Brochures called *Career Impact* were stacked on the skid. We'd mailed thousands of the glossy advertisements for this small, non-profit, junior college; a chain of campuses where people could finish high school; or learn, to various degrees, some expertise and earn valorized certificates, an entrance. Though clearly a solicitation, these still seemed made by an honest, service organization that understood community, equality; that helped those, who'd had less, to develop some hope. As I recycled bundled, left-over brochures, an Honduran-born co-worker helping me said "In Comayagua we would make houses out of these."