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The Homecoming of the Negro Spirit: Black Spiritual Intelligence as a Structural Form of Intelligence

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Claremont McKenna College

The Homecoming of the Negro Spirit:
Black Spiritual Intelligence as a Structural Form of Intelligence

Submitted to
Gastón Espinosa
and
Lance Neckar

By
Quincy Brown

Senior Thesis
April 29, 2019

To my Aunt Wanza

You were my light, our family's historian, and the true embodiment of spiritual intelligence.

We miss you dearly.

The Plan

I love myself so much
But because I'm artist, a Black man, an activist
Society tells me to hate myself
But I still raise my fist
I'll continue the generational fight
The fight for my rights
To be standing on the stage
For you to be reading my words on this page
But they say I'm just full rage
And hate and anger
That the community is filled with drugs, pain, and hunger
But it's a liberational thought
A fight for freedom is all I got
Huh
It's time to turn this generational pain
Into intergovernmental gain
'Cause they comin' for us
And they came for us first
400 years on this turf
On the boat my family saw it first
In the streets we found our worth
We had all this time to rehearse
Now give us a verse
Just a chance
Instead of exchanging words on your social media activism
Take a sip of my community's activism
Fall in line
Not in front but behind
Let people of color lead
If you want our generation to succeed
If you want a better place for your children
Stop providing solutions
Cause y'all are the excision of the human
From generations of capitalism and greed
To creations of systems on moral beliefs
That seem to make my people sheep
Or scapegoats
'Cause I'm not a petticoat
You can't put me in a closet and try on when you want
I'm not some beat you can dance to in a club
And I'm sure not the "n" word in a rap song
For I'm an artist, a Black man, and activist
But I won't let society lead me on a trip

Table of Contents

Foreword: Did you Pick Cotton?

Introduction: Black Spiritual Intelligence an Argument for Freedom and Equality

Chapter 1: David Walker and Maria Stewart: Divine Retribution and Revolutionary Violence. A
Methodology of Hope

Chapter 2: Migration to the Promised Land

Chapter 3: Well Aren't You Special!

Chapter 4: A Generational Promise and A Gift from God

Conclusion: Poverty, Prisons, and Pollution: A New Generational Fight

Epilogue: I'll Continue the Fight, the Fight for My Rights

Foreword

Did You Pick Cotton?

They thought you were rich if your daddy had a job

—Doris Burns, 2019

Generational Development of spiritual intelligence in the Peterson Family

I was born on April 16th, 1997 in Brooklyn Park, Minnesota. Many people don't know the story of my birth. I've kept it a secret from my friends, my boyfriend, my college, and everyone. I've kept this secret deep down inside because it made me feel different. When I was growing up, I was told that I wasn't black. That the way that I speak, the way that I dress, and the way I've been raised was the antithesis to blackness. That because I spoke articulately, got good grades, and didn't dress like a "thug," I was white. People called me an Oreo. Some even called me a double stuffed Oreo. Deep down I knew: that although I had developed a façade of whiteness, my story was probably blacker than most. That the stereotypes of Black culture were rooted in my birth. That my story too was a story of resistance, of pain, and of success. That getting to the point of being "articulate while black" was something that I spent my entire life, emotional labor, and sanity to achieve. That those comments about me not being Black were rooted in the same white supremacy that caused my pain. I hid the fact that my story fit the "mold" so that I could fit in within the whitest city of America.

Truth be told, I'm adopted. Angela and Greg are not my parents. Marquise is not my brother and Whitney is not my sister. I don't know my birth father. My birth mother is in some type of mental illness situation about which I long ago stopped asking questions. I was born four months premature. I suffered from intense health problems when I was a child, including asthma, speech issues, and a world of allergies I'd rather not share. After talking to my sister, I learned that my birth mother was sexually assaulted by my birth grandmother's second husband. This abuse happened over a long period of time and greatly affected my birth mother's mental health. I learned that my mother grew up in southern Minnesota. She moved From Portland, Oregon after her step-father wanted to start a business with his brother. They moved to an area of Hennepin County that like other areas in American cities, suffered from racialized zoning restrictions. It was an affordable area, which was necessary for my step-grandfather because ~~sense~~ he was economically insecure. In *"Playground for the People"? Mapping Racial Covenants in the Twentieth-century Minneapolis*, Kirsten Delegard and Kevin Ehrman-Solberg describe racialized real estate development practices in the greater Minneapolis area. After conducting primary research on the topic of racialized covenants using property deeds, the researchers claim:

The deeds tell a sobering story of racial exclusion. In tandem with redlining—a banking practice that made it impossible to get loans for properties in racially mixed neighborhoods—racially restrictive deeds in Minneapolis shut African Americans out of property ownership. In the mid-twentieth century, homeownership was an emblem of American citizenship as well as what scholars have called the “greatest mass-based opportunity for wealth accumulation in American history.”¹

My birth mother and her family had just moved into an area vastly different than Portland. Both my birth grandmother and her new husband did not enjoy the generational development of

wealth which would have afforded them the same opportunities. During the early 1970s, the community grew in diversity. Hmong and then Liberian refugees were resettled in the Twin Cities area, and many found their way to Brooklyn Park. However, by 1990 Brooklyn Park was only 10 percent nonwhite.² My birth mom felt isolated from the Black community in which she had grown up. Delegard and Ehrman-Solberg observed this development of racialized covenants to address issues surrounding access to specific spaces in public life. They found that green space was exclusionary. “From its beginning in 1883, the Minneapolis Park Board sought to acquire all the land bordering streams, lakes, and rivers” —in short, the prime real estate. Furthermore, “While Minneapolis parks were never explicitly segregated, the sheer number of racial covenants surrounding them indicates that access was anything but equal. These early patterns call into question some of the central assumptions of civic life in Minneapolis, highlighting the need for more nuanced understandings of how race has shaped public space in the city.”³

Yet Delegard and Ehrman-Solberg tell only a partial story about recreational opportunities in the area. Professor Lance Neckar of Pitzer College and former Landscape Architecture professor at the University of Minnesota concludes that parks located on the lakefronts lacked specific recreational areas while the parks in the north and south were friendlier to recreation. One park in fact was renamed in honor of the first Black commissioner. Of course these acts do not excuse the racialized history which challenged by birth mother’s growing up.⁴ According to Forbes, Minneapolis is the sixth most liberal city in America.⁵ However, even one of the most liberal cities still has a distinct issues around racialization of public space, issues that continue to affect their residents of color adversely, creating an exclusive culture similar to that of Chicago.

However, during the 1990s, Minneapolis began to change. As many of the social services in Milwaukee and Chicago began to disappear, Minnesota chose to challenge policies put forth by the Clinton Administration. Minnesota extended social services such as welfare to citizens. Many Blacks therefore left cities like Milwaukee and Chicago and moved into Minneapolis in hopes of finding the support they needed. Many immigrants, particularly those from African nations, also began immigrating to the state.⁶ While my birth mother lived in Hennepin County for most of her life, it seems as if she could not or did not take advantage of all those progressive policies.

When my birth mother had my sister Whitney with my sister's father and later had me with my father, she couldn't fully take care of us. Before my birth, my grandmother Jackie stepped in. Her occupation as a nurse helped. She had earlier realized that my birth mother was emotionally unfit to take care of my sister, so she had taken Whitney in after she had lived with our birth mother for two years. During that time, our birth mother worked at a supermarket as a cashier, barely getting by. Thus, in addition to the emotional trouble from which my birth mother suffered, she also experienced financial insecurity. My sisters' father didn't stick around.

Four years later when I was born by a different father, my birth mother was even more unfit to support me, especially with all the different health problems associated with my birth. My father also didn't stick around.

I am unsure what the pregnancy was like. *In Educational Inequality in Hennepin County*, Nick Mabee, Conner McHugh, Nathan Rockershausen, and Meida Surya of the University of Minnesota argue that Hennepin County like other counties in the United States had a distinct racialized history that disproportionately affected their minority populations. This racialized

history had a profound effect on my birth mother's ability to achieve success. The authors use a study led by Samuel King in 2017 to build their case. They observe, “The state of Minnesota alone has witnessed decades of education inequality, and a profoundly large achievement gap between students of different races and socioeconomic backgrounds. In 2017, the Minnesota Comprehensive Assessments (MCAs) showed [that] only 42.5% of students in grades 3–8 and 10th grade meeting or exceeding standards in math, and only 43.6% in reading (King, 2017).”⁷ In short, like other African Americans, my birth mother was not afforded the same opportunities as non-Blacks in the area. Furthermore, my grandmother feared that I would continue the cycle. After my birth my mother was categorized as a vulnerable adult, this meant that she would not be able to care of me. My sister tells me that while my grandmother was working with a social worker, she met a nice nurse who suggested that she work with other family members to find a place for me to live. My birth mother explained to her mother that she wanted my sister and I to be raised together. However, my grandmother at the time was struggling to take care of Whitney. There was no way she could also take care of me. So my grandmother took the nurse’s advice and started reaching out to her sisters and brothers to see if anyone could take care of me.

Meanwhile, newlyweds Angela and Greg were attempting to have a child together. Angela, the second daughter of Doris Burns (my grandmother), was struggling to conceive and carry her pregnancy to term. She wanted badly to have a child. Angela spent time raising all the other children her siblings and cousins were having. However, it wasn’t until late in 1997 that Angela would get her chance to experience the miracle of unconditional love. Angela was an executive at U.S. Bank working as a Vice President of Human Resources. Her job required her to travel to Minnesota a lot. While there, she would visit Whitney and Jackie along with my birth

mother. My grandmother is the Godmother to my birth mom. My mother kept a close relationship to her Godfamily. Doris (my grandmother) is also the Jackie's eldest sister and the eldest of the family. My mom and birth mom are first cousins. My birth mother was dealing with the extreme emotional trouble of being raped by her step-father, not being able to hold down a job, men leaving her, and losing her children. The word depression wouldn't begin to explain what my mother was going through.

Both Angela and her mother Doris were deeply religious. Angela had been attending our family church Morning Star Baptist Church in Portland all her life. My birth mother also grew up in the church ~~before~~. Both cousins along with their siblings and other cousins, aunts, and everyone in my family considered this church to be their home. Angela's devotion to religion showed in her drive to help raise all the young children in the family and she was good at it too. It was Angela's embodiment of spiritual intelligence and her unconditional love that saved my life. It was Doris who offered to take care of me, and Angela who would take me to Portland.

While Angela, my mother, embodied spiritual intelligence, my Grandma, Doris Burns, was the first person to show me spiritual intelligence. I remember that every Sunday, I'd wake up bright and early to the sound of my mother making breakfast in the kitchen below my room. The smells of bacon, eggs, and grits came through my vents as I pushed my body up from my bed. My mother would scream, "Quincy wake up! We're going to be late to church!" Frustrated at my mother's yells, I'd say, "Alright mother...I'm up." Every Sunday for my entire childhood life went like this. I'd wake up, my mother would cook me breakfast, she would help me pick out clothing, and we'd drive to my grandmothers, pick her up and head for my family's church. The same church my birth mother had attended when she was a child.

When I was younger, I didn't realize how important this seemingly simple ritual was. My grandmother was my best friend. She babysat me when I was child, and from a young age she taught me how to cook, how to clean, and how to do laundry. I have the fondest memories of her picking me up from preschool, taking me to the park by her home, and teaching me about our family's history. My grandmother was the only one in my family that seemed to understand my drive for knowledge from the time I was quite young. She truly saw my intellect and pushed me to share it with her and others. Early on, perhaps that meant pointing out trees in the park, cars in the parking lot, or houses in the neighborhood. I seemed to understand the proper names for everything. My grandmother, impressed, made sure she rewarded me. She took me out to lunch when I did well in preschool classes. She sometimes paid me for my good grades. Later, she even helped me attend conferences on leadership. My grandma had a unique understanding of how to raise a Black child in Portland. So how did my grandma become so fluent in raising children? What was she doing to increase my success as a young Black child in Portland? What was she doing differently from other parental figures? Looking back at my experiences with my grandma, I often wonder how she knew what to do.

Doris Burns was born in Birmingham, Alabama on May 2, 1935 to Corrine and Edward Peterson. What was unique about my grandmother's growing up was her community. She was born in a community that was all black. In that community she bought her milk from a milk man who raised cows at his house in her neighborhood. To many people, this may seem like an antiquated custom but to my grandmother it was important. For She knew where her milk came from, she knew that her friends lived on the dairy farm. If she had any questions about what the milkman did or how he did it, she could ask him any day of her life. In a sense, my grandmother

was an example of the kind of intelligence that was passed on generationally and something that provided someone with a skill. She saw how that skill could be used to create economic stability, that if it were valued it could give an entire community reliable and affordable access to milk.

When my grandmother was growing up her family also raised chickens, had their own garden, and traded with other families for goods that weren't always present. For her, the community in which she lived was her life. She understood from a young age that the environment was not only a resource, but also a gift from God. That life came in two forms: one from our mother the earth, which provided support for our terrestrial bodies; the other from the heavenly father, the one responsible for our spiritual guidance. She wasn't raised to see these as different. It was through this interpretation that my grandmother could help her younger siblings understand how to take care of the chickens and tend to the garden. She understood that humans were (or should be) the protectors of the earth and not simply those who dominated it, that to be human is to be one with both the spiritual and earthly parents, and that through both our life is given. My grandmother had other opportunities in her life that led to see the interconnection that existed between the material and the spiritual worlds.

