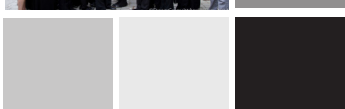


Newsletter of the Kuumba Singers of Harvard College
Established 1970 Fall 2018



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President's Letter

Good evening Alumni, Family, and Friends,

When I think of home, I think of the smell of the ocean. I think of laughter and Sunday mornings. I think of my brothers and I imitating our parent's accent into the wee hours of the night. I think of the fables and stories that were used to teach us morals and life lessons.

The concept of home varies between individuals; no two people's definitions are exactly the same. To some, home is a physical place in which many cherished and sweet memories have been made. To others, home is a group of people– a chosen collection of faces who have laughed and loved and cried with them more times than they can even remember. And then, there are those who have never seen or experienced home. For them, home is a dream not yet experienced; it's still to come. No matter how you may be defining home at this moment in your life, there is a singular thread that runs throughout our idiosyncratic definitions of home: freedom.

Throughout my life, I have had the opportunity to live in multiple places, which has been a blessing– and an interesting challenge. This frequent shifting has forced me to question, define, and redefine what it means to be “home” more times than I have room to share. And for those of us who are rooted in the African Diaspora, this dilemma– this feeling of being both unsure and unsettled– is all-too familiar.

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What is our home? That's the question many black people have been forced to grapple with for centuries. After all, the African Diaspora is, by definition, the product of centuries of violent displacement. Many of our ancestors were taken from their homes— captured and forced to toil on unfamiliar land. Others were forced to flee in the wake of war, genocide, and colonialism.

Regardless of how Black people were separated from their homes, none of them left empty-handed. They were all determined to carry a piece of home with them— a morsel of their culture, a taste of their tradition, a whiff of their spirituality. Torn from their family members, they created and cultivated new families with people from different tribes and traditions. And many of them came to find solace and strength in the story of a baby refugee who was born into a world that had no home for him. Though they still longed to find and return to their true home, they danced and sang and clapped and stomped their feet in order to evoke and approximate a sense of residence. They used music and art to access an exhilarating and forbidden freedom. Their songs and poems and dances allowed them to lose sight of their present circumstances and imagine, if just for a fleeting few moments, what it felt like to be home again— and free.

Thus, it is in the spirit of this sacred tradition that we invite you to join us as we search for our freedom— which is true home— through song, dance, and spoken word. May you leave this concert more inspired and determined to climb home to your freedom than ever before.

With Kuumblove,

AudreyStephannie Maghiro

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The following word clouds were made using answers from current Kuumbabes.

[illegible][illegible]

A Cherished Land

Francesca Judy Noelette '19

It is a land of beauty.
At the mound, dark willows curl,
Swaying in the breeze of a north wind.
Below, the soil is a rich coffee,
Fertile and soft.
To the east and west, there are gullies.
They may be dark, but they are smooth
and glisten as though carved by rivers of oil.
At the center, there lies a valley,
Pink and lush.

Here is where I've taken up residence.
I've sheathed myself in its warmth.
I relish in the dampness,
Thick and heavy in the air
It seems to coat me,
Covering me,
Covering me in love.

So, I dance in the valley,
Just a little to-and-fro.
Yes, I dance in the valley
In an outpouring of sheer pleasure,
Of sheer happiness.

I cherish this land.
I cherish it,
Each and every inch.
I cherish it.
This is my land.
This is my place.
This is my home.

OUTCAST

Anonymous

I grew up in California,
I lived on the end of a cul-de-sac
I played on the trampoline
I enjoyed the summer sun
Life was good to me.
In my humble abode, resided my family and I
I was home.
But was I?
Did the incessant and monotonous schedule define itself to be home?
Did the zip codes of the place where my family and I lied sleep night and night again etch itself into my skin?
Somehow, the 310s, 562s, 781s, all became more familiar than muscle memory
and the creation of home ensued.
But how can you call home a place where you feel alone?
Wasn't home supposed to bring warmth?
I'm almost certain home came with the promise of sanity?
Were those who claimed home was where you fulfill the perfect spot in a puzzle piece of lives lying?
I sit here, in my dorm room at Harvard, in a city foreign to me,
and I can't discern the difference
I switched coasts in the aims of finding a new me
Of discovering a real meaning to the word home
But even here I feel as if this world has never been more harsh.
I lack the feeling of belonging,
I yearn to fit
But I've always been a trapezoidal peg in a circular spot
So I claimed home in myself
It is not the place,
It is not where your heart is
It is not even you yourself
But rather where you chose it to be.
Chose to fully be you,
And you won't have to search for a hole to fill,
or a family to love,
For they've already been painstakingly, perpetually,
trying to find you.

