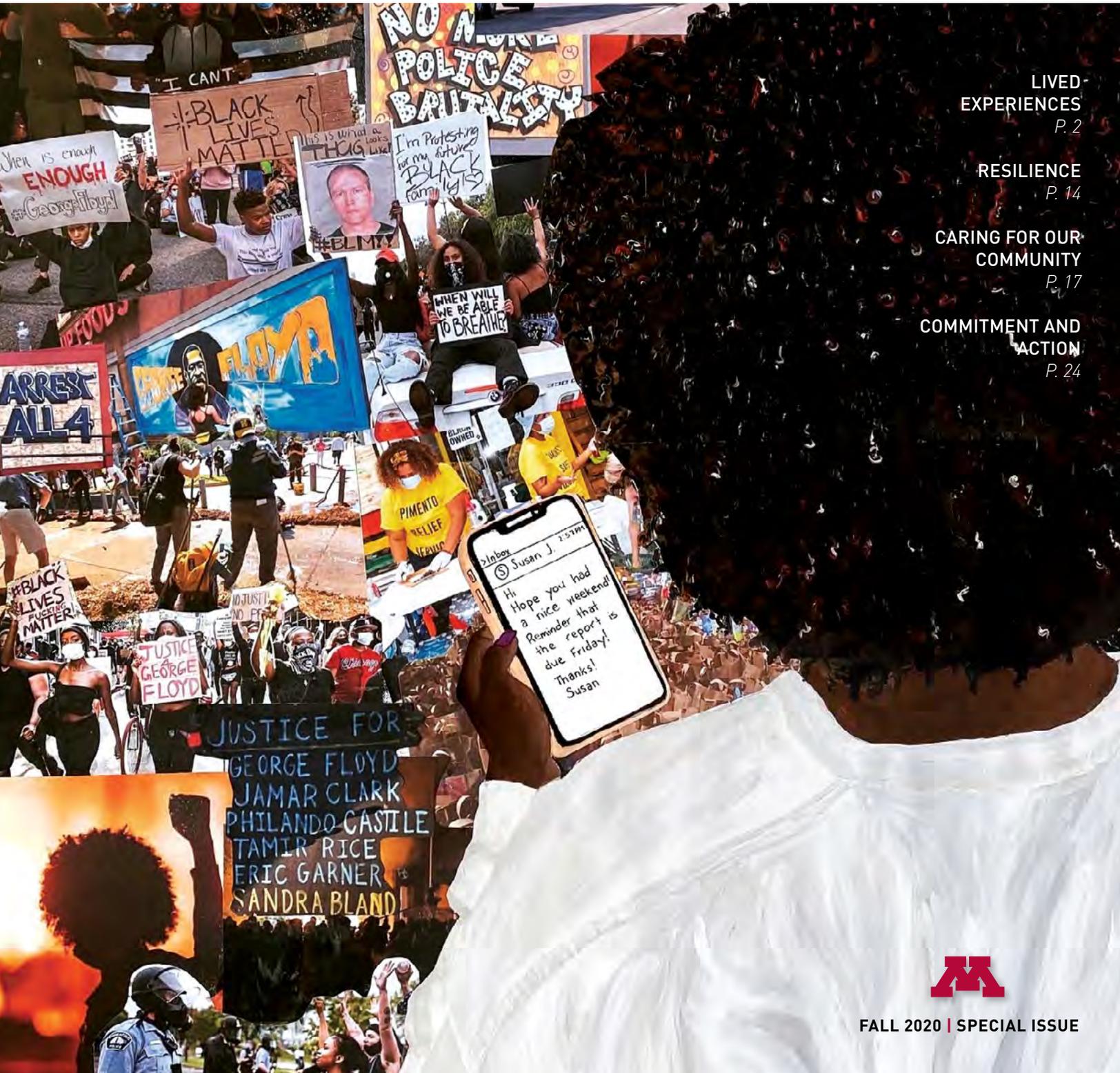


CEHD connect

THE MAGAZINE OF THE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION AND HUMAN DEVELOPMENT



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FALL 2020 | SPECIAL ISSUE

From the guest editors

GEORGE FLOYD—an unarmed, handcuffed, African American man—was murdered by Minneapolis police, in broad daylight, at the intersection of 38th Street and Chicago Avenue on May 25, 2020. Specifically, a White police officer was recorded for 8 minutes and 46 seconds as he knelt on George Floyd’s neck. Three additional police officers were charged with aiding and abetting this murder of George Floyd. Despite the cries of witnesses, no one stopped this killing.

The death of George Floyd is *not* a question of martyrdom or heroism, rather it is the fact of another Black life lost at the hands of the police in America. His killing launched protests and calls for change that evoke the U.S. Civil Rights movement of the 1960s. Minneapolis howled, raged, and burned as did other towns and cities across the U.S. and the globe. We note also that George Floyd was murdered in the midst of two global pandemics, COVID-19 and systemic racism—both disproportionately killing our brothers and sisters from Black and Brown communities, other communities of Color, and low-income communities. The murder of George Floyd and the depths of racism that it has laid bare have pushed and even coerced many individuals and institutions to reflect on their policies, practices, and positions and to take up the work of dismantling racist systems that engender violence. The systemic racism that fuels police brutality—and many other injustices—*must end!*

This special issue of *Connect* brings together contributions from the larger UMN CEHD community—alumni, students, staff, faculty, and administration—as one response to the killing of

George Floyd. We see this special issue as a forum for reflecting back on and thinking ahead about our individual and institutional policies, practices, and commitments, and identifying what we need to do in order to dismantle systemic racism. CEHD received more than 80 contributions—essays, reflections, poems, art, photographs—and we are most grateful for the generosity, depth of thought, and candor of contributors. We have done our best to include as many contributions as possible in this special issue, bearing in mind that the present signals urgent, renewed calls for long overdue structural changes toward equity and justice.

We also specifically recognize that for some of our contributors, the murder of George Floyd brought into remembrance the ways in which they (we) have been systemically oppressed. We read the pain of the everyday experiences of those of us who are relegated to the margins. To you especially, we are so very grateful for giving of yourself in ways that are not required of you.

Nikole Hannah-Jones, the award-winning creator of the 1619 Project, noted in her article in *The New York Times Magazine* (June 30, 2020):

In his 1933 book, The Tragedy of Lynching, the sociologist Arthur F. Raper estimated that, based on his study of 100 lynchings, White police officers participated in at least half of all lynchings and that in 90 percent of others law-enforcement officers “either condone or wink at the mob action.”

After seeing a photograph of the 1930 lynching of three men in Marion, Indi-

ana, Abel Meeropol, a White, Jewish high school teacher in New York City, wrote the song “Strange Fruit” in protest and it was rendered famous by the singing of Billie Holiday. Mind-bogglingly, the fight to make lynching—a public spectacle of the killing of African Americans, in the context of U.S. history—a federal crime *continues to-date*, with Senators Kamala Harris and Cory Booker leading the charge. Indeed, “Strange Fruit”—which became an international anthem for justice and civil rights decades ago—remains relevant today, as painfully evidenced by the killings of George Floyd and so many other Black folx at the hands of police. Following the recommendation of the late Civil Rights legend, Congressman John Lewis, we need to “get in good trouble, necessary trouble.”

The present, then, is not as different from the past as we might hope. So, what must we do for the future? What legacies will we commit to leaving for the next generation of Americans in our diverse, digitized, globalized world, in rural, suburban, and urban contexts? What is our first step? And then our second? And third? And... until we attain equity, justice, peace.

This special issue includes your answers/musings/reflections on some of these questions. In particular:

- *How does this moment resonate? CEHD stakeholders describe their responses to the events of May 25 and what has emerged since.*
- *How do we parent in an uprising? An essay from OLPD PhD student, Leah Fulton, is accompanied by reflections and photos*

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from other parents in our larger CEHD community.

- *Whose deaths matter (and why)? Essays from alumni Stephanie Morrisson Gandy and Chelda Smith are among the contributions that speak directly to this.*
- *What can CEHD do to reflect a commitment to racial justice? Various CEHD stakeholders offer recommendations.*
- *What actions can CEHD take in the future? The college's senior management team offers its commitments.*

The College of Education and Human Development works to develop and nurture problem solvers, advocates, and leaders who contribute to a just and sustainable future. Given the work of CEHD across the life span, our opportunity to contribute to a transformation in the ways that racism and racial injustice are understood, navigated, and—hopefully—remedied, is immense. This issue serves to remind us of that responsibility and to begin a conversation about what our roles, individually and collectively, will be...now and next.

SAIDA ABDI | ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

NINA ASHER | PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF CURRICULUM AND INSTRUCTION

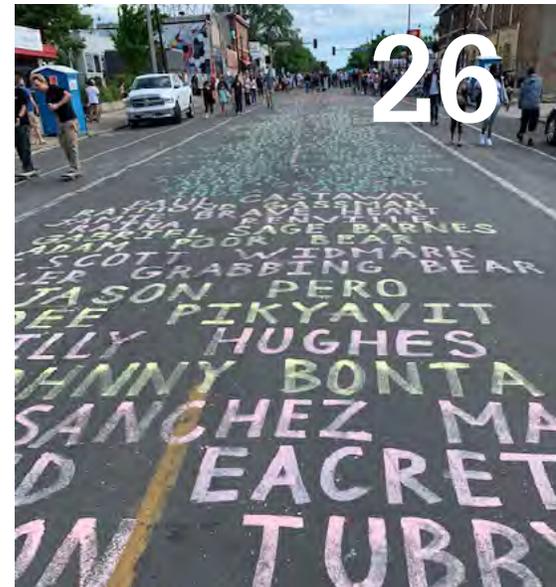
STEFANIE L. MARSHALL | ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF CURRICULUM AND INSTRUCTION

TANIA D. MITCHELL | ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF ORGANIZATIONAL LEADERSHIP, POLICY, AND DEVELOPMENT



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ON THE COVER *Our Weekend*—the general disregard people privileged enough to ignore racism have for the experiences of Black Americans. While people in a position of privilege are able to prioritize their work and return to their lives as usual, Black Americans have to do so much emotional labor while combating racism daily.

CREATED BY Asha Omar, PhD student, Department of Curriculum and Instruction

RACISM

A routine day

Anonymous

At the core of racism is the assumption that a “lesser” person is lacking in comparison with a “superior” person. In academia, this translates into an assumption that the lesser person is deficient with regard to scholarship, teaching, or service.

I am not questioning the existence of variation in quality or merit. I have served on three editorial boards of prestigious scholarly journals. I have refereed over 100 manuscripts. I regularly apply judgments regarding merit.

My observation, however, is that standards vary. I see this whenever a journal editor sends blinded copies of all manuscript reviews, plus his/her decision letter, to the referees who wrote the reviews as well as to the author of a manuscript submission. This practice promotes transparency in the editorial review process. It also reveals variation in the standards applied by referees and journal editors. In numerous cases, I observe that my standards are higher than the standards applied by other referees, or the standard applied by an editor who accepts, for publication, a manuscript that I have critiqued.

When I compare the syllabus for a

course that I have designed with a syllabus created by a different instructor for a similar course, I can see differences in the topics that are covered, the nature of the assignments, and the intended outcomes.

When I review curricula vitae for other faculty members, I see what they are counting as “service.” I can compare these contributions to the types of service that I have contributed.

There are clear differences in values, priorities, and standards with regard to “what counts” as excellence in scholarship, teaching, and service.