In "To Awaken My Afflicted Brethren, David Walker and the Problem of Antebellum Slave Resistance," Peter P. Hinks notes the importance of such practices and their beginnings in slavery and even before:

The Negroes are the only people who seem to pay attention to the various uses that vegetables may be put to. For example, I have sent you a paper of their vegetable pins made from the prickly pear, also molds for buttons made from calabash, which likewise serves to hold their victuals. The allowance for a Negro is a quart of Indian corn per day, and a little piece of land which they cultivate much better than their Master. There they rear hogs and poultry, sow calabashes, etc. and are better provided for in everything than poorer white people with us.⁸

While Hinks describes this as an aspect of resistance common during slavery, my grandmother and her family also used such practices as a form of resistance and survival.

In school my grandmother experienced firsthand what Jim Crow segregation meant for a Black woman growing up in the 1940s. She traveled for miles to attend the only Black school in the area. Her mother before her didn't have the opportunity to get an education. So, it was imperative that her first daughter, my grandmother, got that experience. At school my grandmother experienced the lack of resources provided to her and her peers. She talked about how on many days her tasks consisted of counting to 1000 and selling candy. These skills would later lead to her success in business and finance. Her school was multiage and multigender. Older students were often tasked with teaching the younger ones. The young teacher, Ms. Meadow, always seemed ill prepared to tackle the needs of such a diverse group of students. Furthermore, her school lacked important resources that could have made teaching such a diverse group of students easier. My grandmother's willingness to learn seemed to be ignored in the Jim Crow south, but she learned nonetheless

My grandmother and her family were far from rich. She was the eldest of ten children. At an early age, she assumed responsibility for her siblings. She helped many of them with their homework, helped them get to school, and ensured they were safe. During her seventeen years growing up in the south she lived in a shotgun home with a living room, small bedroom, and kitchen. The house had, no indoor plumbing. Her family had an outhouse in the back yard and they often would bring a tub from outside in for washing clothes and taking baths. But of course first they had to boil the water. Nothing was easy or simple.

My grandma remembers waiting on hot summer days, hoping that the ice man would come before the perishable goods in her refrigerator rotted. Her father worked in a steel mill while her mother stayed home to raise the children. My grandmother always spoke of people from her neighborhood in Alabama, specifically how they used to ask to borrow sugar from her family. Though I recall her speaking about this ritual, I never really thought about it a whole lot. My grandmother shared that sugar during that time was a commodity, that many families raised their own animals and vegetables, and that sugar was the only product one had to buy. If you were rich enough to afford sugar, you could sweeten your food and make it taste better. Although, my grandma's family lived on seventy-five dollars a week, they would still share their sugar with the community. My grandmother's mother knew that she could help everyone else, even if that meant she might have less.

My grandmother's father was another example to her growing up. He worked hard in the steel mill to support his family, while also taking night classes so that he could become literate and vote. My grandmother expressed how dangerous it was for Black men to vote. However, hoping for a better life for his children, her father risked his life to learn how to vote. While the larger community feared what the Black community could do, people within enjoyed the ability of being together. They had a drive for equality that transcended fears of racially motivated intimidation.

My grandmother's ideas of wealth and success were laid down for her by her community. Her grandfather, a businessman, lived a couple of blocks away from her childhood home. He had a small farm with different fruits, vegetables, and animal products. Soon he noticed that others in his neighborhood had an excess of goods. He realized that many in community lost money

because of unused products. He decided with the help of his grandchildren the he would convert the small shotgun house next to his into a farmer's market for the community. The shotgun housed previously occupied by a lower income family could be converted once the family had moved on. My grandmother, her siblings, and cousins now had the opportunity to use their skills of selling candy and counting to 1000 in a business setting.

A final thought that my grandmother expressed about growing up was the difference between the white people and the Black people she encountered. In her small neighborhood she spoke of children running around freely and playing. There was a unique freedom that existed for the young children on which my grandma seemed to fixate. While her community was all Black at the time, it had not always been like that. Particularly, my grandma focused on the one white family that did live in her area. She said that their presence there was reminiscent of how things were during post-Civil War era integration. She recalled that during the time after the Civil War, many of her family members lived in close contact with white landowners and farmers, that there once existed a southern class of people, a multiracial group of people with similar religious and community-centered values. However, Jim Crow changed all that. Having been born in the 1930s, my grandma witnessed the end of this era.

Many white people who once lived among them had since left for the city or other areas. My grandmother spoke of one family who did remain: the Growths. My grandmother claimed that you couldn't enter the front door of their home if you were black. This family supplied her community with their milk. My grandmother seemed to experience then what would be true for the rest of her life. This white family had monopolized the milk supply in her community. The milk man might have been black, the dairy farmer could have been Black too, but was

determinative was that the Growths owned the business. They profited off people's needs for milk and the inability of many families to raise their own cows. It was therefore particularly important to my grandmother to say that her grandfather began the farmers' market he did. Without the farmers' market, other important community needs could have been filled by whites. My grandmother's family fought to empower the Black community. This empowerment under oppression is uniquely present within my family and the greater Black community.

My grandmother and her family were deeply religious. My grandmother's grandfather was a minister and her father (his son) was a deacon in the church. She remembers attending her neighborhood church every Sunday with her family. My grandma explained that she along with her cousins and siblings went to church with the men in their family. Her mother only went sometimes; because she had such a large family and so many young children, she often stayed at home. My grandmother's family did not have enough money for a babysitter. Corine, my grandmother's mom, had to work on Sundays in the houses of white families while they were off at church. For this reason, my grandmother has memories of the men in her family as the spiritual leaders. During my grandmother's sixteen years in Birmingham, Alabama, she attended the same church—First Baptist Church. My grandmother confirms that this was the first Baptist Church in the city and that many Black families in her neighborhood attended the same church.

My grandmother talks about the unique spiritual teaching she received at her church. Every Sunday while the men participated in church leadership, my grandmother and her siblings attended Sunday School. Here, they learned how to read and write using the Scriptures as their text and model. At the end of the sixth week, she and her classmates would perform their lesson in front of the entire church. My grandmother particularly enjoyed these performances because

she could show off all the things she had learned during those weeks. She remembers two different reverends that worked at the church during her time: Rev. Levant and Rev. Martin. Her grandfather worked as a traveling minister and helped at the houses of elderly folks and other folks who could not make it to church. He was influential in keeping the larger congregation up to date on the happenings of the community. My grandmother was an active member of the church, attending Bible school after she turned five and joining the junior choir.

What my grandmother experienced growing up was like many people who still are alive today. She did not spend her entire life held back by others. Certainly, she experienced firsthand what it meant to be Black in a Jim Crow south. Despite oppression that limited her educational opportunities, her opportunities as a woman, job opportunities, and opportunities for cultural, economic, and social stability, she did not let that stop her. In 1953, she and her siblings along with her parents followed her cousins to the west.

When my grandmother arrived in Portland, Oregon, she was introduced to her first example of a flourishing Black urban sphere. The community she arrived in was also all black. However, what was distinctly different about this community was access to education. Throughout the entire east side of Portland my grandmother experienced a Black metropolis of Black lawyers' offices, businesses, clubs, and bars that lined the streets. She saw Black women in fancy dresses, men in suits, and children with new shoes and jackets trying to stay dry in the rain. This was a contrast to the environment in which she had lived earlier. She understood then that blacks have the ability to be anything. That in Portland, like Alabama, they had a community of spiritually intelligent people who understood the importance and need for a united Black community.

When she got to Portland, however, she started to spend less time at church. She had many siblings that were younger, which required her to take up a job to help provide for them all. After graduation from the neighborhood high school (Jefferson High), she worked Sundays at a Bohemian Bakery in Portland to gain enough money to apply to beauty school, her dream. However, due to her workload she often missed church or went to the early morning service. As time went on, she worked harder and harder until she made enough money to pay her way through school. She was the first in our family to attain a higher education. After graduation from Portland Beauty Academy, she went to work at her aunt's salon. This salon was the first Black hair salon in Portland. With no store front or business license, they worked out of her aunt's basement. Determined to make a living for herself and her future kids, my grandmother never stopped working. She made sure her younger siblings attended church every Sunday. She helped them with their school work and even helped pay for their education. While my grandmother turned away from church in hopes of gaining financial stability and getting an education, she returned when she had my mother.

My grandmother Doris went on to work at a Black owned business. She opened a restaurant, bought her own home, sent my mother to college, and saved enough money to live happily without any worries. My grandmother was raised by a community of people who used spiritual intelligence in the face of oppression. For two reasons, this intelligence is present specifically in Black communities: our cultural understanding and connection to our African heritage throughout our history on American soil. We have yet to give up the fight for racial equality. I argue that our spirituality connects us and drives us to fight adversity in housing, economics, and social issues. My grandmother realized the importance of this intelligence and

passed it on to her four children. My grandmother utilized five distinct characteristics to ensure the relative success of her descendants: My grandmother was influenced directly by her grandfather, her mother, her teacher, her father, and her life in the Black church. These influences led to the embodiment of her spiritual intelligence

My grandmother was part of a much longer African American intellectual spiritual tradition. I will develop an idea of how concepts surrounding spiritual intelligence were laid out in the 1830s and illustrate how my grandmother used these tools throughout her life and passed them onto my mother and me. While I will argue that spiritual intelligence was present in the souls of the Africans who first came to America on slave ships, it was Black post-Enlightenment thinkers in the antebellum south who provided a resurgence of hope to the Black community. This hope is present in my grandmother, her mother, father, and her teacher, and it is how they survived a racial hostile environment. Through this project, I hope to develop an understanding of how Black spiritual intelligence is passed on generationally and how I used these tools to navigate Portland, Central Catholic High School, and Claremont McKenna. Without these skills of spiritual intelligence, I would not be here today.

Notes

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Black Spiritual Intelligence an Argument for Freedom and Equality

From the moment I experienced the change I felt a strong desire... to devote the remainder of my days to piety and virtue and now possess that spirit of independence that, were I called upon I would willingly sacrifice my life for the cause of God and my Brethren. All the nations of the earth are crying out for liberty and equality. Away, away with tyranny and oppression! And shall Afric's sons be silent any longer?

—Maria Stewart, 1831

In “Is Spirituality an Intelligence? Motivation, Cognition, and the concern of Psychology of Ultimate Concern,” Robert Emmons develops a case for spirituality as a form of intelligence. His thesis claims that spiritual intelligence is a “set of capacities and abilities that enable people to solve problems and attain goals in their everyday lives”: “the capacity for transcendence; the ability to enter into heightened spiritual states of consciousness; the ability to invest everyday activities, events, and relationships with a sense of the sacred; the ability to utilize spiritual resources to solve problems in living; and the capacity to engage in virtuous behavior.”¹ I will use spiritual intelligence and these frameworks through the rest of my thesis to address this common themes within the Black community beginning in the Second Great Awakening.¹ I will use these five components to illuminate the role of the rise of the revolutionary streams of spiritual intelligence within unique works of two Black activists: David Walker and Maria Stewart. I will then contextualize these developments in the experiences of my family and my own experiences as a Black activist. This analysis will illustrate the role of religious thinking and

¹Meyer, Neil. 2011. “Falling for the Lord: Shame, Revivalism, and the Origins of the Second Great Awakening.” *Early American Studies: An Interdisciplinary Journal* 9 (1): 169–93.

structural embodiment of this form of intelligence through multiple generations of Black activism.

Through modern interpretations of Christian theology and faith development, I will show how these writers laid the framework for resistance during the 1830s. This framework was present within my grandmother's growing up experiences and influenced her ability to transcend, to enter higher spiritual states of consciousness, find sacred situations, utilize spiritual resources, and engage in virtuous behavior. I suggest that without this intellectual and spiritual development, post-Enlightenment generations of Black people could not have resisted the oppression that characterized their lives in the US.

Through ethnocentric monoculturalism, which Derald Wing Sue defines as "an attitude or belief that one's race, culture, or nation is superior to all others, accompanied with the power to impose this expression on a less powerful group,"³ the dominant or white hegemonic body has devalued spiritual intelligence as a "fabric of nonsense."⁴ I will offer a critique of this theory using the five concepts of spiritual intelligence defined by Emmons (2009) (the capacity for transcendence; the ability to enter into heightened spiritual states of consciousness; the ability to invest everyday activities, events, and relationships with a sense of the sacred; the ability to utilize spiritual resources to solve problems in living; and the capacity to engage in virtuous behavior) to evaluate two transcendental Black political writers. This evaluation will connect the

generational development of critical problem-solving using spiritual intelligence as unique to the Black community. These three writers will provide a link between the first development of Romantic ideas of spiritual intelligence and post- postmodern ideas of spiritual intelligence.

