class, let alone a fifteen day program, can bring over fifty people from different areas to bond together as a huge family. Apparently, right away, the class proved me to be dead wrong. Not only did I manage to have fun on the very first day, the whole class ended up bonding within less than ten days. From the loud cheers to the piggy back races to the human knots, we did it all. We are young, loud, optimistic, out to empower the APA community and change the world.

APALI taught me many things, from APA empowerment to letting people know that political science and sociology are acceptable majors in college. It taught me that in order for changes to be made, one's voice must be heard. Learn to make a difference in the community and you'll sleep soundly at night knowing that you did something good for society. I learned things about stereotypes, gender roles, first impressions, public speaking, heck, I even learned how to make stern council members smile while we are trying to get money from them. More than that though, while making unforgettable memories and many new friends- I learned another thing also. I learned to be more self confident.

Remembering my younger middle school days, I was of the typical nerd status. Braces, glasses, ponytail, buttoned up polos, and the like. I was never the popular girl and I was never the outgoing person. I was the wallflower and I knew it. It was hard to break out that introverted shell though. Trying to be outgoing and loud in a new school where you hardly have friends is pretty difficult. I remember that if I was to do a presentation in front of the class of some sort I would freeze and be really really nervous, often botching my speech in the process. It wasn't until in high school that I learned to like my self image and become happy and outgoing like I am today. However, APALI helped me understand of the fact that each and every one of us is capable of being a leader of some sort, creating a boost of self confidence that I will definitely take with me throughout the rest of my high school years, perhaps even the rest of my life.

APALI has even inspired me (as well as a few others) to start an APASL club in my own high school, creating awareness of the Asian American movement and the need for empowerment especially in an area so populated by APA's. Nowadays I won't be so scared to talk in front of people anymore. And now, thinking back to the first day of class, the words of Dr. Chang seems unforgettable. "APALI isn't just a class- it was an experience." An unforgettable one.