I observe that my values, priorities, and standards are well-aligned with the University of Minnesota’s mission statement—“To extend, apply, and exchange knowledge between the University and society by applying scholarly expertise to community problems”—as well as the University’s directive to engage with society’s “Grand Challenges.” I observe that the work of other faculty is less-aligned with the University’s mission statement and directive to engage with society’s Grand Challenges. In some cases, I struggle to understand the relevance and significance of the work that

other faculty members produce.

My experience as a person of Color, however, is that certain members of the dominant culture make the assumption that their contributions are more significant than mine. They apply their own values, priorities, and standards and arrive at the conclusion that they are more deserving of esteem and respect. They feel entitled to act disrespectfully, to deliver barbed comments about the quality of my contributions, and to make and share false statements about me.

Within their culture, this type of behavior appears to be accepted. Positions of authority, and advancement within the profession, are controlled by individuals who share their values, priorities, standards, and judgments. Racism, and racist acts, pass unnoticed because members of the dominant culture do not see these acts as racist. Instead, they see their actions as perfectly justified, normal, routine responses to the failure of lesser persons to adhere to community standards and expectations. Much as Derek Chauvin saw himself as just another police officer responding to a routine call, in a routine way, on a routine day.

PAIN RESURFACES

For over 40 years, I have suppressed the pain and trauma from being bullied and mistreated simply because of my ethnicity, my race. The murder of George Floyd resurrected the pain from deep in my memory—pain that had to be pushed aside in order to move forward. The cumulative effect of so many racist experiences has instilled fear, self-doubt, unworthiness, and insecurity within me.

—MANI VANG, CEHD HUMAN RESOURCES



Through what lenses are you seeing racism?

Laura Miranda Bottenfield, '17 MEd

In the face of so much hurt, pain, and injustice, I have been searching internally for what to say, what to do, how to make a difference, and how to “be the change.” We are faced with two pandemics: COVID-19 and racism. I am hopeful that a vaccine will be developed and COVID-19 will be eradicated, becoming a thing of the past. Eradicating racism however, a pandemic that has been in the U.S. for over 400 years, will take more than a quick shot in the arm.

I am a Latina woman, with the ancestry of slavery running in my veins, like most Latin American people. While I feel that the challenges for growth opportunities in corporate America are similar between Blacks and women, especially non-White women, I am still considered “White” and as such have many privileges.

It never occurred to me when we moved to our neighborhood to send an email to the “Neighborhood Watch” group with a picture of my son to alert the community that he was my son, that he belonged in this neighborhood, that he enjoys jogging, and in silent words be really asking my neighbors to see him for whom he really is and to not call the police on him.

It never occurred to me to have a conversation with my children about being pulled over and having a gun on their heads anywhere, even in the fast-food lane at McDonalds, when they turned 16 and were overjoyed with the ability to drive. It never occurred to me to talk with my children about understanding that they could have car keys thrown at them at a valet parking when they were just trying to get to a restaurant. Or that they would be asked to clean golf clubs at a golf course while trying to play golf.

I lost my composure when hearing a friend state that if she reported every time her elementary school-age Black son experienced racism, two things would happen: 1) she would not get off the phone as bullying and racism against her son happened many times throughout the day and, 2) by calling several times and being upset about racism against her son, it would only

exacerbate the situation. Eventually, it could turn against her as being just another “hysterical, loud, aggressive, without control Black woman.” I am not sure about

you, but I know that I would have been the “Mama Bear” if anybody mistreated my children at school. I would demand prompt action for the issue to be corrected immediately. As a matter of fact, I founded a very successful K-12, tuition-free, liberal arts, college preparatory school just so that my children, and many other children, could receive the best education possible. Not being able to stand up for my children, not being heard, not being taken seriously, and being brushed aside as another stereotypical angry Black woman would have

sent me through the roof.

In trying to make sense of all of this, I am trying to educate myself. I am listening intently, reading purposefully, and searching for knowledge that in reality has been right in the open, right in front of me, but is just now sinking in. In the last few weeks I have learned a couple things I would like to share. You may know these already and I do not mean to offend. I am being transparent and humble as I am learning. Here is what I have learned and some ways I found we could help: Bring a sense of responsibility and problem-solving spirit.

Instead, I brought guilt—thinking that

“Eradicating racism however, a pandemic that has been in the U.S. for over 400 years, will take more than a quick shot in the arm.”

TAKING PRIVILEGE FOR GRANTED

We live in a beautiful neighborhood and worked hard to get here. We were born working-class poor and the first generation of our families to go to university. Incredible opportunities presented themselves. We took our privilege for granted, and never for a moment feared a knee to the neck. We are the problem. Our privilege stands on the necks of the underprivileged.

—IRENE ELIZABETH HEPBURN, '89 MEd

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expressing guilt and how bad I was feeling was helping. I quickly realized that the Black community is already in too much pain. Dealing with wounds hundreds of years old that cannot heal and have not healed. They have no energy left to deal with our White guilt. Bring a sense of responsibility and a problem-solving spirit. They need us to use our White privilege to bring about change.

Educate yourself. There are many resources available. The stories I shared above about racism are not new. Our Black brothers and sisters deal with the raw experience of systemic racism every day, everywhere: in schools, colleges, and

universities; the health system; housing; policies; corporate America; and the list goes on. Andrés Tapia, a senior client partner at Korn Ferry and author of the book *Auténtico: The Definitive Guide to Latino Career Success*, recently wrote an article “Being a true White ally against racism.” In it, he recommends a few authors to help us with our understanding of racism, such as W.E.B. Du Bois, Michelle Alexander, James Baldwin, and Robin DiAngelo. I would add Ibram X. Kendi and his book *How to Be an Antiracist* to the list and there are many more. And if you have not read *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass*, start here.

Listen without rationalizing. What

lenses are you using when you see the “modern day lynching” of George Floyd? My Black colleagues have opened my eyes to the fact that the minute most of us start hearing about the Black experience is the minute most of us start rationalizing. The ability to listen deeply, to listen for understanding without judgement or without shifting the focus on us is a leadership skill we should all strive for.

Choose a side. I choose the side of justice, the side of equity, the side of anti-racism. Not just for a few days or a couple of weeks as the pain of the vaccine shot in the arm dissipates. I am in this for the long haul. I hope you are too.

Reflecting on my race journey

Bhaskar Upadhyay, Associate Professor, Department of Curriculum and Instruction

Mr. Floyd’s murder by law enforcement in Minneapolis on top of the utter hardships brought on by COVID-19 has made me reflect on my own experiences with race. I have experienced racial discrimination in different forms, some in subtle ways and others more direct and in your face. On the matters of race, I have struggled to explain what race means to my family members in Nepal, colleagues, collaborators, and students who didn’t grow up in the U.S. or countries like the U.K. Therefore many international readers of this reflection may not consider what I am about to share here as racial discrimination and prejudice, but rather with a different label such as caste (I belong to a Brahmin caste), Indigenous, SES, ethnicity, etc. All of these various labels of discrimination are about race in a different name where the key underly-

ing theme is “master-slave relationship,” creating a social structure of “organizing human beings based on differences” to “preserve existing power structures.” This is my experience in given contexts, times, places, and with the individuals I encountered that may or not be similar to that of others. Therefore, readers should be aware of this context. My first encounter with demeaning racial experience took place in India when a group of adults called me “Bahadur.” I was 16 years old then. One of the adults asked me if I was looking for a “dishwasher job in a restaurant.” They added something like “if you were a little older you could be hired as night-watchman for a rich family’s home...that’s what most ‘Bahadurs’ do.” I have experienced this name calling many times over whenever I have travelled there, in most cases in the

Hindi-speaking regions. In a literal sense “Bahadur” means “brave,” but if an Indian calls a Nepali “Bahadur” rather than by his/her/their name or a relational title such as brother, sister, aunt, grandmother, etc., then it’s directed to impose power over that Nepali. “Bahadur” was not a compliment, but telling me, in no uncertain terms, that “you are an illiterate, poor, dumb, uneducated” individual whose personal identity can be taken away in a flash—I was not “Bhaskar,” but “Bahadur,” about whom nothing more needed to be respected and learned. This singular label is a British colonial legacy of recruiting Nepali citizens to serve in the Indian and British militaries as Gurkhas, which still continues.

My travel to the U.K. in 1994 was my next international experience with racial discrimination. I was there on a British government fellowship to learn about assessment in general but with specific focus on how the University of Cambridge Local Examination Syndicate (a non-teaching department of the University of Cambridge) developed, validated, and graded



UNFREEDOMS

As Ruth Wilson Gilmore explains, the geographies of capitalism require inequality while racism enshrines it, mainly through the carceral state. Since slavery and Reconstruction, the bodily movements of Black people in public space have been subjected to surveillance, suppression, and dehumanization. This has given the justice system legal grounds to deploy warrantless searches, racial profiling, and stop and frisk. Floyd's moves were assumed to be furtive and this made his body susceptible to arrest, as well as death. The last moments of Floyd's life, captured and spread by mobile devices, evoked this history of racial violence in ways we cannot unsee and unhear, making it clear that the unfreedoms of Black people can lead to state sanctioned terror and violent death.

—EZEKIEL JOUBERT, '19 PHD

K-12 assessments. I was with a colleague of mine when a White immigration officer asked us to produce evidence that our visas were “not forged.” By the way, both of our visas had “gratis” endorsements. The immigration officer then wanted to know why my colleague's visa number and mine were not continuous. He then asked who had the missing visa to the U.K. I bluntly responded, “Ask your embassy in Nepal.” Reflecting now, very likely not the best

response to an immigration officer, but I was too upset to care about his decision after 14 hours non-stop travel. I was ready to head back home. The officer then called another White immigration officer to interview me in a separate room and added something like “I need to be extra vigilant with people like you.” By now, it's been more than an hour since the initial meeting. I was beyond caring about learning anything at the University of Cambridge. At that moment, I felt like “I had to sell my dignity; somehow be grateful; and assume silence.” My interpretation of this incident was that accented, Brown, and poor are guilty before a crime is committed and are unwanted in White peoples' places. I first encountered what race meant in the context of the U.S. when Mr. Amadou Diallo, a Guinea immigrant, was killed by a White New York City police officer in February 1999. I had been in the U.S. just six months for my graduate study at Teachers College, Columbia University. It shook me to the core and all the stereotypes of NYC that I had learned from Hollywood movies in Nepal became real. This incident also made me aware of my immigrant status and extreme vulnerability I carried with me. One byproduct of this experience was an impetus for my interest in equity, diversity, and social justice in science education. I was not wrong about my racial vulnerabilities when I joined my current department at the University of Minnesota in 2004. I was very aware that as a junior non-tenured faculty whose work focused on equity and diversity in science education, I had to be extra cautious about how and what I shared and said. My interactions with a number

“For me, the cautionary signs as an immigrant faculty never left and probably will never leave.”

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of White colleagues, then and still now, were respectful, but very guarded because I had heard statements like “being diverse gives me tenure easily,” “multicultural and diversity are wishy-washy research,” and “nobody reads diversity work.”

These statements were cautionary signs to me as a junior immigrant faculty of my place in the hierarchy of the academy in an R1 university and how I was supposed to play in the system. For me, the cautionary signs as an immigrant faculty never left and probably will never leave. Similarly, when I first taught a diversity

equity course in science education, many White MED students and doctoral students questioned the value of it in science, which still happens in my field. But the larger point from a number of White students was about trustworthiness of a Brown faculty talking about diversity, equity, and race in science education.