Emmons develops a working definition that I will use in this project to understand intelligence. “Many conceptions equate intelligence with adaptive problem-solving behavior, where problem-solving is defined with respect to practical goal attainment.” Emmons uses this definition within his abstract, and also later as he reviews theories on the subject.² Susan Kwilecki and Diane Shanto both develop working analyses of the role of spiritual intelligence in diaspora communities. In Kwilecki’s dissertation, she also identifies the importance of spiritual intelligence in multicultural identity development. While she focuses on Muslim populations in Africa, she concludes there is a structural form within these identities and observes that this form of intelligence supports identity formation as well as specific aspects of ultimate concern. Kwilecki develops a scale, which analyses the particular use of spiritual intelligence, specifically multicultural development. Her analysis bears witness to the diasporic qualities of identity formation in greater African traditions.⁵ Shanto dives into the work of Pentecostal Gladys Day. Shanto uses Emmons’ framework to illustrate Day’s relative development of spiritual

² Emmons uses works from Chiu, Hong, & Dweck, 1994. Toward an integrative model of personality and intelligence: A general framework and some preliminary steps found in R.J. Sternberg & P. Ruzgis (Eds.), *Personality and Intelligence*. Chiu, Hong & Dweck influence later theories in the 1990s by R.J Sternberg and P. Ruzgis respectively. However, in understanding these definitions, Emmons integrates these particular thoughts into a definition, which holistically addresses goal setting. This is important when developing the definition of spirituality. Emmons focus on how adaptive problem-solving behavior is then utilized to achieve goals.

intelligence. Accordingly, for the "core components," Day receives high marks for capturing the essential dynamics of spiritual growth. However, the explanation of personal religion as an expression of a universal capacity for transcendence is relatively weak.⁶ Shanto's analysis does not use sufficiently nuanced approaches to identify transcendence. She fails to illustrate the development of Pentecostal traditions and their unique practices of Christian Protestant faith. A deeper analysis of Protestant Christian faith finds transcendence also within a dominant white society. Transcendence from the ethnocentric monoculture which existed during Day's life illustrates a form of transcendence unique to modern day. While the analysis of both scholars illustrates the academic development of spiritual intelligence, the academy does not yet fully recognize the multicultural generational development of spiritual intelligence. In this analysis, I will develop a working framework, which will analyze the value system which denounces religion. Using Emmons' framework, I will offer a nuanced approach to illustrate this from the intelligence in the Black community.

Emmons in *The Psychology of Ultimate Concerns* (1999) expands the idea of adaptive problem solving and achieving goals. However, he is not the first person to do this. Theologian Paul Tillich has previously done so. In *Christianity and the Encounter of the World*, he describes religion as "the state of being grasped by an ultimate concern, concern which qualifies all other concerns." Later, however, he went on to illustrate that in certain quasi religious institutions such

as communism or nationalism, one may die for something which is conditional in being or meaning.”⁷ The difference between the Christian religion, which will be the primary focus of this thesis, is that both “Protestantism and early Christianity can be called religions of the Spirit, free from oppressive law.”⁸ Tillich expands his examination of the idea of religion by offering a definition of religious indifference, which he defines as the indifference towards the question of the meaning of one’s existence as a transitory stage.⁹ Quasi-religion institutions are conditional; however, religions are generationally indifferent towards religion, which leads to a forgotten drive for meaning. Tillich takes a unique approach to the idea of religion and spirit (spirituality). He claims that free Christian religions are religions of the spirit, implying a spirituality unique to early Christianity and Protestantism. He combined these two ideas, which gives Emmons a point of departure intellectually and a way to connect spirituality and religion. That understanding of meaning is the ultimate concern or goal achieved through religion.

Where Emmons and Tillich find common ground is in their interpretations of the ultimate concern. In Emmons finds something that is uniquely found in both spirituality and religion. He develops the idea of an ultimate concern as search. Search implies that there is something to be found; those endstates are goals.¹⁰ A spiritual search involves the attempt to identify what is sacred and worthy of one’s commitment. Tillich develops this interpretation to illustrate that

personal spiritual striving reflects “an acknowledgement of the Ultimate or Absolute and either a collective (religious) or individualistic (spiritual) desire to orient one’s life to the Ultimate.”¹¹

In Emmons’ chapter, “Personal Goals and Life Meaning,” he connects both the meaning of life and personal goals to develop a definition of spiritual intelligence. He achieves this by understanding that the meaning of life, personal goals, and the search for spiritual people is a striving for the absolute or ultimate. This theory of connections that underpin spiritual intelligence implies assertions of the nature of that intelligence. First, when utilized in a context of religions of the spirit, a free interpretation of what is absolute is also pious. Second, in a sense, within a free Protestantism, development of goals associated within one's own nature are an individual or spiritual journey. Third and most significantly, that the ideas of the ultimate concern can be integrated within intuition to work for the individual and their own spiritual search. Therefore, the definition of spiritual intelligence lies in the use of spiritual resources to understand and to achieve goals through an individual concept of the ultimate concern.¹²

Through the history of servitude and oppression as well as the culture of individualism in both political and theological spheres post-Enlightenment, Black political-religious writers conceptualized freedom from oppression as the ultimate concern. Through liberation theology present in Protestantism during the Second Great Awakening, Walker and Stewart used religion of the spirit to reinterpret the ultimate concern for Black people. Through this reinterpretation, a

resurgence of hope flooded the Black community. I will argue that this reinterpretation of the ultimate concern was also a reinterpretation of the quasi-religious intuition of democracy, which conditionally granted freedom, equality, and national happiness to white men

For the Black community, freedom from oppression and faith in God are linked. The embodiment of spiritual intelligence led Black political leaders to understand the need of God within a system that does not allow freedom. The ultimate concern, for the Black religious community is to achieve the kingdom of God on earth. The leaders and activists I follow in the project illustrate the unique quality of religious problem solving. Specifically, Stewart and Walker lay the framework for other generations to link both the fight against oppression and faith in God as intuitional to challenge oppression within society. Through faith in God, the Black community I analyze illustrates that through hope and perseverance. Quasi-institution like capitalism and democracy provide value systems that directly change specific intellectual thoughts. The value placed on experience, race, and gender directly negates ideas centered on equality. Protestant traditions allow for the interpersonal relationship and development of forms of intelligences. The freedom associated with the Protestant tradition allows for an interpretation that can develop and change to fit the different forms of ethnocentric monoculturalism. Quasi-intuitions continue that ethnocentric monoculturalism until something is valued above it. I argue that without this form of spiritual knowledge and intelligence, hope does not exist in the Black

community. Religion provides hope to people oppressed by ethnocentric monoculturalism created in this quasi-intuition. Religion is the key to the resurgence of hope and the development of activism in the face of adversity.

Spiritual intelligence is the “endstate” that is capable of destroying oppression. It is through faith that Black leaders and the overall Black community can reinterpret intimations of religion of the Spirit to fit the ultimate concern of freedom and equality ~~present~~ during the 1830s. In the individual rights presented by the post-Enlightenment, Transcendentalism critiques (as it also celebrates) individualism by finding that religion prevailed through all of nature and society. Many scholars have attributed these ideas to Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau. However these ideas are already evident in pre-colonial African traditions. The concept of faith with regards to society was utilized by Blacks (and Transcendentalists) in the 1830s and 1840s to bring back religious values to society. However, for the Black community this was not new, but generational. Walker and Stewart, produced many of their works at same time as these writers. However, their positionality as Black scholars did not give them the same weight as these White thinkers. Both Black thinkers were far ahead of their time, and bridged ideas of religion and free thinking into one overarching idea.

Kent Bendall in “Faith and Critical Intelligence,” a chapter from *Exploring the Logic of Faith* (1962), writes about the logical positivism associated with “the use of language as a means

of formulating and organizing empirical, or scientific, knowledge...which reached the conclusion that most of the problems of...theology, were based on a mistaken belief that the sentences which were being disputed expressed factual assertions which could in principle be found to be either true or false.”¹³ Essentially ideas of religion were meaningless, and secular doctrine characterized them as a “fabric of nonsense.”¹⁴ Bendell contends on the contrary that the development of faith, having critical intelligence, should be grounded in discussion. He wrote that, “inquiry consists primarily in reflection on ‘experience’ being taken in the broad sense... inquiry may also consist in reflection upon the ideas by means if which we cope with experience and conduct inquiry in the primary sense.” Bendall goes further in his assertion and defines inquiry simply as a will to problem solve. He states: “its aim is the integration and organization of our experiences into an intelligible and reliable account of reality.”¹⁵

Later in the book, in a chapter titled “The Unity of Inquiry,” Bendall defines critical inquiry “as the constant testing of orthodoxy, and its revision in accordance with what we find to be necessary conditions of its effectiveness in directing our living.”¹⁶ Using this definition of generational development of spiritual intelligence as a tool to fight oppression is a fundamental mode of problem-solving. Using common theories of intelligence that link critical problem-solving with faith, Black interpretations and uses of religion of the spirit take this form of intelligence.

In *Generations of Captivity* written by Ira Berlin, he talks of the first interaction of European Christianity in the African continent. In one chapter, Berlin looks at the first interaction of Africans and Europeans. Specifically, he examines the syncretism that exists in the interaction of cultures. He writes that “most converts saw little cause to surrender their own deities. They incorporated Christianity and Islam to serve their own needs and gave Jesus and Mohammed a place in their Spiritual pantheon.”¹⁷

Furthermore, in *Free People of Color*, James Oliver Horton illustrates another spiritual intuition within the Black community. He tells the story of Prince Hall, a mixed raced Black man who by the 1780s had become a property owner and a qualified voter. Although he was of mixed ancestry and had a light complexion, he was concerned that no class lines be drawn within the Black community based on color or occupational status. He was an evangelical crusader, urging his followers forward, whether in the drive for decent education for Black children and to admit blacks to the ranks of George Washington’s forces or in his protest of the injustices of slavery and the discrimination suffered by Black Bostonians.¹⁸ A year after the Revolutionary War, Prince Hall and other free blacks formed the Negro Masonic Order, a fraternal organization chartered by the English Masonic Order. By 1809, the lodge was an important stable of Black social and economic crowds accessible to members of all economic classes. This lodge offered education and community service programs which complemented those of the African Church

and the African Society, a mutual aid and relief society providing needed services to the Black community. This enabled it to link leadership with other Black institutions.

The stories found in *Generations of Captivity, Free People of Color*, along with the importance with which my grandmother and her mother in turn considered education, together illustrate a multi-generational drive for intellect. From the first introduction of religion of the spirit, to the present way in which an elderly grandmother's Black spiritual intelligence has been handed down to me, a young college kid, Black have had tools and thus intelligence with which to solve problems of oppression. This intelligence is structural in the Black community. The Black community uses this intelligence to fight the democratic and capitalist development of different institutions. Both "Protestantism and early Christianity can be called religions of the Spirit, free from oppressive law."¹⁹ Christianity provides internal meaning instead of external meaning. This internal development of the ultimate concern, or meaning of life, allows for structural development of goal setting and action. Black spiritual intelligence, however, is structural. It is a critical form of intelligence defined "as the constant testing of orthodoxy, and its revision in accordance with what we find to be necessary conditions of its effectiveness in directing our living."²⁰

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David Walker and Maria Stewart:

Divine Retribution and “Revolutionary Violence.” A Methodology of Hope

O Americans! Americans!! I call God- I call angels-I call men to witness, that your DESTRUCTION *is at hand*, and will be speedily consummated unless you REPENT.
—David Walker, 1830

An Analysis of Maria W. Stewart and David Walker’s Embodiment of Spiritual Intelligence

During the Age of Reason and after the ratification of the American Constitution, free people of color developed a movement with white allies to challenge societal issues. While the American founding fathers claimed, “all men are created equal,”¹ free people of color were not treated equally. These people of color, along with a growing population of ethnic whites and women, felt that despite a fight for “life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness,”² they were not allowed the same opportunities as whites. The abolitionist movement developed as a call for America to truly follow the enlightenment thinkers. After nearly a century of enlightenment thinking, America began to see a religious revival that contextualized itself within society during the rise of the antislavery movement and the period of the Second Great Awakening in the 1820s and 1830s.³ This revival was religious in motive and feeling, but was focused on the reinterpreted Protestant religions and their place in society.⁴

For David Walker (1796–1830) this experience was embodied in his writing of *An Appeal to the Coloured Citizens of the World* (1829) and his interaction with the African

Methodist Episcopal church in Charleston, South Carolina. For Maria Stewart (1803–1879), it was embodied in her placement in religious institutions after she was orphaned. Both abolitionists used religion as a rhetorical tool to address their exclusion from the American system. Both leaders utilized the platform that religious reformation gave to blacks to call out the religious institutions, and this led to their religious foundation. They simultaneously utilized the activist tools of political writings as Enlightenment thinkers had done before them. Walker and Stewart worked under a framework that utilized the religious idea that were popular at the time to address the oppression that was developing. They recognized the unique difference within education, self-determination, and access to cultural resources like history. This recognition led to action.

Walker's early life is somewhat unknown. What we do know is that he was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, but like many freedom-seeking Blacks, that he moved to Charleston as a young man. In *To Awaken My Afflicted Brethren*, Peter P. Hinks develops a working analysis of Walker's early life using both historical understanding of the areas Walker is believed to have occupied, and records held by different institutions with which Walker interacted. In his analysis, Hinks focuses first on Walker's early life. Hinks uses Henry Highland Garnet's 1848 reprint of the *Appeal* to develop a working hypothesis on Walker's history. We learn that "his Mother was a free woman and his father was a slave." Hinks goes on to interpret

this information using Garnet's introduction. He finds faults in this analysis due to conflicting statements from Garnet. While Garnet claims that he received information from Walker's late wife, he also claims that, "[I]n regard to his life, but a few materials can be gathered."⁵

Hinks nonetheless continues to develop an idea of Walker's background. Walker appeared to have a high level of spiritual and educational development. Hinks notes that the public schools in North Carolina did not allow free blacks to participate. "While Walker's education probably commenced under an autonomous Black organization, there is no question that his religious life was initiated through the inspiration of a church."⁶ Hinks finds strong evidence for the historical likelihood of Walker's experience within the Black Methodist church in Wilmington. Black people made up most of the Methodists in early Wilmington. When Bishop Francis Asbury, the leader of early American Methodists, visited the Port City in 1803, he reported, "We have 878 Africans and a few whites in fellowship." In ante-bellum Wilmington, however, slaves had no rights and free blacks were second-class citizens at best. At Front Street Methodist Episcopal Church (the forerunner of the modern Grace United Methodist Church), Black worshipers were segregated in balconies while whites sat in the pews below and held the leadership positions. Black Methodists had no say when the American Methodist Church split in 1844, and Front Street joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, which supported slavery.⁷ Hinks develops a working thesis for this interaction using one aspect of the *Appeal*.