Nke Anọ : The Time I Sat As the Fourth

Pamela Adaugo Nwakanma, PhD Candidate, Government

This piece of writing is a slight mixture of Ngwa, an Igbo dialect, and Central Igbo

Nne nne nne m si na “a si la a nọ m n’akpá narị na anọ”
 Ọ bu otu o si akọwa afọ ya
 maka ọdighi onye ma mgbe a muru ya kpomkwem
 I nọ n’akpá bu otu o si akọwa narị
 Ọ bu okwu ndi mgbe ochie.
 Okwu ndi laghachiri n’ala ndi nna nna
 ma na nne nne nne m, Mama Lucky, puru iche
 ọ laghachibeghi n’ala ahụ
 Chineke kpebiri ido ya maka anyị.

Otu ụbọchị, a nọrọm n’ihu ọgbọ atọ ndị dị n’ihu m
 Ọgbọ atọ umu nwaanyi
 Umu nwaanyi
 nke na echetara m nzube m ebe a
 na ụwa nke a na-emeghari anya
 I nọ n’ihu ha bu ezigboto ngozi
 Ụdị ngozi mmadu nwere ike ileghara anya
 mana ma mmadu jikwa obi ekele icheta oge ngozi ndị a
 Oge ngozi ndị a na- ahapụ ihe nketa na mkpụrụ obi

Otu nne nne nne m na- akọwa afọ ya dabere na otu a
 gwara ya.

Anaghi amacha onye bu “a”
 ma na eziokwu putara ihe bụ na izu nke ọgbọ
 izu nke a na enyere aka iduzi m na ụwa nke a
 Ụwa nke a ebe mmadu kwesiri ichebe obi ya
 n’ihi na site na ya ka nputa nile nke ndụ dị

Ebe ọ bụ na aga m na echeta mgbe m nweriri oge a
 gozimara agozi
 oge a mgbe anọduru m di ka nwaanyi nke anọ n’ihu ọgbọ
 atọ mbụ

n’ihu nne m
 n’ihu nne nne m
 n’ihu nne nne nne m

Amaara m na ụwa m, ụwa m nke puru iche, bụ ndụ nke
 Chineke kwadoro

Somewhat interpretive English translation

In the words of my great grandmother, “they said that I
 am 104 years old”
 that is her way of describing her age
 because there isn’t anyone who can really say when she
 was born
 this is her unique way of saying one hundred

this the language of the past
 the language of those who have returned to the land of
 the ancestors
 but my great grandmother, Mama Lucky, is also unique
 unique like her way of describing her age
 She is yet to return to that land
 God the creator has decided to keep her for us.

That day, I was in the presence of the three generations
 before me
 three generations of women
 Women
 who remind me of my purpose here
 in this deceptive world
 To be in their presence is indeed a blessing
 the sort of blessing that could easily be taken for granted
 but when approached with a heart of gratitude
 leaves an eternal imprint on the soul

my great grandmother describes her years based on
 what “they” tell her
 It is never quite clear who the “they” are
 This they that seems to always know things
 but what is clear is the generational wisdom
 this wisdom that serves as a guiding light
 in this world where one needs to guard their heart
 this heart from which the issues of life flow

As long as I remember the blessed moment
 That moment when I sat as the fourth
 in the presence of the preceeding three

in the presence of my mother
 my grandmother
 my great grandmother

I know that mine is set apart
 set in the palms of the creator of life

Displaced

Zoë Towler



Palestine, a place many call(ed) home
 but few find safety and comfort.
 Oh, for a place to be home today and
 stripped from fingertips tomorrow.
 Olive trees ripped from the ground, like
 bodies ripped from family.
 Land, a mysterious thing –
 is it truly ever home?
 Blood dripping into the ground growing
 deep roots of evil from the conquest.
 We see it here, we see it now,
 we see it clear
 Will this place feel like home again?
 We plead with our conquerors
 let us enter again.

Land, a mysterious thing –
 is it every truly home?
 It is my home. I call it home.
 I called it home. It is not home.
 Displaced. Dismayed. Destroyed.
 Our land may be destroyed but our
 hearts are not.
 You cannot strip my home from my
 heart. It is here. It is I. It is We.
 No where to call home,
 land stripped from our fingertips
 brought to another land that is not
 our own, where is home?

