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Last spring, as my family and I were bound to our house each evening for a week-long curfew during the Freddie Gray unrest, we listened to the constant sound of police helicopters flying near our house, situated in the comfy subsection of White Baltimore near Loyola's Evergreen campus. At the time, I thought about my neighbors less than a mile away, and how I could show my solidarity with them given my privilege.

I've been teaching at Loyola since 2002. Throughout this time, I've been motivated by Jesuit education. I take it very seriously, but it didn't start at Boston College where I pursued my doctorate; instead, it started when I was attending Syracuse University for my master's degree in Special Education. Carol Berrigan was one of my professors, and I had the fortune of meeting her husband Jerry on a study abroad trip to Italy. On our long bus rides, I sat next to Jerry, and I learned about his family's history, his brothers Dan (a famous Jesuit) and Phil, and Jerry's own involvement in the peace movement, a history that I had never known before that time. What struck me most about Jerry was his humility and strength. At the same time, Jerry expressed a confidence in me, as if he were passing a torch. That torch has mostly been a match that I have carried with me ever since, and it burns bright in my everyday work at Loyola.

As a graduate educator, my goal is to re-awaken my students in the spirit Dean Brackley, S.J. describes in his 2005 essay, “Justice and Jesuit Higher Education.” Unlike the formative undergraduates Brackley describes in his essay, I teach teachers, often a beleaguered and defeated group that not too long ago were those formative undergraduates. Now, however, they are mostly working within bureaucratic institutions that devalue and dishonor the self-worth and passions they developed at an earlier age. I find it imperative that I “unmask the deception” they have come to believe in the “real world,” about themselves, their students, and a future hopeful world. For example, by looking at the past, they learn hidden histories like Jerry shared with me about his family, the Berrigan brothers, but within the educational realm. After we emerged from our curfew, and my summer course Race, Class, and Gender in Education started, I knew it was imperative that we read *Not in My Neighborhood* and invite the author to discuss his work in light of the events following the death of Freddie Gray. Adult students can face conversations of a gritty reality because they are witnessing its effects in their professional and even personal lives as well. What is more challenging, however, is to renew and revive a spirit of hope and optimism that they can carry over to the young people they face each day in their own classrooms. This is my work.

I try to live up to Jerry’s expectations modestly, through my teaching, my community collaborations, and in the programming I’ve brought to campus through the previous Putting Justice in Education series, and more recently, through the directorship of the Center for Innovation in Urban Education (CIUE), with the intention to “raise questions – and eyebrows – both on and off campus,” or engage in what Brackley calls *proyección social*.