Yes, I have known small collections of colored people to have convened together, for no other purpose than to worship God Almighty... would also convene and wait almost in breathless silence for the poor coloured people to commence singing and praying to the Lord our God...the wretches would burst in upon them and drag them out and commence beating them.⁸

In this section of Walker's *Appeal*, he documents his experiences in a black-led church and the development of anti-blackness as a tool of oppression and fear. Although, historical information does not prove membership at this point in Walker's life, his later involvement in the Emmanuel African Methodist Episcopal (AME) Church in Charleston, founded in 1816 and led by Denmark Vesey, suggests that he may have been closely engaged with the Wilmington community prior to his move.

Walker experienced hardship. The white community in Wilmington felt especially different from the Black community that occupied the space: "Whites who could fled the stench and disease of the rice swamps and liked to characterize blacks as peculiarly fitted for such demanding work."⁹ The white community did not see the humanity in Walker's Black community. There existed a lack of cultural understanding, which led to second class citizenship and economic and social oppression.

The Negroes are the only people who seem to pay attention to the various uses that would vegetables may be put to. For example, I have sent you a paper of their vegetable pins made from the prickly pear, also molds for buttons made from calabash, which likewise serves to hold their visuals. The allowance for Negro is a quart of Indian corn per day, and a little piece of land which they cultivate much better than their Master. There they rear hogs and poultry, sow calabashes, etc. and are better provided for in everything than poorer white people with us.¹⁰

Whites felt that the Black cultural ties to the land illustrated a society that devalued intellectual pursuits and developed slower than poor whites. So White categorized Black's

involvement with the land as dirty and therefore Blacks as less noble than their white counterparts. Although many Blacks at this time continued to work on their masters' land, Blacks practiced a unique form of a resistance. Cultivating their land to produce a higher yield than that of their masters empowered Blacks in Wilmington.

Walker grew up in a culture that lacked distinct opportunities for free Blacks.

Wilmington continued to develop as a slave society with little space for free people of color like Walker. Like many of his time, Walker became fed up with his opportunities as a farm worker, and moved to Charleston. Hinks in his second chapter of "To Awaken My Afflicted Brethren" illustrates Walker's movement to Charleston as a part of a larger Black migration there: "No city on the eastern seaboard south of Baltimore could compare with Charleston for the opportunity it offered free blacks," he notes.¹¹ While the availability of opportunities for free blacks illustrates a drive for Walker's movement east, his words in the *Appeal* demonstrate the social part of this idea: "I remember a Camp Meeting in South Carolina, for which I embarked in a Steam Boat at Charleston."¹²

Probably the most important development that provides witness to Walker's direct interaction with the AME church is his time with Denmark Vesey. Hinks' analysis bears witness to Walker's development as a religiously motivated abolitionist. Hinks finds many similarities in the religious and political rhetoric developed by both Walker and Vesey during the early 1800s.

Both Walker and Vesey used similar language when understanding slavery within a religious context. They both used religion as a tool to fight the oppression. They both developed and embodied the spiritual intelligence necessary to exist with a society that does not value the interpretation or existence of Black culture or life. A witness of Vesey's sermons concluded, "His general conversation was about religion which he would apply to slavery, as for instance, he would speak of creation of the world, in which he would say all man hand equal rights, blacks as well as whites."¹³

Similarly, Walker used religious and political rhetoric as a way of illustrating the need for acceptance of blacks into the broader American project. In his *Appeal*, Walker explains, "Do they believe, because they are whites and we black, that God will have respect to them? Did not God make us all as it seemed best to himself? What right, then, has one of us, to despise another, and to treat him cruel on account of his colour?"¹⁴ Both Walker and Vesey use a framework presented to them in the Constitution. They develop a connection between the God-given rights articulated in the American Constitution with their religious morality. Both religious activists embodied spiritual intelligence by developing an analysis that goes above their racial and religious class. Each can transcend their positionality and advocate for the God-given rights rooted both in American political theory and general Christian thought. Both Vesey and Walker

worked under the same framework to develop a working analysis of how to address Black oppression within a society that used anti-Black rhetoric so pervasively.

After his interaction with the church, he moved to Boston in 1825. Before 1830, the Black church was the strongest and most widespread organization among Blacks in the North. Several Black churches in Boston were stops on the Underground Railroad for slaves escaping to the North. One of these was the African Methodist Episcopal Church on May Street on Beacon Hill in Boston. Its minister, the Rev. Samuel Snowden, was a tireless campaigner against slavery and for efforts to improve the lives of Blacks. Walker was a member of Snowden's congregation and a friend of the outspoken minister.¹⁵

It is important to note that Walker was a revolutionary. His ability to separate the religious sentiments of love from divine retribution illustrates a common form of activism at the time. His use of Christian rhetoric, constitutional framework, and print publication is a unique nexus employed by many abolitionists at the time. Walker utilized the revolutionary framework provided to him by Denmark Vesey and his agency as a free person of color to institute change. He uses the framework of the people who oppress him indirectly to illustrate why this oppression is morally wrong. This provides him with a moral religious authority. His political involvement in the *Liberator* and his distribution and sales of the *Freeman's Journal* were the avenues for

many other abolitionists to speak anti-slavery rhetoric. Both religious and political work by Walker attempt to achieve the same ends of Black liberation and equality.

Walker's work within the AME church and Black publications at the time illustrate a unique form of revolutionary activism. Many other abolitionists, including Maria Stewart, used both spheres to cultivate their theories and moral approach to anti-slavery rhetoric and thought. Kevin Pelletier in the *African American Review* writes on the logic of sentimental terror and its relationship to Walker and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Pelletier argues that abolitionist Christians influenced by the evangelical movement of the Second Great Awakening offered a type of Christianity that separates sentiments of love from sentiments of divine retribution.¹⁶ Anti-Slavery rhetoric within Walker's writings separate the love sentiments present in much of the white Christian thought pre-Second Great Awakening. Divine retribution is directly present in Walker's writings, "Americans having reduced us to the wretched state of slavery, treat us in that condition more cruel (they being an enlighten and Christian people, We, and the world wish to see the charges of Mr. Jefferson refuted by the blacks themselves... Our suffering will come to *end*, despite all the Americans this side of *eternity*."¹⁷ In this selection, Walker first illustrates the position of servitude that people of color in the south are experiencing. He then, positions that within the enlightenment propaganda present within the greater political landscape. He calls white Americans out emphasizing the words *slavery* and *more cruel* to offer as a parallel to the

words “enlighten” and “Christian people.” Walker addresses Jefferson. Jefferson believed that when a master was murdered, then all the slaves in his house were equally responsible for his death. Walker called on the colored people of the world to refute this claim *themselves*. He emphasizes “themselves,” implying that people of color deserve self-determination and value apart from their masters. Later in this section, Walker writes of divine retribution. He focuses on the end of day aspects present in the Evangelical tomes at the time by emphasizing *end* and *eternity* when referring to the suffering of the Negro spirit. This interpretation of the end of days contextualizes blacks within this experience of suffering. This reading of Walker’s illustrates an embodiment of mystical experiences, which had led him to these ideas. His participation within the planning and possible execution of the Slave Revolt in Charleston allow for an altered state of awareness centered on Black positionality and Black cultural development.

His positionality as a free person of color allowed his participation in this action. While scholars illustrate this action as “revolutionary violence,” this interpretation goes against the grain of the unique AME tradition. The AME tradition develops an interpretation of mystical experiences described as divine retribution found in religious practices of Methodist feeling. A secular reading of Walker’s Appeal may analysis this in the context of post-revolutionary rhetoric however, a religious reading contextualizes Walker’s appeal in the Second-Great

Awakening. More traditional scholarship offers a more direct religious reading compared to the modern work of Pelletier.

Pelletier in the *African American Review* expands this interpretation of Walker's writing, "By making violence revolutionary and not theological or merely retributive, critics unwittingly temper Walker's incendiary presence by placing him in a tradition in which violence was necessary to preserve the self-evident freedoms that inhere in all persons."¹⁸ Pelletier thus illustrates that anyone who went against slavery was considered a revolutionary. That ideas central to the Enlightenment and the movement's push towards the perfectibility of the human spirit are also directly present in Walker's writings illustrates the connection he drew between the right to revolt with perfectibility. "Revolutionary violence" was and is normative. It is the construction of a world where all persons enjoy the right and privileges of citizenship. The positionality of Walker's writings on slavery associates violence and ideals. It makes logical sense. However, it ignores the evangelical aspects of his language, specifically the apocalyptic terror.

Evangelical interpretation of the end of days within the Black tradition goes deeper. For members within the AME congregation, the end of days meant Black liberation from oppression. Liberational aspects within in this protestant tradition are direct illustrated in Denmark Vesey's teachings in Charleston. The revolt, while apocalyptic in nature for white society, for blacks also

had the goal of achieving the Kingdom of God on Earth. This idea is central to evangelical teaching.

Walker worked closely with Maria Stewart within the movement. Both Walker and Stewart wrote for the *Liberator*, a local freedom paper. The difference in Walker's and Stewart's work is rooted in their relationship with Protestant religions and their respective religious upbringings. The AME church for Walker presented him with a different set of tools than Stewart. Stewart, raised in a different environment, did not seem to separate the two sentiments present in evangelical thought. Stewart provides a framework rooted in individual, interpersonal liberation. Many scholars in the field see this as behind the times; however, as individualism began to rise with transcendental thinking in the 1840s, one could argue she was ahead of the times. She individualized and personalized the intellectual colonization of African culture that occurred during slavery. While many succumbed to the religious propaganda taught by white religious leaders, she used it as a tool for the abolitionist movement. She focused on the educational opportunities afforded to the next generation of political revolutionaries and the opportunities for women.

Maria Miller was born in Hartford, Connecticut. By the age of five she was orphaned and became an indentured servant to a clergyman. During that time, she attended Sabbath school, where she learned to read and write. In 1826, she married James W. Stewart in Boston. Both

Stewart and Walker were members of an association called the Massachusetts General Colored Association. The association encouraged blacks to unite in one body to abolish slavery and promote their own intellectual and moral improvements.¹⁹ They connected with William Lloyd Garrison, a prominent white abolitionist and founder of the *Liberator*. Walker and Garrison influenced Stewart to write in their publication. In 1832, Stewart published *Meditations from the Pen*. During that same year she also spoke at Franklin Hall. Her speech was entitled, “Why sit ye here and die?” Stewart turns activism inward: “Tell it not in Gath! publish it not in the streets of Askelon!” She continued, “Yet, after all, methinks were the American free people of color to turn their attention more assiduously to moral worth and intellectual improvement, this would be the result: prejudice would gradually diminish, and the whites would be compelled to say, unloose those fetters!”²⁰ Later in the speech Stewart illustrates her drive and passion for abolition: “I can but die for expressing my sentiments; and I am as willing to die by the sword as the pestilence; for I am a true born American; your blood flows in my veins, and your spirit fires my breast.”²¹

Stewart provided an important example for female abolitionists. She utilized the Bible as a tool to defend her right to lecture. Like the transcendentalists, her lectures also took a community approach to abolitionism that specifically called on colored people to improve their education and morality. She utilized biblical references as a way of providing a moral authority

to her speeches, therefore legitimizing her views in the larger political framework. Stewart and Walker share a similar sentiment when it comes to the focus on divine retribution. In Stewart's work, she expresses her own versions of this theological concept, which present themselves in the religious teachings in the AME church. Stewart claims she is willing to die to speak her words. She takes a community-centered approach, which focuses on building the morality of colored people as a tool to fight oppression. Scholars critique her failure to separate sentiments of love from sentiments of divine retribution, as behind the times. However, in this interpretation Stewart's focus on community illustrates a larger theme among women activist in the Black community. As well as fits well as individualism was on the raise in America

Stewart's development as an activist is unique for another reason: she was a woman. In "Maria W. Stewart, America's First Black Political Writer" Marilyn Richardson develops a unique argument for Stewart's significance. During her time, "it was considered highly inappropriate for a woman to put herself forward in such a way. She defended herself with an appeal to biblical precedent and by defining herself as a passive instrument in God's hands."²² The development of her positionality as a passive instrument in God's hands directly contextualizes her different rhetoric compared to Walker. While Walker used language that often included harsh words, this was not Stewart's approach. Richardson contextualizes Stewart's development as passive within the same resistance rhetoric as Walker. Whereas Walker's

language development illustrates his male privilege in the movement. Stewart's passiveness illustrates her lack of privilege as a woman and her mediations within her own understanding of the Protestant faith. She used this form of activism to position herself within the movement. As she developed herself as an institution within the movement, she focused on women development.

Stewart embodies a unique form of spiritual intelligence illustrated in her educational development in Sabbath school. While many people did not see a place for women of any race to speak on social issues, Stewart claims her entitlement to speak on these issues with her practice of spiritual interrogation. "Did St. Paul but know of our wrongs and deprivation...I presume he would make no objections to our pleading in public for our rights."²³ It is important to note that while Walker worked to improve access for Black people, during the time of abolition, this meant only Black men. Women, white and black, did not have the same legal or societal power as men did. Stewart's focus on women went above and beyond the frameworks presented to her in society. Women did not have the same permission as men to use harsh language. It is Stewart who took the ideas of Walker and made them her own. She developed a framework that uniquely fit for women and their experiences in the time, going against the grain of a Black masculine society.

