p. 33 “The girls, once raped, resign themselves to being prostitutes until they die.”

There is a constant speaking to a cultural thing, a value placed upon virginity, as being the mark of a woman of respectability.

p. 247 “Iodization of Salt”
Given the Flynn thing, it makes sense. I think that direct solutions are often the most effective.

p. 129 “She needed to be ferocious…”
This makes the most sense to me. That she was able, with assistance and ingenuity, to help others.

Tostan
Senegal
Non-formal education, ranging from economic to health and political.
They create small groups of local women, who then are given the responsibility of continuing that education and training.

It seems to me to be sustainable on paper. Effectiveness needs to be seen to be determined. Websites are always propaganda and lies. All websites. All the time.

 The book discusses the various challenges women face today, and the solutions and opportunities therein. Those are very specifically chosen words, as, to paraphrase the book (p. ), “It is the kind of change that turns bubbly teenage girls from brothel slaves to successful independent businesswomen.” It then proceeds to outline numerous cases of really horrible, dark things, and the hope, the opportunities, if we take the effort and time. There’s plenty of mention of brothels, violence against women, mutilation of genitals, rape, murder, and horrors that really make me take pause. It also discusses the various organizations and hospitals which help, and the means by which they work, and the media’s general failure to cover these topics. I found the discussion of the principles behind these organizations fascinating.

 There’s this general concept, this idea that if the women are allowed to help themselves,

 I notice a difficulty in writing this reflection. I can’t bring myself to really go in and explore it. It’s not that there’s a lack of material to talk about, but that I feel a strange sense of discomfort, and guilt. Guilt for my gender, for the tendencies and sadistic violence inflicted against women. And it scares me. Why do I feel guilt? It’s not as though I committed these atrocities, not as though I could have done anything as a fifth-grader, right?

 But there are things I could’ve done. I just wasn’t aware. I didn’t know.