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All essays will be read and evaluated in a blind selection process. If a submission is chosen for publication, authors will be asked to submit a brief biography, and a photograph of the author will be taken to be included in the publication.

Nominations to be considered for publication in the Spring 2011 issue will be accepted until December 17, 2010. For further information, contact Susan Cannata, E&T Department, 117 Dial Building, (910) 521-6806, cannata@uncp.edu, or Teagan Decker, E&T Department, 139 Dial Building, (910) 521-6437, teagan.decker@uncp.edu.

The cover photo shows luminaries placed along the walkway outside the Chavis University Center during Relay for Life in April 2009. It was taken by Tiffany J. Schmidt, a senior Journalism major and Editor-in-Chief of the 2010 Indianhead yearbook.
ReVisions: Best Student Essays

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Oral Tradition and the Impact on Modern Education

By Jennifer Brown

I was sitting in the back of the room at an Initiative Program for prospective Native students, listening to what was being said. An Elder stood, and she began speaking to the students, telling them the history and founding of the university. But this was not the word-for-word history book version; she told the foundation of the university through oral tradition. By doing this she incorporated the values, learning traditions and education of young people in the way the Ancestors once did.

In Native cultures, oral tradition is used to tell the origins of the people, the making of the world, both for entertainment and to point out the rights and wrongs of all the ones who came before them. Oral tradition is a strong establishment of a holistic education in Native communities. Through these traditions, people learn about themselves and the things around them, and they learn to perform the basic tasks of survival. Angela Wilson writes in her article, “Grandmother to Granddaughter: Generations of Oral History in a Dakota Family.” “For the Dakota, ‘oral tradition’ refers to the way in which information is passed on rather than the length of time something has been told. Personal experiences, pieces of information, events, incidents, etc., can become part of the oral tradition at the moment it happens or the moment it is told, as long as the person adopting the memory is part of an oral tradition” (29). Wilson explains the way the Dakota people view oral tradition, and many other nations also believe that it is an everyday way of life, using everything involved within their lives to tell the next person so they, too, may share that experience.

The point of this paper is to demonstrate how oral tradition had an impact on Native communities seeking higher education, especially those of the Southeast. Growing up within a Native community in North Carolina with a family full of educators has made me think about more of those connections between traditional teachings and modern day education. As a child I was told many stories of the struggle and fight within the communities to have the opportunity to gain an education. Many of these struggles were due to race and the governmental definition of an Indian.

To Western cultures, oral-based telling of traditions and history is not a legitimate way to educate people. These are views from societies in which anything that is written down is considered to be true and definite. Ms. Shirley Freeman, an Elder from the Waccamaw-Siouan nation and also a storyteller, argues against the idea that storytelling is not a proper way of teaching others. In an interview she states, “Without the stories the children would not be able to establish the basics, making the outside world confusing” (Freeman). The basics means having family ties to the land and people on the land and learning the ways to survive as a people. Ms. Freeman, in her lifetime, has experienced many hardships such as segregation and separate but equal systems. She attended the Wide Awake Indian School, which was established by the “Bladen Indian Colony” in Bladen County for the Native children there. Many children were not as lucky to attend the school because of issues of race placed upon the Natives and living in both Columbus and Bladen Counties. Those children who did not attend the Indian school went to St. Mark’s Church for schooling (Lurch 71).

The fight for Natives to have an equal opportunity for an education started long ago when Western culture and values were forced upon...
them. Many were forced out of traditional homes, roles, and lands in order to be assimilated into the now-dominant culture. Children were taken from homes and put into boarding schools miles away from their families, where they were taught to read, write, and speak in English; the girls were domesticated and boys taught to work.

But the Cherokee were one of the first among Native nations in the Southeast to build their own schools to teach their children to read and write in English and also in Cherokee once the alphabet was created. Once the Indian schools were established, the nations had a say in the curriculum that was being taught, which meant not only using Western teachings to survive in the outside world but also traditional teachings to continue their way of life. In order for later generations to survive, the Elders combined the common knowledge learned from their oral traditions with the teachings from Western cultures. The oral stories used to come to these decisions may have been transformation stories or stories of things to come.

