The Student Affairs Diversity Council (SADC) strives to cultivate an environment that embraces and promotes the broad scope of diversity within the division.

**Mission Statement**

This column features stories by Student Affairs professionals and students who are willing to share an experience (event, book, speaker, etc.) which promoted growth, a change in perspective, an awareness of another, or when some knowledge that was previously missing slipped into place.

**Stories of Growth and Change**

**who is listening?**

**Arlyn Bradshaw**

In October of 1998, while eating my breakfast cereal and reading the morning paper, I noticed a small article about a University of Wyoming student who had been beaten to death in Laramie. By the time I reached the end of the article, I was in tears. Today, most people recognize the name Matthew Shepherd. Many of us know the details of the story that led to his death. By the time I reached the end of the article, I was in tears.

Today, most people recognize the name Matthew Shepherd. Many of us know the details of the story that led to his death. But as a 17 year old, still in high school, I didn’t know the eventual impact that event would have towards triggering a national dialogue surrounding hate crimes. I didn’t know that one day I would meet Matthew Shepherd’s mother and that she would provide me with comfort. I just knew that at that moment, I felt very alone, hurt, and scared.

This was the first time I realized the impacts that hate speech and hate crimes can have on an entire community. It is extremely sad that many of us have to learn hate, through witnessing its expression by others.

I identified so much with this man whom I had never met. Wyoming wasn’t a different country; it wasn’t in the South, or back East. Wyoming was the state next door. Wyoming was where my cousins lived. Laramie was a town not all that different from the one in which I lived in Idaho. My aspirations were to soon go to college. Would people at my University hate me as well? Was similar treatment something that was a realistic possibility for me to encounter? At that point in my life, being called a “faggot” by a passing car was the extent of what I had to endure. Were worse things in store?

One profound lesson I have learned is how my own minority experience has made me more sensitive to other attributes of myself, and of others. There are the easily recognizable covert forms of hate speech and actions that are largely repudiated and frowned upon by most in our society. There are other, more covert forms, however, that I feel can also damage one’s self-esteem and feeling of self-worth, albeit more subtly over a more prolonged period of time. These types of speech tend to focus on less obvious or less recognizable traits. I have often been made fun of for my rural roots—how I talk, how I drive, how I know the continued on page 2
growth cycles of a potato plant— as though growing up in a small town is something of which I should be ashamed. As an elected official, I secretly cringe every time I hear about the worthlessness of politicians and their self-serving nature—making the hours of time I spend at public hearings or agonizing over the specifics of a policy decision seem for naught.

My sexuality aside, I am very cognizant of the fact that I am still a white male that can “play it straight” when needs be and am afforded all the privileges and opportunities that entails. As such, I have found myself a part of many conversations that focus around the stereotypical nature of those “other” groups of which it is perceived I am not a member. It has always been my goal when I find myself in such a situation, to speak up, combat the stereotypes, and make it known that such attacks are unacceptable. As it turned out, I found my home— and myself— at the University of Utah. I found faculty members who embraced me as an individual. I encountered a student organization, the Lesbian Gay Student Union, which within itself was incredibly diverse. I found a University administration that was open to the proposal put forward by myself and my fellow students to establish an LGBT Resource Center. The University of Utah, for me, was a life line.

I encourage all of us, regardless of our department or specialty, to recognize that reality. The reality that so many of our students are finding themselves, and if we are doing our jobs, finding support for who they are during their years here. Whether struggling with the complex issues surrounding sexuality or trying to reconcile life on a campus that is ten-times larger than the town they came from, it is important to recognize our own speech and that we are contributing to the supportive environment for our diverse campus community, not

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We must confront all hate speech, so that it does not evolve into hate crimes, and we need to recognize that all demeaning speech towards any group can be hurtful. After all, we may not always know who is listening.

Arlyn Bradshaw is the Assistant Dean of Students as well as a member of the Salt Lake City Council.

** The number of students served in the Center for Disability Services rose by 18% over the past year.