

Cycle 2: FASE

annotate references
to leaders we
just learned about

<cycle 3: AIR>

Annotate lines/phrases
you understand
in a
new
way

second daughter's
second day on earth

Q3

My birth certificate says: Female Negro
Mother: Mary Anne Irby, 22, Negro
Father: Jack Austin Woodson, 25, Negro

teacher

In Birmingham, Alabama, Martin Luther King Jr.
is planning a march on Washington, where
John F. Kennedy is president.

In Harlem, Malcolm X is standing on a soapbox
talking about a revolution.

= platform, usu
to address
a crowd

Q4a, b

Outside the window of University Hospital,
snow is slowly falling. So much already
covers this vast Ohio ground.

stu 1

In Montgomery, only seven years have passed
since Rosa Parks refused
to give up
her seat on a city bus.

teacher

Q4a, b

I am born brown-skinned, black-haired
and wide-eyed.

stu 2

I am born Negro here and Colored there

and somewhere else,
the Freedom Singers have linked arms,
their protests rising into song:
Deep in my heart, I do believe
that we shall overcome someday.

stu 3

and somewhere else, James Baldwin
is writing about injustice, each novel,
each essay, changing the world.

stu 4

Q4a, b, Q5a, b I do not yet know who I'll be
what I'll say
how I'll say it . . .

stu 5

Not even three years have passed since a brown girl
named Ruby Bridges
walked into an all-white school.
Armed guards surrounded her while hundreds
of white people spat and called her names.

stu 6

She was six years old.

teacher

Q4a, b

I do not know if I'll be strong like Ruby.
I do not know what the world will look like
when I am finally able to walk, speak, write . . .
Another Buckeye!
the nurse says to my mother.
Already, I am being named for this place.

stu 7

state tree of Ohio
nickname of ppl. from Ohio

Ohio. The Buckeye State.

stu 7, cont

My fingers curl into fists, automatically - stu 8

This is the way, my mother said,
of every baby's hand.

teacher

I do not know if these hands will become

Malcolm's—raised and fisted

or Martin's—open and asking

or James's—curled around a pen.

stu 9

I do not know if these hands will be

Rosa's

or Ruby's

gently gloved

and fiercely folded

calmly in a lap,

on a desk,

around a book,

ready

to change the world . . .

stu 10

L3: HW

a girl named jack

Good enough name for me, my father said
the day I was born.

Don't see why
she can't have it, too.

But the women said no.

My mother first.

Then each aunt, pulling my pink blanket back
patting the crop of thick curls
tugging at my new toes
touching my cheeks.

We won't have a girl named Jack, my mother said.

And my father's sisters whispered,

A boy named Jack was bad enough.

But only so my mother could hear.

Name a girl Jack, my father said,

and she can't help but

grow up strong.

Raise her right, my father said,

and she'll make that name her own.

Name a girl Jack

and people will look at her twice, my father said.

For no good reason but to ask if her parents
were crazy, my mother said.

And back and forth it went until I was Jackie
and my father left the hospital mad.

My mother said to my aunts,
Hand me that pen, wrote
Jacqueline where it asked for a name.
Jacqueline, just in case
someone thought to drop the ie.

Jacqueline, just in case
I grew up and wanted something a little bit longer
and further away from
Jack.