What I Want to Tell You from My APAL Experience
Karin Tran

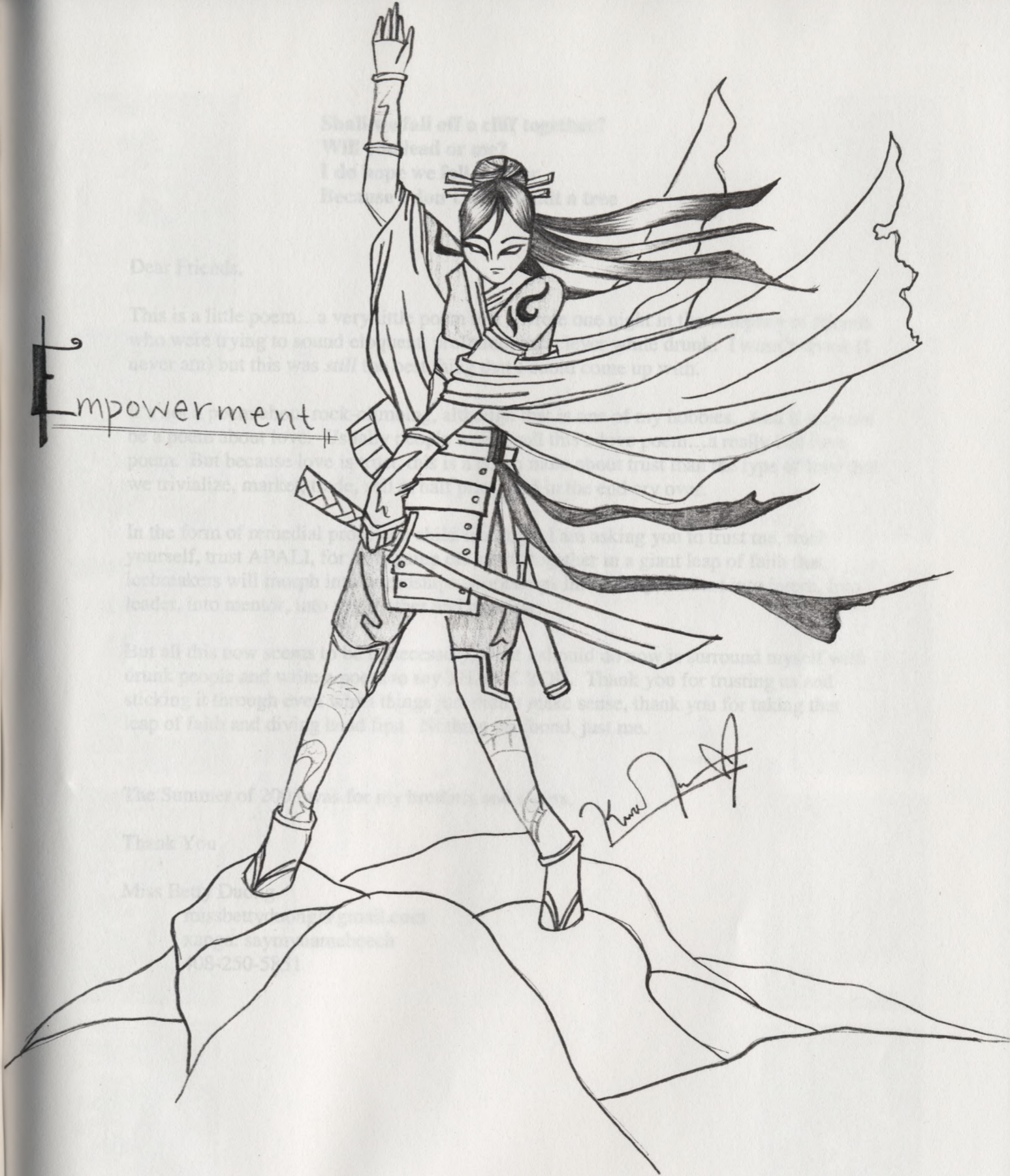
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