Accidentally Relevant

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> With "mis-educated Negros" in control themselves…it is doubtful that the system would be very much different from what it is or that it would rapidly undergo change. The Negroes thus placed in charge would be the products of the same system and would show no more conception of the task at hand than do Whites who have educated them and shaped their minds as they would have them function. Negro educators of today may have more sympathy and interest in the race than the Whites now exploiting Negro institutions as educators, but the former have no more vision than their competitors. Taught from books of the same bias, trained by Caucasians of the same prejudices or by Negroes of enslaved minds, one generation of Negro teachers after another have served for no higher purpose than to do what they are told to do. (Woodson, 1933/2016, p. 12)

I thought I was a good teacher. In fact, I thought I was a great teacher. Everyone said so. I have almost thirty years of plaques and stuffed animals, teary good-bye cards, and LinkedIn requests from students. It is hard to fathom that I am, in actuality, Carter G. Woodson's poster child for a poor teacher. Woodson's (1993/2016) seminal book, *The Mis-Education of the Negro*, critiques the common model of education for African Americans in the United States, arguing that it creates a population of educated Blacks who lack a proper commitment to the needs of the African American community; perpetuates class differences and mistrust that divide the African American community politically and socially; and most damaging to my self-image as an educator, creates an African American teacher who is, "nothing more than a symbol of inclusion, lacking the cultural knowledge, history, and vision necessary to uplift the race" (Brown, Brown, & Grant, 2015, p. 80).

I began my teaching career as a result of a request from the Black Action Society at the University of Pittsburgh (Pitt) for a tutor to help inner city high school students who were struggling with math. Years earlier, my uncle's activism at Pitt resulted in the formation of the Black Action Society, along with several other African American programs of interest. I felt that it was my duty to my family legacy to accept the invitation; it was an opportunity for me to finally give back to my community and continue to break down doors for people of color. The request came during my final semester in a dual major of Business and Spanish Language and Culture, which I had chosen after having spent three years studying and hating Electrical Engineering. Upon graduation, I was to finalize my employment with CIGNA corporation with the expectation that I would soon continue my education and plans for economic prosperity via an MBA program. My life abruptly skipped paths once I began to work with those high school students. I experienced a profound sense of purpose and joy as they progressed from sitting deflated before me, without making eye contact, to looking directly at me and smiling with confidence. I had found my reason for being and immediately applied for Pitt's Master of Arts in Teaching (MAT) program.

I could not have been better prepared for a career in teaching than I was at Pitt, nor could I have possibly had more love or good intention for my students over the years. What I was completely unprepared for was to realize at the end of my career that my exemplary education may have been a detriment to the development of some

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of my Black and Brown students. The only saving grace may have been that my own experience being marginalized as a woman, and one of many colors, accidentally developed my pedagogy into a culturally relevant one.

Deliberately Irrelevant

Until sixth grade, I grew up in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. My family was well seated in the middle to upper class African American community. It was hard to go anywhere where my family had not been known for generations. My maternal grandmother, the product of a bi-racial father and a Blackfoot and Cuban mother, grew up in extreme wealth—as wealthy as blackness permitted in those days. My other grandparents followed a similar racial makeup, although their socio-economic experiences varied. Regardless, by the time I was born, my family members were mostly college educated via historically Black colleges and universities (HBCUs) or Pitt and kept company among the Black socially elite of Pittsburgh. With high visibility and status came high expectations.

My father was part of the great wave of Affirmative Action in the 1960s that opened doors for African Americans in education, housing, and corporate jobs. Already living in the Upper Hill District of Pittsburgh, close to the area where my mother also lived, which was called Sugar Top due to its reputation of wealth (Dyer, 2005), and the product of majority White schools, the quest for continued socio-economic and educational growth was a natural pursuit. Black families saw opportunities and wanted to capture them. The hypocrisy of living where he lived and the feel of high society was that, in that same setting, my grandfather possessing a master's degree in education could only get a job at his alma mater as a janitor. The Pittsburgh Public Schools would never hire a Black man in an administrative role, nor would the University of Pittsburgh. My father was among the first in the family to experience the crack in the glass ceiling. I grew up in my father's shadow, a princess among Black and Brown queens and heir to a throne of upward mobility and higher education, ensconced in a culture of fraternity brothers and college mates who clung together in order to survive the door of opportunity that, in actuality, often opened only to knock them down.

