

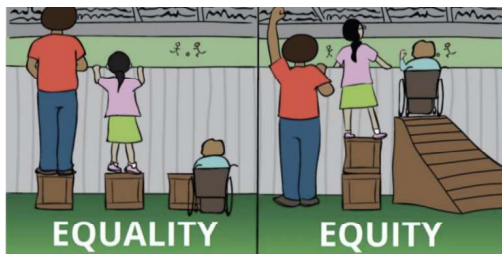
Empathy in Education Handout

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Color presentation	B&W presentation for printing

Slide 1: [Hope](#), by NF. Lyrics on pages 3-4

Slide 4: Brene Brown short: [Empathy](#)

Slide 5: [Equity, equality, and fairness](#)



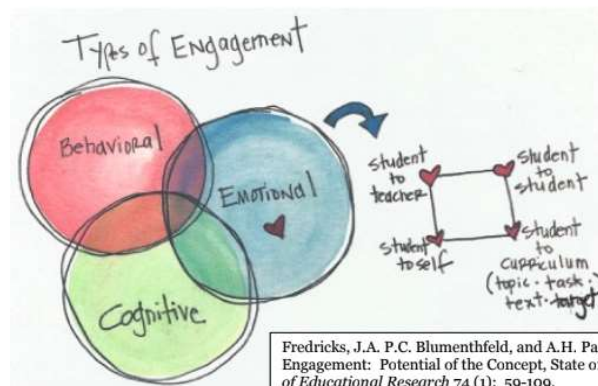
Slide 6: [When things aren't going right, go left](#), by Peter H. Reynolds

Slide 7: [The Broken Warrior poem](#), by Jennifer Brown (page 5)

Slide 8: Let's Reflect: [Padlet](#)



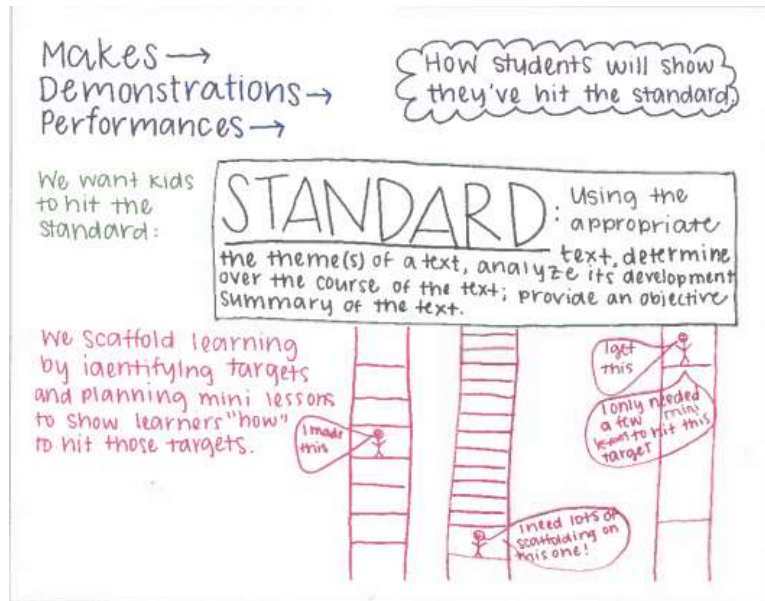
Slide 9:



From: *No More Telling as Teaching* (Heinemann, 2017, Tovani & Moje)

Fredricks, J.A. P.C. Blumentfeld, and A.H. Paris. 2004. "School Engagement: Potential of the Concept, State of Evidence." *Review of Educational Research* 74 (1): 59-109.

Slide 11: Connecting Learners to Target Standards



Slide 12: [Rumble Language](#) for difficult conversations

“Pressure valve-ing”



Additional Resources:

[Failure as Friend or Foe](#): COABE 2024 presentation (Slides 1, 8-10, 12-13)

Student [Worksheet](#)

[My Favorite Failure](#) book

[Padlet from workshop](#)

[Have You Filled Your Bucket Today?](#) By Carol McCloud

<https://www.randomactsofkindness.org/>

Lyrics to "Hope," by NF ([video](#))

Hope
Yeah, I'm on my way, I'm coming
Don't
Don't lose faith in me
I know you've been waiting
I know you've been prayin' for my soul
Hope
Hope
30 years you've been draggin' your feet
Tellin' me I'm the reason we're stagnant
30 years you've been claiming you're honest
And promising progress, well, where's it at?
I don't want you to feel like a failure
I know this hurts
But I gave you your chance to deliver
Now it's my turn
Don't get me wrong
Nate, you've had a great run
But it's time to
Give the people something different
So without further ado, I'd
Like to introduce my
My album (my album), my album (my album),
my album
My album (my album), my album (my album),
my album
HOPE
What's my definition of success? (Of success)
Listening to what your heart says (your heart
says)
Standing up for what you know is (is)
Right, while everybody else is (is)