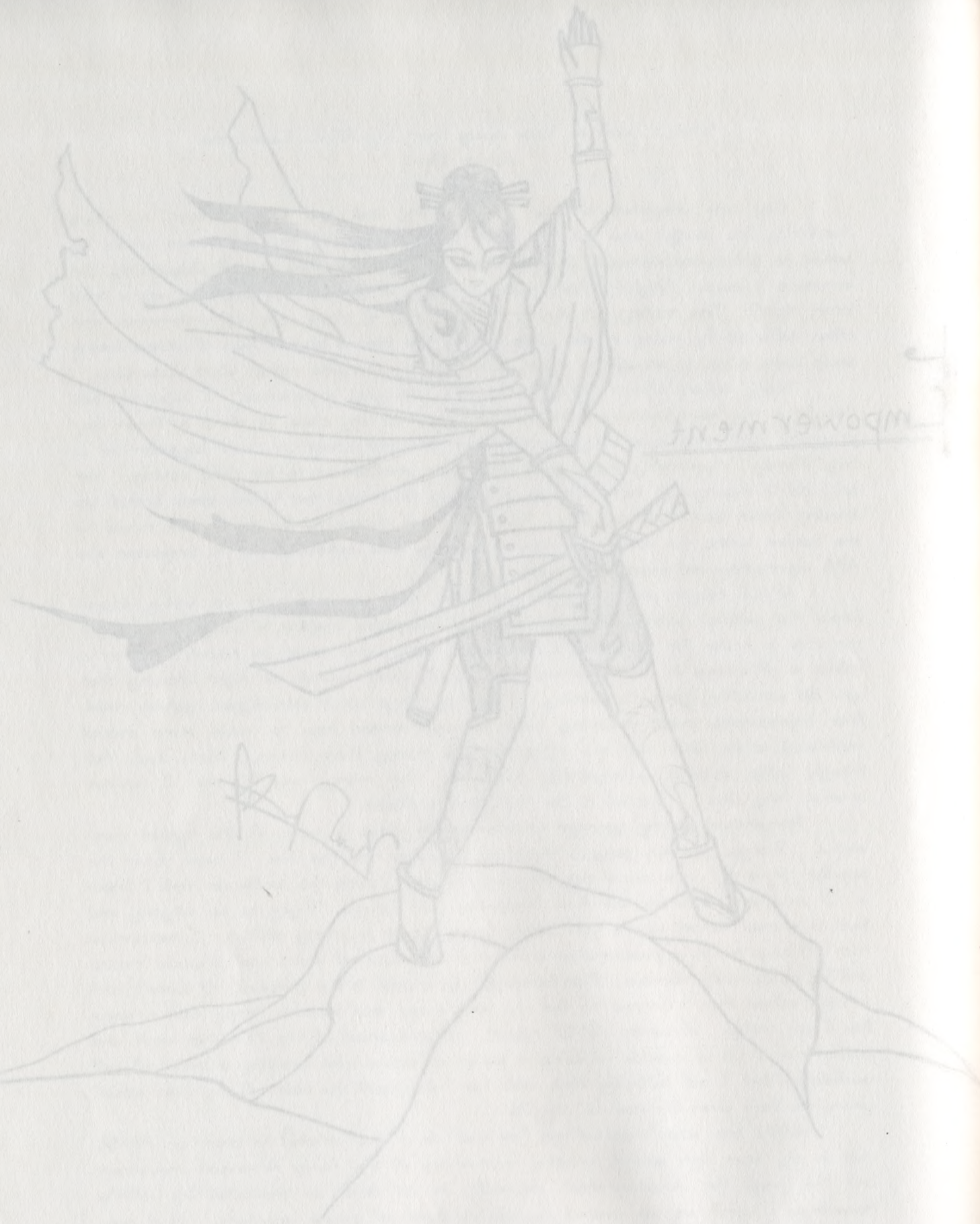
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"APAL isn't just a class. It was an experience." An unforgettable one.