Stories told in the oral tradition are taken seriously, and all are looked upon as sacred. Joseph Brown writes in his book, Teaching Spirits, that “words are produced through the agency of breath, and in these traditions the breath, whether human or nonhuman, is understood as a physical expression of the sacred principle. The source of breath is the lungs, which reside next to the heart, often understood to be the spiritual essence or center of the living being” (42-3). Words are living and breathing entities, and what makes this possible is the breath produced when speaking them. It gives the words life and meaning. For example, some stories are told only at ceremonies or at certain times of the year because, otherwise, it will upset the Spirits. Oral tradition is an important way of teaching the people and reciprocating or giving back to them, just as going to school and gathering knowledge that seems abstract and bringing it back to the people is important.

By 1887 the Indians of Robeson County built the Croatan Indian Normal School, established for the Natives to attend and learn how to be teachers. This opened up the opportunity for Natives to further their education and also take it into their home communities and other Native communities. It was also very important to have the Normal School because this would bring Native teachers into the system working in the Indian schools.

After the opening of the Indian Normal School, Indian schools across North Carolina began opening. Natives across the state found ways for their children to attend schools no matter how far they needed to travel. Hickory Hill, Wide Awake Indian School, and the Waccamaw Indian School were opened at various times across the Bladen and Columbus County communities, and New Bethel School and East Carolina Indian School were opened across Sampson and surrounding counties (Lurch 76). Native parents of North Carolina believed that the only way to survive was to fight for their children to have a proper education. The late Chief Roscoe Jacobs, an Elder and first elected Chief of the Waccamaw-Siouan tribe, remembers from his childhood his parents hosting a Native teacher from Robeson County. He states in his interview, “A Lumbee man [tribe was not know as Lumbee at the time] came and stayed with us for awhile. He had come from that Normal School. He stayed for awhile to teach in our Indian School” (Jacobs). Mr. Jacobs traveled the long roads to Sampson County to attend New Bethel School but brought back with him the knowledge and will to fight for the generations to come. He was a strong activist for Indian education across North Carolina, working with the tribes to ensure that the children were getting the same opportunities as non-Natives.

Oral tradition is a life way used to record and recollect the past, the present, and to prepare for the future. Modern education based upon Western styles and ideas parallels the values of oral tradition but is lost in translation when set up in a linear fashion. To Natives, oral tradition has had an impact on the way a Western education is perceived because it was adopted and desired as a survival mechanism: to walk in two worlds, as you may hear some Native people say. Although oral tradition and other indigenous practices were forbidden or banned for centuries, the people continued because this was—and still is—an important part of their life. Gaining a higher education builds on the knowledge already learned in the everyday way of

Jennifer’s essay on American Indian oral tradition as a living, legitimate, enduring form of culturally-specific educational pedagogy is well researched and persuasively written. Her essay does what the strongest American Indian Studies scholarship does: she takes an interdisciplinary approach to her subject, by incorporating both print research and personal interviews with Native people, to craft an essay that is at once well-documented, personally meaningful, and of value to contemporary American Indian peoples, specifically in the Southeast.

—Jane Haladay
life. Many Natives have became doctors, lawyers, inventors, and business people, using their teachings from home and incorporating the teachings from their schooling to maintain the balance in the perceived world.

As the Initiative Program for the students came to close and the Elder gave her closing remarks to the session, she told them the importance of gaining an education. When “Indian Schools” were first established, they were built upon the hard work and sacrifice of the Elders, and it was a privilege to attend because not everyone could enjoy that opportunity. Our Ancestors and Elders fought with the government in order to establish these schools, and those stories through oral tradition will be told just as our stories of attending those schools will be told. Because, whether we realize it or not, the oral tradition is practiced everyday; it is a living, breathing, ever-changing being, and, as part of the tradition, it is the responsibility of the next generation to educate and pass on the stories.

