

Gallery Companion

Title Page

“Slide Text: Experiences of social work students, faculty, and staff with disabilities. Photovoice-inspired project. Funded by Council on Social Work Education Special Project Fund.”

Submission 1

“Image Description: An array of wellness items placed on a gray fabric-covered surface.”

“Slide Text: I identify as a social work student with disabilities and wanted to create a picture that includes the things I use on a daily basis to manage my symptoms. Here’s a list of things I included in the picture: two therapy workbooks, various supplements, prescription medications, a heating pad and blanket, a weighted blanket, hand sanitizer, pill organizer, fidget cube, a massage gun, a small massager you put on your hand, a small tin with dab pen with CBD and THC carts, a marijuana edible, a marijuana grinder, Epsom salts, a jade roller, turmeric, and a lavender essential oil roller. I placed all these things on my bed because it’s where I feel most comfortable and where it feels like my disability symptoms are less intense. I just wanted to show the amount of things I need to use on a daily basis to manage my disability symptoms. Forgetting to use just one thing can throw my symptom management off, and I have a more difficult time going about my day. Also, it’s super expensive to buy all these things, and difficult to remember to take/use all of them.”

Submission 2

“Image Description: A white, dark purple haired, tattooed femme wearing glasses lying in bed with a computer on their lap, under one of many blankets. They have a fluffy black cat on their legs, and an orange cat on a heating pad next to them. They are propped up on pillows with an ice pack behind their neck, and a nightstand covered in snacks, drinks, and medications next to them. You can see the hint of a Theracane in the background.”

Submission 3

“Slide Text: Birth of an Article, by Shanna K. Kattari. I spend a lot of time in bed and on the couch; feet elevated so I don’t pass out, heating pads on my back and hips to ease the pain, ice pack at the base of my skull to try and keep my migraines at bay, a table of medications, snacks, and assorted drinks to keep hydrated beside me. If you know, you know. I remember the day I first gave myself permission to teach while sitting, instead of standing and walking around with my cane. It felt so weird; I had never had a teacher who sat, yet this put me on the same level as my students. It was oddly powerful. We often speak about power differentials in education settings, but something as simple as encouraging people to be at the same level as those we teach has rarely been named. I have not stood up to teach since. I remember the day I first gave myself permission to take a virtual call from bed, instead of moving my body, my heating pads, my ice packs, my meds, my snacks, my liquids to my fancy looking office with proper lighting. Yet, as much as I was anxious about not looking professional (really, what is professional?), no one said a word. The world didn’t end. The meeting went on as it was supposed to. I remember the first day I taught a class from bed apologizing to my students. I will

never forget their response. One asked, “Dr. K, would you ever judge us for learning from bed?” while another quoted myself back to me, saying “Show up how you can, when you can, and whatever that looks like is enough.” We are our own worst critics, though an Academy steeped with ableism and white supremacist, cis het patriarchal, and ableist norms or professionalism seek to undermine us at every turn. Working ourselves to death, to exhaustion, even “just” to pain and burn out is NOT professionalism. It’s capitalism. So here I am, working from bed, writing a journal article. My neurodivergent brain simply cannot do the ‘30 minutes of writing a day’ bullshit we have all been sold. Rather, when I have inspiration AND capacity, I will sit down with my computer and write the draft of an article, a new study, an innovative assignment, all in one go, sometimes not leaving my bed for 5, 6, 7 hours at a time. That is what works for me. This is what productive means TO ME. As I lie in bed, two of my academics keep me company while I envision and create... legs elevated, heating pads around my back and hips, ice pack at the base of my neck, meds and snack, and drinks next to me. And in this snapshot of time, an article is born.”

Submission 4

“Image Description: Photo of a disorganized pile of syringes with exposed needle tips. The camera angle is from within the sharps container box that houses them, thus is completely cast in shades of red.”

“Slide Text: Fair Warning. The red plastic box holds about a month of used needles. I can’t dispose of them. Officials specify where I am to take my “Sharps.” CVS, Rite-Aid, Walgreens are supposed to take them, the FD, the PD, my PCP. I go toting them under my arm but I am turned away from every collection site with disgust. The box meant to be a WARNING that the contents are an unsafe, unwanted box full of my body-contaminants becomes an alert to my body as contaminant. Ouch. We cannot battle (internalized?) ableism with a single syringe. Peer in: what a glow of beauty! And tough as needles & nails. -Gwynneth VanLaven”

Submission 5

“Image Description: A round chrome handrail juts out from the bottom of the frame, very close to the camera. The far end of the handrail bar curves right into an off-white wall. The rail points toward a chrome door in what appears as the inside of a bathroom stall.”

