gender equity in our... 3m. I must confess that when I first began thinking about this issue, I was preoccupied with concerns about the ways I saw girls get pushed into the background when they moved from seventh to eighth grade. I'd been looping with my classes for a few years and I couldn't help noticing the way my noisy, adventurous seventh-grade girls would rapidly become demure, quiet members of the “follow the boys” club as eighth graders. Since I was unwilling to let this phenomenon take hold in my classroom, I began to discern trends in the way we alternately Between boys and girls when I called on students in my classroom conversations. I also began to realize that if I could get my hands on the way about girls seemed to lose self-esteem in direct proportion to the increase in their hormones. Finally, I co-sponsored an extra-curricular club called “Girls Take the Girls” at my middle school. Our club flourished for the next five years and my classes got used to the fact that we would sometimes go to wait for a girl to speak, even if five boys were waving their hands at me. But somewhere after the first year of my crusade to stem the tide of lost female self-esteem, I became painfully aware that my boys needed some special attention too. Maybe it was the way they hid under my desk on Friday afternoons to try and crash our club meetings, or maybe it was the data that got to me, data that showed beyond any shadow of a doubt that our boys were facing growing up in a world in which men in record numbers, losing them academically as well as socially. Given this nudge awareness, I enlisted the support of a young male colleague and the Smart Alex club for boys was born. The existence of the stand support clubs for girls and boys began to address some social needs for our neighborhoods, for our larger instructional and school-wide cultural expectations still loomed large. I couldn’t escape from the fact that our suspension list was dominated by males, especially males of color, any more than I could ignore the female role models in our textbooks. And so my reading continues as I try to develop a concrete sense of the balance and personalization needed by all students. I don’t have a lot of answers; in fact, I have even more questions than I had before I started; but I do know that there do seem to be some real learning differences between boys and girls, differences that are compound by layers of race, culture and socioeconomic status in our communities. Here are some capsule reviews of just a few of the books I’ve found useful in my efforts to address the needs of all of our students.

**Reviving Ophelia:** Saving the Selves of Adolescent Girls, Mary Pipher

The book I wish I had read before my daughters became teenagers. One of the texts I used to guide the reflection sessions we wrote and talked about in my Ask the Girls club.

**Lost Boys: Why Our Sons Turn Violent and How We Can Save Them,** Gerborino

Garberino examines the epidemic of violence in our society and contends with the historic racism and class bias that accepts violence as “normal” in urban areas but alarming when it shows up in the middle class. Gerborino deals with urban and suburban girls’ experiences. Too many of the books about girls are really about white middle-class girls.

The guided imag-ery in the first chapter that has students thinking about their lives as members of the opposite gender ... I also like the way Orenstein deals with urban and suburban girls’ experiences. Too many of the books about girls are really about white middle-class girls.

Lost Boys: Why Our Sons Turn Violent and How We Can Save Them, James Garberino exam-ines the epidemic of violence in our society and contends with the historic racism and class bias that accepts violence as “normal” in urban areas but alarming when it shows up in the middle class. Gerborino deals with urban and suburban girls’ experiences. Too many of the books about girls are really about white middle-class girls.

By Wednesday afternoon we had done a lot of content work in full group, dyads, and small groups. We had gone far in creating a safe envi-ronment in which we could explore issues and speak our personal truths. Still, I wanted to go deeper. Again, from my reflections...
A modified Tuning Protocol was used at the end of the two days to share feedback and discuss future work. All participants deepened their understanding of our mission as they examined the relationship of the South. There should be something about the arms swung wide, about the smile, about the elegance of her clothes and her stance that signaled all of us who are intuitively less open, less optimistic, and less elegant that she would give over to us some of these qualities without our even asking, just because we were special to her.

But others will situate the image differently – at the front door of a school in the Bronx, at the opening or close of a workshop for school leaders, or in coming upon her suddenly at the movies or at the market – to name just four of her many favorite places in the world.

But what is this image of? What shall we call it? I want to address this question, having the honor of speaking today on behalf of the legion of Nancy Mohr’s colleagues and friends. Nancy had what may have seemed to us an uncanny ability to make friends feel like family and colleagues feel like friends. But I don’t think it was after all un canon. It was magic. She was a connector. The vitality of any society and its capacity to embrace novelty and to undergo real change, and in this case, to improve, depend on those few people who can do what Nancy could do. Malcolm Gladwell points out that along the route that William Dawes took to warn that the British were marching toward Lexington and Concord, hardly any of the colonial militias turned out, whereas they did wherever Paul Revere, the connector, delivered the message. . . . I know it’s absurd, but I thought Nancy would have gotten a kick out of being compared to Paul Revere.

If Nancy had planned this event today, she would have gotten a kick out of being compared to Paul Revere. Inspiring poetry is just one way that connectors live. Nancy’s work together in helping redesign the high schools of Washington State. He said, “I feel like I have her voice inside me.” Many of you here would say we know her by heart. Delivered at Nancy’ s Service on September 21, 2003, at Riverside Chapel, New York City.

Eulogy for Nancy Mohr
Joe McDonald

Second, you have to reach well beyond the people you would ordinarily take an interest in if you were just letting life happen to you.

Third, you have to base your work on what people need, but you have to press them to need a better world, and you have to offer them something better.

Fourth, you have to dare to transgress in your connect ing work– to violate the rules, cut across ordinary expecta tions, step out of bounds, change the protocol. I saw a man...