Her focus on women and their own religious development instead illustrates her embodiment of spiritual intelligence. In this framework she represents the important aspect of understanding the sacredness of life. Maria understand the importance of illustrating positive role modeling with regards to her ideas of activism. “As her confidence and determination grew, so too did her resistance to the assumption and augment put forth to silence women.”²⁴

In this embrace of spiritual intelligence, Stewart did share one important aspect of her activism with Walker. This commonality is this: the same revolutionary violence that scholars find in Walker is also present in Stewart’s discourse. Richardson concludes, “The book of Revelation, with its emphasis on the written word, on didactic prophecy, and on the cataclysmic destruction of the forces of evil, was the source of much of Stewart’s spiritual self-definition.”²⁵ Richardson goes on to conclude, “she found justification for what secular authorities might well have considered inciting to riot.”²⁶ Stewart believed that rebellion and destruction within the revolutionary ideals of the Black community would act as “instruments of God’s punishment” within a society that saw blacks as second class or less than human. In her “Address Delivered at the African Masonic Hall in Boston” on February 27th 1833, Stewart illustrates the same divine retribution present in Walker’s: “But many powerful sons and daughters of Africa will shortly arise, who will put down vice and immorality among us, and declare by Him... that they will have their rights; and if refused, I am afraid they will spread horror and devastation around.”²⁷ In

this passage, while Stewart does not use the same harsh rhetoric, she contextualizes the same feeling into her own female religious community, illustrating the unique individual consideration and spiritual transcendence required when embodying spiritual intelligence.

While many secular readings of the works of Walker and Stewart contextualize their activism as revolutionary in quality, they miss the important historical aspects that challenge that assertion. Both activists worked within a religious framework, which they developed as a tool for their success. Walker and Stewart developed a unique morality rooted in the cultural Black religious experience. Without the ideas of divine retribution, their activism could not go against the grain of other religious motives at the time. This spiritual intelligence embodies religious teachings as an intellect which, guiding choice and morals. Both used these tools to fight adversity and transcend as society that was adversarial to blacks to provide a new world view. Generations and generations of Black activist continue to use this unique intuitional framework for the development of Black equality.

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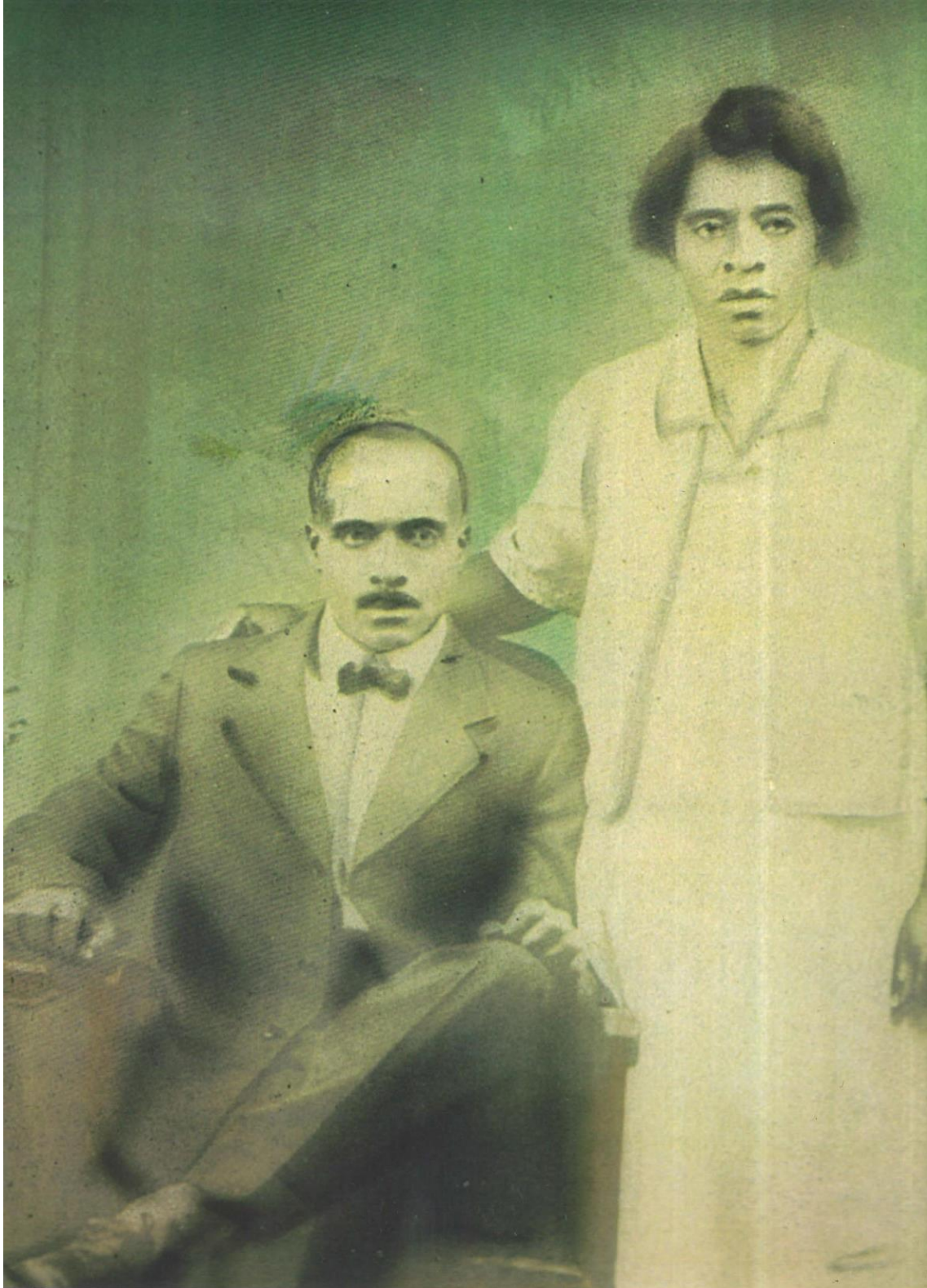
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Migration to the Promised Land

Are we MEN!!— I ask you, O Brethren! are we MEN? Did our Creator make us to be slaves to
dust and ashes like ourselves?

—David Walker, 1830

A Photo Sketch of the Peterson Family. They took the Pilgrimage West.



A sketch of Edward & Josie Peterson, my grandmother's grandfather and step grandmother (her birth grandmother died at a very young age). My aunt Bev was told years ago that this photo was a sketch of the Petersons.



The Peterson siblings, including my maternal great-great grandfather.



This photo was taken two years after my grandmother's birth in 1935. This the first photo of grandmother I could find.



My great-aunt Bev when she was about three years old. Bev was my grandmother's second sister after my great-aunt Jean.



My great-uncle Billy. After coming to Portland, he died when he was 8. He was hit by a car.



My Aunt Bev. took this photo in the 1970s when she visited Birmingham, Alabama. She was told by other another family member that this was where our family's old house uses to be before it was torn down. This is not our family house. However, it is the house occupied the lot when my family lived there



This is my grandmother in Birmingham, Alabama. She is in front of her Peterson family garden.



Corine Peterson (my grandmother's mom) holding Linda Peterson—the last one her ten kids and the only one born in Portland.



This is my grandmother dancing at her beauty school. My grandmother worked at the Bohemian Bakery every Sunday to pay for her school. She was the first in her family to get any higher education. She attended Portland Beauty Academy. After graduation, she worked at her aunt's beauty salon, which was the first Black beauty salon in Portland. The salon is still opened and owned by our family.



This is my grandmother and her husband on their wedding day. She married Jesse Burns, my mother's father. He was orphaned when both his parents died. His extended family refused to take care of him so he and his siblings grew up in an orphanage in Oklahoma.



This is my mom (Angela Burns) in a Portland residence. This is the childhood home my mom grew up in on 7th Avenue. My grandparents purchased and owned the home for forty-three years.




The Burns Family

*Season's
Greetings*

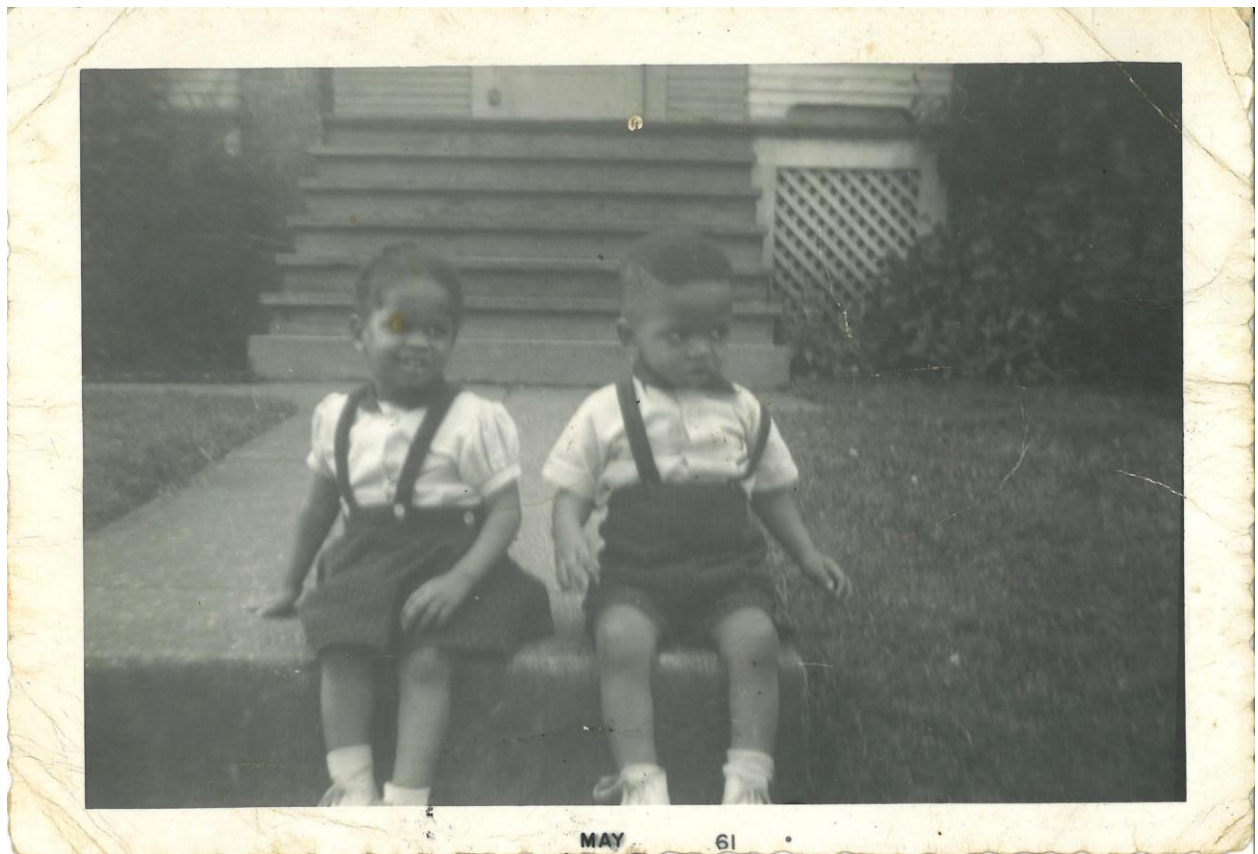


This is my Mom (Angela) with Ron & Ronda Burns (my aunt and uncle). My grandfather took this photo for a holiday card. The photo was taken in Portland, Oregon on 7th Avenue.

TEACHER'S COMMENTS		PARENT'S COMMENTS		PUPIL PROGRESS REPORT	
Date <u>Jan 5 1963</u> I am very happy to know that Angela is getting along ok. I will help her with her writing. Sincerely yours, <u>Mrs. Nora Barnes</u>		First Period: <u>The art material is good</u> Parent's Signature <u>Mrs. Nora Barnes</u>		PORTLAND PUBLIC SCHOOLS PORTLAND, OREGON A reporting system to be really effective, includes parent-teacher conferences as well as written reports. Parents are welcome to visit their child's school to confer with his teacher about his progress. The child's success in school depends upon mutual understanding between the home and the school. MELVIN W. BARNES Superintendent of Schools	
Date <u>April 11 1963</u> Angela tries hard. This last term of school we worked hard getting phonics mastered. Sincerely yours, <u>Mrs. Chappes</u>		Second Period: Parent's Signature _____		Name <u>Burns, Angela</u> Grade <u>1</u> School <u>HIGHLAND</u> School Year <u>6263</u>	
Days Absent <u>2 3 1/2 4 1</u> Times Tardy <u>1 0 0</u> Report Periods <u>1 2 3 4</u>		Third Period: <u>I am well pleased Angela's behavior and work. hope she sees a library and that she will not forget what she has learned.</u> Parent's Signature <u>Mrs. Chappes</u>		 PRIMARY—GRADES 1-3 Assigned to <u>Second (2) Grade</u> Principal <u>Leslie K. Lee</u>	

EXPLANATION OF MARKS		LANGUAGE ARTS LEARNING TO COMMUNICATE IDEAS		TEACHER'S COMMENTS																																																																
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This is my mom's (Angela) first grade report card. At the time, the school my mom attended was called Highland Elementary. The school was later called Martin Luther King Jr. School to commemorate the historic Black community which resided near the school. Highland Elementary was three blocks away from my mom's (Angela) childhood home.