Tucking their tail between their legs (okay)
What's my definition of success? (Of success)
Creating something no one else can (else can)
Being brave enough to dream big (big)
Grinding when you're told to just quit (quit)
Giving more when you got nothin' left (left)
It's a person that'll take a chance on
Something they were told could never happen
It's a person that can see the bright side
Through the dark times when there ain't one
It's when someone who ain't never had nothin'
Ain't afraid to walk away from
More profit 'cause they'd rather do something
That they really love and take the pay cut
It's the person that would never waiver
Or change who they are
Just to try and gain some credibility
So they can feel accepted by a stranger
It's a person that can take the failures in their
life
And turn 'em into motivation
It's believing in yourself when no one else does
It's amazin'
What a little bit of faith can't do
If you don't even believe in you
Why would you think or expect
Anybody else that's around you to?
I done did things that I regret
I done said things I can't take back
Was a lost soul at a crossroad
Who had no hope, but I changed that
I spent years of my life holding on to things
I never should kept, full of hatred
Years of my life carrying a lot of baggage

That I should've walked away from
Years of my life wishin' I was someone different
Lookin' for some validation
Years of my life tryin' to fill a void
Pretendin' I was in-, they get it
Growing pain's a necessary evil
Difficult to go through, yes, but beneficial
Some would say having a mental breakdown is
a negative thing
Which on the one hand, I agree with
On the other hand, it was the push I needed
To get help and start the healing process, see
If I'd have never hit rock bottom
Would I be the person that I am today? I don't
believe so
I'm a prime example of what happens when you
Choose to not accept defeat and face your
demons
Took me 30 years to realize that
If you wanna get the opportunity
To be the greatest version of yourself
Sometimes you gotta be someone you're not
To hear the voice of reason
Having kids will make you really take a step
back
And look in the mirror
At least for me, that's what it did, I
Wake up every day and pick my son up
Hold him in my arms and let him know he's
loved (loved)
Standing by the window, questioning
If dad is ever going to show up (up)
Isn't something he's gon' have to worry 'bout
Don't get it twisted, that wasn't a shot

Mama, I forgive you, I just don't want him to
grow up
Thinking that he'll never be enough
30 years of runnin', 30 years of searchin'
30 years of hurtin', 30 years of pain
30 years of fearful, 30 years of anger
30 years of empty, 30 years of shame
30 years of broken, 30 years of anguish
30 years of hopeless, 30 years of (hey)
30 years of never, 30 years of maybe
30 years of later, 30 years of fake
30 years of hollow, 30 years of sorrow
30 years of darkness, 30 years of (Nate)
30 years of baggage, 30 years of sadness
30 years of stagnant, 30 years of chains
30 years of anxious, 30 years of sufferin'
30 years of torment, 30 years of (wait)
30 years of bitter, 30 years of lonely
30 years of pushing everyone away ('way)
I know I can change
(We are not enough) we are not the same
(You don't have the heart) you don't have the
strength
(You don't have the will) you don't have the faith
(You'll never be loved, you'll never be safe)
(Might as well give up) not running away
(You don't have the guts) you're the one afraid
(I'm the one in charge) I'm taking the- (no)
I'm taking the
Reins

The Broken Warrior

The broken warrior stands amid the ruins;
Gazing heavily at her weapons scattered in the carnage.
There was Professionalism, stabbed in the back by a coward.
Respect fell to the warrior's right, Communication to her left.

The broken warrior fell to one knee, weaponless and shattered.
Her armor more a sieve than actual protection against the heavy winds;
Having shared pieces with the young fighters already carrying their own battle scars,
Not yet equipped with the stronger shield the broken warrior wielded.

She brushed dirt and gore from Passion's face as she recognized one weapon still standing.
Wavering, Hope gently grasped her hand and pointed to the secret each weapon carried.
Amidst the shattered remains of her army, through the fog of battle and hazy weather,
One by one, the broken warrior saw what her enemy desperately wanted to obscure.

Though Professionalism's knife still jutted from a chink in the chain mail, there was breath.
Training's head was almost severed, but the broken warrior saw life clinging stubbornly.
Compassion finished the sling for Honesty's bleeding arm.
Once each weapon slept, safe, and protected, the broken warrior turned to the retreating army.

Anger, Resentment, and the nefarious twins Doubt and Depression would return one day.

Her nemesis, Fear, spreads lies about "us and them."

Desperate to break her army any way Fear could

The one thing that beat the darkness of conformity and division is the courage to say

"I see you."

We persevere.

—Jen Brown, 2018