

# Designing Peace

-hosted by Dr Wyclife Ong'eta Mose

Meet Kendra, she is 8 and lives in Newville, a small farming village with her parents, and brother. She loves to go to the edge of her village and pick wild strawberries because they taste the best when she eats them right from the patch. She also likes to collect them by making a pocket out of her dress to carry them home for her family. She collects so many sometimes the tips of long brown hair get all sticky from the sweet berries but she doesn't care. She loves to sing a song her grandma taught her from the "old village" that was far away from where she is now. In fact, almost everyone in her village moved to her Newville after a giant fire ruined all of their homes, killed many of their animals and even some people. This happened many, many (like 20) years ago.



Unfortunately, Kendra doesn't realize that she is actually picking strawberries from someone else's property and that person lives in the neighboring town called Spring Valley. The folks in Spring Valley are not happy that the Newville community settled where they did because they use too much of the fresh lake water, hunt for food in the same woods, and are just too close. In fact, the adults in Spring Valley think the folks from Newville look odd with their dark hair and skin, sound "funny", and even "sing bad songs". The Spring Valley folks talk about this issue a lot, and even the children are encouraged not to play with or talk to the "Newvies".

One beautiful summer day, when Kendra is picking strawberries, 2 older boys from Spring Valley see her. They recall their parents saying how the "Newvies take all of our food". They decide to do something about it. They run over to Kendra, push her down, and squash the berries all over her dress, face and hair. They tease her for her "dirty hair" and silly songs. Terrified and embarrassed, Kendra starts to cry. The girls run home laughing. Kendra returns home that afternoon and is chided by her mother getting so dirty. Kendra is too ashamed to confess the truth.