My encounters with racial discrimination are mine and the interpretations are mine. The members from a dominant community (Whites in the U.S. and/or another group in another country) have to recognize that injustices, large or small, have an intentional historical arc of harm and marginalization against a group or groups. Race is one of those intentional harms in whatever form it manifests in any context, place, and time—name calling to questioning equity and diversity work. Institutions, groups, and individuals are all a part of human history, therefore, they have a responsibility to voice their concerns and take actions for injustices and show empathy not just in words, but in healing actions toward those who suffer from any real or perceived prejudices.

LIVED EXPERIENCES



Did race play a role in my departure?

*Na'im Madyun,
former CEHD associate dean*

By the fall of 1997, I was a doctoral student in CEHD. I would become a teaching specialist in the General College while getting married, having children, and continuing my doctoral studies. In 2005, I became a professor. In 2011, I had the honor of giving the undergraduate commencement address for CEHD. A year later, I achieved tenure. On December 3, 2013, I became an associate dean of undergraduate education. On August 5, 2019, I left the University of Minnesota completely.

Out of all the theories, speculations, and other forms of sense making I heard as to why I left, the more intriguing and ironic ones elevated race.

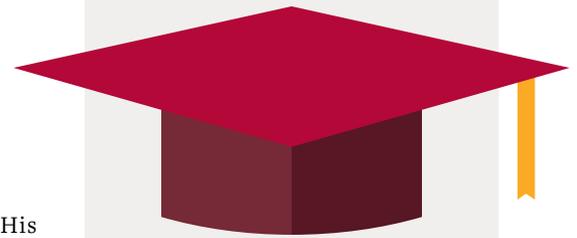
Did race play a role in my departure? The murder of George Floyd answers the question quite easily. I didn't realize how elegantly his murder could provide insights into the complexity of the unease around race until his murder was officially recognized as a murder. No longer did anyone need to worry about theorizing, speculating, or being insensitive when saying, "George Floyd was murdered by a police officer." A post-mortem examination protected the articulation of that statement. Yet, many still struggled to talk through, write down, or think aloud the publicly permissible statement. Other statements became easier to elevate. His death was tragic. (...even Sophocles

must weep at this particular one) His loss was indefensible. (...something bad happened and that bad thing should not have happened!!)

He didn't deserve to die. (...even though he didn't live a particularly clean life) This can happen anywhere. (...something other than the Twin Cities should have the main attention) We are all in shock at this moment. (...) For me, the statement of shock was the toughest to absorb. I kept wondering what will happen after we adjust to being shocked?

"I couldn't avoid the private calculation of how my race played a role in the interaction."

When I was in the first and second grades, I scored at the 99th percentile on all my standardized test scores. I remember finally sharing with my mom the frustration of not getting to 100 percent. She laughed and said, "I believe 100 percent is reserved for geniuses." From that point on, I would introduce myself to people and say "guess what, I'm one point from a genius!" In the third grade, I moved from my neighborhood school to the district-wide elementary school. Despite stellar grades and being one point from a genius, I was placed in a lower track. I remember feeling betrayed by the many Black people who told me I was a great student and a good kid. After a few months, I was moved to the top track where my eyes were greeted by a sea of White students. I remember believing that these White students must have achieved that 100 percent. I remember feeling that I didn't belong, but I had a responsibility to stay. It would take years to recapture the joy and confidence I had before being shocked by that tragic, indefensible, all-too-common educational experience that I didn't deserve. I spent most of my elementary to high school years trying



NEGROS CAN ONLY

BE TEACHERS

My first student advisor in interior design told me that I "shouldn't major in interior design because Negroes cannot be interior designers. They can only be teachers." She killed my dream of being an interior designer, as well as my enthusiasm. As I mentally struggled to finish the program and get my degree, I found that my final project with design boards got destroyed because the perspective drafting class instructor did not believe that I had drafted/designed them myself. (I had worked very hard on those design boards and they were my best work. I was and still am crushed that they were destroyed after I turned them in.) As a result, I lost my confidence and never practiced interior design after graduation. And, I didn't attend my graduation ceremony. (I was on the St. Paul campus 1969 to 1973.) I requested a different advisor after that first advisor, but I never fully recovered. I ended up in a couple of other professions after that. It changed the whole trajectory of my life. I am now almost 70 years old and ended up being the first African American to be licensed in Oriental medicine in Minnesota. I am self-employed and now own two acupuncture clinics.

—CASSANDRA ROBERSON,
'73 BS

hard to study people and “culture” so I could avoid being shocked like that again. Who wants to absorb the shock from statements of racial pain? Who wants to know that as a graduate student a police officer questioned my friend’s motive for using an ATM in Dinkytown since his driver’s license showed St. Paul as his residence? We both were standing there, but the officer said my friend was the one that looked at him suspiciously. That look was why he got out of his patrol car. My friend couldn’t settle his body afterwards and I was relieved that I didn’t give the same look. Who wants to know that I fell asleep in my office as a professor one evening only to be awakened by three janitors who asked me to show proof of my I.D.? After I produced my license, they asked me to prove that my key still worked. My hand shook as I tried to pick out the right key on the first try.

Who wants to know that it would become exhausting processing the many different, never-ending ways that people would articulate that my blackness was an asset to leadership? Who wants to know that it became existentially confusing to observe race being used as currency in one breath and then as a tax with another breath depending on the economics of the moment?

Who wants to know that it became comically paralyzing hearing the many compliments of how beautiful my large family was when I was struggling to keep my home together? There was a self-imposed pressure of trying to prove Daniel Patrick Moynihan wrong.

Every encounter, whether necessary or not, I couldn’t avoid the private calculation of how my race played a role in the interaction.

Why did they look surprised when I

made that point?

Is the condescension because of my age?

Was that a smirk before saying “Dean Madyun?”

What do you mean I’m not using all my power?

Would this trust feel different if I was not Black?

Do I have a responsibility to add my own thoughts or allow this already uncomfortable conversation to end?

Am I *The Spook Who Sat by the Door*, the spy who sat inside the door, or the spirit of the door?

How is this person seeing me?

The statements we do not make about race, racism, and its accompanying pains provide elegant insights into what we are ready and willing to face. Did race play a role in my departure from the University of Minnesota?

EXPERIENCE WITH POLICING

We have work to do, only if we are willing

Bodunrin O. Banwo, '20 PhD

In 2018, the University of Minnesota’s police department sent out an all-campus email and alert with a mugshot picture of a robbery suspect who turned out to be the wrong person. The mugshot was of an innocent Black man with dreads who was oddly similar to me. I remember thinking at the time that this man looking back at me from my computer screen could be my ticket to being murdered by the police. In class, I began strategizing how I was going to get off campus, to my home—and safety. I started thinking of

ways to hide my hair, which direction I was going to walk, and how to respond if some well-meaning student, doing their public duty, called the police to report a Black man with dreads attempting to leave campus in a hurry. During my walk home, I began to wonder, what if in the dark and cold a well-meaning police officer rolled up on me and shot me or killed me. I raised this concern with the University’s police department the next day. I told them they put every Black man on campus in danger, and that it made people fearful of a place

they were paying tuition to have access to. Interestingly, the officer told me that the description came from the victim minutes after their robbery. He said they just took photos out and asked the person to pick one. Anyone who deals with trauma can understand this practice is horrific policing, and the officer admitted as much. It is bad practice to ask someone in crisis to give accurate information about their attacker. However, what made this most egregious to me is that the University police department was practicing horrific policing at a university that researches policing. If a university can not get policing right, what hope do we have for anyone else? This seemingly uncaring action was when I began to feel unsafe being on campus, which is why I started

LIVED EXPERIENCES

actively avoiding the space. Indeed, when I did work with Black male students at the University, I found that the feeling of not feeling safe on campus was not unique to me; it was something each of the participants spoke about. The challenge we have in front of us is an opportunity to remake the world we are in. Anything less would be an insult to George Floyd and his dream of making change. The question we have to ask ourselves, particularly at this moment: “Is our house in order?” Are we living up to our better angels, or do we need to do deep self-reflection about our positions and our thinking? From my work with Black males at the University, we have significant work to do, and it is more profound than just diversity training or using the proper pronouns and nomenclatures. What OUR students in the streets protesting are telling us is that they are ready to take on this challenge and that 40 years of diversity talk has not worked.



The sore of racial injustice—working while Black

Deseria Galloway, '94 MSW

George's death highlights a larger and more devastating condition permeating throughout law enforcement.

I was a child protection investigator for almost 24 years. During the course of conducting an investigation, the person I was at the home to investigate, unbeknownst to me, called the police and reported that I was trying to break into her home and tore the screen door off its hinges.

As a result, the police came four cars deep, with guns drawn, one demanding that I put my hands on the steering wheel, while the other officer was demanding my I.D. I was completely confused and



— *The Weekend* by PhD student Asha Omar—
“I was specifically trying to capture the daily struggles of Black Americans, and in particular the struggles of the weekend after George Floyd was murdered, who have to show up in the workspace like everything is OK when the world around them, concerning their survival and mattering, is shaken.”

caught off guard, shaking in my boots. I heard one officer on radio said we have one Black female suspect in the car and in search of the second suspect (which they never located). I was so messed up, I found two I.D.s: one was my University of MN I.D. and the other was my driver's license and business card. I threw them out of the crack of the window while the officer kept using his baton to hit my windshield

as he was yelling at me. He never really permitted me to speak. It was not until one of the officers (female) said, “Something is not right here. I do not believe that this was a burglary in progress.” Only after 25 minutes did the officers put the guns back into their holsters. They started leaving one by one, but the officer who kept hitting my windshield with the baton pulled his car around and parked in front of me and

sat there an additional 15 minutes after he told me I was free to go. He never gave an apology or anything. I was so messed up crying. I returned back to the client's door and she answered and said, "Oh, I thought you were going to hurt me." My reply to the client was "Let's just get through this investigation." The next day, I reported the incident to my supervisor. Nothing ever happened as a result. I did nothing wrong "working while Black," but I was treated like a criminal and demeaned by both the client (White woman) and six officers (all of whom were White). There is nothing worse than being viewed as a threat just because of the color of your skin. The officers were successful at demeaning and devaluing who I was as a human being.



Flashback to '64

David Nathanson, '73 PhD

I was registering voters in the South in the early 1960s. In a mixture of youthful curiosity and absolute stupidity, I attended a KKK rally advertised as "open to the White public" in South Boston, Virginia. Marshall Kornegay, the Grand Wizard of the KKK, said to me, "Where you from, boy?" when he heard my New York accent. Confederate flags were shoved in front of my face. Angry looking security, wearing fatigues and what looked like World War II army helmets, approached my friend

Rick and me. I heard Kornegay's voice in the background say, "Get them off the field." I was sure it was 1864. Rick and I ran toward my car, a 1964 Oldsmobile. No, I wasn't a time traveler.

When I saw the murder of George Floyd on TV, I thought of the KKK rally 56 years ago. *The more things change, the more they stay the same.* A not-so-obvious characteristic, my accent, almost got me killed. What must it be like for people who have something as obvious as a different skin color? Walking, driving, jogging while Black means, I assume, always looking over your shoulder, always being wary, always hoping those in power are reasonable people. I try to be optimistic, but then I see what happened to George Floyd, and the unyielding 40 percent who support Trump, and I'm saddened. All we can do is keep fighting and try to elect leaders who are decent human beings. The police killing Floyd was the trigger, but the general atmosphere of distrust, selfishness, and ignorance was the ammunition.



Why I am a cynic

Donald Welch, '62 General Education

After I graduated from the U of MN in the winter quarter of 1965, I began a Peace Corps 10-week training program at Springfield College in Springfield, Massachusetts. While I was nearing the end of my training program, one night I witnessed the tail-end of a police action taking place. It was a raid on a bar in a Black neighborhood in Springfield. When I asked some Black individuals in the area what was happening, I got a cool reaction, and even non-responses. Apparently I was seen as the enemy since my skin is white. Then all of a sudden, all hell broke loose.

