Allende and approximately 3,000 others were killed. Thousands more were imprisoned, tortured, and forced to leave Chile. Verónica DeNegri, an Allende partisan, was one of those imprisoned. After her release, the government harassed her until she left in 1977. With the help of the International Rescue Committee, she came to Washington, D.C., with her youngest son, Pablo. Soon her son Rodrigo joined them. During those years, Verónica worked in many jobs from chambermaid to housing activist with Adelante, a local Latino social agency. She and Rodrigo, a photographer with a growing reputation, were activists against South African apartheid and U.S. intervention in Central America. In 1986, 19-year-old Rodrigo went to Santiago, where he photographed city life and street protests. One morning, soldiers arrested him and a student. The army severely burned both youths, and Rodrigo died, having been denied proper medical treatment. In the following years, Verónica traveled widely speaking about human rights for Amnesty International. She now works as a tour guide in D.C. and continues her public speaking. Verónica discusses how readily she fit in as an activist in D.C.:

> I was born into a troubled world and then got into another troubled world. I have advocated all my life for human rights in different capacities, as a student, a woman, a mother. When I arrived in Washington, I found an atmosphere of solidarity, and there I began at a time when young people's and immigrants' rights were just being recognized. The Latino community was very active, more integrated; it participated with the Black community and other communities.

In April of this year in a discussion about her participation in a community exhibit at the Latino Community Heritage Center, Verónica voiced the importance of Washington, D.C., in her life:

> This city is the center of everything; you can demonstrate and express your opinions about issues that are important for people all over the world, and that is very important for me. I like to live here and be part of a community that has gone through so much and is full of life and willing to keep on fighting.

Nilda Villalta is a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Maryland, working on a dissertation entitled "Testimonies, War, and Survival: Representation and Creation in El Salvador and in the United States by Exiled Salvadorans." She has conducted research and fieldwork in Washington, D.C., and in Central America.

We have shared our home with more than 200 families.

Reflections on Nineteen Years of Service

by Sharon Murphy

Mary House opened its doors in 1981 with the belief that forgotten families have the right to shelter, food, medical care, and a safe place to tell their stories. Immigrant and refugee families bring their stories of family members left behind, struggles of new beginnings, and the same dreams for their children that all parents, of all countries and backgrounds, desire.

The first family to come to Mary House made it to the nation's capital from Mexico. At the mercy of an unscrupulous apartment manager, they, along with 15 other immigrants, paid $85 for the privilege of sharing a basement hovel in Northwest D.C. When I took this family home with me, Mary House began what is now its 19th year of service to refugee families in Washington, D.C. During this time, we have shared our home with more than 200 families.

For many families who come to the nation's capital as refugees, day-to-day demands become the focus of stories. A mother from Honduras learns English for an hour on Sunday mornings because the 12 hours of commuting and work six days a week only allow for an hour. This is nevertheless her determined attempt to master the language that is quickly becoming her daughter's first language. A Bosnian father performs jobs that most would not want in order to provide for his children; he wants to give his children the warmth of a safe home to dream their own dreams.

The first phrase I learned in Spanish was, "*Mi casa es su casa*" — "My house is your house." This is the foundation of Mary House, and to provide necessary services to those refugees and immigrants in the nation's capital. The first victim of poverty is always a person's dignity. Mary House provides a home to forgotten families, a place to reclaim their dignity, and an opportunity to establish themselves as neighbors in this new community they call home, Washington, D.C.

Sharon Neuman Murphy is a wife, grandmother, and mother of four. She is co-founder and Director of Mary House.

Some of Us Were Born Here

by Diana Onley-Campbell

I was born in Washington, D.C., on May 4, 1954, in Freedmen's Hospital (now Howard University Hospital). I grew up in a completely Black environment. The only window that I had on the world of White America was television and my family's weekly drive from our split-level home in far Northeast to the family church in Georgetown. I grew up two blocks from the Shrimp Boat, and to this day I can tell if Black folks are native Washingtonians by their familiarity with this landmark.

On Sunday mornings my family embarked upon a journey across social boundaries.

On Sunday mornings my family embarked upon a journey across social boundaries. Traveling west on East Capitol Street brought us across the Anacostia River. But it was not until we got to the other side of Stanton Park that things became less real to me and more like television. I wondered why our church, Mt. Zion Methodist, was surrounded by White people. My paternal great-grandmother and my grandmother shared a home in the heart of Georgetown on O Street around the corner from the church. The closest Black families to them were over on P Street near Rose Park. The house in which they lived had been built by my great-grandmother's husband as a wedding gift to her when the neighborhood was still predominantly Black. When my great-grandmother died, the house had a huge sum in back taxes attached to it, so it was sold. I was 19 then.

As a child I felt very safe in my neighborhood. I attended Kelly Miller Junior High School at a time when it was transitioning away from the