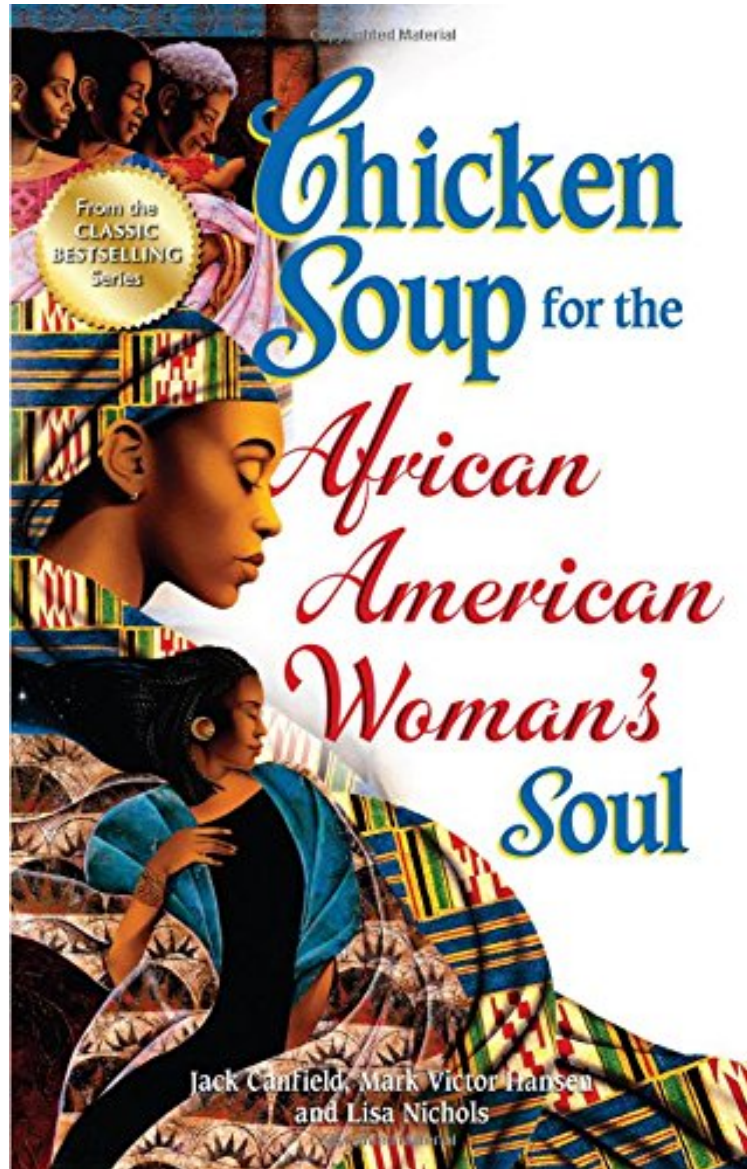


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Chicken Soup for the African American Woman's Soul: Laughter, Love and Memories to Honor the Legacy of Sisterhood (Chicken Soup for the Soul)

Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Lisa Nichols
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Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Lisa Nichols : Chicken Soup for the African American Woman's Soul: Laughter, Love and Memories to Honor the Legacy of Sisterhood (Chicken Soup for the Soul) before

purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised *Chicken Soup for the African American Woman's Soul: Laughter, Love and Memories to Honor the Legacy of Sisterhood* (Chicken Soup for the Soul):

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Great Book! By Kristie I enjoyed reading this book. It gave me sense of friendship, love, and compassion. I will be buying this book for my daughters when they are old enough to understand the importance of the stories. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Love this book! By Ladybug I thoroughly enjoy reading passages from this book and always seem to lose track of time while doing so. Since it is a collection of stories, it doesn't matter where you start....just find a comfy spot and open your heart. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Good For The Soul By J. Blue I have a copy of this book on my nightstand and I have enjoyed it so much over the years, that I have purchased on several occasions for friends at times of celebration as well as comfort. There is something in here for every woman of color. If you are seeking inspiration, motivation, or humor, pick this book up and keep it handy. You won't regret it!

Chicken Soup for the African American Woman's Soul is a rich collection of stories that truly celebrate the mountaintops and share the valleys of the African American woman's experience; highlighting her moments of strength, as well as her struggles.

