





Understanding others/ and things around you begin with understanding and trusting yourself.

--labyrinth of attitudes" lacking self confidence, doubt, fear, hate --much is "self inflicted" in that we make things more difficult than they should be. We put up walls and labyrinths between us and goals (or us and our teachers/ relationships, etc) when in "reality" it should be in a direct path.

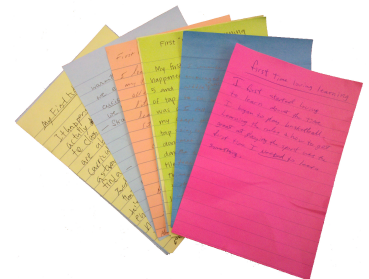
Last summer...worked 12-14 hour days at corn stands/ fruit markets. A lot of alone time. Time to sit and think. Decided to buy a book to help pass time. It did more than just move the hands of the clock. 2 days later, bought another book. I ate up book after book and started writing down/ highlighting favorite parts in books. Then started bringing a notebook with me and filled it up with my own thoughts and stories.

First "kiss" with learning

My first kiss with learning happened when I was about 5 and I put on my first pair of tap shoes. I remember I was given my first pair by my dance coach (old tap shoes that had been donated to the studio by older dancers.) I sat on the cold tile floor, while my dad tied the laces. My dance coach then taught me how to use the, I have never been so excited to learn. And to this day that is still the one thing I totally love to learn → new tap routines ☺

The person who doesn't trust himself has no heart for the real world.

My first kiss with learning was when I learned how to spell words. It was one of my favorite things to learn. It was also fun for me to spell words.





Student, reality, education, community, love, teacher.

Student learning  $\neq$  reality, love and learning, inspiration, deeper level.

First kiss with learning when studying philosophy. First kiss with teacher = when I first taught statistics as a graduate student. I remember loving to interact with students/ colleagues, the conversations, the conversations about the subject matter but also about more and beyond that about life, love, dreams.

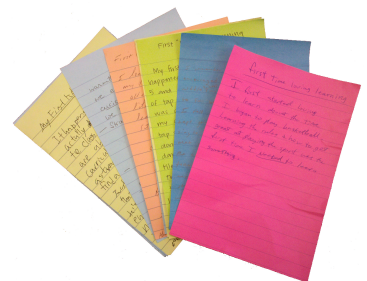
Paw Watts was her name. she was sweet, smart, funny, kind. It was fun—we had a private connection, something that only she and I shared.

The person who distrusts himself has no touchstone for reality.

My first kiss with learning: was when I was like 8 or 9 and my family got me a dog. I had to learn how to care for it, take responsibility for another life. However, I failed miserably; more so after we moved into a place with a small patio for a backyard. We ended up giving it away and I never forgot about it.

### My first kiss with learning

It actually happens when you actually understand the class. When you actually are able to follow the curriculum. Classes are always a struggle but when you find a subject. Where it just begins to make sense. That's is when you've had your first kiss. Mine was when I begun to enjoy math. When this just makes sense, but when I begin to understand less and less that when I sit one ones own hill.





First kiss with learning: I learned to read early in my life, in high school I read all of my college sister's literature books. I loved learning about places and situations far away.

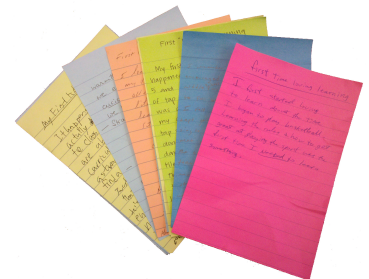
But when I went to college I learned that black people wrote books too. And I became fascinated with reading. Bigger Thomas, and the Invisible Man, William Melvin Kelley; I read everything I could get my hands on. Any black novel, Harlem Renaissance poetry, Jean Toomer. I read about myself.

Nice intro, Mr. Sal (about Tom)

### The Space In Between

First kiss with loving learning: I learnt how to ride a bike when I was 7. Happy summer day with sunshine. In VN in a small peaceful friendly neighborhood. I couldn't do it by myself. It's magical, sudden and very amazing. I don't need anyone to show me, just by myself. Fell sometimes, but got up and did it again, happily, over passionate, very proud of myself. I fell but I didn't care cause I did that without any guide, any help.

6<sup>th</sup> grade, Miss K's class, having the opportunity to just write. To creatively write any kind of story or piece that was on your mind, any length, any topic. One was required every week for a significant portion of your grade. I loved this moment of learning because it drove me to write (or attempt to write) better pieces each week. In sixth grade creative writing cannot be graded on quality, thus it was one of the first times I had ever freely felt self motivated in class.





Warmth, wonder, awe that we even know what we know, curiosity about how do we know what we know.

--strangers, wanting to understand, experience if possible how others live.

--photographs—visuals

Reinforcement: field trip—H.P—Zaskar Range