Home is you. Home is us. Home is we.
 Longing for something deeper.
 Rooted in us, in unity, in community.

To First-Year Ata

Ata Amponsah '19

**Note: A benefit to being in Kuumba is being at Convocation every year. ("Benefit" might not be the right word; I'll leave it here for lack of a better one.) Dean Khurana always says in his speech to the first-year students that Harvard is our home. Whether he means for the duration of our time at Harvard or for the rest of our lives, I don't know; but I know that "home" doesn't always feel like home. I think we associate positive feelings with home or what home should be, and my feelings toward Harvard haven't always been positive. Indeed, they aren't all positive now. This poem, written in August, is my attempt to (concisely) reconcile these feelings to what I've been told is supposed to be my home.*

There will be bad days
 Days when you won't want to leave your bed
 Days when you won't want to leave your room
 Days you won't want to go to class
 See your friends
 Go to work
 Do what you have to do
 Do much of anything

There will be days you will regret your decisions
 Days you will regret coming here
 Days you'll wish you could take the last three years back
 Days you'll wish you'd gone somewhere else
 Anywhere else
 Anywhere but here
 Days when you'll hate everyone around you
 Even the ones who you normally like
 Days you won't be happy
 You'll feel like a prisoner
 You'll count the days left on your sentence

But there will also be good days
 Days when you'll want to jump out of bed
 Days when what you will do will excite you
 Days you'll love the things you do
 Love the people you'll do them with
 Love what you're learning
 Days you'll want to take on the world
 Days when you won't want to change a thing
 These will be days you'll—word to Drake—like who you're becoming
 Days when you'll like where you're headed
 Days you'll feel you're exactly where you're supposed to be

Days you'll feel you're at home
 Days when you'll love where you are
 Who you are
 Who you're around
 Days when you'll love how you spend your time
 Days you'll want to savor every fleeting moment
 Days you'll want to last longer
 Last forever
 There will be bad days, and there will be good days.
 I hope you have more good days than bad.

Jacksonville, Florida

Ayanna Dunmore '19

Home to me is summer thunderstorms,
Walking barefoot over tile floors,
And feeling the sun's heat on my shoulders.

Home to me is Spanish moss sweetly hanging from the trees,
Long bike rides,
And the sound of cicadas at sunset.

Home to me is walking on the beach,
Feeling the sand rub against my toes,
And water. So much water.

Home to me is my mom's hugs,
My father's stories,
And my sister's jokes.

Home to me is green and hot and sticky
Rarely perfect
But as familiar as the sound of my cat purring.

Home to me is like my footprints disappearing in the sand,
A faded memory I am always running from,
But keep finding my way back.

Camouflaged in Showers

Andrea Bossi '21

I had no idea these saline jewels
Sought refuge in the conversation
I was yet to have because
In my words, there was my pain.

Pain that calcified
Pain that builds in layers
In this conversation, brushing only my pain's crust
I felt something stirring, so I ran hiding, politely.

I ran from that room, running after myself
I ran down Mass Ave. at walking pace
My twinkling refugees that had one breath of air
Had become reckless for their liberation.

The street lights and reflections of light
Were blurry through my rain like night blindness
The lump of fire in my throat
Dared me to be silent in the city.

Showers began, I surrendered my irises to the wet sidewalk
Swallowed the lump to my stomach, letting it burn hunger away
Shuffled quivering hands into my pockets like vines seeking stability
Subdued my breath in the water I was drowning.

Camouflaged in cold rain, I know
When I get to that temporary room that is "home"
No warm body nor beating heart will embrace my body
A wildfire is raging murder against my soul.

I just want to go home.

Dear Dad

Gabriel Wadford '21

If a father's fury could be inherited,
 I thought surely I'd glow red.
 Like the apple fallen not far from the tree,
 Bruised yet ripe with vengeance and indignation.

But I mistook my ripeness,
 For the pulp of my soul was sweet.
 Sweet with forgiveness for those who were neither asking nor deserving of it. For you.

For this, I thank you.
 Your barbed words and balled fists
 Cracked the hull of my being, but
 Oh how wonderfully light shines through the broken.