About the Author Jack Canfield is co-creator of the *Chicken Soup for the Soul* series, which includes forty New York Times bestsellers, and coauthor of *The Success Principles: How to Get from Where You Are to Where You Want to Be*. He is a leader in the field of personal transformation and peak performance and is currently CEO of the Canfield Training Group and Founder and Chairman of the Board of The Foundation for Self-Esteem. An internationally renowned corporate trainer and keynote speaker, he lives in Santa Barbara, California. Mark Victor Hansen is a co-founder of *Chicken Soup for the Soul*. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Legacy And so our mothers and grandmothers have, more often than not anonymously, handed on the creative spark, the seed of the flower they themselves never hoped to see or like a sealed letter they could not plainly read. - Alice Walker Somehow, it just didn't feel right. Maybe it was the way that I was brought up, but it was hard for me to say it. Although I felt blessed and honored to have the opportunity, I just had a hard time saying aloud that I was "a graduate student at Harvard University." After all, I know good and well that I'm just a country girl from Sweetwater, Tennessee, who never saw herself as the Ivy League type, but what impression did that title give people who didn't know me? I was not alone in this dilemma. Many of my black and Latino colleagues in the Graduate School of Education felt the same way. Several of us had to admit that when we told people we were going to graduate school and they asked where, we answered evasively, "Uh, Boston." It wasn't that we were embarrassed about being smart or weren't proud to be there; it was just that the perception people have of "Hah-vahd," conjured up images of privilege and snobbery. Many of us were first-generation college graduates from lower to middle-class families, and most of us were there because we wanted to give back something of educational value to the underserved students of color in America's schools. We actually discussed more than once whether going to Harvard was an asset or liability when our goal was to return to the neighborhoods we came from, "keep it real," and be taken seriously by regular folks. Would we build a "barrier of bourgeoisie" by having a Harvard degree? Very quickly it was June and graduation day arrived. An incredibly rich year of reading, writing and discussing educational issues had flown by, and I was standing outside in a processional line with my dorm mates and new friends-so-close-we-were-almost-family from the Black Student Union. I sat dazed in my cap and gown on the same lawn where I'd seen Nelson Mandela receive an honorary degree back in September. I sat in a row of brown faces on the lawn with its giant oak trees that had been there since 1636 and tried to comprehend what in the world I was doing there. While the platform dignitaries waxed eloquent, it felt surreal. I snapped back to reality when it was Hazel's turn to take the platform. Hazel Trice Edney, graduating from the Kennedy School of Government, was my friend from the dorm and one of the sharpest sisters I have ever met. She had won the speech contest and was believed to be the first African American woman ever to give the graduate student address at a Harvard graduation. Hazel from Louisa, Virginia, who had grown up in a home with no indoor plumbing and became a single welfare mother at age fifteen, had managed to earn her college degree and risen through journalism in the black press, covering politicians like Governor L. Douglas Wilder. She would soon start a Congressional fellowship in Washington, D.C., in the office of Senator Edward Kennedy. Her delivery of the speech was flawless, and we were all proud to know her. Suddenly, listening to Hazel, proudly watching her represent all of us, it hit me. This wasn't about me. I was there as a representative. I looked up into the branches of the centuries-old trees and thought about what they would have looked like back in 1636. I thought about where my ancestors would have been in 1636 . . . 1736 . . . 1836 . . . even 1936, and how remote the possibility seemed that any of their daughters would ever be at Harvard. I thought about Grandma Mildred, valedictorian of her Cook High class with her career options so limited. No, this degree was not about me at all. This was about standing on the shoulders of my black grandmothers who scrubbed floors and cared for babies both theirs and others'. Black women whose potential went

untapped and whose intelligence was so long ignored. Women whose great minds could have been idle, except they rerouted genius, pouring it into rearing the next generation. This degree was for my grandma, who was a farmer's wife and a housekeeper, but never just that, like so many black women seen only as the shadow domestic by the outside world but who stood out as pillars of dignity in their own communities. This degree was dedicated to a woman who had to sacrifice many of her personal dreams as a young woman, but made sure all eight of her children had a respect for education and would ascend to the level of their own potential. It was dedicated to a woman who passed on heritage to her numerous grandchildren with old Ebony and Jet magazines, her gardens and recipes, family stories and photo albums. I was here because she could not be, but had the self-respect and insight to pass something significant on to her offspring. Sometimes I still have a hard time knowing just what to say when people ask me about graduate school, but right there in Harvard Yard, I made my peace with it. Grandma Mildred didn't know it, but when I walked across that stage, I did not just get my own degree. I held in my hands her honorary degree in motherwit, holistic medicine, childhood development, home economics, culinary arts and botany earned by life experience. That degree was about stepping up to accept my responsibility to follow in her footsteps and pass something on. Thank you, Grandma, for your legacy. -Jerilyn Upton Sanders