TOO COMMON A REFRAIN

I am so very well aware of Mr. Floyd's murder and all the other Floyds who have died at the hands of the police. My brother was murdered, shot in the back six times while handcuffed lying face down. They would have gotten away with it if it had not been for the coroner and his wife passing by. Seven days later our next-door neighbor of 17 was shot in the back three times on suspicion of stealing a watch which he never had. These are not the only stories; there are so many more I witnessed. I was in the south when Emmett Till was murdered. I was 10 years old. I watched the Klan travel through the countryside with hoods on and torches blazing, terrifying the people who lived there. Fast forward to the north: My aunt migrated to Minnesota in 1944 during the great migration, my mother migrated to Chicago at the same time, and an uncle was chased out of Mississippi by the Klan for working on the voter registration drive. Trading one Jim Crow town for another. My mother lost a son and I a brother; Black mothers have never been able to sleep at night for fear of losing their sons and now their daughters. I raised four boys and a girl here in Minnesota and as teenagers they experienced so much racism—especially the boys being above six-feet tall—harassed at school and in the community. Had I known beforehand I don't think I would have settled here because of the covert racism, the kind of racism that is the hardest to fight. Even in the south and in Chicago it wasn't much of a fight because you knew where you stood and you stayed on your side. You worked together, but you didn't play together. Maybe this time there will be change. I will continue to make a difference where I can.

—PORTIA MCCLAIN, '07 MED

LIVED EXPERIENCES

A policeman approached a parked car filled with Black individuals. He opened the back door of a vehicle and started to pull out a male occupant from the backseat. When he got the man out he started beating him with his police baton. He was joined by several other police officers, and they proceeded to drive the man toward a paddy wagon parked nearby as they beat the man unmercifully. Once in the paddy wagon, several officers jumped inside and continually beat the man with their clubs. At no time was the victim resisting arrest. He only raised his arms to protect his head. The police were so intent with their beating that they did not pay any attention to me nearby, an eyewitness. I was in shock. When I retreated from the beating scene, another officer ran over to another car that was occupied by one Black man. The officer pulled him out of the car and hit him with a blow to the top of his

head, splitting his head wide open. What I witnessed was blatant police brutality. Although I was scared to get involved, I agreed to do so because of my conscience after seeing such an injustice. I was young and naive. I thought such type of police behavior only happened in the Southern states that were actively fighting against racial integration at the time. These victims of the police beatings were charged with resisting arrest. When I came to court to testify, I was brought into the district attorney's office. He tried to persuade me not to testify on behalf of the defendants, even insinuating it was not in my future best interest to do so. Under oath, I testified in court that the accused were not resisting arrest, and the situation was more on the order of a police riot. Despite my testimony, the defendants were found guilty of resisting arrest. It was a kangaroo court. They disregarded my testimony.

That was over 50 years ago. Nothing much has changed in those 50-plus years. As an older man I have become more cynical. Once this latest commotion over police brutality and the killing of George Floyd blows over, the bad actors in the police departments will still be around. Not much, if anything, will change. As long as the police unions defend these criminals wearing police badges, the beatings and killings will continue. Since the killing of George Floyd was recorded on a cell phone, perhaps this time the officer will be convicted and sentenced to prison for a while. While I believe the vast majority of the police are good and law-abiding, none of them are willing to blow the whistle on fellow bad cops. This fact, plus police unions defending the guilty, will assure no real change will occur in the near future. Racism is systemic in our society.

REFLECTIONS

Toward a radical Black humanity

Chelda Smith, '14 PhD

There aren't two sides to this. Black Lives Mattering is the only "side." That a debate even exists about the issue of Black lives having value is hurtful, dangerous, and damaging. It's dehumanizing. This note is written to speak to those that agree that Black Lives Matter more than it is intended to convince those who disagree. At this time, I am not willing to debate or argue my humanity to anyone, anymore. It is too costly and futile—for me.

Instead, my purpose is to unpack whose

Black life matters because I realize for most, Black lives or the Black community is synonymous with Black cisgender heterosexual men. This narrow appreciation of the terms is common among both non-Black folks and Black people. So, this note is intended for those who concur that Black Lives Matter but have not radically interrogated the complexity of which Black lives have been centered, amplified, and for whom justice has been sought.

In Titus Kaphar's June 15, 2020, *Time*

magazine cover, he paints a portrait depicting the fear Black mothers feel for their children's lives. I have questions: Who is protecting the mother? Does it matter if the child is undocumented or has a disability? Does it matter if the child is Trans?

The traditional red border on the *Time* magazine cover featured the names of 35 Black men and women who've been murdered. Notably, the names of Black Trans folk murdered by police weren't included. Why not? Although Tony McDade was killed by police just days after George Floyd, the absence of his name passively justifies his death.

#BlackLivesMatter may have been a sufficient reignition to the racial justice conversation in 2013, but in 2020 and the advent of #SayHerName we must demand

that #AllBlackLivesMatter. #All, here, is about intersectionality. The qualifiers matter because the term Black does not sufficiently account for the lives of those who are multiply marginalized. This includes Weird, Queer, Trans, Hood, Incarcerated, Homeless, Undocumented, Nerdy, Fat, Dark Skin, Unemployed, Substance-Addicted, Paroled, Disabled, Underemployed, Loud, Problematic, High School Dropout, Muslim, Single-Parenting Black Lives. All Black Lives. Every Black person.

My intent isn't to disparage Kaphar or his work. Rather, I invite you to consider how much we, the public, seek to streamline a complex and systemic issue into a neat narrative with ideal victims. It's dehumanizing to limit the face of any systemic problem to just one faction. The convenience inherent in that rationalizing is akin to the practice of tokenizing outlying Black voices to affirm one's bigotry. Like those who look to Candace Owens and Ben Carson as the authority on Black

experiences while ignoring the millions of Black people stating counternarratives, the engagement is disingenuous and marginalizing if #BlackLivesMatter doesn't intentionally include ALL Black lives.

Black women EXIST and their oppression in the United States has been alongside Black men since 1619. There isn't a time in American history when Black women had the same privilege of protection as their counterparts. Black women, too, are murdered by police. Black girls are adultified by teachers and sexualized by adults. Black women's pains are disregarded by medical professionals, and their beauty is disqualified by artists. Black women are marginalized by White feminists and used by White liberals. Systemically. Black women are humans, too, and their lives matter.

These atrocities and so many others could be said of any Black person, but they are magnified when Black people exist at the intersection of multiple marginalized

identities. How do mental health professionals respond to Queer Black girls? How do educators provide equitable learning experiences for Trans and low-income Black youth? How are administrators humanizing Black immigrants with disabilities? Even in victimhood, Black people are not a monolith. Black children, women, Christians, Muslims, immigrants, and a countless list of other social locations are experi-

I SEE THE INJUSTICE TO HUMANITY AND HEAR THE WORDS FROM THE REVEREND ECHO IN MY EARS, "GET YOUR KNEE OFF OUR NECKS!"

—DAVID STAHLMANN, '87
ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

encing anti-Blackness and the violence inherent in it. The murders are the zenith of White supremacy and terrorism. However, everywhere and daily—in hospitals, at work, in schools, in the streets, in the media—Black folks are subject to micro anti-Blackness and dehumanization.

As humans, Black people are entitled to the full range of human emotion, experience, and expression available in the world. There is no quality, characteristic, behavior, or status that a person or community can take up that could delegitimize their humanity. If police could humanize Dylann Roof during his arrest enough to buy him Burger King when he was hungry, then why do any Black people have to die in police interaction and custody? Police saw the humanity in Roof's hunger after he killed nine Black Christians in their house of worship, but they couldn't humanize George Floyd or Eric Garner as they cried "I can't breathe." Again, why do any Black people have to die in police interaction and custody?

I'm tired. I said I wouldn't debate or argue my humanity to anyone anymore and yet I did. At the time of this submission, the police officers who killed Breonna Taylor, a Black woman, on March 13, 2020, have yet to be held accountable.



LIVED EXPERIENCES

CHANGES ARE NEEDED ALL THE WAY FROM THE TOP

In my lifetime I witnessed many inequities and tragic events. However, what I saw in the death of George Floyd was perhaps the most upsetting occurrence. The protestations that followed—especially the overwhelming response seen in my home state of Minnesota—have reassured and restored my belief in humanity. We need to resolve these issues on every level, starting with the executive branch of the United States.

—DAVID PETERSON, '67 BS

Not a single officer announced themselves before ramming down her door and firing 22 shots, shooting Breonna Taylor eight times, killing her. Where's the humanity? The justice? I'm tired.

#BlackLivesMatter



The revolution begins in the classroom

Patricia Rufino, Professor, Universidade Federal do Espírito Santo, CEHD Visiting Scholar

I am a Brazilian Black woman, mother of two Black boys, wife of a Black policeman, a former school teacher, and now university professor and academic director. I am the product of a land invaded by White settlers, which took our life and dignity. The fruit of Paulo Freire's teachings, which influence my political thought and activism. A descendant of kings, queens, warriors, and workers who came to Brazil enslaved. A survivor of a suffocating White supremacist school system. I am part of less than one percent of Black university professors in my country. How can I possibly express in a short paragraph a lifetime of pain and struggle?

We must realize and reflect upon the fact that racism is not an isolated problem to be solved in a laboratory, but it is our lived experiences that we are charged with understanding. The time is now to return to the political antiracist agenda of education. Whether in Brazil or the United States, the revolution begins inside the classroom.



The peoples' sentiment vs. media

Steven Pliam, Department of Family Social Science

I have noticed a disconnect between how the government and media continue to portray what's happening compared to the actual pulse of the people. For example, you constantly hear the media express the sentiment that "The death of George

Floyd was terrible but the destruction of property has to stop!" Whereas I believe that most of us who protest what we've seen align more with the reverse sentiment that "The destruction of property was terrible but the brutal police killing of Black people has to stop!"



Discovering a new power

Christina Woods, '91 BS, '95 MEd

It was three days into the protests and riots when I finally felt the deep trauma I've packed away from my life. That moment "of feeling" tore me apart in ways I thought I'd never be able to put back together. Memories suppressed from my childhood and young adult life came ripping through my body, leaving me shaking, confused, exhausted, and fearful.

After realizing this and admitting to the pain I live with due to it—I started taking advantage of a new-found power—I realized that I have a platform to share and speak about this.

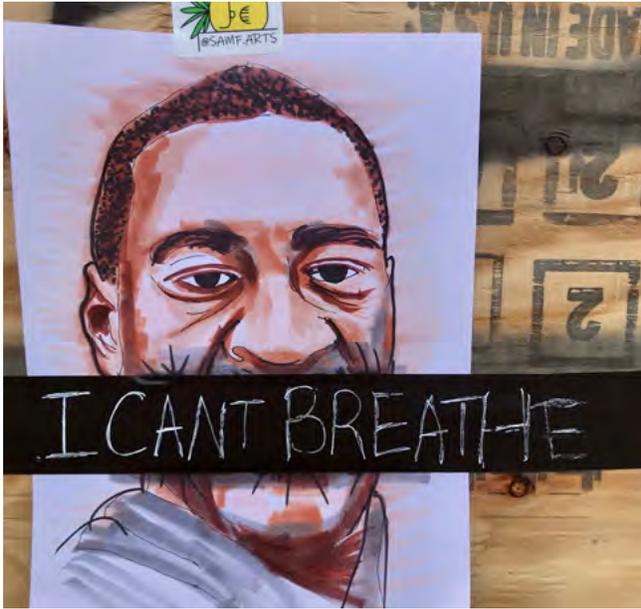
The Minneapolis protest and riot has broken open a thick vessel keeping the construct of race hidden from view. I feel it. I still shake, feel confused, exhausted, and fearful. But now, with the help of seeing so much, hearing so much, and verbalizing so much about the reality of racism, White privilege, apathy, and more—I'm feeling better, stronger, credible.