My parents and many of their siblings and peers took advantage of the new access to the American dream; my uncles and other friends of my parents adopted a more militant approach to equity. The opportunity door for women of any racial background had not yet opened to the same degree as for Black and Brown men. This generation of mostly men became the shoulders I learned to stand on and the mentors I was blessed to rely on. Men at Pitt, then in their 40s when I attended, knew who I was—if not by face, by name. I knew a few from the crib, but most I didn't know at all. Nevertheless, they took great care to honor their relationships with the men who helped them fight against the hegemony that sought to keep them in their marginalized places—and they opened doors for me. What I never fully understood until adulthood was the extent of their fight, nor the extent of my own, which would have explained why these people were so interested in me.

Privilege is the only thing I knew. My parents' struggles resulted in my world of promise and ease. I went to the best schools and lived in the best neighborhoods that supported those schools. My family members and their friends were highly educated and socially placed. They had access to a new brand of cultural capital and passed to my generation a savvy that would ensure my academic and economic advancement in a White man's world. I enjoyed the benefits of upper class living, although most of the advantages of consumerism that my peers enjoyed were disallowed for me. My parents

preferred that I earn that kind of advantage on my own—I was fourteen when I began working. Although I lived an outer appearance of equity, I clearly understood that racist people were unfortunate contributors to a person's life story. I had my own stories to tell but did not understand the depth to which systemic racism had skewed my sense of who I was, my identity as a female and scholar with European American, African American, Native American, and Latin American ancestry.

Although my heritage was a multiracial one, I knew that I was only permitted to identify as Black—it's just what one did and, for reasons that I would never understand, was the only culture with which I had familiarity. I knew that our neighbors signed a petition to keep us from buying a house in Squirrel Hill and that something called, "blockbusting" (Ouazad, 2015, p. 811) was a bad thing in Penn Hills. By sixth grade, after moving to the suburbs of Philadelphia, I knew that I did not belong in the White Methodist church with my school mates—my parents suddenly joined the Black Episcopal church; I knew when we re-established my membership in Jack and Jill of Philadelphia that my White school mates would never really be friends. I knew when White people belittled Black people in my presence and told me they weren't talking about me because I was different, that I wasn't really different. The fact that I wasn't so different caused my guidance counselor at Lower Merion High School, a majority White wealthy school, to attempt to prevent me from enrolling in the honors class and from graduating early to attend Pitt. When I successfully completed the first year's requirement of my Early Admittance to college, I knew why my accomplishment, the first in the history of Lower Merion High School, was held in silence, unrecognized as if invisible. In the midst of all of my knowing and with each abuse, I became increasingly angry, never understanding that what I was experiencing was a familiar and deliberate systematic attempt to devalue my life and reduce it to one of cultural irrelevance. Although I seemed to have met the socioeconomic and academic standards that America values, America was not America to me (Hughes, 1935). Who I was culturally, racially, meant that I didn't count within the Eurocentric landscape.

Despite the love and encouragement that I received from home or the successes accredited to me, deliberate cultural irrelevance left me questioning whether I was truly intelligent, truly acceptable in society, truly Black. My early educational and cultural experience left me tortured, in between races and genders, living the very double consciousness that W. E. B. DuBois (1903/2009) spoke of. Multiracial was not a mainstream term when I was young. A person who was multiracial was Black. The One Drop Rule (Khanna, 2010) secured that identity for us all, as did any official form for school or a job. Perhaps it was for this reason that any cultural threads of my European American, Native American, or Latin American ancestry were silenced within my family. Regardless of the reason, I knew I was more complex than a single identity, and members of my own race were quick and unmerciful in reminding me that I didn't belong, as were my White peers. Friendships and dating were both a confusing mess, vacillating between being someone's trophy or experiment or simply being untouchable. I swung from one emotionally abusive and/or physically abusive experience to another, all confirming my irrelevance in society. Cognitively, I was a complex blend of creativity and linear thinking, but the only Black, Brown, or female contribution of either in my education came from the sports arena or Hollywood. I was unrepresented in literature, in math, in science, and in art, and the only place I was represented in history was among the conquered. I was Black, but I had to think White, and I was a female who had to learn to think like a man. Thankfully, I was surrounded by Black and Brown professionals: my father was an electrical engineer and my mother

was a writer. Both had high expectations for me and kicked doors open for me, pushing me through whether I had the self-confidence to go through them or not. Despite the open doors, I was often devalued down to an Affirmative Action statistic—educators and corporate staff rarely saw me; they saw the advantage of a double minority who checked two boxes in one—Black and female.