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The Victorian era was a time of transition. The rise of the Industrial Revolution brought an unprecedented elevation of the middle class with financial opportunities never before experienced. In the wake of the Industrial Revolution, England grew richer while the poor grew poorer causing increased awareness of social expectations and increased self-evaluation (Damrosche and Dettmar 1137). It is not surprising then that Robert Louis Stevenson’s Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde reflected the theme of transition in relation to self-evaluation. According to The Longman Anthology of British Literature, self-exploration in Victorian literature was a “favorite theme” (1117). In the characters of Jekyll, Hyde, Utterson and Lanyon, Stevenson personified the struggle of Victorian society in coming to terms with social mores and norms.

In an attempt to influence social transition, Queen Victoria became the “head of morality” by proclaiming it her duty “to maintain and augment the service of Almighty God, as also to discourage and suppress all vice, profane practice, debauchery and immortality” (Himmelfarb 27-28). Victoria’s stance on how one should behave would naturally elicit a division between those who agreed and those who did not. The concept of Social Darwinism complicated matters for social expectation, as many felt that, in society as well as science, “only the fittest should survive” equated to the concept of every man for himself (Damrosche and Dettmar 1107).

During this era, a gentleman was one with “a cultivated intellect, a delicate taste, a candid, equitable, dispassionate mind, a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life” (Harrison). Stevenson’s novella begins with an example of the ideal Victorian gentleman in the character of Mr. Utterson, a man who keeps his composure and resists the temptation of exhibiting any extremes of behavior, a man of unassuming loyalty and constraint of inhibition, “a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary and yet somehow lovable” (Damrosch and Dettmar 1939). He is “lovable” because, despite the seemingly aloof exterior, he conforms to the accepted role of the bourgeois gentleman. These characteristics make Utterson a pivotal character not only in providing an example of the ideal gentleman but also serving as a rigid structure for the events that surround him.

Utterson possessed unwavering loyalty, “his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time” (1939). As an ideal gentleman, he is ready to help his fellow citizen yet not compelled to reform him, a personality befitting a lawyer. He expresses social Darwinistic ideology in that, “he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove. ’I incline to Cain’s heresy...I let my brother go to the devil in his own way’” (1939). Without wavering in his loyalty to his friend Jekyll, he sets out to protect him from Hyde, whom he thinks has some unlawful hold over Jekyll. Utterson seemingly lives vicariously through these misdeeds of others, “almost with envy,” as the narrator tells us, in order to maintain his own composure (1939).

The mention of envy suggests that some compulsion for indulgence is natural. Hence, Stevenson informs us that this endeavor into social conformity does not come without temptation for
Jekyll, Hyde, and the Victorian Gentleman

Utter. Keeping strict discipline despite his preference for wine and theater, Utterson suppresses the temptations in order to maintain his social countenance. He chooses to drink cheap gin privately at home in an attempt to “mortify a taste for vintages” (1930). Were he to indulge in his preference for wine, he may indulge in other temptations. He is disciplined in that he acknowledges his weakness and consciously works to balance moderation. In keeping with proper social mores, Utterson maintains his character throughout the novella, acting as a static figure and providing the structure around which the other characters evolve. Even though his relationship with Jekyll changes from solicitor to beneficiary, Utterson, in character, remains unchanged.

In stark contrast to Utterson’s success for moderation is Jekyll’s attempts at social composure. Jekyll wrote in his full statement that he had been suppressing a part of himself for the sake of maintaining his public persona. He had constructed such a manicured role in society that he daydreamed of the “separation of these elements” (1968). He revealed the long struggle by confessing: “I concealed my pleasures; and that when I reached years of reflection, and began to look round me and take stock of my progress and position in the world, I stood already committed to a profound world, I stood already committed to a profound” (1968).

The inevitable separation of the elements, that leads his alter ego to liberation.

The Longman Anthology of British Literature states, “Dr. Jekyll has no noble aspirations to serve humanity: he deliberately intends to be bad… [and] what endangers [him] is the restrictive code he lives by” (1938). This is what makes Dr. Jekyll special in that he no longer has motivation for restraining his temptation to be “bad.” His motivation is to set this part of himself free in order to express these urges of his—urges which Stevenson delicately avoids outlining in detail. However, we soon see that these urges result in trampling and murder and manifest an irrepressible exhibit of emotion, which is exactly what Jekyll could not himself express.