This is my Aunt Ronda and Uncle Ron. This photo was taken in front of my great grandmother's house. The house was bought by the Petersons in 1951 and is still owned by a family member today.



This is my mom (Angela), Ron, and Ronda playing in the living room at their home on 7th Avenue.



This is my grandmother, Ron, Ronda, and my mom on Easter Sunday in 1966. In this picture, my mom is about to turn ten and Ron and Ronda are about to turn eight.



This is my mom's tenth birthday party. In this picture, my grandmother is smiling, and my mom's friends are waiting for her to blow out her candles. Picture taken at her home on 7th Avenue in Portland, Oregon, 1966.



This is Ron Burns' fourth-grade class. My mom was in the same class two years before this. Ron was the only Black student in the class. Two years before, my mom was one of two Black students in the class. My mom and her siblings were part of the busing movement after the passing of Brown v. Board of Education. All three of them went to Meek Elementary during this time.



This my Aunt Jackie (birth grandmother) holding my birth mom Dionne Barnes. On the other couch, my grandmother and Aunt Jean are watching television. My grandmother (Doris) and grandfather (Jesse) are Godparents to my birth mom, Dionne. This photo was taken in Los Angeles, California.



This is Ron and Ronda Burns holding Dionne Barnes (my birth mom) in front of my great grandparents' home on Northeast Cleveland Avenue in Portland, Oregon



This is my grandmother (Doris) holding her Goddaughter Dionne Barnes (my birth mom) at my great grandparents' home on Cleveland Avenue in Northeast Portland, Oregon. Picture taken in 1968.



This is my grandmother (Doris) pictured at a picnic in the early 1970s. She is wearing her natural hair.



This is my mom's (Angela) senior graduation photo in 1974. She was graduating from Grant High School.



This is Dionne Barnes' (my birth mom's) elementary school picture in Portland, Oregon. This was taken a year before she moved to Minneapolis.



This is a picture of the 1984 Olympics Track & Field meet in Los Angeles, California. My mom (Angela) attended with her aunt and uncle.



This is my mom (Angela), she was Vice President and Human Resources manager at U.S. bank. She is at a speaking engagement as the President of Oregon's Urban Bankers program. She worked for U.S. Bank for over twenty-five years.

Well Aren't You Special!

Be not offended because I tell you the truth; for I believe that God has fired my soul with a holy zeal for his cause.

Maria Stewart, 1831

Angela Brown and Quincy Brown's Embodiment of Spiritual Intelligence

When I was growing up, I had the privilege of have three amazing people raise me. Angela, Greg, and Doris. They promised my birth mother that they would do everything in their power to advocate for my success. These people are truly a gift to me. If it wasn't for their embodiment of spiritual intelligence, and due to the stereotypes, statistics, and the community I was born into the odds are I would have had the same fate as my birth father: jail. When I arrived in Portland 6 months after moving from Minnesota, I was greeted by my future father, grandmother, aunt, cousins, and entire extended family. I consider this my homecoming. God intended that I would join this family. The relationship I would have with my mother, my grandmother, and my father would go beyond most parent-child relationships. Our bond wasn't forced; it was chosen by God.

My first memory is of my grandmother and myself. We were in some type of market. She was pushing me in a stroller. From what I can remember she was pushing me to get my first hot dog. I remember my Grandma said, "Here you go Quincy." I remember taking the hot dog in my hand, looking up at my grandmother, and saying, "Thank you, Grandma."

My parents never hid from me the fact that I was adopted. I knew from an early age that I was adopted. However, I didn't know that I was related to my parents. I thought my story was

like other people who were adopted—that there was some random couple that figured they couldn't give me a good life so they found Angela and Greg. I figured that same family also had my sister first. That they found Jackie to take care of my sister. Then when Jackie couldn't take me, she found Doris who found Angela and Greg. I wasn't wrong. However, I was missing a very big piece of the history surrounding my adoption.

I first realized I was Black in preschool. I was playing with the other kids in my class at Holiday Land, an early childhood education center in the Irvington neighborhood located in Portland. My parents moved to Laurelhurst in Portland, Oregon in 1994. The deed to our home illustrated the same racialized covenants present in the neighborhood that my birth mother moved to when she was ten. Our family, along with a couple other families, made up the Black residents in Laurelhurst, one of whom were our cousins whose family helped my grandmother move to Oregon. The other was my mother's aunt's best friend. My mother soon made friends with the Johnsons. The Johnsons, another Black family, also adopted a kid. His name was Jackson. Our parents realized that the neighborhood we lived in did not have the same opportunities of blackness that they had grown up in. Both my mother and Jackson's mother, Kate, decided to have us educated closer to the historical Black neighborhood a mile away from our family church.

Jackson and I were playing with the other kids one day when one of the younger ones asked me to help them tie their shoes. I had only recently learned to do so, so I was excited to help my younger friend out. When I bent down to start helping my friend, a young white girl said to my friend, "Why did you ask him? Black people can't tie shoes." I knew where this was coming from. I looked over at Jackson and noticed that he still had Velcro shoes. It was true:

Jackson didn't yet know how to tie his shoes. The little girl started to explain to my younger friend that since Jackson didn't know how to tie his shoes and neither did I. We were two of about five other Black students in the entire preschool. I began to realize that I was the only one of them that wasn't wearing Velcro shoes.

At my young age I realized what it meant to be black. Due to Portland's large white population, for the students with whom I went to school, this was their first interaction with Black children. While it wasn't until then that I realized that I was different, all the other white students realized it way before I did. To be frank, it wasn't until the interaction at my preschool that I noticed the color difference of my friends. I learned that often people stereotyped people that look the same. These white children had observed a trend within the small population of Black students in the room. That trend was then taken to be representative that small population. Although I was wearing shoes with shoestrings and could clearly tie my shoes, from the observation of this girl that I was "black" so, I must not have the skills necessary to tie my shoes. Why was she stereotyping me? Frustrated and wanting to prove her wrong. I decided I would teach Jackson and the other Black students in my preschool how to tie their shoes. I didn't want this girl making fun of my friends. If we were going to be grouped together as the same, then at least, we'd be able to tie our shoes. Over the next few weeks, I held little workshops to help the Black students in my class learn how to do to tie their shoes.

When I told my mother what had happened, she went down to the school and demanded an answer. The school dismissed her and the incident, and wouldn't even let my mother talk to the parents of the girl who made the comment. I asked my mother why nothing would be done. I could tell my mother was upset because she didn't have an answer for me. I always asked good

questions, and my mother always provided good answers. However, this time things were different. I could see it in her face. Instead of trying to give me an answer, she told me a story. My mother was part of the forced integration movement. She was born in 1956. While Brown v. Board passed in 1954 it wasn't until 1962 that Portland integrated the schools. "In 1962, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) publicly accused the PPSD of implicitly condoning school segregation." During that same year the national chapter of the NAACP conducted its own research into the matter of school's segregation within Portland. This report found many issues within the Portland school system. These issues, the NAACP deemed, required action by PPS to help the situation.¹ The NAACP called on PPS to integrate their schools. My mother and her siblings were a part of that testing. In the early days of my mother's education. She experienced firsthand the policy of forced busing. Earlier in her education, she attended a Black school. My grandmother was unable to move into white neighborhoods and was isolated on 7th street within a predatory loan commitment. She was unable to get a loan for her home, thus entering in the commitment which would help her buy the house without a mortgage. After the NAACP found that PPS was implicitly condoning school segregation, she became one of two Black students in her fifth-grade class. Her parents were told that she would get a better education within a white environment. During her previous year she excelled in her studies within Black neighborhood school however, in 5th grade she felt isolated from her community, friends, and classroom. Her teacher Ms. Myers actions were institutional in continuing the racialized aspects of Portland for my mom. This is similar to the situation I experienced at Holiday Land. Her brother Ron would follow in her footsteps 2 years later.

My mother had two specific stories that she highlighted to me at a very young age. These stories would be the motivation that would get me through the next 17 years of my life. The first story my mother told me was about her experience with a white girl. This girl was handing out invitations to her birthday party. She was making a very big deal about it, my mother explained. She got up out of her chair during free time and explain that she wanted everyone to come to her birthday party however, there was two students she wasn't inviting. She didn't say who. After her speech she began to pass out the invitations. When she got to my mother's desk, she began the fanfare again. The girl announced to the class, that my mother along with the Black girl in the class, who was bused, were the only black kids in the class not invited to her party. My mother's response is something I hold deep within in my heart. She said: "I don't want to go your dump stupid party." The class including Ms. Myers were shocked at my mother's response. However, at a similar age, my mother realized she was different. Instead of stereotyping that I received, my mother experienced racism it was in the form of discrimination on the bases of color.

My mother continued her story to explain the institutional racism she experienced. Ms. Myers was a racist teaching one of her first Black children. My mother had an experience totally different than the other white students in her class. She grew up with a mother who had lived in the Jim Crow South, who didn't have access to a complete education. Her father had grown up in Oklahoma and was abandoned by his family. They did not have the same access to services afforded to the white students in her class. Ms. Myers called my mother dumb, retarded, and wanted her placed in special education. She thought that my mother couldn't read. She told my grandmother that blacks were not as smart as the children in her class and therefore, it would be

best to place my mother in special education. My grandmother didn't support that decision. My grandmother told my mother that she really believes that she would receive a better education in the white school but would not subjecting her daughter to special education.

My mother shared that this experienced directly affect her self-esteem. After being told by her teacher that she was retarded. She was deeply confused. She was bused over to the white school because, her teacher at her previous school thought it would help her educationally. While my mother struggled as one of two Black students in her class. She claimed that her experienced made her stronger.

My mother experienced another aspect of the attempt at solving educational discrimination in Portland. However, instead of Portland realizing that there was a housing issue which affect the schools within the schools. The school district decided to rezone the schools. My mother was the first to experience this. During her growing up, her entire family went to Jefferson High School, the predominantly Black school. However, before her 9th grade year, they change the district to allow more Black students from her neighborhood to attend Grant High School, the predominantly white school located next to the Jefferson High School. However, my mom made the best out of the situation. She joined the Black student union and became the sergeant at arms for the student government. She was one of the only Black students within student government at the time.

When I arrived at Laurelhurst Elementary school in 1st grade, I experienced the same things my mother had experienced throughout her early childhood education. Due to my previous schools focus on science and math I struggled with these topics in my first-grade classroom. I was in Mrs. Peterson's first grade class. A lot of the children in my class had

different experiences than me. Unlike many of the students in the class I was adopted, my birth mother suffered from mental illness, and my birth father was a career criminal. Furthermore, my speech development was different than the other people. For this reason, I struggled with reading out loud. I wasn't behind, I just struggled with understanding how different sounds were formed with regards to spelling. My teachers thought I needed to be placed in special education. During my first three years at Laurelhurst I was constantly tested, taken out of class, and made to feel like I was different. Even the teacher at the time was concerned. She explained to my mom, that I had a phonics issue. However, the school still pushed for my placement in special education. Finally, my mom told them to stop. She was done dealing with the increasing pressure to put me in special education and could observe that I was missing out on class time. Furthermore, she realized that other students began to see me as different.

On January 9th, 2019 KGW (a local Portland newspaper) published an article explaining what I had experienced. During a state audit conducted in the past academic year (2017-2018), officials found that Portland Public Schools had a 53% achievement gap between its white and African-American Students...." Secretary of State Dennis Richardson claimed in a response to the findings that, Portland Public Schools and the state continue to struggle substantially with students of color, and this inequity must end. Portland Public Schools has more funding per student than all Oregon peer districts and more than many national peer districts, yet management challenges and an inconsistent focus on performance are hurting students and teachers."² My experiences directly reflect the districts findings.

My first-grade experience was not the only time I experienced the inequities of the Portland Public School system. When I was in third grade, I had a teacher, Ms. Lund. Everyone in my

school knew her. We all wanted to have her. She would let students stay in from recess and drink hot chocolate. She feed us candy and would spend most of the time on art projects. When I entered her class on the first day Ms. Lund told us what she told every third-grade class. She explained, that for the first time in our education career we would be taking a standardized test. This test including reading, writing, and math. She said that the test was “very hard” and that we shouldn’t try that hard on the first test. In fact, she told us to do badly on the test. Her reason simply was that if we did badly on the test the first time, then good at the end of the year this would show progress. During this time in my education the school system looked at progress for evaluating how teachers effectively taught their children. I thought there was something wrong with this statement. However, I really liked Ms. Lund. At the time I also really liked school. So, I made the decision to tell my mom.

When I got home that afternoon, I explained to my mom what happened. At first, she didn’t believe me. My mom was so confused on to how a teacher could tell their student to do badly on a test. She then remembers what other parents had told her with regards to Ms. Lund’s class. She was warned by other Black parents that Ms. Lund had a history of tell students this. That many of the students from her class fell behind during the year. This led to problems for the next couple of years for these students. My mom at the beginning of the year voiced her concern about Ms. Lund. However, I was so excited to have her, that my mom couldn’t move me out of the class. She regretted this decision. My mom was frustrated and called the principal the next day. She also scheduled a meeting with the teacher as well. My mom learned during her conversation that in fact, Ms. Lund had told students this. After some investigation from the

school, officials found that she had been telling other students the same thing for a couple of years.