“Slide Text: (Grab) Barre. I started ballet classes when I was just two. I would look up at the barre aside the mirror and imagine ‘ballerina me’ stretching with strength and grace. Eventually I did dance in a company – my dream. The “grab bar” railing in this stall reminds me of that ballet barre. It helps with basic balance and safety. I miss dancing my dream. Still, perhaps the strongest, most grace-filled act in my decades of illness is allowing myself support in whatever form it comes. -Gwynneth VanLaven”

Submission 6

“Image Description: A tall stack of yellow American Cheese slices in their wrapper. Behind it is a package marked Butter. Both sit on a dingy white shelf precariously.”

“Slide Text: Processed, Cheese. As inspired as Brie on a budget. Resourceful! I’m just tired. My spine hurts, legs hurt, the aged-out service dog needs help getting to grass. It’s food bank day tomorrow. I want to tell you I am always cheery and feeling nothing but gratitude. That my life is more pleasurable than you imagine. And that’s all actually true. But sometimes being (in our context) in this body feels embattled, uphill. For now – while I’m feeling tired, pained, dreading and knocked down, I just couldn’t package, press, or process it. -Gwynneth VanLaven”

Submission 7

“Image 1 Description: A white poster with the words “Type 1 Diabetes (diabetes mellitus)” written in typeface in the lower left corner. In the center of the poster is an illustration of a male-presenting person whose feet are left-facing, but who is leaning backwards and rotated so that their face and upper body are front-facing. They are wearing shorts but no shirt. There are several smaller images along the periphery of the poster, depicting different devices and concepts pertinent to diabetes management.

- There is a small circular object attached to the left-hand side of the person’s lower abdomen, with a thin tube coming out of it that leads to an insulin pump floating on the person’s right-hand side. A line extends from the insulin pump to an image in the lower right corner of the poster labeled “Glycemic Treatment.” This smaller image is divided into two subsections. The right-hand section is labeled “Hyperglycemia (high BG): Treat with insulin injection” and depicts an upward arrow and a clear medicine bottle. The left-hand section is labeled “Hypoglycemia (low BG): Treat with glucose intake (or glucagon injection)” and depicts a downward arrow and a full bottle of apple juice.
- The underside of the person’s right upper arm, their lower abdomen, their right hip, and the outer region of their right thigh are highlighted in blue and are labeled as insulin injection sites. These regions have lines extending from them leading to another smaller image to the right of the man titled “Skin Layers,” which shows an anatomical diagram of the three layers of skin. The layers of skin ordered from outermost to innermost are epidermis, dermis, and hypodermis. A thin blue needle tip extends into the skin down to the hypodermis. The section of skin where the needle is inserted is also labeled “Insulin Injection Site.”
- Overlaying the center of the person’s abdomen, there is a purple circle with a yellow illustration of a liver inside. A line extends from this illustration to another small image on the left side of the poster labeled “Endocrine System.” This image is a larger version of the liver and connecting organs.
- Blue and red veins and arteries have been drawn into the person’s right forearm, and a line extends from their forearm to an image on the left side of the poster labeled “Blood Glucose.” This image depicts the inside of a vein in both hyperglycemia and hypoglycemia states. In the hyperglycemia state, three circular cells are floating in blood and are surrounded by many smaller white dots that represent glucose molecules. In the hypoglycemia state, three circular cells are floating in blood and are surrounded by far fewer glucose molecules.
- The person’s right arm is bent at the elbow and their forearm is pointing upward. At the tip of their right index finger, there is a cartoon illustration of a blood molecule, and extending upward from the blood molecule is a small blue electronic device. A line is

extending from this device to an image on the left side of the poster labeled “Lancing Device.” This image depicts the blue electronic device in closer detail. The lower third of the device contains a small, sharp object that is being used to prick the skin to draw a small drop of blood to the surface. This sharp object is labeled “Lancet,” and the region of skin that has been pricked is labeled “Lancing Site.”