Empowerment





**Shall we fall off a cliff together?
Will you lead or me?
I do hope we fall forever
Because I don't want to hit a tree**

Dear Friends,

This is a little poem...a very little poem that I wrote one night in the company of friends who were trying to sound eloquent, profound, and clever while drunk. I wasn't drunk (I never am) but this was *still* the best thing that I could come up with.

It's not a poem about rock-climbing, although that is one of my hobbies. And it may not be a poem about love. Usually people would call this a love poem...a really bad love poem. But because love is trust, this is a poem more about trust than the type of love that we trivialize, market, trade, sell at half price, and in the end cry over.

In the form of remedial prose and child-like logic I am asking you to trust me, trust yourself, trust APALI, for us to jump off a cliff together in a giant leap of faith that icebreakers will morph into friendships, workshops into theory, student into intern, into leader, into mentor, into my brother and my sister.

But all this now seems to be unnecessary, what I should do now is surround myself with drunk people and write a poem to say THANK YOU. Thank you for trusting us and sticking it through even when things just didn't make sense, thank you for taking that leap of faith and diving head first. Nothing profound, just me.

The Summer of 2005 was for my brothers and sisters.

Thank You

Miss Betty Duong
missbettyduong@gmail.com
xanga: saymynamebeech
408-250-5851

Because I don't want to hit a tree
I do hope we fall forever
Will you lead or not?
Shall we fall off a cliff together?

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The summer of 2002 was for my brother and sister.

Thank You

Miss Betty Doang
msbdoang@gmail.com
xang: sayyarnabooch
408-232-2821



**I tried to think of something sappy to say,
but I couldn't come up with anything, except that you've made my day!**

**Thanks to all who have made you possible,
to Dr. Uga and Dr. C and also to my wonderful colleagues,
but most of all, to all the awesome students**

**Thanks for sharing a part of you with me,
for talking down the walls and let me see a side of you that is you**

**Though we may or may not see each other in the future,
I just want to let you guys know that I will miss you sincerely**

please keep in touch, and I wish you the best on your greatest adventure called life

Love,
Doy le



"Leadership is not so much about technique and methods as it is about opening the heart. Leadership is about inspiration—of oneself and of others. Great leadership is about human experiences, not processes. Leadership is not a formula or a program, it is a human activity that comes from the heart and considers the hearts of others. It is an attitude, not a routine."