OTHER INFECTIONS

The murder of George Floyd is a harsh reminder that, even in the midst of a global health crisis, discrimination, racism, and hatred are crises of their own that continue to infect the U.S. and the world.

—ANDREW GOBRAN, '17 MA

RESILIENCE



**LET'S CONTINUE OUR FIGHT EACH
AND EVERY ONE TILL THE DUST
SETTLES AND WE CHANT IN UNISON
WE ARE ALL EQUAL!
AS ONE SOUL, ONE NATION!**

SANGHAMITRA CHAUDHURI, '11 PHD

**SHOCKING. SAD. MORALLY POOR.
HORRIBLE EVENT. LOST LIFE AND
CALL FOR CORRECTION IN POLICING.**

—DAVID LEGAN, '83 SOCIAL STUDIES



NO MORE SILENCE

There is so much push back about the riots and unrest across the country because of the injustices against African Americans and other people of Color within America. In 2019, police around the country killed 1,098 people. Black people were 24 percent of those killings despite only being 13 percent of the population, according to Mapping Police Violence. We are done being silent, and it shows that our riots and unrest have made law makers and politicians actually step up to the plate and hold the police force accountable. We tried the silence with peaceful protesting after the death of Jamar Clark, but no longer. NO MORE SILENCE.

—SHAMARIA JORDAN, YOUTH DEVELOPMENT LEADERSHIP STUDENT

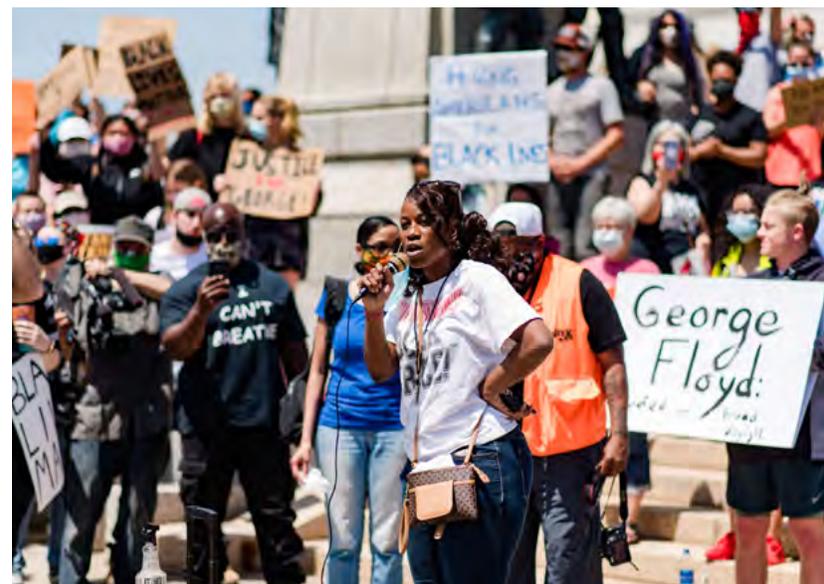


SHELBY WEISEN; SHAMIRA JORDAN; NATE WHITTAKER; FATOU BERRY; HANNAN WAZWAZ



I CONGRATULATE THOSE WHO ARE LEADING THIS FIGHT AGAINST POLICE AGGRESSION AND BRUTALITY.

DON VANOUSE, '71 ENGLISH EDUCATION





On Kente Cloth:

The Appropriation of Our Sacred Symbols

You must have really thought that you
were doing something
Dressed in our symbols of liberation
You must have really thought that you could
easily put them on
Adorn yourself in our garments
And that we would applaud and champion your efforts
Think that you were really down for the cause
And committed to the end of our oppression
As you kneeled in the halls of power
Check in with Katy and Taylor (and Miley and Kim)
They will tell you that we do not like it when you
try to be like us
We do not think it is cute, funny, or trendy,
when you take things that are sacred to us
and use them for your own gain
Like winning the next election
I know that you were trying
Trying to show us, and the world, that you are in
solidarity with Black lives
And won't tolerate White supremacist violence—
whether at the hands of a cop or some
self appointed vigilante
At least this is what I hope!
But rather than performative gestures like these
I'd prefer you pass an actual policy that gives us the
assurance that there will never be
another George Floyd, or Breonna Taylor, or
Tony McDade
That sentences cops that assault and take Black life
And moves beyond calls for police reform that do
nothing
And return the Kente cloth to its rightful owner
It doesn't belong on your necks
Not after 400 years of your knees being on ours

Ebony Adedayo

Curriculum and Instruction, 2nd year PhD Student

I Hear America Gasping

**(160 Years After the Publication of Walt Whitman's
I Hear America Singing)**

I hear America gasping,
The mechanics of the country dripping blood
spilled before our eyes,
The scaffolds shaking on cracked cement of the
Mason, whose concrete covers Indigenous bones

As if the boatman's galleys weren't filled with slaves,
Side by side, breast on breast, unable to know
about shoes, hats
Luxuries of founders' kin in houses built from
Pillaged forests overseeing farms of stolen land

America gasping, "I Can't" for all America to hear,
recognized by
Mothers, wives, and daughters and understood still
Inalienable rights collide with alienable intentions;
Gasp, "I Can't"
And you tell me what belongs to whom.

Day and night, day and night, day and night
Enslaved, lynched, segregated, redlined, profiled, murdered
The pitch may change but not the refrain
Gasping on American air

Ryan Warren, *Educational Technology Innovations*

PARENTING

Parenting through pandemic, protest & policing

Leah Fulton, PhD student, Department of Organizational Leadership, Policy, and Development (OLPD)

Mommy, why does that sign say f*ck the police?

I had not thought about what I would say to my children, but I knew that on the day following George Floyd's murder that I wanted to go to 38th and Chicago. I needed to go. We spent our first four years in the cities living in an apartment within walking distance of the murder scene and delivered all three of our children at a hospital a dozen blocks north. It was inconceivable that our neighborhood Target and Cub Foods where we had shopped for diapers and collard greens would be plastered across the national news, but in the days and weeks following his death that is exactly what happened. Living in isolation for the months leading up to that time drove me out of my home (mask in hand) to mourn with friends and strangers. Though I did not know George Floyd, the same structures that made his death possible are those that threaten my life and those of my children. My six-year-old is in the stage where he reads everything he sees and the signs strewn across the buildings along Chicago Avenue were no exception. I answered him, "They are angry because a Black man was killed here yesterday."

"Who killed him mommy?"

"The police."

"Why?"

"Because he used fake money."

"But that's not fair."

"I know, baby. You're right. That's not fair."

"Mommy, were they White?"

I was grateful that this was not our first conversation about race. Children really are always listening. Though he believes that he's "lucky to be Black" and "knows a lot about African Americans," he is also disinterested in discussing George Floyd's death or the exhibits from the Detroit African American history museum—because they give him nightmares so he tells me.

"Leah, you probably shouldn't tell them so many details." I understood exactly what my partner was saying. I do not watch horror movies and can hardly endure psychological thrillers. The images linger in my mind long after the credits are done scrolling. The scholarship tells us that children recognize racial differences before they are a year old, exhibit implicit racial bias by the time they are three years old, and notice differential treatment based on those differences by the time they are four years old (Perszyk, Lei, Bodenhausen, Richeson, Waxman, 2019). It is uncomfortable, painful even, to describe these events to children, but withholding

context does not safeguard them from the formation of living in a racialized society. This is especially true for those of us rearing children who are on the less favorable side of bias.

I did respond to my partner, "Chris, to the degree that they are able to formulate these questions, we have a responsibility to give them honest, developmentally appropriate answers." We agree on the principle of honest answers, but not the implementation.

We woke up Wednesday morning and found the kids fully dressed. "Where are you going?" I asked them. They told me they were going to the police station to protect me.

It feels like my children have discovered that the Tooth Fairy, Santa Claus, and the Easter Bunny are frauds. They know that our brown skin makes us vulnerable in ways that neither myself nor my husband can protect ourselves from—let

alone protect them. I could neither tell them that their fears were unfounded nor say that the circumstances would change anytime soon. We are committed to protect as best we can for as long as we can in every way we can. Before the week was over, the city of Minneapolis had been put on an 8 p.m. curfew, highways were closed off, and we had instructions for how to safeguard ourselves against people who meant to cause

harm to BIPOC homes and businesses.

"Leah, how much do your children know about what's happening?"

They know a lot, but they don't know everything.

"I could neither tell them that their fears were unfounded nor say that the circumstances would change anytime soon."

CARING FOR OUR COMMUNITY



When the curfew was first implemented we had them sleep in the basement. They thought it was for a movie marathon, but it was mostly our attempt at keeping them away from windows in case of incendiary devices.

Later that week I found myself compelled to be in solidarity with other people, so we stretched our pandemic practices and went to protest.

“No justice! No peace. Prosecute the police.”

“Mommy, what does that mean?”

“It means if police keep killing Black people, then we will interrupt their comfort too.”

“Why are they in the middle of the street?”

“It’s their way of saying that people can find another route or deal with the problem, but life as usual is not an option.”

Attempts to return to something closer to “normal” feel like another means by which Black life is illegible to mainstream

society. There is nothing about the state of affairs. One of my children cannot go back to occupational therapy since his clinic off Lake Street suffered severe smoke damage. Our faith community is packed floor to ceiling with donated items for North Minneapolis residents who do not have access to food. And my work caseload is heavy on meeting the needs of Black students’ whose mental health and well-being have been compromised.

Six days after the murder, the kids asked, “Mommy, can we go play in the yard?”

I paused. I was afraid. I wanted to say “no.”

There are no adequate words for parenting Black children in an anti-Black society in the midst of pandemic, protest, and policing.

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Have an ongoing dialogue with kids

Beth Lewis, Professor and Director, School of Kinesiology

I have had many conversations with my three children (two teenagers and an 11-year-old) about racism over the years. Teenagers and tweens are significantly influenced by their peers, and as a parent, I want to know what their friends are saying. Because we have had many conversations about racism, my kids confide in me when someone has said something or done something that makes them uncomfortable. We talk about how to handle these situations and the importance of speaking up. My teenagers and I have read

The Hate U Give by Angie Thomas, which is about a teenager witnessing her Black teenage friend get killed by a police officer at a traffic stop. This book was helpful in starting an ongoing dialogue with my kids about racism and the problems we have as a society. It is important to keep talking to our kids to break this cruel cycle of injustice.



Mural visits

Tasha Brynn Walvig, '05 MSW, '17 PhD

“My face is made up of tears” our six-year-old said upon hearing about George Floyd’s murder. We decided to show her how she can be part of the change we need by taking her on bike rides every week to see the murals around Minneapolis. We talk about what we see in the art, and we talk about why people choose to share it. We talk about why racism is a bigger pandemic than COVID-19. Most importantly, we talk about what we as a family are doing to challenge the systems that hold it in place.



When I grow up I want to be alive

Alecia Mobley, '03 EdD

I attended the silent clergy march led by Rev. Stacey Smith, St. James A.M.E. Church in both Minneapolis and St. Paul. My 12-year-old daughter turned to me before we left and asked with sincerity, “Do I need to wear long-sleeves and bring milk just in case we get tear gassed?” She then created a sign to march with—“When I grow up, I want to be alive.”

