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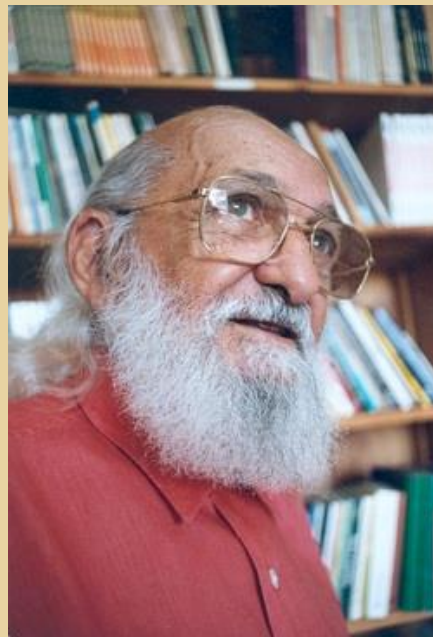
Incorporating Written Reflection into Student Work

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Scholarly Basis

- > Paulo Freire
- > bell hooks



Images retrieved from:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bell_hooks

<http://www.thefreireschool.org/uploads/7/1/2/9/7129713/1934097.jpg>



Scholarly Basis

> George Kuh



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Our Method

- > The supervisor shares a Google Doc
- > The supervisor covers the student's work



Our Method

- > The student reflects in writing for a half hour
- > The supervisor reads the reflection and comments



1. I remember the time I found an eaten chicken breast, carved up by someone's hands, and several pairs of jeans and t-shirts strewn around it.
2. I remember the time a homeless man jumped up and sat on the trash cans, swinging his legs against the metal cans.
3. I remember when there was a ballooning ceiling in Green A from a leak.
4. I remember the laughter inside Green D when one student said to the other, "Should we erase?"
5. I remember the time a patron handed me a marker packet and said, "Sorry, it's wet."



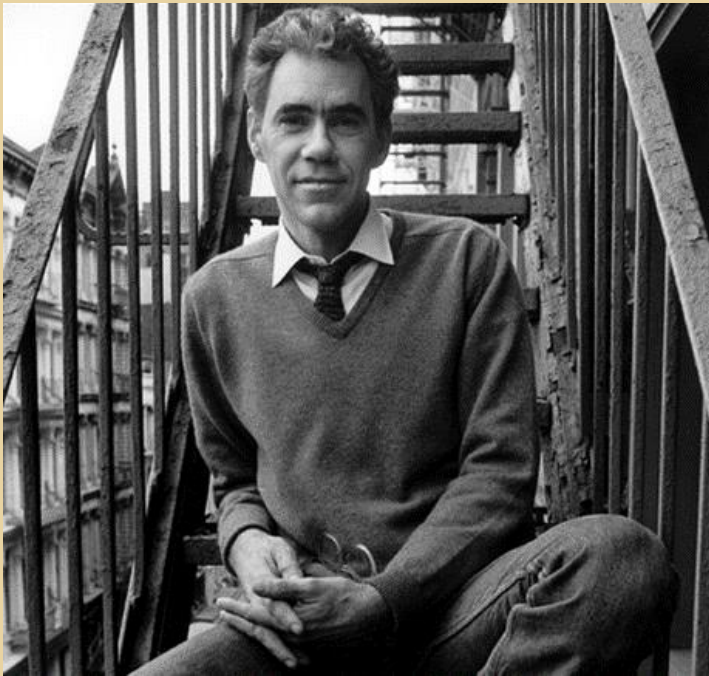
Our Method

- > The student shares the reflection in group meetings



A Writing Prompt

> Joe Brainard—American poet and painter



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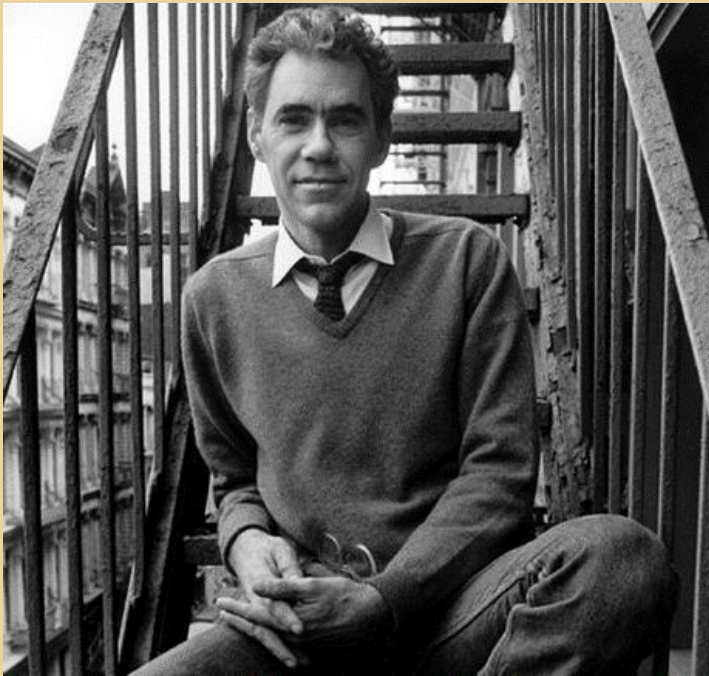
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A Writing Prompt