Accidentally Irrelevant

In 1983, I entered The University of Pittsburgh, College of Electrical Engineering, as an Early Admittance student. I was seventeen years old and worn down by the racial tension in my high school, which left me much like a court jester, performing a constant juggling act of masks to appeal to my peers, my teachers, and myself. It was quite a risk to leave high school a year early, without a diploma, completely reliant on a successful first year in order to simultaneously fulfill my high school senior and college freshman requirements. I accomplished the task and continued in Electrical Engineering until my junior year when I admitted to myself that I was unhappy in my major. I consulted one of my father's close friends, who was also a mentor to me and who was one of the few, if not only, African Americans to be promoted to Vice Provost at the time. I abruptly changed from Engineering to a Business Dual major and continued on towards graduation.

I graduated in 1988 after having been bitten by the teaching bug and began my masters at Pitt. I was offered a full scholarship and a full-time teaching position at the university's laboratory school, Falk School. In one calendar year, I would be certified to teach K-12 Foreign Language, with a concentration in Spanish. In keeping with my experience in the Engineering Department and the Business Department, the first remark my Education Department advisor made upon meeting me was, "Fountain? You're a Fountain? As in Hiawatha Fountain?" Hiawatha Fountain was my cousin—they called him, Hi, as his name was a traditional honor among Native Americans but quite a mouthful for anyone outside of that culture. Once again, those strong men of color took all the risk and struggle upon themselves to make my path easier and to provide opportunities for Black and Brown students of the future. My advisor had become good friends with my cousin, respected him, and welcomed me.

Each of my departments welcomed me openly, and I cannot think of a single instructor whom I would categorize as mediocre in my time at Pitt. Ironically, the only overt racism that I experienced, aside from being aware of the constant protesting against racist investments directed towards the Chancellor's office, was as a graduate student. The offender was a young African man who deliberately assisted every White newcomer to the help desk while ignoring me completely. If it had not been for my White colleague and cohort friend, I might still be standing at the microfiche desk awaiting help with my master's thesis. Although I had escaped the overt racial bias and tension of my high school and felt certainly more liberated to be wholly myself, my educational culture had not changed. My elementary teachers were White; my high school teachers were White; and my college instructors, both undergraduate and graduate, were White, with few exceptions. I was welcomed by all of my instructors, but Rosario Camineras, a professor of Cuban descent in the Spanish department, was one of a few who made me feel at home. She taught Latin American and Spanish history—I hated history, but I loved her and, therefore, loved history for the first time.

My instructors at Pitt were knowledgeable, effective, and supportive; Falk School even had a close, homey culture that was so unique it became part of my own pedagogical practice, yet there was something about Dr. Camineras' style that felt less academic and

more familial. She was loud and exciting—we had to close the door when she taught. She was also engaging and personal. One of my other professors, whose name escapes me but who was also Cuban, called me "Nena" or "Cariña," which in English means "baby" or "my love." I never had a teacher or instructor address me in such close terms nor take such an interest in me as a student. He was not sexist in his word choice. He was connecting his culture with mine; he was a warm demander (Kleinfeld, 1975), as was Dr. Camineras. They were also the first instructors to introduce the concept of racism and social justice into my learning. The year I retired from classroom teaching, 2017, was the year I stopped teaching the historical and literary works that they had introduced to me in 1987.

