

*Appendix D: Example Document Summary Form*

Case #

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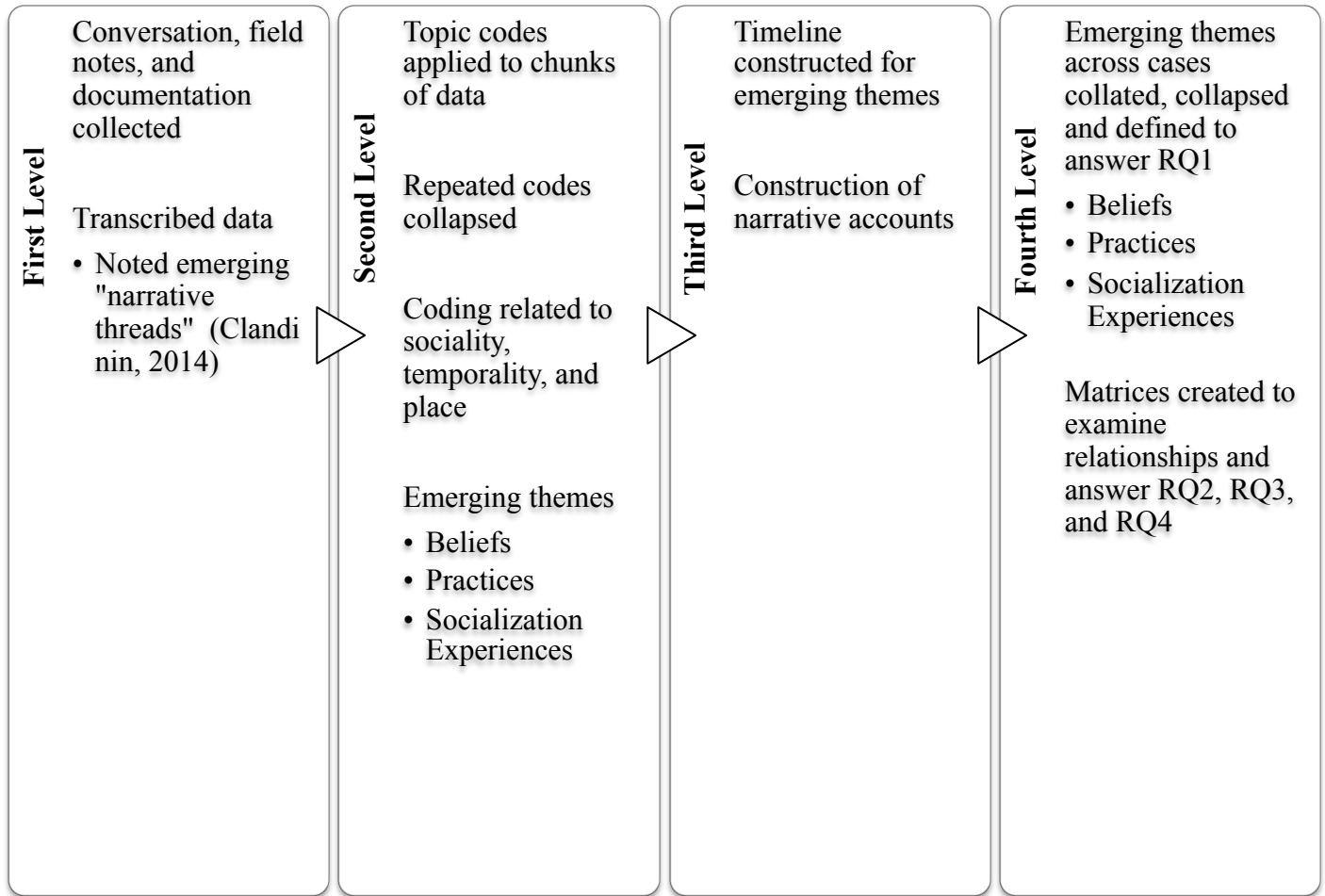
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Description of the document:

Importance of the document:

Brief summary of content:

*Appendix E: Diagram of Qualitative Data Analysis*



*Appendix F: Cross-Case Analysis Matrices*

Matrix 1: Beliefs and Practices

	Nia	Cassidy	Patrice	Monica
Spirituality & Hope	✓	✓		✓
Commitment to Uplift	✓	✓	✓	✓
Significance of Race, Culture, Class	✓	✓	✓	✓
Differentiation and Mastery	✓	✓	✓	✓
Teaching and Modeling Discipline	✓	✓	✓	
Teaching Skills for Life	✓	✓	✓	✓
Teaching for Cultural Identity	✓	✓	✓	✓

Matrix 2: Socialization Experiences and Relationships

	Spirituality & Hope	Commitment to Uplift	Significance of Race, Culture, and Class	Teaching for Differentiation and Mastery	Teaching and Modeling Discipline	Teaching Skills for Life	Teaching for Cultural Identity
Family and Community	C, P	N, C, P	N, C, P, M		C, P	N, C, P	N, C, P, M
Early Schooling		N, C, P, M	N, C, P, M		P		P
Teacher Education		M		N, C, P, M		N, C, P	
Mentoring				C, P, M	N	N, P, M	
Other			N, P, M			N, P	N, P

\*Theme was present in the narratives of Nia (N), Cassidy (C), Patrice (P), or Monica (M)

## Appendix G: Autobiographical Narrative

I grew up in a family full of educators. My grandmother, who is a retired university librarian, would only ever buy books or pay private school tuition for birthday and holiday gifts. I can remember my disappointment when she bought me a set of Britannica Encyclopedia's for Christmas when I was eight years old. My aunt's station wagon was always full of "other people's children" (Delpit, 1988) as she shuffled many of her current and former elementary school students from southwest Atlanta back and forth to different extracurricular activities and cultural events in the city. As we would drive through Capitol Homes to pick up some of her students for a weekend outing, I remember how she greeted all of the neighborhood kids and parents by name. Indeed, my observations of my aunt as she spent time with current and former students outside of the school lead me to believe that teachers ought to personally engage with students, parents, and with the communities where they live.