Jax soldiers

Jessica L. McLain, Educational Technology Innovations

The weeks following George Floyd’s murder have been a mixed bag of emotions. Emotions ranged from anger, sadness, exhaustion, fear, frustration, hopefulness, and pride. I went through each of these emotions as a White woman, living near North Minneapolis, raising two bi-racial children. I grew up in North Minneapolis. I love my city, my neighborhood, the lifelong friends I have made, and the kind of person living there has influenced me to become. I hate the destruction and violence that has occurred in my beautiful city, but not more than I hate the murder of an unarmed Black man by the hands of the police. People must understand the hurt/pain/anguish... being a White woman I am using my privilege to stand up, and speak out for POC. After all, it is our privilege that allows others to listen when we speak. I have engaged in numerous difficult conversations with family members, as well as with complete strangers, who are asking me why is this happening? And what is White privilege? I intend to keep sharing and posting information on racism, Black lives matter, and White privilege in order to make people uncomfortable and explore the issues at hand.

Recently, I attended, with my 10-year-old son, a beautiful, peaceful protest at the memorial site for George Floyd. I was overwhelmed with emotion at the sight of the destruction that took place in my city, but more so I was overwhelmed by the amount of love and kindness shown by all races who chose to come together. That’s my Minneapolis! Many have asked me why I chose to bring my son down there. They told me it was unsafe and that he was too young. The week of George’s death my neighborhood was on high alert. Constant sirens, helicopters, lots of cars with no license plates, and people who just did not belong. My son is very well aware of what is going on around him in our neighborhood, and he was scared. He asked the difficult questions like why



CARING FOR OUR COMMUNITY

is this happening, why do some people hate Black people, why are police killing people, why are people rioting, and are people going to hurt us? I took him to the memorial site so he could see the love, and many races coming together to fight for change and equality. I did not sleep well the first week. Maybe two-to-three hours of sleep at a time with any little noise waking me up and me having to go check the doors and windows again. Visiting my parents in Blaine allowed for a break from the madness in my neighborhood. It was nice. However, heading back home, the closer we got to our community, all the emotions rushed back inside of me. Passing the National Guard vehicles, soldiers, highway signs flashing “curfew in effect, get home,” many boarded-up shops, gas stations, and even some homes. My nerves and stress shot right back up.

Raising bi-racial children, I pledge to keep them aware and proud of their Black heritage. To stand for what is right, stand for equality, tolerance, and acceptance, and to continue raising them to be the strong individuals that they are so comfortable being right now. I am not looking forward to the day that I have to talk with them, especially my son, on how to manage and down play their confidence in situations where it may intimidate some White people, particularly police officers, who could see them as a threat. I pray for change. My hope is that through the current pain and protests going on we will leave the world a better/kinder/equal place for my children and all the other youth of the world.

As a White woman

raising two bi-racial children, I know their experiences in this world will not be the same as mine. I pledge to continue learning, growing, speaking up, and keeping my eyes, ears, and heart open to what is needed for change.



Free support videos

Stephanie Kennelly, '06 Elementary Education, Kathy Flaminio, '93 MSW

We want to acknowledge the vibrant network of parents, educators, therapists, and youth service workers in our city who are committed to protecting the health and safety of youth and families. These individuals know well that our children are stressed and looking for reassurance and guidance to feel safe during these traumatic times. Research shows that trauma and stress reside in the body and when not allowed to release, negatively impact physical and mental health, making trauma-responsive mind/body practices a critical support strategy.

In response to this urgent need, we at Move Mindfully® (an organization

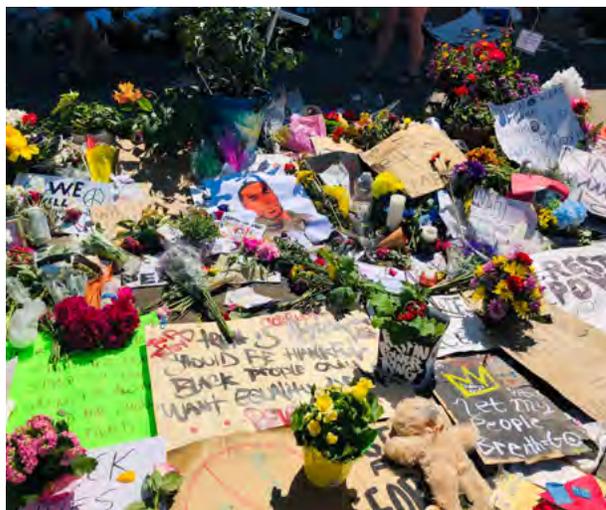
providing trauma-responsive mind/body practices for youth and adults) are offering two, free, short videos (1000-petals.com/health-and-healing-for-all) with breathing, movement, and rest practices for children and their families. The integration of positive life-affirming messages into the videos reflects our intention to remind children that so many adults (family, teachers, neighbors, and others) love them and are dedicated to keeping them safe.



Be agents of a just society

Jessica Toft, Assistant Professor, School of Social Work

Context: I live about 15 blocks south of the fifth precinct in Minneapolis and about the same distance from the murder of George Floyd. I have multiple identities in relation to the George Floyd killing: social work researcher and professor who studies poverty, race, ideology; South Minneapolis and neighborhood resident; mother and (attempted) role model for my



MARIA C. PABON GAUTIER



CARING FOR OUR COMMUNITY

Minnesota police departments need to stop acting like they did in 1968.



8:46

Dan-neya Yancey, '19 BS

If a father had 8 minutes and 46 seconds left to tell me their greatest wishes, this is what I think they would tell me:

A father's greatest wish is to witness his children grow up—to spend his days in awe, admiring all the good and beautiful parts of himself in all of his beating hearts he welcomed into this world.

His greatest wish is to pour an ocean of love into his children. An overwhelming feeling of love pulsing through their veins so that one day, when the time comes, they'll still know the feeling of what it is like to be loved by an angel on Earth.

If any father in the world had 8 minutes and 46 seconds left on Earth, I think they would also tell me this as the time winds down: “8 minutes and 46 seconds is not enough time to tell you the wishes I have for my babies because my wishes are endless.”

children (often they lead me); concerned citizen about public health/COVID; and social worker. I found myself traversing these different identities throughout. The day after the third precinct burnt down, I walked through Uptown (a place I know well) taking pictures. Few people were on the street, although shop owners were replacing their window boards with new ones already. We organized a food drive in my neighborhood. By the time the last bag was collected there were no food shelves open in Minneapolis—the food shelves had overflowed with donations. The next day, we brought the food to Calvary Lutheran Church, a block away from where George Floyd was killed. I went to the community service for George Floyd with other mothers in my neighborhood. My daughters have protested and volunteered in raising money and volunteered at food shelves.

Our helping systems—such as social work and we social workers within them—must take a closer look to understand how we, too, may be involved in shoring up inequality. We must re-engage with history, political-economic theory, and democratic philosophy and ask how we can be agents of a just society, rather than a well-regulated one.



Stop acting like it's 1968

Sarah Siwula, '73 BS

George Floyd was born the year before my oldest daughter. I can't imagine the grief of seeing your child's face squashed into the pavement. As a White Minnesota-born woman, I cried for George's family, friends, and the world. Enough is enough!

JESSICA TOFT; ALECIA MOBLEY

A GARDEN OF PEACE AND HONOR

My pain, grief, and terror led me to the earth—planting, growing, and digging was my way to find some solace. This may seem strange, but planting seeds or flowers and watching them grow gave me enough peace for the day. I subsequently wrote names of many African Americans who have been murdered over the past few years, and created tangible symbols to honor their lives.

—ALECIA MOBLEY, '03 EDD



NEIGHBORHOODS

A community comes together

Melissa Critchley, Institute on Community Integration

We used to live in Union Park, and enjoyed the perks of a rather affluent neighborhood. We chose to move to a more diverse neighborhood after my partner, a person of Color, was profiled by the police too many times for it to be coincidence while standing at the bus stop at night waiting to go to his job. It was important to both of us that we both felt comfortable in the community we chose to call our home.

We now live on the West Side in St. Paul, and through the years we noticed a distinct lack of police presence in our neighborhood. Our neighborhood is often an afterthought, because we do not have a precinct on this side of the river. I know how ironic it sounds that we moved to a neighborhood in part to get away from over policing, only to move to a neighborhood where there is under policing. I only bring this up because of what occurred in our neighborhood during the riots has been an amazing and beautiful display of

what is possible. The West Side neighborhood was concerned that our businesses could see similar fates to what was seen in other neighborhoods around the Twin Cities, especially when we have so little police presence in our neighborhood. We rely on the businesses of West St. Paul, so concerned citizens of the West Side banded together with citizens of West St. Paul and formed the West Side Guardians. We used social media to help protect our neighborhoods. We formed patrols and not only reported suspicious activity and racial harassment to police, but kept neighbors informed, as well. We shared contact information and didn't hesitate to help out neighbors who were scared and alone—

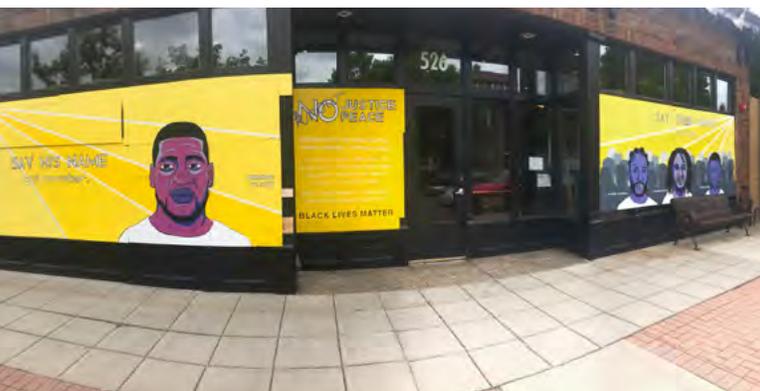
“What I witnessed was a community coming together during a terribly tough and scary time.”

the West Side Guardians made sure no one felt alone. Down by El Burrito Mercado, groups of up to 50 concerned citizens would stand guard the entire night to make sure that our beloved businesses were not damaged by looters or rioters, following the early fate of a handful of businesses down the street in West St. Paul. Even though there were so many concerned citizens that were out past curfew, the police knew we had no ill

intent and let us protect our own community.

What I witnessed was a community coming together during a terribly tough and scary time. We've been very successful in protecting our businesses and helping community members. The West Side strengthened bonds with West St. Paul, because we rely on many of the businesses down that way as well. We formed a lasting community watch, that at last glance is more than 800 members strong and growing, but most of all we built a community that I can be proud of.

KATE SENICH



VISUAL REMINDERS

I am a former U of M graduate (graduated in 2014) and am now a staff member at the Center for Early Education and Development (CEED), a temp worker for the ADAPT4U study, and I volunteer my time in a research lab at the Institute of Child Development. A few friends and I have recently put together a project to create murals around the Twin Cities honoring George Floyd, as well as others lost to racism and police brutality.

—KATE SENICH, CENTER FOR EARLY EDUCATION AND DEVELOPMENT



Supporting businesses

Irene Duranczyk, Associate Professor, STEM Education Center

I have swept the streets two blocks from my house on Lake Street, talked to the owners and workers who were there on Thursday morning, May 28, after the Wednesday night fires. On Thursday late afternoon we walked to the precinct to take in the Wednesday evening events and talked to the Ghandi Mahal family. We live and shop only in our immediate neighborhood because we have chosen to live without a car and support our neighborhood businesses, especially small businesses. That is us.