A couple of months beforehand my mother turned down a promotion that would have caused us to move to Minnesota. My mom was Vice President of Human Resources at US Bank. During that year US Bank was bought by another bank and her job was moving to the Midwest. My mom had always lived in Portland, my dad just got a really good job at a community bank called Albina Community bank, and I was in a transformational time of my childhood. Instead of taking the promotions that would have expanded her career she left US Bank. Her decision was intentional for this year of my childhood development. Unlike many families in my school both my parents worked. This made it hard for them to be active in situations like PTA's and action planning. However, my mom now had the time. For this, she began being an active member in the school situation. This led to my improvements. She helped lead and organize a field trip with the class that would help us learn about the Portland community. She led a parent organization that got Ms. Lund to retire. She was influential in hiring our substitute teacher, Mr. Sturges. With his help and the help of other parents we were all able to pass all of grade tests and move on the fourth grade.

When I was in fourth grade another event happened to me which bled racism and oppression. I'm allergic to peanuts. Everyone in my school knew due to isolation at the lunch room. For much of my childhood. I had to sit at a special table. Not only was I one of the only Black students at the school, I was the only Black student at this lunch table. I never really had a chance to eat with my friends. This all changed during a field trip during that year. On this field trip, I got to sit with my friends for the first time since I was in preschool. I was excited to not

feel singled out and learn how my classmates experienced their lunch time. However, when I entered the group, someone threw a peanut at me. This continued as other students began throwing peanuts at me. I instantly ran away. I found Ms. Wilson my teacher. Crying, I told her that students were throwing peanuts at me. She angry confronted the students and screamed at them for what seemed like hours. Singled out again, I felt bad because, these students were going to get in trouble and blame me.

After my fourth-grade experience, things began to improve. Students at my school learned about the racial history of our state through our history of Oregon curriculum and plays. In fifth grade, we began learning about American history. We also had a play where the Black students were used to illustrate specific aspects of civil rights history. While, it was sad we were only cast in these positions, we used these positions as an opportunity to show our pain and resistance. My two best friends and twins Erika and Jessica sung, "We Shall Overcome." I sung a civil rights song by Bob Dylan called "Blowin' in the Wind." Our parents were specifically proud of us singing these songs due to their interactions with civil rights theories and actions when they were our age. My mom watched as I stood in front of an all-white crowd, in our white neighborhood school, and asked, "how many roads must a man walk down before they call him a man" This was one of the most empowering moments of my childhood.

I continued at Laurelhurst for the rest of my education until 8th grade. During this year I found my passion. My teacher, Mr. Vaughn assigned us a project called the Expert Project. Mr. Vaughn had received his PhD from Berkeley and was transformed by education. He assigned this project in conjunction with our History teacher Ms. Berkeley. I decided to write about the history of Black America. I wanted to know what problems and issues were responsible for all the pain and

oppression my mother, father, grandmother, and myself had experienced over the generations. In 8th grade, I wrote a 26-page paper, single spaced on the history of race and oppression in America. He required that students complete 20 pages single spaced (longer than most of the paper requirements I've had at Claremont McKenna College).

After 8th grade my parents and I decided that Catholic School would be the best decision for me moving forward. Our school district was going through a lot of changes and my parents didn't think my neighborhood school would be a good choice for me. When we went to a meeting for 8th grade parents at my neighborhood high school, we experienced disorganization, unknown funding, and general mismanagement of the school. Luckily, my parents had the means during this time to send me to Central Catholic. I had never gone to Catholic school and I was not Catholic. However, I was excited because a lot of friends I met throughout my childhood would be attending this school with me. I was a promising track and field athlete so, I knew that Central Catholic's focus on sports would provide me with the best tools to continue my love for running. I was very smart for my age as well. My mom feared that I would be distracted at Grant High School, my neighborhood school. A lot of students from my middle school made similar decisions. I personally, wanted to go to the Catholic school across town, La Salle. However, my parents, along with my other two good friends' parents refused to drive us out there every day. Harry, Gunnar, and I made the decision to attend the Catholic school in our area.

When I got there as a freshman, I was very surprised at the amount of diversity that existed. I joined student government as Freshman class President, played football, joined theater, ran track, participated in the African-American Student Union, joined jazz band, joined pep band, and completed over 30 hours of community service. I continued my involvement in

various capacities over the next three and half years. In my first year however, I experienced yet again how institutions could racialized minority students' experiences. Central Catholic failed to assign me to any honors classes. They claimed that because, I was from a public school I didn't have the skills to be a part of these classes. Although I was valedictorian at my middle school, I had received high grades in all the important classes that should have led to my placement into these honors classes. Frustrated, I went out of my way to take extra testing in the summer. Luckily, I got placed in a higher class.

Over the first two years at this school I flourished. I became one of the faces at Central Catholic. My story and involvement were used to bring in my other Black students like myself. My activism developed within the African-American Student Union. I noticed a hole in the community. Our adult leader of our AASU was an alumnus of the school. However, we didn't have any other Black staff members. Every month, we had this guy come into our community to lead this program. He understood that the Central Catholic community lacked Black representation however, his presence once a month was not enough. We spent much of our time going over the different racialized comments that came from the staff members, discussing the all Black and Latinx detention settings were often found ourselves, or even the lack of historical knowledge of our communities within our curriculum. When I attended these meetings, I felt like we didn't even have time to address the large epistemic issues surrounding our community.

The lack of support manifested itself in January 2015. A group of friends from my High School and I were all hanging out. Each of us had experienced what it felt like to not fit the model at the Catholic school we attended. We were upset of the preferential treatment for historic, rich, and white families at our school. While my friend group and I worked tirelessly for

our grades and our success it seemed that success was handed to a few. We decided that we would take matters into our own hands. There was one student who represented all that made us feel unaccepted at Central Catholic. He would say racially motivated comments in class, a representative of the remarkable privilege he had. He would copy our homework and use the study guides we created. He participated in cultural appropriation as a comedic tool to push his agenda on our student government. He represented everything we were against and, everything we were trying to change about our high school. In an act of desperation, we spray painted his car.

Two days after this event, every kid in Northeast Portland knew what we had done. I had multiple text messages from classmates and friends from a wide range of schools. I skipped school that day and played sick because, I knew that I would be in trouble if I came to school. By Wednesday, I had to attend school. I had an AP Calc 2 test which I needed to do well on to pass the class. I feared going into the class because this student was also in the class. Again, he probably used the study guide I created and distributed to the class a week before. When I walked in, he stared at me, intently. It was clear he already knew what I did. As soon as the bell rung, our Dean of Students came walking into the class. It was clear, everyone knew what I had done.

My mom and I had a very similar experience as we grew older. When she entered high school, she became involved with the Black Student Union, participated in events at the school, and joined student government. As she was becoming independent from her family she also decided to stop going to church. A lot of the people she hung around would make fun of her with regards to her Christianity. During her last few years of high school and most of her college

career she did not attend church. Although, I attended a catholic school, I began to do the very same things. Even though religion was the reason why I got to where I was, I thought with all my new knowledge and popularity that I did not need it. The truth is that both my mom and I wanted to fit in. We both existed in predominantly white spaces that were hostile towards religion. Our religious background made us even more different compared to our peers. To lessen the burden, we gave up our religion.

Both my mother and grandmother made a promise to my birth mother. They promised that they would be the God family to my mom Dionne, my birth mother. When I was born instead of leaving me in foster care, they took me in. Illustrating the development of their own spiritual intelligence. On that day in 1969 when my grandmother held my birth mother, she was making the promise to ensure a better life for Dionne and her children to follow. I cannot begin to thank these two women and their unique intelligence which drove them to provide me with the tool necessary for my own existence.

My mom through her conversations with me illustrated her unique embodiment spiritual intelligence. She provided me with the spiritual concept of hope. Through her own resilience and in her experiences, she practiced each concept of spiritual intelligence and led me to develop the same ideas. Whereas, my grandmother guided me through education and success at a young age she also, empowered me by treating me as an equal and pushed me to be the person I am today. My grandmother provides me with a model that proves that no matter who you are you can succeed.

Today, I find myself returning to religion. Just like my mom did when she finished her undergraduate experience in college, and just like my grandmother when she finished her

education. After experiencing so much epistemic oppression the only way I know how to find hope is through my religion. I will continue the generational development of spiritual intelligence in the Black community to provide hope to my children and the community they will resident in. I hope to one day teach on the generational development of Black activism through religious spiritual intelligence. I want to provide academia with the context and the tools to understand why religion deserves value. It is also a tool to problem solve. Without these resources found in my religious community I could not have gotten through each phase of oppression. I thank God every day for providing me with the knowledge in trusted by Him.

Notes

1. "Desegregation and Multiculturalism in the Portland Public Schools." 2010. *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 111 (1): 6–37. doi:10.5403/oregonhistq.111.1.6.
2. "Portland Public Schools Failing Students Of Color, Carelessly Monitors Spending, State Audit Finds." 2019. *KGW.Com*. <https://www.kgw.com/article/news/local/portland-public-schools-failing-students-of-color-carelessly-monitors-spending-state-audit-finds/283-286723a3-f29b-43be-b2d5-ccb41de539c5>.

A Generational Promise and Gift from God

Sometimes I forget that you didn't birth me

-Quincy Brown 2015

A photo history of my homecoming



This is a picture of my parents (Greg and Angela) on their wedding day. My grandfather (the first Black judge in Oregon) and step-grandmother are pictured as well. This picture was taken at the Doubletree Hotel in 1994.



This picture was taken in the cabin my parents stay in during their honeymoon in the Caribbean.



This photo was taken at the first dinner my parents had on their honeymoon.



This photo was taken in one of the port cities my mom and dad stayed in during their honeymoon.



This photo was taken during my aunt Jean's retirement party at my childhood home on Glisan St. My parents bought this home in June of 1995 and still own it today.



This was another photo taken at my aunt's retirement photo showing the rest of my backyard. All my mom's (Angela) aunts and uncles are pictured in this photo. Along with my eldest cousin Jessica in the back.



This is the first photo taken at my childhood house in Portland, Oregon. I still have all these stuffed animals.



This is a picture of my grandmother (in the middle) during her retirement party. She retired a month after I came home to Portland so she could help raise me.



This is the first photo I can find of my father and me. This is the original couch my mom and dad bought together when they were dating.



This is the first picture of my mom and I. Taken in front of the double doors that lead to my childhood backyard.



This is my mom, dad, and I at one of my first birthday parties in Portland.



This is a picture of my mom and her Goddaughter Nikki. My childhood best friend and sister.



This is a picture of my Godmother and God sister. My grandmother and uncle are also in the picture. We were having a shared birthday party.



This is a picture of my cousin Isaiah and I at my birthday party. He is the last of my cousins to be born in our generation of cousins.



Here's a photo of cousin Isaiah at his home in Portland, Oregon.



This is a photo of my dad and I opening gifts on Christmas. This was my first Christmas with my new parents.



This a photo later that night with my grandmother and aunt Wanza. My aunt Wanza and I share a special bond. She didn't have any children. My aunt died last May, and this project is in honor of her memory. She was the historian of our family.



This is a picture of me helping my parents clean the house. My grandmother taught me at a young age how to cook and clean. I am showing of one of my lessons to my parents.



This is a picture of mom, dad, grandmother, and myself on the same cruise ship my parents had their honeymoon on 6 years earlier. I packed the shorts I was wearing in my backpack and changed in the taxi. I told my mom I brought them because I knew it would be hot.



This is a picture of my first time in school at Holiday Land.



This is a picture in front of my house on Glisan Street in Portland, Oregon



This is a picture of my first of school in Portland, Oregon

Conclusion

Poverty, Prisons, and Pollution, the New Generational Fight

I will not stand still until my work is done
—Quincy Brown, 2019

In *Is Spirituality an Intelligence? Motivation, Cognition, and the Psychology of Ultimate Concern*, Emmons develops a case for spiritual intelligence as an institutional and structural form of intelligence like other forms, such as music, language, and math. Emmons defines this intelligence as a set of capacities and abilities that enable people to solve problems and attain goals in their everyday lives.¹ He argues that people who possess such intelligence develop 5 specific components-aspects that relate to spiritual goal setting. These are identified as following: (a) the capacity for transcendence; (b) the ability to enter into heightened spiritual states of consciousness; (c) the ability to invest everyday activities, events, and relationships with a sense of the sacred; (d) the ability to utilize spiritual resources to solve problems in living; and (e) the capacity to engage in virtuous behavior (to show forgiveness, to express gratitude, to be humble, to display compassion).²

Emmons in the 1999 book *The Psychology of Ultimate Concern* contextualizes the idea of adaptive problem solving and achieving goals in spirituality. In *Christianity and the Encounter of the World*, Paul Tillich describes religion as “the state of being grasped by an ultimate concern, concern which qualifies all other concerns.” Later, however, he goes on to

illustrate that in certain quasi-religious institutions such as communism or nationalism, one may die for something “which is conditional in being or meaning.”³ The difference between the Christian religion, which will be the primary focus of this book is that both “Protestantism and early Christianity can be called religions of the Spirit, free from oppressive law.”⁴ Tillich furthers his examination of the idea of religion by offering a definition of religious indifference, which he defines as indifference towards the question of the meaning of one’s existence as a transitory stage. However, it that cannot last.⁵ Quasi-religious institutions are conditional; however, when generations are indifferent to religion, people within them possess a forgotten drive for meaning. Tillich takes a unique approach to the idea of religion and spirit (spirituality). He claims that free Christian religions are religions of the spirit, implying a spirituality unique to early Christianity and Protestantism. He combines these two ideas, which allows Emmons to find a connection between spirituality and religion. He argues that understanding of meaning is the ultimate concern or goal achieved through religion.