Unfortunately, the conversation around criticality (Delgado & Stefancic, 2012; McKinley & Brayboy, 2005; Valdes, 1997; Wing, 1997) was not a part of the academic discourse in the late 80s where education was concerned. My instructors taught me what they felt was most important and from their positionality, which no one would have challenged as racially or culturally biased. The mantra of education in the 80s was, "Make meaningful connections." As educators, we were taught that learning occurs when information is meaningful to the student and can be connected with previous knowledge. If I could name this concept today, in keeping with educational discourse in 2018, I would call it culturally relevant scaffolding. The limitation of my new term is in the word, culture. Culture back then would have related to a student's preconceived status-quo experience, a "color-blind" (Delgado & Stefancic, 2012, p. 7) expectation of common American lifestyle: all children have experienced a yellow school bus, all children have been to a museum, all children sit down to dinner with mom and dad around 6:30pm, etc. It was never the expectation that you would seek to understand your students' personal cultural values or that one might consider a student population to provide a vast network of cultural capital from which to draw in forming lesson plans and class discussions. The student was not seen as a teacher in his/her own right, a co-laborer in learning. The student was a recipient of tried and true best practices, well drawn out and practiced in a pre-service teaching program. Had I grown up in this current era, my brother may not have been sent home with a reprimand from his teacher for insisting that we ate dinner at 6:30am, not pm. In fact, we did eat our heaviest meal in the morning because we were not able to come home for lunch to have it then. My mother subscribed to a non-traditional eating pattern, understanding that it supported proper metabolism.

Wonderful as they were, my instructors came to their own pedagogy by way of White, male-dominated, hegemonic curriculum and instruction. They were caring, well-meaning educators whose goals were grounded in student success, never realizing that their best intentions were surreptitiously sabotaged by a White supremist educational system that was designed to be relevant only to White males and to negate women and people of color. Without a prevalent counter discourse to lead their own praxis in a more equitable direction, they passed their very best broken pedagogy on to me. They were accidentally irrelevant instructors, and naturally, I began my first year of teaching as an accidentally irrelevant instructor as well. This cycle of accidental irrelevance is reminiscent of Paulo Friere's banking model of education (Friere, 1993), a deliberate system based on the goals of social and economic dominance that neuters the agency of Black and Brown students so subtlety as to covertly maintain their marginalized status. It is a mis-education that is reproducible and self-sustaining. I realize looking back that I had been mis-educated and was, upon graduation, a state certified weapon against the progress of my own people.

Accidentally Relevant

2 Corinthians 1:3-5 of The New International Version of the Bible contains a line of scripture that best sums up my approach to teaching:

> Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves receive from God.

I considered my life lessons to be weapons of survival, wisdom from which to draw precaution, empathy, courage, and resiliency. It was my mission to never allow one of my students to suffer in silence through the same miseries I had suffered. I strove to be a vigilant teacher, so as to not leave a student alone, without a voice or comfort. It was from this standpoint that I formed my pedagogy. By the end of my teaching career, the first piece of knowledge my students explored—day-one of the school year—was the word, "love." I needed my students to know that I loved them, not in a romantic sense, but in an unconditional sense of the word. They could expect me to be patient with them socially, emotionally, and cognitively. They could count on a culture of kindness where humility reigned. I put them first, forgiving them their shortcomings, supporting them and encouraging them, always protecting them, trusting them, and hoping for their success. When I blew it, which I did of course, I wanted them to have the freedom to correct me, and I tried my best to stay openly self-corrective. Whether my students recognized these promises as coming from I Corinthians 13 of the Bible or not, they did know that I wanted my classroom to be a safe one, where those same promises were expected of them in return. This approach and subsequent pedagogical praxis were accidental, unfortunately born not out of my pre-service education, but my personal pain of feeling irrelevant as a young student.

My positionality as a woman of color, whose life was Biblically driven, whether in suffering or in joy, and whose experiences of privilege were gained both inside and outside of the United States, seemed to inform as much my sense of what needed to be taught as how it needed to be taught. Without realizing it at the time, Africanisms that influenced my upbringing and the value of extended family, self-pride and community, as well as the interconnectedness of spirituality and the understanding of our physical world, came through my teaching in the form of our interpersonal classroom culture (Hale, 1982; Irvine, 2003). We were a family in my classroom and pulled each other through the school year as one body (Delpit, 1995; Grossman, Smagorinsky, & Valencia, 1999; Lee & Smagorinsky, 2000; Murrell, 2002; Vygotsky & Cole, 1978). Terms of endearment were normal in my classroom, perhaps because they were a natural part of value and connectedness in my own culture. My two Cuban professors inadvertently taught me that the classroom did not have to define our culture and that our culture may define our classrooms, and it may do so without sacrificing professionalism. I called my students, "my love," "ladybug," "baby" in English, Spanish, Arabic, and French. My students called me "Ms. J" or "Mama J."

