



JOHN KELLY'S WASHINGTON
How the “fighting parson” from Pennsylvania came to be memorialized on Connecticut Avenue. **c3**



LOCAL OPINIONS
Montgomery County's experiment with public campaign financing has so far fallen short. **c4**



OBITUARIES
Steve Ditko, 90, was the enigmatic comic artist behind Spider-Man and many other heroes. **c9**

Family and friends remember slain journalist Wendi Winters

BY HANNAH NATANSON

Wendi Winters stood as soon as she heard the bangs.

A man with a gun had broken the glass doors leading to the newsroom of the Capital Gazette and was shooting at her colleagues, many of whom dropped to the floor or dove under their desks. Not Winters.

Grabbing the trash can and recycling bin she kept by her desk, she ran toward the man and yelled at him to stop — distracting him long enough to allow some of her colleagues to escape. Of the 11 people in the room that day, six survived.

“In an act of extraordinary courage, she gave her heart, and she

gave her last breath, and she gave her final eight pints of blood to the defense of the free press and in defense of her family at the Capital,” Winters's son Phoenix Geimer told a crowd of more than 700 family members, co-workers and friends gathered on Saturday in the Maryland Hall for the Creative Arts to celebrate Winters's life. “She died fighting for what she believed in. My mom is an American hero, and we all have so much to live up to.”

Winters, 65, was among five Capital Gazette employees killed June 28 when, according to police, a man who had long borne a grudge against the paper opened fire in the Annapolis office in an effort to kill the reporters and editors inside.

Jarrod W. Ramos, 38, has been charged with five counts of murder in the shootings. Also killed were Gerald Fischman, Rob Hiaasen, John McNamara and Rebecca Smith.

Hiaasen, 59, a columnist who had joined the paper as an assistant editor, was remembered at a Monday memorial service in Owings Mills. Private services are scheduled Sunday for Fischman, 61, an editorial page editor, and Smith, 34, a sales assistant. A memorial service for McNamara, a reporter, will be held Tuesday at the Memorial Chapel of the University of Maryland at College Park.

Winters's final act was described **WINTERS** CONTINUED ON **C7**



CALLA KESSLER/THE WASHINGTON POST

Montana Geimer gets a hug during a receiving line after the memorial service for her mother, Wendi Winters, on Saturday.

Nights working at Lowe's, days running for president of South Sudan



PHOTOS BY JULIA RENDLEMAN FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

A ‘Lost Boy’ no longer

BY LAURA VOZZELLA

RICHMOND — Just minutes into the night shift at Lowe's, beads of sweat sparkle on Bol Gai Deng's forehead.

He's at the back of the suburban Richmond store, unloading a 54-foot truck crammed with leaf blowers and barbecue grills, Drano and pitchforks — tough work that drives off most in a matter of weeks or months. Deng has stuck with it for six years because he likes having his days free for his other gig: running for president of South Sudan.

LOST BOYS CONTINUED ON **C5**



Bol Gai Deng, at work in suburban Richmond, top, and in his bedroom at the home of the American family who took him in when he was about 17. Deng was enslaved during the war in Sudan when he was about 7. “Africa does not want rulers. It wants leaders,” he says.

Activists: New allies of migrants must dig in

Mainstream support is welcomed, but some fear interest will wane

BY MARISSA J. LANG

Anyone who has attended an immigration rally has heard these words: El pueblo unido jamás será vencido. The slogan migrated north from workers movements in Latin America and has taken root at protests in the United States.

It means, “The people united will never be defeated,” a refrain repeated in recent days in front of the White House, inside the Hart Senate Office Building, outside Immigration and Customs Enforcement headquarters and along Constitution Avenue as days of protests swept Washington in response to the Trump administration's “zero tolerance” policy on migrants crossing the border illegally.

But the Spanish version proved challenging for thousands of protesters new to the immigration fight.

“The people united will never be divided,” dozens of demonstrators chanted outside the ICE building.

“It's ‘defeated,’ ” said organizer Alejandra Cruz, 30, waving her arms to draw the demonstrators' attention. “It rhymes in Spanish — not English.”

ALLIES CONTINUED ON **C3**

What a college dorm game can teach us about words that divide us



Theresa Vargas

In my first weeks of college, we played a game. It was required of all freshmen and aimed to show us how we were suddenly living with people who were both different from us and yet the same.

I'm sure it has been played on other campuses, and even at some workplaces, with the same optimistic goal of creating a sense of community.

It was called, “Crossing the line.”

The rules were simple. Everyone stood on the same side of the room and listened as a moderator uttered sentences. If you heard a statement that applied to your life, you simply stepped across a strip of tape that had been placed on the ground.

Some sentences caused most of the crowd to move as one. *I am far from home.*

Others caused a quiet shuffle of one or two pairs of feet. *I am the first person in my family to*

attend college.

During the game, I stood with the crowd for most of the questions and twice with only one other student. No conversations were allowed while we played and so there was no explaining to my dormmates, people I barely knew at the time, why I had taken those solo steps. But afterward, as we all walked back to our rooms, one person asked me for the backstories. He lived down the hall and we couldn't have been more different in background or personality. He

soon became one of my closest friends. He is now my husband.

In the years since we graduated, he hasn't mentioned that game, and I'm guessing many of our classmates haven't given it much thought either.

But I recall being struck by how easily a few statements caused me to stand out when I most wanted to blend in, and I have thought about the game often over the years in the context of race and class. Despite its uncomfortable moments, it started a meaningful

conversation, and that seems especially relevant now, at a time when discussions about identity have become so fraught with misunderstanding that white people have to fear being labeled racist if they ask the wrong questions and black people have to worry about strangers calling the police on them for doing nothing more than barbecuing or golfing or falling asleep in a common area of a dormitory.

We have reached a point in this country where race relations are

VARGAS CONTINUED ON **C12**