Both Emmons and Tillich develop a working argument for the institutional and structural forms of spirituality as a form of intelligence. Goal setting and action-oriented are drivers for achieving such goals. Embodying spirituality, like music, are a set of capacities and abilities that enable people to solve problems and attain goals in their everyday lives. While the capacities are uniquely religious, both find no fault in the development of the ultimate concern as the intellectual guide for tackling problems. Kent Bendall in “Faith and Critical Intelligence,” a chapter from *Exploring the Logic of Faith* (1962), writes about the use of language as a means of “formulating and organizing empirical or ‘scientific,’ knowledge...which reached the conclusion that most of the problems of...theology were based on the mistaken belief that the sentences

which were being disputed expressed factual assertions which could in principle be found to be either true or false.”⁶ Essentially there was a meaningless to the ideas of religion which led to it being called a “fabric of nonsense.”⁷ Bendell combines the development of faith as having critical intelligence with the discussion of inquiry: “inquiry consists primarily in reflection on experience—‘experience’ being taken in the broad sense... inquiry may also consist in reflection upon the ideas by means if which we cope with experience and conduct inquiry in the primary sense.”⁸

Through the history of servitude and oppression as well as the culture of individualism in both political and theological spheres since the Enlightenment, Black political-religious writers conceptualized freedom from oppression as the ultimate concern. Through what we might now call liberation theology present in Protestant religions present during the Second Great Awakening, David Walker and Mary Stewart used religion of the spirit to reinterpret the ultimate concern for Black people. Through this reinterpretation, a resurgence of hope flooded the Black community. I argue that this reinterpretation of the ultimate concern was also reinterpretation of the quasi-religious institutions of democracy, which granted freedom, equality, and happiness to white men.

While spiritual intelligence can lead to the end of oppression, it is through faith or the practice of faith, that Black leaders and the overall Black community can reinterpret intimations of religions of the Spirit to fit the ultimate concern of freedom and equality present during the 1830s. This unique interpretation, I argue, is generational and key to the development and positionality of Blacks in the American project. My grandmother directly learned from her family the five aspects of spiritual intelligence. Embedded in her personhood, my grandmother

passed those on to my mom and then on to me. Both my grandmother and mother used the stories from their childhoods and the wisdom learned within the church to help me navigate institutional and structural forms of oppression. In my early years, I used to embed structural intelligence to push through educational issues, racialized spaces, and a society impartial to the Black experience.

In my analysis, I compared distinct solutions surrounding educational issues, racialized spaces, and society to my family as distinct set of capacities and abilities that enable us to solve problems and attain goals in our everyday lives. I compared these tools to key Black political figures in the second-great awakening period to understand the beginnings: specifically, Maria Stewart and David Walker. Both advocate for Black exceptionalism in the face of adversity. However, I critique secular readings of both figures to illustrate aspects of divine retribution. These aspects read in a religious context illustrate a similar set of capacities and abilities that enable them to solve problems and attain goals in their everyday lives. In both my family's situations and the situations experienced by these political figures, the development of the ultimate concern as the intellectual guide for tackling problems is present. This I argue is generational.

Both Walker and Stewart embodied spiritual intelligence. While many secular readings of their work contextualize their activism as revolutionary and this secular in quality. In this assertion scholars miss the important historical aspects that challenge that assertion. Both activists worked within a religious framework. Without the ideas of divine retribution, their activism could not go against the grain of other religious motifs at the time. Walker and Stewart developed a unique religious morality rooted in the cultural Black religious experience. This

morality allowed both to embody religious teachings as an intellect that guided their options and morals. Both used these tools to fight adversity and transcend a society that was hostile to blacks, and to give blacks a new world view. Generations and generations of Black activists continue to use their unique institutional framework for the development of Black equality within the American project.

The generational development of oppression within each Black spatial-temporary setting is similar in feeling and in action. Where oppression exists, spiritual intelligence is the unique factor that can address the oppression and attempt to problem-solve the issues that come with it. I used my birth family's history and the relationship my grandmother had to my birth mother as key to illustrate spiritual resources as intuitional to problem solving within the Black community. My grandmother played the role of Godmother to my birth mother. This spiritual relationship is illustrated in both pictures and in accounts from my family members. At a young age, my birth was brought into my current mom's family. She was treated as one and the same. My grandmother and mother practiced the spiritual capacities and abilities that enable people to solve problems and attain goals in their everyday lives passed down to them. My birth mom could not take care of me and my current mom wanted a baby. Through a relationship with the ultimate concern that my birth grandmother developed, she laid the groundwork for my adoption. This groundwork, spiritual in nature, allowed me the success and perseverance I currently possess today.

With the development of spiritual intelligence, I have developed a unique sense of awareness of the sacristy of life. When I first came to CMC, I developed a research paper titled, "The Intersection of Race, Poverty, and Gentrification." Over the past four years, my research

has been about the development of policing, poverty, and pollution in minority communities. These are issues that have directly challenged my success throughout my life. Born in poverty and pollution, as well as a single-family household with a parental figure in jail, I carried the burden associated with this positionality. My spiritual tools allowed me to accept my life and struggle onward in the face of adversity. God is my light, my mom's light, my grandmother's light. Just as He was David Walker and Maria Stewart's light. God and spiritual intelligence continue to drive many black people to fight adversity, instead of fall victim to its oppression. It is embedded over generations of religions and spiritual reckoning, and without it, I would not be here today.

In diving deeper in this topic, I hope to recount other Black experiences within religious contexts. I want to understand deeper my drive to support efforts against poverty, pollution, and policing. How did I establish these things as being important to me? What other spiritual resources do I have embedded in my personhood? Who am I and what does that have to do with what I do? How would other Black American's find these questions and how would they answer? For me to prove the generational development of spiritual intelligence is a way that Black Americans fight oppression. In the future, I need to step out and continue the analysis.

In closing, I hope to continue this research by getting to know other young Black people in my generation. How did their grandparents and parents teach them how to be Black in America? Did they attend church? Do they wear spiritual symbols that remind them of the resources afforded to them by the Creator? In seeking answers to these questions from a broader population, I hope to develop an argument for Black spiritual intelligence and its integral part in the resistance and fight for equality.

Notes

1. 1, Emmons, Robert A. 2000. "Is Spirituality an Intelligence? Motivation, Cognition, and the Psychology of Ultimate Concern." *The International Journal for the Psychology of Religion* 10 (1): 3–26.
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I'll Continue the Fight, The Fight for my Rights

When at length the Negro student receives his diploma the extra applause usually accorded a colored student at this time is to him at once a recognition of his having surmounted (we hope) inconveniences encountered because of his color and approval of his accomplishment, and an expression of a hope that he may continue onward and upward!

—Kathryn Hall Bogle

In May of last year, my aunt died. She was struggling with her mental health for a couple of years and in late March she entered care. She choked on medicines she shouldn't have taken five days before her eventual passing. This was the Monday of finals week. I talked to the CMC president and dean of students to get an extension on my final. During this time, CMC harassed me and told me I'd have to come back to campus during the summer to get my final done. They gave me wrong information about my professor leaving for the year. Furthermore, my dad retired. When I met with the president on May 15 2018, [Chodosh] he called me a 'baby bear' claiming that I tried too many things. That if I was more like a mama bear, I'd wait for one opportunity (one fish) instead of trying many different things (trying to catch all the fish). For me, it seemed he was telling me that all the hard work in the different things I pursue are not worth it. I was heartbroken. My self-esteem was crushed. I felt depressed because maybe he was right. Then summer happened. I got a certificate in Urban and Regional Planning from the University of California at Berkeley and got a job as an assistant manager at a landscaping firm in Oakland. I had to take last semester off so that my parents wouldn't lose our home. Due to rising property taxes and gentrification, without my extra income my mom would be the only one paying the bills. I couldn't let her do that while also trying to pay tuition.

In January of 2015, I spray painted a student's car from my high school in Portland. I got kicked out of Catholic school and feared being charged and sent to jail for fourteen years. His parents, one of the wealthiest families in Portland, wanted me in jail. I was in student government, an athlete, and participated in many plays and community events. I tried to appeal to my high school administration using the spiritual intelligence I had developed. However, the school pushed me away. Luckily, I fought the charges and won. His parents attempt to push a racialized and elitist agenda through my arrest. I participated in a "chain gang" program where children were forced to labor for the prison system. I was one of those children.

When I arrived at CMC, I made a promise that I would advocate for students who were experiencing the same problems I had gone through. With the grace of God, I didn't go to jail and felt personally called to this work. In my first year, I spoke on national television and risked my reputation and life to call out CMC for not producing the CARE center. I noticed that other schools in Claremont had spaces for underrepresented students with a staff member, internship opportunities, and a community that understood the nuances of being a minority at a Predominantly White Institution (PWI). As I had promised the friends, I had made in my "rehabilitation" back in Portland, I would use my privilege to advocate for issues surrounding their communities. It was easy for me to push for this center because I had experienced firsthand how it felt to not have representation among staff and faculty members at school. The year before, during my appeal process at Central Catholic, I advocated for hiring a Black faculty member. I explained that I acted out because I didn't have anyone to talk to about my experiences at the school. I said that if we had people who represented us, we would feel supported at our institutions. I continued this advocacy at CMC. Along with others, I participated

in a fast (not a hunger strike) to draw attention to our concerns. This occurred during the fall of my freshman year. We participated in the fast because of an administrator telling a student that they should transfer because she did not fit the “mold”. Furthermore, students at CMC attempted in years before to address the lack of institutional support for minority and underserved students. Our activism and spirituality resulted in the development of the Civility, Access, Resources, and Expression (CARE) center. A center that supports educational opportunities and success of underrepresented students at CMC.

During this year, a gun went off in my dorm. CMC didn't do anything about it. I used my spirituality to push through. I won best research in Human Rights for my paper on Gentrification and Human Rights. Though I moved to Pitzer College my sophomore year, I remained active in the CMC community. I became an advocate as well as an events commissioner on student government. I was awarded the Mellon Mays Undergraduate Fellowship, a program for minority students who want to become college professors. I was the first CMC student to win this fellowship.

During my junior year, using the funding and support from Mellon, I applied to the sustainability fund through the president's office. When I first came to CMC, I experienced a vibrant mid quad community. However, due to drought regulations, the grass was ripped from the quad. I applied to the fund in hopes of developing a community-oriented project to bring the outdoor community back to CMC. However, I was told by Facilities that projects like mine don't happen over at CMC. During fall break, I had just completed a model in my backyard to prove my interest and design. Facilities' response didn't stop me.

I sent an email to President Chodosh explaining my situation. He agreed to meet me. During this meeting, the president told me I was too much like a “baby bear” in that I tried to catch too many fish rather than focusing on just one. Yet he also promised me that I could take my project to the East Campus Property (the Pit). During this time my aunt died due to lack of care she experienced at a mental health facility.

When I came back, the school wouldn't let me take the final or finish a paper from the summer for an internship I did. This happened while I was also taking classes at Berkeley in an effort to get the qualification, I needed for a job that would help me pay for my rent. The school also took my financial aid away. I was told by multiple administrators that I was aggressive or that I was overly concerned. When I met with them, I tried to explain that along with me, members of my class weren't doing well. That they needed help. That instead of the administrators asking us for money, they should help us graduate. This was a month before the two students passed. They told me they weren't going to approve my thesis on Black spiritual intelligence. Or the capstone that I'm doing (which is looking at alternative planning for the Pit Site, located East of Pitzer). They tried to thwart all my attempts to address the environmental, cultural, and economic concerns of underrepresented students at the Claremont Colleges. They thwarted the capstone by saying I couldn't even enter the site on which I was trying to do research, which made it pretty much impossible for me to complete a work-study for graduate school programs. I had to tell multiple people about my story and relive the abuse repeatedly as I petitioned to be allowed to rejoin my classes back.

I'm a couple of classes away from graduation, I will be the first grandchild graduating college from my grandmother's family. I've been working nonstop to pay my tuition and help my family with the house while working full time on startups.

My whole life has been one of struggle and disadvantage. My birth mother did not have the tools to help me, and so gave me up for adoption, risking foster care, my God-grandmother intervened. So, if it wasn't for my mom, dad, and God-grandmother, I wouldn't be here today. They saved my life and continue to save it every day. Now, all those years later, I am trying to get CMC to allow us to participate in the ceremony. I wrote a poem, which I will leave with the readers of this project.

Don't say congratulations to me
On May 18th
'Cause I ain't walking across the stage
Reasons understood
Poverty made
By you
And brought onto me
So, I work hard every day
For my family and
Pray to god I'll get that money
Mail me my degree
'Cause I don't wanna come back to CMC
'Cause y'all oppressed me

made me feel like I'm alone in the open sea
Say I'm a field nigga
Say my parents don't got a degree
Boyfriend calls me a pretty nigga
Call me too young
Honey I'm the one
Let my God lead me into the Sun
Wear a cross
Not trying to fool no one

Best believe
I will succeed
Racist classist trash
I don't want this institution to last
It needs more than reform
But I'm not putting up arms
I just wanna be a happy
But I'm from Oregon
Called me an Oreo
I can't afford one
I ain't your baby bear
I'm rare

Civilization is the problem
And I wanna solve 'em
By providing for the future
Commerce is our suture
'Cause it can't hold society within
Ain't no minority designed to win
Value is construct
If I make it, it must be luck
When people like me give a fuck
We're shot in the streets
What does your oppression think?