- Lance Secretan

THANK YOU!

A-P-A-L-I. Five letters put together to form an acronym in which embodies a 15-day experience unlike any other; one that blossoms both individual and community empowerment. An experience I know in my heart I will always cherish and will remember for the rest of my life.

Thank you Dr. L and Dr. C.

For giving me inspiration and an invaluable, unforgettable academic experience.

Thank you Betty, Evan, and Andre.

For empowering me and for teaching me to reach out with my heart.

Thank you, fellow interns.

For the friendships and incomparable support you have all showed me.

Thank you, students.

For the memories and the unbelievable personal connections I have made with you all.

With much mahal,
Dwayne Alexander Rodriguez Abella

THANK YOU!

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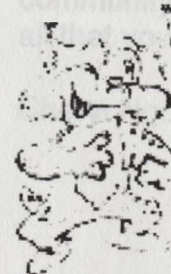
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With much respect,
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Bobcats. Group 7.

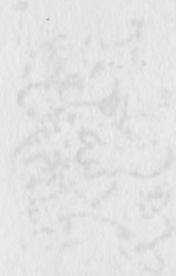
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Much Love,

Tony Suen

"Leadership is not so much about technique and methods as it is about opening the heart. Leadership is about inspiration—of oneself and of others. Great leadership is about human experiences, not processes. Leadership is not a formula or a program, it is a human activity that comes from the heart and considers the hearts of others. It is an attitude, not a routine."

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Bobcats Group

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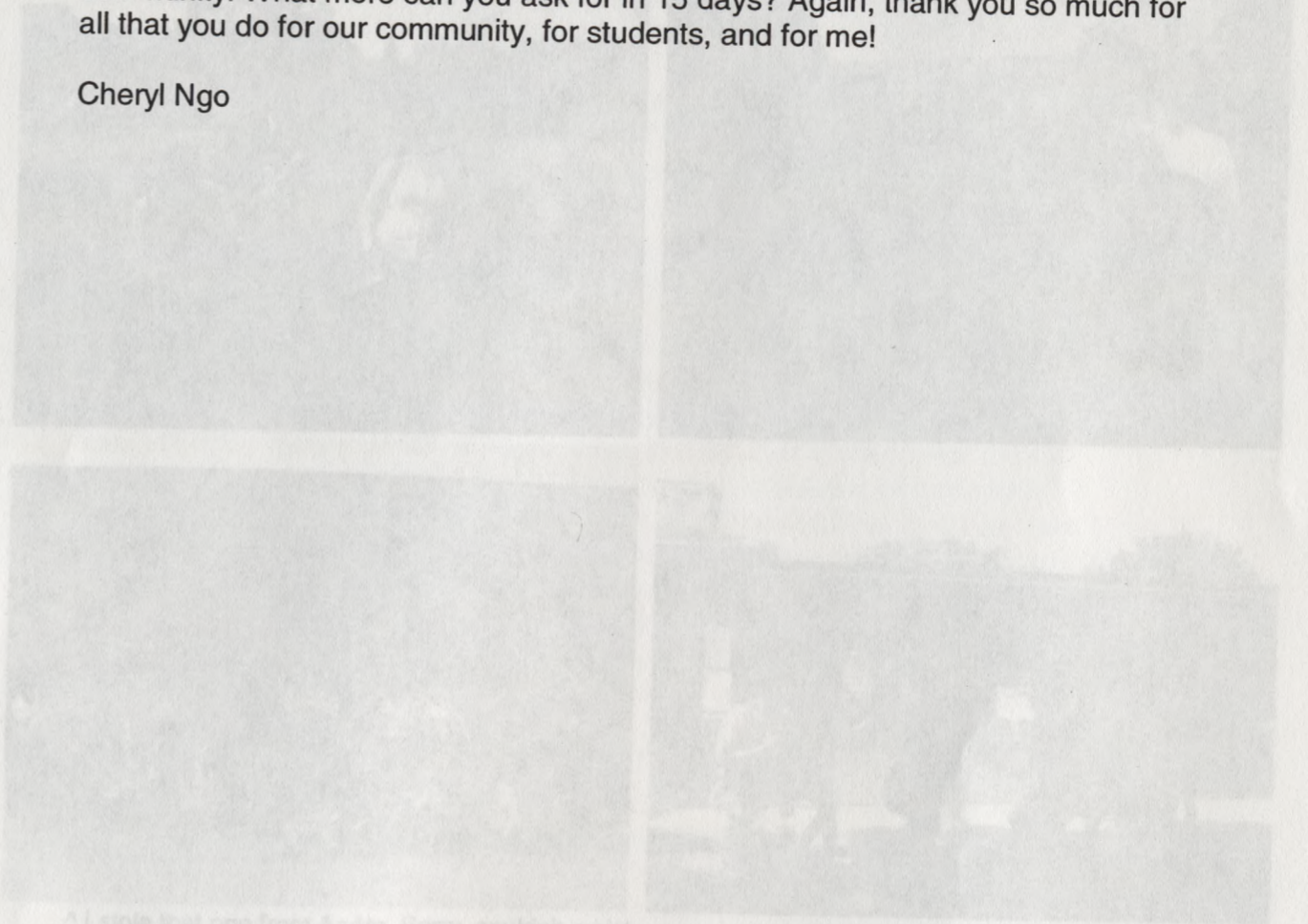
Much Love,