Fall

Chinaza Ochi '19

I want to fall in love.
 No I want to do more than just fall in love.
 I want to drown in love.
 I want to be fully immersed, hard to breathe, shivering type of love.
 I want to be consumed in a I can't live without you kind of love
 Fire burning, passions blazing, the calm to my storm sort of love
 A love that fills the deepest crevices of my heart
 An "I see you" type of love
 I understand you
 I want your type of love for more than just your body, but for your mind, your laugh, your soul
 I want a "I'm willing to wait" sort of love
 Minutes, hours, days, moons
 A love that spans the ages yet still remains timeless
 I don't want to just fall in love
 I want a love I can bleed for, die for
 The type of love that starts and ends in your arms
 Home away from home

Embrace*Francesca Judy Noelette '19*

Reaching, rising, falling
I revel in the sting of welcoming
As a bristled jaw leaves my cheek
To be replaced by the soothing caress
Of gentle lips.

A flash of white like the sun,
And my eye catches
The brightest of smiles,
A smile that matches mine.

A shift and the air throbs
Pulsing like a beating drum,
Yet as soft as a bird's wing,
It is but a thrum.

There is a scent.
My mind is clouded with a scent,
Sage, sandalwood, and something else,
Something else that makes me warm.

Suddenly, I find
My cheek pressed against a heated chest,
And as the pounding heart against my ear aligns with mine,
We breathe as one.

Whispers, sighs, bated breath
The mingling of the salty tang of sweat
A slight brush of my sweet, silken lips,
And I taste it on my tongue.

Slipping, sliding, settling
Now, captured, no, protected
My yearning fades as passion burns
The bright, fiery hues of eternal love
Kindled by two kindred souls.

Here I find comfort
Here I find peace
Here I find hope
Here I find love
Here I find home
All in your arms

Kuumbabe Reflections

Themes in African American History

Keturah Gadson '21

"Between me and the other world there is ever an unasked question: unasked by some through feelings of delicacy; by others through the difficulty of rightly framing it. All, nevertheless, flutter round it. They approach me in a half-hesitant sort of way, eye me curiously or compassionately, and then, instead of saying directly, How does it feel to be a problem? they say, I know an excellent colored man in my town; or I fought at Mechanicsville; or, Do not these Southern outrages make your blood boil? At these I smile, or am interested, or reduce the boiling to a simmer, as the occasion may require. To the real question, How does it feel to be a problem? I answer seldom a word" (W.E.B. DuBois, *Souls of Black Folk*)

Between me and the unalienated world there is ever an unasked question: unasked by some through forced politeness; by others through the difficulty of sounding politically correct. All, nevertheless, flutter round it. They approach me in a half-hesitant sort of way, eye me curiously or compassionately, and then, instead of saying directly, How does it feel to be lost? They say, Why do you call yourself African American; or Where are you *really* from; or, Oh, so you're *just* black? At these I grimace, or am understanding, or reduce the identity-crisis to a teachable moment, as the occasion may require. To the real question, How does it feel to be lost? I answer seldom a word, because being African American never felt like being lost to me until I was made to feel that I was.

We are tired

Camryn Turner '21

Can you exercise something that is broken?
 Rather something that refuses to be fixed?
 I continue to fight
 Fight with myself
 Fight with my mind
 My mind fights back but neither of us win
 Neither of us gain anything
 We are tired
 We've been trained to keep fighting
 To never give up
 To find strength where strength doesn't even seem to exist
 Where it once existed
 My mind has lifted weights
 The weight of my dreams, my hopes, my goals
 My fear, my sorrow, my resentment
 The weight has broken my mental capacity
 No matter how much I've trained myself, my mind
 I can never prepare it for what happens next
 What might happen next
 What could never happen next
 What should happen next
 What I want to happen next
 What I don't want to happen next

Chance Encounters

Arin Stowman '19



Moonlight

Anonymous

“You’re so fucking pretty” -- starry eyed pale hands clasping my freshly done braids.

“You’re so beautiful,” large blue eyes following mounds of cheekbone and supple skin.

I feel beautiful in moonlight. Descending into hazy basements, amongst stares, the glow of my skin is security, it is sin.

I remember staring at freckled green eyes and curly hair and begging God for love. Presenting Marie from Catholic school with gifts, proposals of playdates, and instead feeling the hateful heat from freckled green eyes. When I close my eyes, I see those freckled green eyes, I recite the Lord’s prayer and look up to freckled green eyes, break bread with freckled green eyes, I, my eyes, I wish I had those freckled green eyes.