Critical Race Theory (Delgado & Stefancic, 2012), Critical Race Feminism (Wing, 1997), TribalCrit (McKinley & Brayboy, 2005), and LatCrit (Valdes, 1997) explain the rationale for an accidental default that positioned me as a warm demander (Kleinfeld, 1975)—a motherly personality with rigorous high expectations—and this default is likely what inspired the same in my two Cuban professors. My positionality, as earlier stated, includes a Vygotskian aspect of a socio-historical intersectionality of marginalization

among my many identities, current and ancestral. Every aspect of who I am has included the reality that racism, sexism, and colonization are a part of my everyday experience and serve to perpetuate White male supremacy in America. Liberalism that claims to protect my interests as a woman and a person of color is insufficient in that its stance of color blindness seeks only to identify gross legal infractions; small micro-aggressions, often equally damaging, go unnoticed and unchecked. Even my socio-economic privilege has been watered down by limp liberalism and the abuses of a White supremist agenda. This being my "lived experience" (Hall, 2018, p. 40) and having an innate sense of Multiplicative Praxis (Wing, 1997), I felt bound to push back against any hegemonic oppression that might stereotype, devalue, and marginalize my students. My being aware of my own conflict disallowed me to remain neutral regarding my students' prosperity. I had to act on their behalves, which meant challenging them to know their own strengths, resiliency, and agency. I had to force them to confront their own racist and sexist ideologies by exposing some of their hidden mis-education and reorienting their sense of respect and admiration for other people and other ways of knowing.

My teaching career spanned several states and included rural, suburban, and urban populations of students, from kindergarten to adult education in public, private, charter, and post-secondary educational arenas. Over my career, I have had the privilege of teaching students from diverse backgrounds and the honor of being invited to know them for who they are in their private cultural spaces. Each teaching year gave me a deeper understanding of the importance of valorizing who the student is and how that valorization contributes to the expansion of knowledge and a culture of democracy within the classroom. From this standpoint, all students find a place of belonging, encouragement, and engagement. The evolution of my classroom fostered an environment of openness and vulnerability of thinking and being that I found myself inhabiting alongside my students, as I was each year becoming more self-reflective, more attuned to global issues of social justice and the need for my students to share a safe space for their own self-reflection. It was a classroom that had become relevant to the students and to me as we grew together academically and socially, as citizens of America and as human beings. Still, the accidental nature of a curriculum and pedagogy that was completely reliant on the chance that I would effectively draw a culturally relevant praxis out of my historical and current self to meet the needs of a diverse student body made it a risky one at best.

Culturally Relevant Teacher was not a term with which I had any familiarity. It did not exist in teacher preparation programs when I came through my certification program. It was an undefined pedagogical stance that I accidentally tripped upon in response to my own life experience and out of love and dedication to duty for my students. I saw every student as a gift from God, for whom I was responsible and would one day give account. "Whatever you do, work at it with all your heart, as working for the Lord, not for human masters" (Colossians 3:23, New International Version), would inspire the need to revolutionize my teaching praxis to assure my best contribution to the development of my students. I did not know what to call my seemingly eccentric teaching practices, nor to what theoretical framework they were attached. In the same vein, my administrators, most of whom were White, often did not understand my positionality or my pedagogy. Thankfully, my administrators maintained a quirky balance of respect, trust, admiration, and cluelessness, coming mostly from their own dysconscious racism, that allowed me to push the envelope of status-quo curriculum and pedagogy. If it had not been for my own intersectional battle with American racism and sexism, which seemed to intensify

post-911, a worldview that transcended western thinking, and a series of providential relationships with my administrators over the years, I may have been hemmed into a mis-educated career, unwittingly having done more harm than good for any student outside of the dominant culture.