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APALI has been an amazing four weeks. Let me just start off with how I just wanted to personally thank

Thank you Dr. C, Dr. L, Evan Low, Betty Duong, and the staff for all your hard work. I loved APALI; it's been so fun and I've learned a lot. I am grateful for the privilege to be part of this special leadership program. In 15 days I have listened to great lectures and workshops from wonderful instructors and staff. I've bonded with students from different backgrounds and ages. I've been met and talked to influential community and political leaders. I've learned about myself and others by exploring Asian American history, identity, stereotypes, and issues. I've been inspired and encouraged to take an active role as leaders in our community. What more can you ask for in 15 days? Again, thank you so much for all that you do for our community, for students, and for me!

Cheryl Ngo



*I stole that one from Andy. Sorry, couldn't resist.

to my playa righters: alan, andrew, canda, edward, judy, karen

we're great "yes" I TEAM ROCKET! GOSH. I will miss you all, keep in touch. GO FOR BROKE.

APALI 2005, Congratulations, and I love you all ☺.

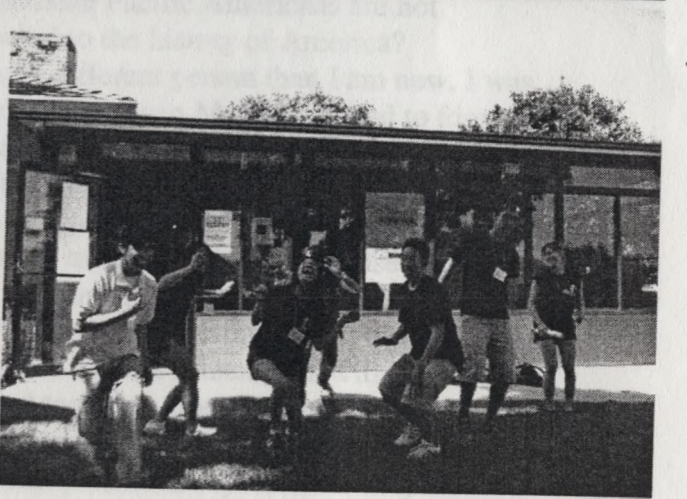
love always, CHERYL HO

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Cheryl Ngo

APALI has been an amazing four weeks. Let me just start off with this: I just wanted to personally thank those who made my APALI experience worthwhile. Out of all the new occurrences, I believe that the bonds I formed during this class are what I will miss most. Over the short time span of fifteen days, I made about 57 new "homies," as Paul Fong would say. It was a different way of making friends; no longer did these people judge you by looks and social status, but instead, they all came together and grew to love each other, no matter how much personality varied. These bonds are ones that will not break easily, for we unite with common experiences and backgrounds. I LIKE APALI A LOT - hopefully we'll all cross paths again.

some pictures, cause pictures are always happy. ☺. don't they just make you happy?



^ I stole that one from Andre. Sorry, couldn't resist.

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APALI 2005, Congratulations, and I love you all ☺.

love always, CHERYL HO

The past four weeks have been the most intense and enriching experience of my life. I never thought that fifteen days could make such a large impact on my life and on me personally. Whoever thought that a class comprised of fifty-plus students could bond so well in just fifteen days? APALI is no ordinary college class, and it will have a special place in my heart for eternity.

The educational aspect of APALI is mind-blowing. I got the chance to sit down and think about my culture and identity. I never truly understood my identity, and I was growing farther apart from my roots. APALI has made me appreciate the labor of immigrants to America throughout history. It was those men and women immigrants that helped shape the country into what it is today. Where would civilization be if it had not been for the immigrants that were willing to work for low wages and under horrible work conditions? Then there's the issue that most of us have struggled with at one time or another: stereotypes. Why is it ok for everyone else to judge a whole group of people based on the judgment of one person by another? Does that one person's actions represent the actions of an entire group of people? APALI has also made me think about the history of Asian Pacific Americans, something I would not have had the chance to do otherwise. The dedication of activists to save the International Hotel is inspiring. Their hard work and ability to look past tragedy has led to success. Their voices were heard. The real question: We live in America, which has been shaped by the labor of immigrants from all over the world, of all different colors and backgrounds, so why is it that we only learn about the history of whites? Why is it that Asian Pacific Americans are not considered Americans when we helped contributed to the history of America?

Believe it or not, I used to be a completely different person than I am now. I was shy, and I did not have any confidence in myself whatsoever. My parents had to force me to go to a waitress and ask where the bathroom is, and I was the quiet one when it came to brainstorming for project ideas. Everyone else's ideas were better than mine. I thought I was insignificant. APALI has not only taught me valuable information about myself and my identity, but helped me grow. I feel empowered to make a change because I know I can. Anything is possible until you stop trying. Through hearing about the adversity of my peers, I have been motivated to push myself harder. If they could do it, then I can too.

The friendships that I have made throughout the last fifteen days will last forever. Throughout the past four weeks, we have laughed together, cried together, learned together, and watched each other grow. The interns provided the support I needed to get the most out of APALI. Then there were the interns that went beyond their duty and added their personal touch to my APALI experience. It was the first time I had ever had people truly care about me and how I feel. The open-mindedness of the students and interns has helped my confidence in myself grow stronger. I could be myself in APALI and I could be accepted for who I am. I could speak up and not have anyone criticize what I say. The wonderful students that I have befriended and gotten to know so well throughout the past fifteen days are people that I hold dear to my heart. This includes the APALI pig as well. I will miss APALI when it is over. Even though the class is drawing to a close, the friendships that I have made will last forever and the impacts of APALI have made its mark on my growth as an Asian Pacific American in America.

By Katherine Sun

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The real question: We live in America, which has been shaped by the labor of immigrants from all over the world, of all different colors and backgrounds, so why is it that we only learn about the history of whiteness? Why is it that Asian Pacific Americans are not considered Americans when we helped contribute to the history of America?

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I didn't expect to be so *touch*ed
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Lotsa Love,
Chen