I am another, of another, looking into mirrors peering at myself peering into my own brown eyes, if they were brown or black, *you my dear, you’re brown*. 3am nights searching of “How to change your eye color.” – Diet? Contacts? Prayer. Why doesn’t God answer little black girl’s prayers? Wishing for the bluest eyes, I too thought if I believed it enough, maybe the world would see my fair eyes?

Descending into basements looking into blue eyes, entranced by beauty noir. Hail Mary, full of Grace, may the Lord be with me, *let them stare*. And stare she did, alcohol hot on the breath, boldness to even touch, *“you’re so fucking beautiful.”* Shock on the first assault, vulnerability in naked blackness. But to the second, third, and tenth assault- ease and comfortability, recognition turning into an unprecedented glow. Unresolved anxiety buried under confident dismissal and acknowledgement. My black self: I am here.

I feel beautiful in moonlight, seeing drunken college students find pride in sinful black skin. I let them stare:

Black my beauty -- blackness my sin.

Window Musings*Alex-Maree Roberts '20*

I.

First, everything is black
By the time I've blinked I've forgotten
What lamplight looks like
I look at the place where my desk should be
Where my gilded tabelmats should be
Hanging from heating pipes in an earnest imitation of decoration
This is a moment of faith
That things are where I left them
Before the lamp went out

Then, I look at the window
Cool dim light from the streetlight
Diffuses in while my eyes adjust
And I don't need faith anymore
I see my hand
See the dark spot in the middle of my knuckles
See the mirror, catching the glow and throwing it back
See the colors of my comforter, bunched up at my neck

Finally, I turn to face the wall
Everything is black again
I see with my fingers
Fleece beneath me, over-loved teddy bear fur beside me
I close my eyes with faith
In the morning there will be light at the window
Sunlight too insistent to to be ignored
After I turn my back

II.

In brushing a fallen curl from my window sill
I feel outside's cold reaching in under my cracked window
Refreshing for a moment and welcome
Perhaps beckoning me back to the world of the living that I shunned
Rows of plastic cups line my window sill
Witnesses of meals reduced to takeaway servings of cereal
Accusers against my claim to do right by the Earth by avoiding straws
I washed them yesterday before I vacuumed my room
I needed to make my footprint shallow as my breathing today
There are places I need to be
But I am practicing gentleness that says where I am is what I need
Right now I am the top layer of my bed
Save the gentle stirring at the window the warm air mimics my stillness
From my place I cannot see my reflection
Unless I stretch out my arm and look for my fingers waving at no one in particular
A small mercy that I cannot see myself this way
Sunk into the mold that I've been carving out for myself
Contemplating cups and cold air and going to class
My schedule's urgency mutes itself beneath my breathing
As cars go by I feel like a secret
Only the wisp of frozen air knows I'm here

Creation Suite

Ryan Boyland '17

The New King James (Brown) Version of the Bible reads as follows:

In the beginning was my Blackness,
and my Black was with God, and my Black was God,
and God was Black.

I.

In the beginning God, created the heavens and the earth.
Now, the earth was formless and empty,
darkness was over the surface of the deep,
and the Spirit of God was hovering over the waters.

...and God said, "Let there be light,"
and there was light...and He called the light "day,"
and the darkness, He called
"beautiful."

And there it was,
waiting, from the jump—
my Blackness—
Afro freshly picked and patted,
wondering who the fuck
forgot to pay the light bill—
and that was the first day.

And God said, "Let there be a place to raise our hands
so that we might clap on beats two and four."
And God called this place "sky."
And one day a woman named Aretha filled it with such a joyful noise,
that God Himself wept.
And all of our thirsty skin drank in sunlight like it was supposed to.
And there was evening,
and there was morning—
and that was the second day.

And then God looked at the Earth, and saw it was dry and barren,
so He made collard greens and yams and short ribs—
and Jesus started doing the Electric Slide—
and our bodies moved with a rhythm we did not yet understand—
this was the First Cookout.
And when we saw the glory that he had made,
we were all black and happy and full—
and that was the fourth day.

Then God said, "Let us make mankind in our image, in our likeness,"
and Beyoncé emerged from the sea like the Black goddess of love she is,
drops of ocean clinging to her kinks—
the water so grateful to be near something so divine,
that it turned into diamonds before it ever reached the ground.
And these we didn't press into our gums,
we used them for hopscotch and to skip rocks—
and no one paid for them in blood—
and that was the sixth day.