We walked the perimeter of the third precinct on Friday morning, May 29, just to make the experience real and on Monday we participated in clean up in the third precinct area sorting burnt building material: bricks, metal, and glass. After clean up we went back to the memorial site to center our thoughts and resolve. We have been back to the site one more time

since then. We have been to Powderhorn Park twice to meet with the community and our neighbors to prepare for possible disturbances in the neighborhood.

We have formed a supportive community block neighbor-to-neighbor group inviting everyone who lives on our block to meet weekly, and now biweekly, to process our experiences and continuing challenges. We have shared documents to read on race, policing, housing, homelessness, and safety. These materials have become points of discussion for our growth as citizens of one block in the Powderhorn Park neighborhood.



Reclaiming their spaces

YoUthROC Team

Recently, YoUthROC members Amina Smaller and Shaunassey Johnson organized a Northside clean up. There, we gathered supplies for youth protesters and held space to hear from community members. We have continued our new research project and held a virtual sto-

rytelling event to connect with youth activists and hear their stories. We will be researching to create a unit about youth in social movements for anti-racist organizations or ethnic studies classes.

BIPOC youth have always needed to recreate or reclaim spaces; not unlike Black lives, these spaces and programs are always at risk. Even after the publicly shared police murder of unarmed community member George Floyd, space was taken over. By whom? One of our research members, Awa Mally, has been documenting murals, asking, "Who had easy access to the plywood, store ownership, and paint? Where were the murals created by Black youth?"

We have to continually seek and apply for funding to sustain us, which doesn't allow us to collaborate as much as we would like with community and school-based organizations. Please contact us for justice-oriented youth research or training. We welcome ideas for our own sustainability. Our roots need to reach a sustainable source in order to continue to grow.

Reach us on Instagram at @youthroc.umn or email CEHD Lecturer Abby Rombalski at romba005@umn.edu.





EXPECTATIONS

Art, expression, and education

Stephanie Morrison Gandy, '19 MA

As a Black woman and CEHD alumna, seeing the brightness of Breonna Taylor's future stolen away from our community impacts me greatly. There is so much promise in this so-called American dream to work hard, go to school, and accomplish great things. Breonna lived that life. She was accomplished and looked forward to 2020 being her year, as many of us did.

Her life matters. Black women need to be recognized for our past and present contributions to a liberated and uplifted future. Black women are on the front lines every day fighting continued police aggression and dehumanization by many Americans—and oftentimes, our peers,

colleagues, acquaintances, and families. Carrying tremendous heartache, loss, pain, and resilience, Black women continue, knowing that this is our means of survival. We have no choice. We are committed to seeking justice for Breonna, for all Black women, for ourselves.

Artwork is my favorite mode of expression in response to a need for justice. I majored in fine arts during my undergraduate years at the University of Minnesota College of Liberal Arts. My work then focused on the injustices of Eric Garner, Mike Brown, and Trayvon Martin. My artwork now continues in response to the legacy of police brutality that we're

seeing today, as there has been little to no change.

Driven to do more for my community, I applied for and completed a program in CEHD for multicultural education. My hope is to apply this education for the improvement of the lives and success of BIPOC students and the greater community. I believe that art, expression, and education have significant roles to play as we continue on the road to justice. I created this drawing with this goal in mind. I challenge and charge the CEHD community to consider their commitment to ensuring that Black lives matter. This is more than a brief moment of attention. This is a lifelong learning and application process, something that CEHD students, graduates, faculty, and staff should be adept at and eager to take on. I have the sincerest hope that we can create significant change if enough hands commit to the work.



A message to ‘White’ folks in solidarity with Black lives

Nate Whittaker, School of Social Work

I knew George. He worked at Latin Bistro, where I frequent as a house music DJ. He was gentle, kind, and funny. I watched the full video of his murder and became genuinely sick (nausea and de-realization episodes—a physiological response to emotional trauma). The day following his murder, I woke to an overwhelming number of messages from my students; mostly young people asking for my thoughts on “what to do.” I understand being an instructor in the social justice field will have that outcome. I can say with full sincerity, I did not know. I believe they ALL have the tools to induce social change. This “old guy” wanted to reach out to them and ask, “what should I do?”

I have written countless times after the murder of our Black brothers and sisters (by the police) in the past decade; it could be daily. Each exercise of this sort brings me closer to a deeper revolutionary calling; that non-violence often protects the state; that our choice of a future we want will not come without resurrection; that in this future, we must not become our own monsters and grasp that a rebirth of

human decency will not be utopian. The goal may be, as Corey Robin once said, “to convert hysterical misery into ordinary unhappiness.” I want to complain about the humidity, rather than watch more murders of Black people at the hands of police.

What holds our tongue? What makes us turn our back on this future? We are certainly living in “hysterical misery.” How long do we bear witness to the struggles of others before we act? Our daily lives and history have given us plenty of examples—plenty of moments to witness. Our denial of the narratives of those who are oppressed is the same as denying the car accident that happened in front of our eyes. We speed by, while the vehicle is on fire, saying, “not really my problem” or “it didn’t happen.”



I do not believe that the majority of “White” people in America are consciously committed to White supremacy. I believe most “White” Americans are appalled at the police murders of Black people. However, most White people go along with what disturbs them; they are otherwise terrified of the pain and consequences of challenging injustice. Many White people consider the murder of George Floyd abhorrent. Sadly, once “order” is restored, so will their lives.

I am reminded that “Whiteness” is a “private club” (Noel Inghatiev). Black people will be treated with hatred by police ad infinitum. “White” people, as long as they act with courtesy to the police, that “courtesy” will predictably be reciprocated. However, if you are “White” and do not conform to the club and have an “abolish the police” bumper sticker, you’ve broken the rules of the club and will likely face an uncourteous response. How many “White” folks are willing to agitate and disrupt the rules of the club until the “rules” become meaningless? Will we perturb?

Will we tamper with the rules? Will we intrude, resist, and unsettle the club? Will we help to ABOLISH the club, and in doing so, abolish Whiteness? “Whiteness” is a social fabrication and only matters as long as one plays by the club’s rules; and, “Whiteness” requires “transmission” to others in our lives for its preservation. Will you, AT MINIMUM, stop this transmission?

I am trying to think of a response to

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those students and loved ones who have already reached out. I am struggling to find a “common action” that will satisfy their need to act in harmony with actual social change. There is a vast gap in everyone’s exit from the “club”; this makes it difficult to create any road map. I can say this: we are ALL in possession of the tools needed to act at this time. Follow the path laid before you by others in the struggle (particularly Black folks at this time); follow them; affirm your resignation from the “club” whether that be talking to other White people (very important) or joining

in a more “perilous” struggle. As I have taken my fair share of tear gas and rubber bullets, I choose to continue supporting my students, educating myself, speaking with other “White” folks, and organizing for the common good.



Looking at myself

Kelli Kern, Child Development Center

When helping my daughter deal with all of her feelings around this traumatic tragedy,

I came to realize that I needed to look at myself (in terms of racism) and how I interact and assist my preschoolers in dealing with racism in the classroom and in this country. I was taught to “celebrate diversity” but the word “racism” or “race” was never mentioned. I realized that I was lacking the knowledge to help guide my preschoolers in the area of racial development. I started looking for resources (websites, books, and videos) for myself to share with coworkers, parents, and preschoolers. I will continue to educate myself and hopefully grow in becoming



JESSICA TOFT; FRANCES VAVRUS; KIRSTEN MORTENSEN; SASHANK VAMRA

an anti-racist person.

In looking at resources, I realized that my preschoolers need to be exposed to more books of children of different races and religions, books that talked about race and explained racism in developmental appropriate methods. So this tragedy has forced me to look at myself and how I have benefited from systemic racism, how I didn't realize how racism was affecting my child on a daily basis, and how I need to grow as a preschool teacher so that I can help my preschoolers grow in their racial development.



Put higher education on notice

Abdul Omari, '15 PhD and former Regent

From a healing standpoint or going forward, it's very important we recognize that healing is a process. It's not "We have healed and we're done."

Moving forward now, we as an institution of higher education cannot maintain neutrality. We can't maintain status quo. We must remain active in recognizing the ways our higher education system has been designed for some and not others. Moving forward is chipping away at that system that is harming some but helping others. It's not only the MPD or housing or economic indicators. We are also implicated.



Early childhood educators need to take the initiative

Thuba Nguyen, Child Development Center

As early childhood educators, it is our obligation to our youngest learning cit-

A REDEDICATION TO CONTINUAL

LISTENING AND LEARNING

Throughout my life as a teacher and researcher, my focus has been on improving the literacy educational disparities of PK-12 students who have not been well served by our society or their schooling experiences. My work in rural and urban settings over the past 30 years, including partnering with teachers, parents, and policy makers—while always keeping students at the fore—has not been nearly enough. I have embraced social justice, diversity, and equity efforts to better prepare graduate and professional students in CEHD in meaningful ways, but my knowledge and efforts on how to do this are not nearly enough.

The death of George Floyd and other people of color have caused me to reflect more deeply and profoundly altered my thinking. It is uncomfortable, and I find it hard to admit that my work could well have reified some institutionalized racist practices and prevented opportunities for students. Because of my limited understanding of how easily we fall into complicity without critique, I rededicate myself to listening, learning, self-study, and continual examination. My latest readings include *White Fragility* by Robin DiAngelo (recommended by a colleague in the dean's office), and *Begin Again: James Baldwin's America and Its Urgent Lessons for Our Own*, by Eddie Glaude, Jr., a scholar and human being I admire. Author Jon Meacham—citing President Lincoln—recently asked how we might learn to live differently if we could think anew and act anew. This is my goal: To work alongside others and to act in responsible, dramatically new ways.

—DEBORAH DILLON, SENIOR ASSOCIATE DEAN

izens to speak on our solidarity to teach children about anti-bias, discrimination, racism, inclusion, tolerance, the oppression of minority and Black communities, and multiculturalism. Every life has value. Children deserve an educational space that not only represents the world around them but a world THEY have a voice and power in. Early childhood educators must take the initiative in designing and fostering a culturally inclusive classroom that increases an intellectual and emotional response from the children and their families.

As a minority and person of Color, I'm asking all early childhood education cen-

ters in Minnesota to take a stand against systemic racism and make a commitment to making changes to its operation and narrative surrounding race, anti-bias education, and social injustice. It is my complete and utter disposition to compassionately and intrinsically evolve the framework of a culturally diverse early childhood education environment that generates a strong community of early childhood educators in promoting anti-bias education and using willful language that empowers all children and members of Color, minority, or Indigenous communities.

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WE ARE ONE COMMUNITY

My affection for the University of Minnesota has lasted for three decades, along with having two of our children continuing their education career at the U. I am a high school teacher in the Minneapolis area and an alumni of the CEHD community.

We all respect and support the opportunity/empowerment to be a voice of change in our society; the University of Minnesota is a world leader in those values.

We decided as a family to go to the site of where George Floyd lost his life. Living in the suburbs of Minneapolis for 30 years, our family has been pretty sheltered from any large-scale historical moment; we needed to take our kids (age 20 and 21) to see and feel the pain and suffering the people of South Minneapolis are going through.

I have seen issues and concerns that have affected the lives of others in the USA (civil rights, protest, violence) but nothing like this has happened in our community for quite a long time; our children have not experienced anything like this before. Our kids felt the pain, felt the anger, and needed to be there. My goal as a parent was to remind our kids that we are one community. This community needs to do a better job at communicating and getting along.