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A Writing Prompt

- > Write five sentences that start with “I remember...”
- > Choose one sentence and develop it into a two-paragraph story.
- > Write two or three sentences about the story’s significance.



I remember...

I remember coffee burning my tongue when I first opened the library and the only sound was the occasional hum of the lights.

I remember closing the library and waltzing around as I moved squeaky chairs and whiteboards back to their homes.

I remember the patron who walked up slowly to the desk and asked, “can I take a tooth?”

I remember the quiet days at the end of a finals week where I could spend time with a book.

I remember the time an old Russian professor came to the front desk and told repeatedly about his life and values. The stories wound on for a while and he paused often as if to catch his train of thought. I didn't know how to help or direct him, so I sat and listened.

I remember an extreme but brief period of frustration telling a patron no meals were allowed in the research commons. I found him eating pizza at presentation place the next day.



- I remember a woman running down the stairs like a whirlwind, throwing her books on the table and panting out “CanIreturnthese?”
- I remember tiredly shoving chairs to their places late night winter quarter, when I stayed here so late the vents shut off and the whole place fell silent (the library never felt bigger).
- I remember my first student meeting and the taste of salt and vinegar chips as they melted in my mouth and I frantically thought about my first contribution.
- I remember scrubbing out ink stains during interrim, desperately trying to edge my rag into deep-set scratches on the whiteboard - and for the most part, succeeding.
- I remember hearing a regular’s “Hello miss!” time and time again as I was already gearing up to look for obscure books on medieval economics, soon followed by the predictable “Good day, scholar!”



Elliott Stevens
9:56 AM Nov 3

Resolve

This is a sharp detail.

W

I remember working on a particularly slow day, probably during interim, and this man came up to the desk and started asking for help finding books. I was able to look up most of them but they were almost entirely down in the Baker Auxiliary Stacks and this man either needed them that day or didn't have a library card. We repeated this pattern of him going upstairs and coming back down with a new list a few times before he ran out of books/journals to find and left.

On the surface this isn't a very interesting story - we've all helped a patron find a book and we all know how to use the library search engine. What makes this interaction stick out in my mind is the subject matter of all of the books. This man was researching an invasive fungus that he believes is messing with the ecosystem of certain parts of the San Juan Islands (I could be wrong about location, my memory is terrible). The problem was that the fungus is rare and not many studies had been done on it.

Mycology is not normally something I think about, and honestly it was only after speaking to this patron that I learned mycology isn't just the study of mushrooms, but seeing this man talk passionately about his plans to save local environments was really inspiring. This experience has made me think differently about the value of research in a real world context. It's also made me think about how libraries decide what to display, because nobody could have predicted that this patron was going to come in and request all of these books that somebody had decided to hide away from the public.



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During spring quarter of last year, there was a large Black Lives Matter protest that marched through the libraries. The protest exited the libraries through the Research Commons lobby, and they were armed with megaphones, signs and a lot of emotion. All of the students in the Research Commons stopped what they were doing, and quietly watched as the protestors marched by, except for this one girl. About five minutes into the protests exit, a girl came up to me, looked me dead in the face, and said, "Can you close the doors or something? This is too loud". I calmly replied, "I'm sorry, but you have to understand why I can't do that. It's incredibly disrespectful, and the Research Commons is an open space, so closing the doors will make no difference". The girl then looked disgusted, and promptly retorted back with, "Black lives matter? My midterm matters more". That was the day that I realized that being in college doesn't automatically make students immune to ignorance.

I remember this story because it was so appalling. This girl showed no remorse for her words, and had such a hatred in her heart for people who were trying to peacefully make a difference. I will never forget the look on her face, and I will never forget how her words made me feel. My encounter with her made me realize that college doesn't purge a person of their ignorance and close mindedness. It made me realize that sometimes college can make a person more self-centered, whether it be the pressure of maintaining grades or making friends. This experience has made me more cautious in the way that I handle frustrated students.



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What Is the Point?

> To improve communication



What Is the Point?

> To keep a narrative record of a place



What Is the Point?

- > To use stories for discussion, problem solving, and training



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Merci!