And on the seventh day,
he rested.

You know, one of those good naps
you take after Thanksgiving dinner
when you ate too much of grandma's pot roast?

Creation Suite (cont'd)

II.

And on the eighth day he rose and stretched and yawned
and named this place 'heaven'
just for us
and we called it home.

Here we don't become angels
because we never stopped being holy.
And we don't fill our poems with the names of dead Black children
because they're right around the corner.
And the name Trayvon is unremarkable. And Emmett is unburied.
And we don't call them alive
because here, we have never known death.

Here, every jump shot goes in—
Every batch of mac and cheese is baked to perfection—
the sweet potato pie is always hot and crisp—

Fathers always make it back from the store,
Mothers never weep,
The streetlights never come on,
and the kids can play outside until their bodies melt into the night sky.

Here, the people make the most beautiful constellations—
Here we are beautiful.
Here we are—
Here we be
Black.

And that, somehow, is enough.

Carvings From the Dust

Kaelyn Brown '21

Written by a 12 year old Kaelyn.

I admire the people who carve their lives out from the dust.
On a slate that's about to rust.
With a pencil that's about to break.
From years of writing.
With yesterday's hope destroyed and tomorrow's sorrow prolonged.
They inhale the dust in every meal trying to make the best,
Of a life that bends and twists and turns around,
never having time to set.
Dust holds families together.
And it tears them apart.
And on the dust, each person dies a little each day as their soul gets whisked to the skies.
The dust masks their identities, who they should've been.
and they all turn into one.
One person.
One life.
One fate.
It strangles them, almost kills them,
Pulling from their weakest state of mind.
Taking them to a place where no one knows.
But everyone goes.
And no one is left behind.

God says...

Anonymous

"When you pass through the waters,

I will be with you;

and when you pass through the rivers,

they will not sweep over you.

When you walk through the fire,

you will not be burned;

the flames will not set you ablaze."

"Do not fear, for I am with you;

do not be dismayed, for I am your God.

I will strengthen you and help you;

I will uphold you with my righteous right hand."

"I will never leave or forsake you."

"My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

"For I know the plans that I have for you,

plans to prosper you and not to harm you,

plans to give you hope and future."

It may be a very overwhelming time but this season will not conquer you. Even when you may not see or feel it, I am working. I am fighting with and for you. I am your refuge and strength - a very present help in this time of trouble. I am touched by everything that is troubling you. I see every tear and care about every worry and fear. Nothing you're experiencing catches me by surprise. I am with you through it all, always moving on your behalf. My unfailing love is stronger than every weight. My plans for you are greater than you can even think or imagine for yourself. Give me the anxiety about what's the next step, where the money is coming from, how you will overcome. For I will sustain you. Your steps are ordered by the One who makes everything beautiful in its time. I am working everything together for a beautiful morning with glory that far outweighs the struggles of your night. I am your hope of glory. So as you press through the momentary sorrow, trust me. Let me free, comfort, and strengthen you. I love you.

Don't forget to pick up your stylish Kuumba casual attire!

Merchandise can be purchased at concerts.



T-Shirts (short and long-sleeve) available in red and black and in new designs!

For more information please contact
Priscilla Samey at
publicity@kuumbasingers.org



We also sell:

DVDs
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&

CDs: Our Spirit Stands (2007)
One More River (2003)
Rooted in the Spirit (2001)



Merchandise Photos by Dawn Anderson

Kuumba Singers of
 Harvard College
 SOCH Box # 66
 59 Shepard Street
 Cambridge, MA 02138

The Kuumba Singers' ANNUAL FUND

To donate, please detach, fill out the form, and send it with your cash or check to: Kuumba Singers, SOCH Box #66, 59 Shepard Street, Cambridge, MA 02138.

Questions?
 Contact **Kaelyn Brown** '21,
 Director of Development, at
 development@kuumbasingers.org

YES! I WOULD LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TO KUUMBA'S ANNUAL FUND!

Name _____

Date _____ **Amount** _____ **Class year** _____ (if applicable)

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☐ Check enclosed ☐ Please charge my card (not currently a tax-deductible option)

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☐ Hero (\$1000 and above); ☐ Angel (\$500 - \$999); ☐ Benefactor (\$250-499);

☐ Patron (\$100-249); ☐ Booster (\$50-99); ☐ Friend (up to \$49)