- Another small image at the top of the poster shows a close-up of an index finger with a droplet of blood, which is also labeled “Lancing Site.” To the right of the finger, there is a small white and gray rectangular object labeled “Test Strip,” and to the right of the test strip is a rectangular electronic device labeled “Glucometer.” Arrows point from the finger to the test strip and from the test strip to the glucometer indicating procedural steps. On the screen of the glucometer reads “102 mg/dl,” which is labeled “Fasting Blood Glucose.” There is a small chart below this image, on the right side of the poster, labeled “Glycemic Control.” This chart shows the ranges of fasting blood glucose levels considered to be very high through very low.
- The person is wearing a necklace, and a line is extending from the necklace to an image on the right side of the poster labeled “Medical ID Necklace.” This image depicts a dark necklace pendant, in the center of which is the symbol for emergency medical services. This symbol features a white six-pointed star with a snake wrapped around a staff in the center.”

“Image 2 Description: A graphic of an hourglass with the words “Type 1 Diabetic” below. In the top half of the hourglass, there is a large droplet of blood against a black background. The droplet is dripping down to a pool of blood at the center of the hourglass. The pool of blood is then flowing as a thin stream into the lower half of the hourglass, but rather than pooling at the bottom, a red rose head is growing out of the lower tip of the stream, as if the stream of blood is a stem. The thin stream and rose head are against a blue background. The hourglass overlays a blue circle.”

Submission 8

“Image Description: A graphic illustration of a man wearing a bright yellow shirt, black shorts, and black and yellow sneakers running towards the right. There is a dark street light behind him to the left. The path he is running on has vertical lines extending from one end to the other. There are red and yellow squares along the lines with numbers written inside them. The red squares have numbers in the 60’s and the yellow squares have numbers in the 200’s. In the background is a dark blue sky with a 24-Hour Meter Glucose graph overlaying it showing both glucose readings and averages. On the x-axis, the graph is labeled with times of day from 12 AM to 12 AM at 2-hour intervals. Labels of “Overnight,” “Breakfast,” “Lunch,” and “Dinner” lie across specific time periods. On the y-axis, the graph is labeled with glucose levels, and there are data points at approximately each hour. There is also a row labeled “Average BG” at the top of the graph indicating average numeric blood glucose levels at every hour.”

“Slide Text: My name is Jacob K. Pearson, and I am a Master of Social Work student at the Brown School at Washington University. I have been a type 1 diabetic for a little over 10 years. When I was diagnosed with diabetes, I was told, ‘Here’s an orange and a syringe. You can

practice injecting insulin into the orange before you stick your own body.’ This is how I learned diabetes management, and it was a learning curve. I felt so alone, but I eventually learned I was not. Diabetes started out as something I wish I could get rid of, something I was embarrassed by, and something I wanted nothing to do with. Throughout this 10-year-long learning curve, however, diabetes has become something I love about myself. Diabetes has become an identity, a guiding principle for what I do and who I am each day, and a reason to live each day fully. Diabetes has become for me a beautiful struggle and a community. I have learned from those around me – my older brother, who passed away from cystic fibrosis; my dad, who is also a type 1 diabetic; and my wife, who lives with muscular dystrophy – that life is beautiful because of the challenges we face, not in spite of them. As a diabetic, I have dignity – not in spite of the synthetic insulin that floats in my blood – but *because* of it.”