Jekyll wants to be liberated and felt that, if only he could separate his two identities, the admirable and the aberrant, he could be free. His superior, moral self could go on “and no longer [be] exposed to [the] disgrace and penitence by the hands of this extraneous evil,” while his lesser self “would be relieved of all that was unbearable…[and] might go his way, delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin” (1968). We learn in this passage that Dr. Jekyll does feel guilt about the behavior Hyde exhibits in expressing the repressed emotions. However, as he says about his lesser self, Hyde also experiences Jekyll’s unbearable life of restraint. Each afflicted by the restraint of the other, neither can be happy while the two are together.

Hyde however, lacks any admirable quality as the embodiment of Jekyll’s evil. Mr. Enfield has difficulty describing Hyde exactly, as if there is no antecedent for this type of evil. He describes him not as a man but a “Juggernaut” (1940). On their first encounter, Utterson describes Hyde’s uncomely appearance as “somehow strongly against [one’s] inclination” (1945). Utterson speaks of Hyde as having “an impression of deformity without any nameable malformation” (1946). So Hyde’s nefarious existence seems inexplicable, as if people vaguely relate but cannot place a likely comparison. Since socially proper individuals do not succumb to their urges, they have understandably been forced to repress them and are unable to make an association with this element of the self.

The inevitable separation of the elements,
however, does not bring happiness for Jekyll. Hyde began to take over the life of Jekyll. Inexplicably, Jekyll went to bed himself and awoke as Hyde. Even the physical stature of Hyde began to grow taller, as if more powerful. Jekyll became increasingly suspicious about Hyde’s transformation: “I began to spy a danger that, if this were much prolonged, the balance of my nature might be permanently overthrown, the power of voluntary change be forfeited, and the character of Edward Hyde became irrevocably mine” (1972). What started as a liberation of two inequalities of nature transformed into a creation that demanded increasingly of Jekyll the transforming chemical that separated them: “All things therefore seemed to point to this: that I was slowly losing hold of my original and better self, and becoming slowly incorporated with my second and worse” (1972). Jekyll realizes that the more he allows Hyde to manifest, the more powerful Hyde becomes. This is poignantly reflective of the human condition in that, when one indulges in that in which we suppress, the more it is desired. This is the exact opposite of what Utterson had the foresight to recognize and practice.

Hyde finally did take over and the chemical was then required to transform himself back into Jekyll. The persona of Jekyll had become powerless as written in his statement: “The powers of Hyde seemed to have grown with the sickliness of Jekyll” (1976). It was then Hyde who sought refuge in Jekyll. The struggle between Hyde and Jekyll must result in the elimination of one or the other. Jekyll weakened with the actions of Hyde who grew stronger with his acts against society, assuredly to the chagrin of social Darwinists who aimed to secure the middle classes as the more “fit” members of society.

Besides the alternating roles of the dynamic Jekyll and Hyde, Dr. Lanyon is a gentleman who experiences a transition in status as well. He appeared as very determined to remain a static individual, rigid in his social identification. Beholding the ethics of medicine, he deplored his friendship with Jekyll whose “unscientific balderdash…would have estranged Damon and Pythias” (1944). Although somewhat estranged from Jekyll, Lanyon’s ties of friendship run deep (like that of Utterson), and he indulges his friend’s request to fetch the chemicals for Hyde. With the evil fortitude with which Hyde is generously endowed, once he receives the draught of transforming solution, he taunts the poor doctor’s curiosity by asking him if he is prepared to witness what is to follow. Ironcally, the same solution that will transform Hyde to Jekyll will also indirectly transform Lanyon. Hyde remarks, “As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul…and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan” (1967). If this “unbelief” is so strong as to “stagger” the faith of Satan, then Dr. Lanyon is undeniably hopeless.