Deliberately Relevant

The pursuit of my PhD, with a concentration in curriculum and instruction, provided me with theoretical concepts and labels to assign to my life experiences. Finally, what I intuitively understood to be true had a name. The study of Gloria Ladson-Billings' (1995, 1998, 2006, 2009) concept of Culturally Relevant Pedagogy and its foundation in Critical Race Theory led me to understand my historical experiences and the soil from which my own pedagogical stance was grown. Culturally Relevant Pedagogy identifies a praxis in which educators respond to the demand for social justice reform in America, specifically related to the persistent deficit in academic achievement among Black and Brown students (Ladson-Billings, 1995, 2009). According to Ladson-Billings (1995), "students must experience academic success; they must develop and/or maintain cultural competence; and they must develop a critical consciousness through which they challenge the status quo of the current social order" (p. 160). I saw my own teaching praxis through her work and was shattered to know that my teaching style, approach, and methodology were not unique to other Black and Brown teachers. I could not understand how I spent so many years alone, an outlier of a teacher, fighting in the dark for what I felt made equitable sense in the classroom. The first book given to me by my advisor left me crying by a public poolside. The biographical narrative of the Black female teacher in the book was also my own. It was my first realization that I was not alone.

As I continued in my doctoral program and one research effort led to another, my grief over my loneliness and feeling odd in my teaching practice turned to anger. With all the available information—from books to research articles—citing the necessity for an ethnocentric, culturally relevant revision of pedagogy, if we are to meet the diverse needs of our student population, the challenge in my mind formed. Why was a critical praxis not ingrained in our pre-service teachers? Why was I, and many more young teachers after me, left to chance? Our Black and Brown children struggle to persevere in American schools. From state and national policy to pre-service teacher preparation, our educational system has invoked every kind of empty remedy to appear to fix the disproportionate failure in educating our nation's Black and Brown students (Delpit, 2013; Gatto, 2010, 2017; Ladson-Billings, 2006; Ogbu, 1978). I would argue that a historically majority White system has ignored researchers and field experts of color all the way back to DuBois and Woodson whose conclusions continue to support one another over time and space and concretely provide wisdom—cultural incongruence derails academic achievement (Grossman et al., 1999; Gutiérrez, 2002; Irvine, 2002, 2003; Ladson-Billings, 2006; Tate, 1994). I see evidence of my argument in my teaching career as well as in my parenting.

I have been married for almost 30 years to an African American man whose life has afforded him many of the same insults and inner conflicts as my own. We provided every safeguard expecting that our two boys, now grown, would not have to repeat our experiences. Their generation appeared to have evolved and healed beyond the racism my older family members endured for more than three generations. It has been devastating to be so wrong. Not much has changed across the timeline from my grandparents' struggle to my children's. The overt racism that kept my grandfather out of educational leadership in the public schools or in higher academia has simply shape-shifted into the

dismantling of Affirmative Action, rampant police brutality, over- incarceration, a loss of voting power, and subversive zoning tactics that ensure segregation and inequitable education and opportunity. Subtle microaggressions have challenged yet another generation to navigate the confusion and self-doubt of double consciousness, leaving my sons' senses of identity fragile at best. Twenty-first century integration, civil rights laws, and political correctness have perhaps only masked a thriving racism that exists in our American churches, schools, economics, and politics.

Given my personal and professional experiences, I am hard pressed to conclude that the White-over-color voice has muted the invaluable and effective expertise to properly solve the problem of inequitable education in America. That being the case, it is incumbent upon those who recognize this inequity to integrate a working understanding of Culturally Relevant Pedagogy into pre-service and in-service education. I refuse to accept that I am deliberately or accidentally irrelevant, with my identity and self-determination willfully or unintentionally subjugated by those who perpetuate the supremacy of Whiteness. As a leader in education, I refuse to allow our nation's students to continue to be mis-educated in that same way. Therefore, I cannot afford to be accidentally relevant anymore, inasmuch as the focus of my career is reoriented towards the education of teachers. I approach cultural relevance with an attitude and praxis of deliberateness, as I should have throughout my career. All teacher education programs and professional development programs need to do the same, particularly in light of the fact that over 80% of our teaching force is White (Albert Shanker Institute, 2015). Many of these teachers suffer their own brand of mis-education due to their lack of awareness of White privilege (Allen, 2004; Leonardo, 2004; Milner, 2006; Milner & Howard, 2004). It is unfair to assume that these teachers would ignore their dysconscious racism if they became aware of their own deep biases and the harm that they might cause their students. Racism will always be with us, according to Critical Race Theory (Delgado & Stefancic, 2012), but I would like to believe that, with intentionality and vigilance at the hand of an enlightened teaching force, a conscious and deliberate effort to dismantle its effects will ultimately bring America closer to being America.

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