Submission 9

“Slide Text: Ode to Academic Ableism. By a really disheartened junior faculty member. Even the most basic access has always been too much for most non-disabled faculty. Constantly pushing back against doing the bare minimum. For years... *“No, I can’t hear you without a mic...Yes, even if you’re loud.”* Just. Use. The. Mic. No, I’m not going to explain myself. Again. Again. Again. Second guessing myself in every faculty meeting, every committee meeting, every senate assembly meeting. Am I being too direct? Not direct enough? **Letter in my academic file about my communication style**. You don’t know how to communicate. You make people uncomfortable. You’re too aggressive. You’re too much. [Despite years of evals from students saying the opposite]. [Despite my close colleagues and accomplices saying I communicate boldly]. [Despite winning awards across teaching and scholarship]. Autistic folks not welcome here. The letter doesn’t say this in so many words, but it screams in my brain. You don’t know how to communicate. My OCD intrusive thoughts chime in. You’re not supposed to be here. It’s an accident you were hired. They are going to figure it out. You’ll never get tenure. Why don’t you just die? It would make things easier for everyone. Rejection sensitive dysphoria is a bitch. I AM supposed to be here, even if you don’t think so. Even if the Academy isn’t made for people like me. Pandemic hits. Everyone else is struggling with the transition to online, and for the most part, I am thriving. Not having to make direct eye contact, being able to have captions and a live transcript of all meetings, teaching from a comfortable chair, with my legs up, ice pack and heating pad in use, using fidget toys to stim without being stared at, ability to turn my camera off if I am overwhelmed. The pandemic has made my life as a faculty member so much more accessible than ever before. I am so afraid of losing all of this access when we go back ‘to normal.’ What even is normal? Normal meant ableism at every turn. I’d rather not go back. ‘Excuse me, but could someone please turn the captions on?’ Again, such a simple concept, and yet so rarely done. More inaccessible PDFs sent on the list serve, more copies of, copies of, copies of, copies of articles assigned to be read. ‘Is this gluten free? Please don’t just guess; I have celiac, and it will make me sick. I appreciate this event has food, but if it isn’t safe for me, I’ll need to bring my own meals. I just need to know.’ No one seems to know. No one knows how to get the answer. It’s the 2020s. Why are we not labeling food? I cannot be the only one. On the job market, I was told to carry almonds in my pocket in case they served me food I couldn’t eat. Almonds. In. My. Pocket. My dress didn’t have pockets. My dress was not viewed as professional. Why couldn’t I just wear a suit? My dresses are a self-selected accommodation.

They allow me to maneuver through sensory issues and reduce issues of chronic pain and fatigue. My accommodation is not professional. Am I not professional? Talks held in a space where you have to take stairs to present, I see I am not welcome here. I am told there are accessible seats, at the back of the auditorium. I am supposed to present, to speak, to educate. The spaces that are designed for my body are the ones for students, for attendees. Professors, lecturers, presenters – we are not supposed to be disabled. No space for disabled bodyminds at the front of THIS room. I am not supposed to be here. I limp my body down the stairs to present, every step another stab of pain. What a choice to have to make. Eye roll every time I bring up accessibility, Accessibility isn't an option. It's a legal mandate. As social workers, it is an ethical mandate. As humans, it is a compassionate mandate. Accessibility is a basic right. Accessibility is a human right. How dare you roll your eyes as I/we advocate for students, for staff, for faculty, for our clients, for our communities. 'Hi, I'm your professor for this class. You should know that I am disabled, chronically ill, and neurodivergent. What this means is...' Being open with my students about all of my identities and my disabled bodymind has deepened our connection in ways I cannot put to paper. Students come out to me. They come to my office... for the tea, for the chocolate, for the dim lights, for the body friendly chairs, for the fidget toys, for the stuffies, for the affirmation that being disabled is an ingenious way to live, for the reminder that they are not too much, for the feeling that they belong here. They disclose their own disabilities, illnesses, questions, anxieties. They ask me to reach out to their faculty: 'Can you ask them not to require us to stand while we present?' 'Can you help them make this activity more inclusive?' 'Can you see if they'll let me eat during class, even though it is against their rules?' 'Can you get them to let me have my laptop, even though they have a laptop ban?' 'Can you remind them why some of us can't have our cameras on during class?' My answer is always yes. I am here for the students. I am here to serve them. Even as my own access needs are challenged, I won't stop trying for them. Yet this doesn't count as service. Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion [but excludes disability] Every time. Every institution. Show me your strategic plans, your 5-year, 10-year, 20-year plans. How many include disability at all? How many include disability cultural centers? Groups for disabled folks to gather? Recruiting disabled faculty? Retaining disabled faculty? Funding disability research by disabled people? Meeting ADA isn't inclusion – it is basic access. Disability is diversity. Disability justice is equity work. Disability inclusion goes far beyond accommodations and accessible parking. Let us move away from deficit-based models of learning and towards universal design. Let us move away from a focus on independence and towards interdependence. Let us move away from disability as a 'problem' and towards disability justice. Let us move towards our values. We must do better; for our students, for our staff, for ourselves."