I expect when the U of M students get back to school this fall, there will be a lot of conversations about the past weeks in our city. We as adults will need to be listening, but at the same time we can be giving out solid advice that will allow everyone to keep trying to make it a better world.

—DEAN JOSLIN, '78 GENERAL EDUCATION

work together to inspire and drive change. In the words of St. Francis of Assisi:

“Where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness, joy.”

I will start with myself. Let's get to work. #Blacklivesmatter



Value our educators

Anonymous

I believe that at the heart of systemic injustice for People of Color is the inequality in the education system. Not all school districts are the same, not all schools within a district are the same. It is well known that lower-income neighborhoods simply do not have the resources to provide the same quality of education as higher-income neighborhoods. If we can't provide equality of opportunity for the children in our society, we cannot expect equality of outcome. We need to change how funding and leadership works in our school districts. We need to value our educators more.



A foundation for support

Regina McNeil, '84 PhD

I remember my years at the University with fondness and I am extremely proud of my degree. Through my foundation [a private 501(c)3], I am eager to lend much more financial support to the University than I have in the past. The critical caveat is that I must be able to designate the support for Black students exclusively. Currently, our foundation is

unable to do so. One way the University can demonstrate its “deep commitment to equity” is to correct this error.

Don't just talk about it, be about it.



Let's get to work

Andrew Gobran, '17 MA

Having the courage to delve into ourselves is the first step in understanding our biases and privilege. In doing so, we give ourselves, and others, the opportunity to learn and challenge our assumptions as we



Use the lens of equity

Theresa Battle, '94 Ed Admin Masters, '15 PhD

The killing of George Floyd is horrific and tragic. Sadly, it took Mr. Floyd's killing for the masses to see first-hand what many generations of Black people have complained about, fought against, and cried over. I and many Blacks continue to find joy and press on in our daily lives even through the persistent racism, discrimination, and

injustice we have faced. Black lives matter. This means Blacks are human, beautiful, deserving of love, dignity, and respect. It does not mean another life is worth less or more. Just that Black lives should be valued just as much as any life. As an educational leader, I will continue and I ask my staff to reflect on our equity “to do” list for reopening of school and reprioritizing our work. It has to be different from what we were doing before COVID and the murder of George Floyd. In our work together and in our lives every day, we must use the lens

of equity and be guided by our values of high expectations, respect, integrity, and partnership.



CEHD needs to hold a mirror to itself

Lisa S. Kaler, PhD student, OLPD

Before CEHD can claim moral superiority by appropriating the good work that POC students, faculty, and staff do to support

one another and their communities, CEHD must take a hard look at what happens within the walls of its own buildings. While CEHD remains one of the most diverse colleges on campus, Students of Color continue to experience a climate that is neither equitable nor inclusive....

As a White student, I have a responsibility to push the college and my department to better support Students of Color. Without a critical examination of CEHD in upcoming issues of *Connect*, the words will be hollow.

RECOMMENDATIONS

Schools without police

Brian Lozenski, '14 PhD, core organizer with the Education For Liberation Network, MN Chapter

The Education for Liberation Network, Minnesota Chapter, stands in solidarity with the youth, families, teachers, and community members who organized to push the Minneapolis Public Schools (MPS) School Board to vote to end the district’s relationship with the Minneapolis Police Department. We specifically want to lift up the Black youth who led this effort despite being constantly targeted by police in schools. The vote was a testament to the will of Black, Indigenous, and People of Color (BIPOC) youth in organizations like Black Liberation Project, Youth Political Action Coalition (YPAC), Young Muslim Collective, and YoUthROC, among others, who strive, each day, to implore the district to live up to its rhetoric of equity and to truly serve the children of Minneapolis by providing an education they deserve. Ed Lib Minnesota recognizes that the termination

of the racist MPD is just one stretch of a long road to justice that will take courage, imagination, humility, and will among the district’s leadership and its communities.

Simply removing police from MPS alone will not ensure the safety and well-being of Minneapolis’s BIPOC youth and families. The path forward must take into account the educational paradigm that allowed for police to have a role in schools in the first place. MPS must question the nature of educational structures that seek to justify notions of meritocracy, standardization, ability, and competition. Ending the contract with MPD should not be seen as a way to save money. The money needs to be reinvested in programs that nurture BIPOC youth. MPS must take bold steps to center trauma-informed practices and ethnic studies and address racial disproportionality between teacher and student demographics in order to create an ethic of

care across the district. The district must take a reparational stance to address the decades of racial animus faced by generations of Youth of Color, including making substantial financial investments in historically underfunded neighborhoods and funneling the most effective educators to the students with the most need. In addition to the elimination of police in schools, the district must terminate teachers who consistently remove Youth of Color from classes and administrators who ignore the data showing the evidence of racist practices occurring each day.

The district must fundamentally change its curriculum across all grade levels to center the histories, cultural practices, knowledge, and skills of its diverse constituency. No longer is it acceptable for students to graduate without a deep and profound understanding of Indigenous, Pan-African, Pan-Asian, and Pan-American studies. No longer can multilingual youth be treated as though they are deficient against a monolingual English standard. No longer can racialized disparities in discipline continue to push students out of schools. Youth who consciously or un-

COMMITMENT AND ACTION

consciously resist racist educational contexts are not behavioral problems. They are the barometers who measure the toxic atmosphere of a district with a deep history of anti-Black and White supremacist logics.

Ed Lib Minnesota stands with the people of Minneapolis and other communities to demand that the cops who are being kicked out of the schools be replaced with BIPOC counselors and educators, rich and vibrant ethnic studies curricula, transformative justice practices, and translingual classrooms. Our organization would like to be a resource to help MPS tran-

sition toward this vision. Every child deserves to be the subject of their own educational journey, and not the object of an imaginary White norm. Police in schools are just one piece of a much larger White supremacist puzzle that must be taken apart and exposed for the lie it is.

minnesota@edliberation.org
Ed Lib Minnesota is a network to bring together various constituencies in Minnesota toward organizing for educational justice. Its membership consists of about 100 teachers, youth, activists, and academics.

FROM HEARTBREAK TO HOPE

Thinking about the pain of George's savage, brutal murder broke my heart. In seeking solutions, I thought about the important and necessary work of innovative, evidenced-based programs emanating from the minds and hearts of CEHD faculty and how these programs are essential to the development of leaders who want to realize the land-grant mission of our great university. Why? Because powerful thoughts interrogated and shared across the myriad intersectionalities inherent in the minds of a diverse faculty, staff, and students inform the development of new narratives. These new narratives are tools that we must use to hone better policies; to create more positive, intentional interactions; and to shape publicly stated priorities that help us to build a just and equitable society. These tools help us to maintain hope as we labor to recognize, confront, and dismantle racism, sexism, homophobia, ageism, and ableism. CEHD must be the haven of safe spaces where we learn how to be effective allies in building our preferred democratic future. And most importantly, the CEHD community must take great pride in being an incubator that nurtures our daily thoughts, while reminding faculty, staff, and students of the inherent joy of believing "Black Lives Matter." Only then will George Floyd's life and death reaffirm our commitment to maintain and nurture MLK's concept of building the beloved community as our most treasured value and guiding light in the quest of our Northern Star.

—SALLYE MCKEE, '85 PHD

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From the CEHD Senior Management Team

CEHD CONNECT has long served the purpose of highlighting areas of focus that are important to the college and to inform our alumni and stakeholders of our strengths and our commitments. This special issue continues that tradition, and we extend our deepest gratitude to those who have shared their reflections, essays, personal narratives, and artwork. Regardless of where we shine the light, our students, faculty, staff, alumni, and community partners will always be the strength of CEHD.

Our commitment is unwavering. This college focuses on the human condition in educational, family, and social settings and is committed to improving these settings, and by so doing, the human condition for all. The murder of George Floyd in our city makes all the more urgent our efforts to address racism and inequities, and dismantle and redesign the structures, policies, and practices that reproduce them. Minnesota has some of the largest employment, income, and educational achievement and opportunity gaps for communities of Color in the nation. This is not just the state's issue, it is OUR issue.

We resolve to further our efforts to move the college toward equity by establishing and enhancing private and public partnerships to achieve larger aims. We will enhance our teaching, research, and outreach to better educate the next wave of alumni committed to equity. Our faculty and staff must commit themselves to lead us forward as we each do our part to create a more just and equitable world. Our strength comes from our diversity and we achieve those larger goals by continuing to become an antiracist organization.

Moving forward, we will engage our departments and units, and the college as a whole, in that introspective process, calling each to action—noting that some members of the college have a long history of antiracist action, where others are working toward deepening their efforts. And, for some,

this is the time to begin. We recognize that harm has been done, consciously and unconsciously, and realize that harm may continue to be done. Yet work must begin in concert with CEHD partners across the University, community partners and stakeholders, and community members with whom we have not yet engaged. We ask you to help us in these efforts and offer recommendations for additional steps and referrals to partners. We will cultivate the many recommendations made in the entries on these pages and push them forward. Internal and external college communications will serve as the public accounting of our work.

The guest editors of this issue carefully read all of the submissions received, and have set the stage for us to consider, reflect, commit, and take action. To Drs. Saida Abdi, Nina Asher, Stefanie L. Marshall, and Tania D. Mitchell, we are grateful for your time, energy, and thoughtfulness to bring this issue of *CEHD Connect* forward. To the content contributors, we again thank you for your submissions, some of them deeply personal, and all of them critical. To our readers, you can expect future issues of *CEHD Connect* to continue to inform you of our strengths and our commitments, and, we hope, to inspire you to join us as alumni and stakeholders committed to improving the human condition.

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≈ *Mama* by Melodee Strong, '20 ME4—"As George Floyd was losing his life, he called out for his mama. Something I feel most of us do when we are in trouble. If not God, it's our mothers. Black and Brown mothers endure the most suffering when their children are lost to police violence and murder. I wanted to reflect that in this painting—the grieving of

mothers in this country when their child is killed. No one seems to hear their suffering. It's also a cry out to the community to make change because this country is in a state of unrest and has been for a long time. Hence, the upside down flag. The flag is raised upside down when the country is in a state of unrest or peril."



This special issue is dedicated to all the victims and survivors of systemic racism and police brutality—those whose names are known and those whose names are unknown.

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
+ HUMAN DEVELOPMENT

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TWIN CITIES, MN

Community Poem | compiled by *Tania D. Mitchell*

That cry, I CAN'T BREATHE has become a battle cry
We were unarmed, broken hearted, and in need of justice.

| Rita McGlasson
| Max Webb

Even in the midst of a global health crisis, discrimination, racism,
and hatred are crises of their own that continue to infect
the U.S. and the world.

| Andrew Gobran

But racism seems invisible to the members of the dominant culture.
They are certain that their actions are not racist, that when they
act, their actions are justified.

| Anonymous

We are at a moment to listen, learn, and work to live up to what our country
should be for everyone.

| Pam Meuwissen Werb

Hope rests on our capacity to change, even with an incomplete vision
of what will be asked of us.

| Karen Storm/Karen Seashore

Can we capture this moment and create the multiracial and
multiethnic social democracy we all want, where everyone can
live, play, and breathe easily?

| Bodunrin O. Banwo

We must realize and reflect upon the fact that racism is not an isolated
problem to be solved in a laboratory, but it is our lived experiences that
we are charged with understanding.

| Patricia Rufino

This is not a riot, it is a revolution. Black lives matter.

| Max Webb

Let love be the highest expression of your love and concern for all
Black lives. And let it be so today, right now.

| Ebony Adedayo

Let love be action oriented.

| Ebony Adedayo

May we awaken to a better way.

| Rachel Wetzsteon