My mother acted similarly as a "community othermother" (Case, 1997) with the children in my predominantly Black neighborhood. Her expertise as a master educator was viewed as a community resource and parents often sought counsel from her as it related to their concerns about the development and education of their children. She also provided on-going parenting and academic support to many of the Black families in our neighborhood and church community at one time or another. I can remember overhearing long Sunday dinner discussions where she was instructing other parents on parenting. I also recall times when I would wake up on Saturday mornings to find her and a group of young neighborhood kids working through basal readers and phonics blend flashcards to learn to read.

I attended elite private elementary and middle schools in Atlanta and a public high school in southwest Georgia. I interacted with and befriended many students across diverse race, class,

and religious backgrounds. By the time I matriculated to high school, I could articulate plainly the differences that I had observed in my public and private school settings and had made a note about the demographic of student most likely represented in each setting. Though there were still traumatic incidents of cultural misunderstanding and disregard, the instructional practices of the private schools that I attended were more student-centered. With student-centered learning I had many more opportunities to make my own choices about what I would learn. Consequently, I learned about what I was most fascinated with—my African American culture and history. Early explorations of my cultural identity took the form of creative writing and research projects on Malcolm X (1<sup>st</sup> grade), Sojourner Truth (2<sup>nd</sup> grade), and numerous in-depth African country studies. African and African American cultural knowledge figured centrally in my learning and I was highly engaged.

In my public high school, however, learning was much more rigid. All of my teachers relied heavily on textbooks and asked us to derive our answers to their teacher-generated questions directly from the text. In my History and Language Arts classes especially, the contributions and perspectives of people of European descent were the only ones ever highlighted. I pleaded with the teachers and administrators of my high school to offer classes from the African American perspective to no avail. Although I had always loved school and been an excellent student before high school, I often fell asleep during long, boring lectures presented by teachers.

Aside from the fundamental differences in the two educational settings, academic success could usually be predicted by students' race/ethnicity in both settings. I could plainly see that even across socioeconomic lines, most times school was not as rewarding of an experience for my African American friends as it was for our White counterparts. In both settings, many of my

African American friends struggled to pass graduation exams, earn high grades in subject specific classes, receive placement in advanced or AP level courses, or be recognized for stellar academic achievement. On the other hand, African American students were often acknowledged for their athletic ability or charming personalities. Many of my African American friends had antagonistic and disconnected relationships with our mostly White, female teaching staff. Only a few of my African American peers, including myself, experienced consistent academic success. As many of my friends continued to struggle to earn high school diplomas, I was challenged to face my own privilege.

I knew that much of my success in school was due to the vigilance of my mother, herself a critically aware educator and administrative leader in the district where I attended high school. Furthermore, some of the mainstream cultural behaviors and understandings that I had acquired during my early years in private schools—the most identifiable of which was my use of standard White English—set me apart from other African American students. My African American friends, many of whom lived in nearby public housing, were amazed when they heard me linguistically switch between African American southern dialect and White American standard English. “Morgan, you talk White,” they would say. Though my White teachers and classmates never said this to me as explicitly, they seemed to accept and identify with me much more so than my other African American friends because of the way that I spoke. I felt that they perceived that I was smarter and better than the other Black students because of my command of White Standard English.

I later shared my experiences and observations at Spelman, a historically Black college for women. Once more, talking and learning about African American culture, as grounded in my own experiences, were central to my formal learning. As a Child Development major, my small

cohort—made up of other young, African American pre-service teachers—reflected on and dialogued about our experiences, explored the impacts of cultural difference on student achievement and learned about culturally responsive pedagogy. My Black education professors provided me access to scholarship by other Black educators who could legitimize my experiences and observations. I understood that the existing American school structure is fundamentally flawed in that it privileges White middle-class values, norms, and behaviors. In order to be successful, cultural others must learn to “fit in” to the existing structure by adopting values, norms, and behaviors that ultimately perpetuate the status quo. While reading scholarship on culturally responsive teaching, I was also provided with real-life models for culturally responsive teaching during six semesters of field experience and student teaching.

I was hired to teach 1<sup>st</sup> grade at a local, predominantly Black charter school in 2007. At the end of the year, I was given the Teacher of the Year Award. I was completely shocked. When I began interviewing participants for my dissertation study I was immediately reminded of the feelings I had felt when I was recognized as an exemplary, novice teacher. The participants expressed feeling shocked about their nominations, too. One of the participants even cautioned that she was not exemplary and that it had been a mistake to nominate her. All of their feelings were strikingly familiar to me. While conducting this study I learned that like my participants, I had completely undervalued my prior socialization experiences and their impact on my teaching practice. From growing up around veteran, Black educators to navigating various school contexts as a Black girl, I had learned to “see with a cultural eye” (Irvine, 2003) early. Although I was a new teacher, in a sense I had been preparing for a successful career in the classroom for a long time. Living alongside my participants helped me to see the important intersections between personal and professional knowledge for many Black educators like me.