Submission 10

"Slide Text: Once upon a time there was a human. The specifics don't matter - They do! They don't. Do they though? A student, teacher, teacher, student. Engage, assess, intervene, contravene, convene Courage, carriage, career [fear]. Consider: Disability, Disability, Ability, Abrogate, Debilitate, relate Do [did] I teach you [teach you] show you the pain - My pain, Our pain. The pain, the pane, the strain, the stare [stair] The world tears [tears]. If only my hands could hold high here. [hurts hurting hurt helping hurts] The pain. Do you notice the pain? Haylee Hebenstreit doctoral student, social justice/policy adjunct faculty [I consent to the inclusion of

this identifying info with submission. Best of luck in your research – a great topic & sorely needed!]"

Submission 11

"Slide Text: Who knew that such a mundane task could be so debilitating? Everyone enjoys eating - everyone except me. Missed classes, races to the restroom, chronic pain, fear and anxiety. That wasn't supposed to be my college experience. I came here to help others, but I ended up needing so much help along the way. Long bouts of testing, different doctors with new diagnoses. But not answers. My upperclassmen years were spent in misery. Through a global pandemic it was even harder to find help for a chronic condition with no name. With hospitals overwhelmed with the virus, other problems seemed to take a backseat. And so I waited. And waited. And I hoped that the newest medicine would work, but it never did. More tests. More medical bills. This was not supposed to be my senior year of college. People always say failure is hard to digest, but for me so is everything else. Keeping my grades up meant doing classwork whenever I wasn't crying in my bathroom Wishing I could rip out my insides just to feel some relief. While friends went out on weekends, partying and enjoying their free time. I was catching up on lectures missed, racing to finish projects while I had a brief moment of relief. No one else's college experience was like this - why was mine? As the virus started to slow down, I found hope- A new diagnosis. A new doctor with a new perspective. One who believed my story and listened to my concerns as I cried in her office. 21 years old, but I felt decades older. So here we are- a name for the pain I've been through. Correct medication to help me get through the day. Holistic methods to help fight the fear and anxiety that comes along with the disorder. I will never escape this plague that has ravaged my body and stolen this time from me, But I now have the strength to face it And the ability to finish my college experience the way I wished I'd spent the last four years. It's my turn to help others, now that I've finally helped myself. My college years weren't supposed to be like this- But maybe now I can enjoy what I have left And look forward to a brighter future.

Submission 12

"Slide Text: Hi my name is Maranda Thomas, and I am a senior at Spalding University currently working getting my bachelor's degree in Social Work. I currently play softball for Spalding University and I will be hopefully graduating June 2022. Throughout my experience at Spalding I have learned that my disability is something really affected me. I was diagnosed with severe anxiety, which led me not to talk in front of people in class, it has led me really procrastinate but still get things done on time and it has made me feel like I was slower at getting things done compared to other people. Starting out as a freshman I was a transfer from Indiana University Southeast. I hadn't done the best there so I had to find a different school that was a better fit for me which ended up being Spalding. Before I got into Spalding, I had to write a letter on how I be a good fit, and how I would excel here. Once freshman year ended, I found myself trying to reach out to my professors but it was just a little hard because I didn't really know anyone and I was still learning my way around the campus. I didn't really know what I wanted to major in either by the time freshman year had ended so with my anxiety and feeling like I had to have something picked I just picked something but wasn't what I wanted to do. Sophomore year came around and I found myself trying to gain more confidence. I also found myself going

through a breakup and trying to figure out how to maintain my grades. I ended up getting help at the counseling center for my anxiety and trying to really push myself but it was just hard. I couldn't really seem to get happy going to the counseling center so I just quit and tried to focus on myself. Sophomore year not a lot of things happened but I felt as if I was continuing getting better and my grades were getting better. By the end of sophomore year, I finally chose to get my bachelors in social work but I didn't know what kind of job I wanted to do. I felt as if junior year started affecting my anxiety because of COVID and having to move online was definitely harder than I imagined it would be. I found myself struggling and asking my professors for help on different assignments. This was the time I had started most of my Social Work classes, I knew they be hard but I knew if they were in person, I probably wouldn't have struggled so much versus being online. I think being online affected my mental state because I was worrying about always having my computer charged, trying to talk in class and showing myself. With my anxiety it was hard junior year being on zoom just because I was so scared to talk in front of others, I was scared to show myself on camera because it just wasn't the same as being in person. It's my senior year and with being in person I feel like I am doing better but I am also finding myself struggling a little bit more in class around my peers which was something I had struggled with by having anxiety. I have also found myself talking and reaching out to my professors more now as well. I use to be so afraid to ask my professors for help but now I know they are there for me. I am finding myself more comfortable. I also am finding myself more comfortable and not anxious to speak around my peers in class since I have been around them since Junior year. All in all, I feel as if my anxiety has put a toll on my education but it has also made me more motivated to want to reach my goals and graduate since I will be the first college graduate in my family. I have learned even though I have a disability I am still the same as everyone else, but I shouldn't be ashamed of my disability. I have always been afraid to let people know about my disability and how it has affected me but I feel like Spalding has really helped, my professors have been helpful, my peers in my social work cohort have been helpful as well as my softball coaches and teammates. If it wasn't for Spalding, I don't think I would have found a college that is very helpful with people who have a disability and the scheduling of classes made it very helpful as well. Below I have added some photos of the things that have made me struggle and the things that have helped me"

"Image Description: Six images follow the text, the first one being of the Zoom logo, the next being an infographic on Anxiety Disorder, then one that displays the symptoms of Generalized Anxiety Disorder, an image of Maranda Thomas, a softball player for the Golden Eagles, the front gates of Spalding University, and the final image being of the logo of Spalding University School of Social Work."

Submission 13

"Image Description: The first image shows Dr. Kaycee Bills, PhD, MSW Assistant Professor Fayetteville State University written under a graduation picture of her. On the image green, purple, blue, and orange text boxes read from right to left "I don't know if college is right for you," "But you seem so normal," "So what happened to you?," "How can a disabled person help others?," "I've never seen someone with a disability get a PhD," "It's not fair that you get special accommodations," "You don't look disabled," and "You're smart for someone with a disability."

The second image presents a yearbook image on the left with the text “This girl was told she’d never go to college due to her disability,” and a college graduation picture on the right with the text “She now goes by ‘Dr.’” with Dr. Kaycee Bills, PhD, MSW Assistant Professor Fayetteville State University written below.”

Submission 14

“Image Description: A word cloud with text reading “disability insurance, productive, physical disability, professional, unconscious, exacerbates, dangerous, anytime, teaching online, unrelenting, compassion, pregnant, kids, public, chronic, standing, optimistic, symptoms, dyslexia, excruciating, change, healthy, work, look, telework, suffering, advocate, healthy, resilient, worry, pain, public, flare, students, social work, inability to work, policy, health insurance, student, unemployed, disabled, chair, unexpected, migraine, successful mother, full professor, learning disability, brainfog, tachycardia, disability placard, blood pressure, invisible disability, trouble breathing” with different size and color fonts in green, orange, red, and yellow.”

Submission 15

“Slide Text: Sarah is a social work student at Stony Brook University. Her disability is she has OCD (Obsessive-Compulsive Disorder). She checks her work several times before she submits it, even for texts to friends! Unfortunately, this is very time consuming. Sarah knows that logically, it’s not necessary to check her work more than once, but she cannot stop herself from checking it more than one time, even though she has been in psychotherapy and on medication for years to try to substantially minimize her OCD. Thus, she wanted to apply to an MSW program if her OCD ever became close to zero. Not to insult social work at all, but Sarah realized that accuracy in social work was not as crucial as in pharmacy, which she shamefully flunked in college 14 years ago. Hence, she decided to finally apply to the MSW program at Stony Brook University, which miraculously accepted her in Spring 2021! Sarah loved her professors because they were insightful and kind! She grew to become more comfortable voicing her thoughts during class! She still checked her work and emails to professors and classmates several times before she submitted them, which took up a lot of time. However, at the end of her first semester of grad school in Fall 2021, Sarah shockingly earned excellent overall grades for all of her classes!! Therefore, although her disability made her life as a social work student difficult, she was still able to perform well in her social work program thus far. Hopefully, her recent success will convince her to decrease the number of times she checks her work before she submits it! Sarah likes her university campus. Out of her own violation, she attended 3 different bystander intervention trainings through her school’s Center for Prevention and Outreach. Thus, she will receive the Upstander Award! Sarah also voluntarily attended a variety of workshops through this center, such as learning what rape culture is and how to avoid getting the flu. More than once, she checked her responses on the registration form for all of these trainings and workshops before she submitted this form, which took up more time than necessary. Even with her annoying OCD, she plans to attend more workshops in Spring 2022, which will enable her to earn various certificates. Hopefully, earning the Upstander Award will persuade Sarah to reduce how many times she checks her responses before she submits them! Taking into account her disability, her overall personal experience on her university campus has been positive!”

Submission 16

“Slide Text: Ticcing. Before a meeting, preparing to drive, or ruminating on bills. I feel trapped, caught. Something’s not right. Something’s constraining me. How can I wriggle free? Open eyes wide, blink. Nose twitch, nose twitch. Flare nostrils, flatten lips. Grind teeth, roll jaw, shimmy shoulders, stretch neck. Hereditary. An aunt purred, threw imaginary salt over her shoulders while Grandpa played his invisible cornet. Unsightly. Odd to others. I must put them at ease while I am not. Hide the moves. Cloak them in a gesture of mundane. Maybe I am stretching. Or looking at the sky. Checking my blind spot, but not too long, too far. Not attenuated, exaggerated, grotesque. I’ll wait for a private place: A cubicle, bathroom, hallway Where I can get right with myself. Open eyes wide, blink. Nose twitch, nose twitch. Flare nostrils, flatten lips. Grind teeth, roll jaw, shimmy shoulders, stretch neck. Sisters and brothers, I see you. On the train, or at a film. You stretch, reach, look around, feigning motives; Dust in your eye, an itchy scarf. We are too much for this world. Could there be a place where our moves are not too long, too far. Attenuated, exaggerated, grotesque? Where your moves are rich, mine complex? You’ll see me under the disco ball. I’ll see you in a spotlight on the ice. Nailing salchows and axels of your own design. Meanwhile, inside my shoes in luscious privacy. My toes tic constantly, dreaming of liberty. - Janet Young, Columbia School of Social Work (Staff).”

Submission 17

“Image Description: Two pictures surround the text of the author, Adrianna Fields, a young, Black, female-presenting person wearing a blue, pink, black, and white galaxy dress in front of a brick building.”

“Slide Text: As a first-generation college student graduating from Fayetteville State University, Adrianna decided to major in social work and minor in public administration. Adrianna has dealt with her challenges with a learning disability. Even before entering FSU, she advocated for students’ disability rights. She served as a GEAR UP Program volunteer assistant and a GEAR UP tutor in the Cumberland Country School System. While on campus, Ms. Fields became a member of the Phi Alpha National Social Worker Honor Society and the Omega Beta Chapter of Zeta Phi Beta Sorority, Inc. While a Ronald E McNair Scholar, she co-led a research project with her mentor, Dr. Kaycee L Bills, on the Disability Community: A Systematic Review of Biological and Environmental Impacts on Learning Disabilities and Graduating Rates. She continues to challenge herself, Adrianna has set her academic goal to earn a master’s degree in Social Work, ultimately leading to a Ph.D. in Social Work with a disability studies concentration. To further her ability to be an advocate and champion of those with disabilities, Adrianna intends to earn her American Sign Language Certificate, become a Licensed Rehabilitation Counselor, and obtain her Community College Teaching Certificate. One of her career aims is to work for the U.S. Department of Education to create impactful programs that will give those with disabilities access and lead to student success as they matriculate into higher education and beyond.”

Submission 18

“Image Description: A young adult, female-presenting person is pictured in front of a large tree. The author of the statement “I am a student with autism spectrum disorder, I find the outdoors to be comforting and soothing as I do experience sensory overload.” is shown above the quote wearing a black and white striped dress and black cardigan posed next to a large tree outdoors.”

Submission 19

“Image Description: Three images, all in black and white, divide up the text, with the first image being of sunshine shining through a cloudy sky over the ocean, the second being an image of two individuals holding hands, and the final one shows a young, female-presenting person blowing on a dandelion, having the seeds spread out in front of them.”

“Slide Text: Through a dark cloud comes the silver lining, home, & success. The moments when peers or teachers reach out to you with an offer of support gives your heart a sense of belonging. At the end of the day, it is not the disability that defines you. It is your shine, compassion, drive, and love for life. Some of us were put on earth to share (red heart emoji - love) with all living things. The most important thing to remember: Where there is a will, there is a way! With a little bit of aspiration, faith, and discipline, you can make your dreams come true. Reine.”

Submission 20

“Hyperlink Description: Give Me A Reason - YouTube Video”