A proper gentleman, who adheres to the social construct that he sculpted himself to, the intransigent Lanyon cannot fathom what he is to witness. He answers, “you speak enigmas…[and] I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end” (1967). Lanyon’s unfortunate transition is unjustly thrust upon him to the extent to which he states in his narrative, “the deadlest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night; I feel my days are numbered, and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous” (1967). Lanyon’s faith in the empirical has been shaken; all he is or was or ever would be is gone; he can live no other way. He refuses to redefine life as he knows it. He has conformed so rigidly to society’s norms; hence, there is no other level of existence for him.

In the characters of Mr. Utterson and Dr. Lanyon, Stevenson illustrates clearly defined and accepted roles of bourgeois gentlemen. These men disciplined themselves to avoid any natural tendency to depart from social norms (to Lanyon’s untimely detriment) and both gentlemen admonished Hyde’s blatant disregard for these norms. They also criticize and show concern for the behavior of their friend Jekyll, who has also departed from the social norm and is exhibiting rather uncharacteristic choices. As discussed earlier, the narrator describes Utterson as having, “an approved tolerance for others.” However, in the case of Hyde, Utterson was pushed past his limits of social tolerance, since Hyde did not even come close to conforming to “a noble and courteous bearing in the conduct of life” (Harrison).
Stevenson illustrated the struggle of social identities in the characters Jekyll and Hyde. Hyde was constructed to pose as the antithesis to the “gentlemen.” He stood to represent the impossibility of the roles society deemed acceptable. These roles would require “the definition and policing of male character [as] a critical part of the [work]... that bourgeois men of the nineteenth century had to perform on themselves” (Cohen 3).

In conclusion, Stevenson’s interpretation of this anomaly of humanity is that the “evil is already within [Jekyll], waiting to pounce, as it is within all of us. The chemicals do not create the evil - they release it from the chains in which virtue has hitherto imprisoned it” (Dalrymple 5). Therefore, if we indulge these urges they have the potential to control us. An era with so much growth and transition is bound to produce dissonance at one level or another. The examples of identity crises in this tale are representative of this era’s unsettled nature and provide us with timeless representations of the human condition. The concept of a “Jekyll and Hyde personality” is now a household term and, as such, has immortalized the duplicity of the Victorian gentleman. “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde... continues to offer one of the most popular ways for making sense of the discord that lies at the heart of the organism that is, ‘man’” (Cohen 17).

**Works Cited**


I still remember it like it was yesterday—the first time I lived. For the majority of my life, I simply existed, going through the motions. I never really connected with anyone or any place on any sort of spiritual or emotional level. But this particular week was different; it was as if for the first time in my life I had discovered a place where I could channel my passion, my insecurity, my afflictions into a creative form of expression. It was a place where the land and its people intertwined into a deeper connection and understanding of self, purpose, and fulfillment.

It was where music and people were one.

The first time I set foot in New Orleans I felt like a prodigal daughter returning home—the sound of that lone soloing trumpet from a distance reminded me of a mother’s glee that her child had finally returned. It was something about the timbre of the Dixie bands that paraded the streets that flipped a switch in me that had never been flipped before. I found it ironic how something so new and distant could feel more familiar and comforting than the people, places, and things I have known all my life.

It was as if the music made the people and the land more whole. Everyone connected through the “universal language.” People communicated through dotted eighths and sixteenths.

For once people understood where I was coming from. It was a distinctive feeling that I now feel again, in Pembroke.

In New Orleans, I didn’t have to confine my passion for music in a four-walled room. I could express it publicly. I could play on the side of the street and carry on conversations about different aspects of music in and of itself because those around me understood where I was coming from. I loved having the opportunity to improvise with others. Nothing is more fulfilling than standing on the side of the street and creating and composing while playing and feeding off another musician’s emotions and energy. Listening, playing, creating, and observing, it felt like every aspect of music was home to me. It was as if I were learning and teaching at the same time. I felt both inside and outside of my comfort zone. The experience pushed me towards something new, yet didn’t leave the parameters of what I was familiar with. The New Orleans vibe felt like a pocket in the universe made specifically for me—Pembroke feels the same.

This experience also opened my eyes to the idea of “home” not being a specific geographical location. It wasn’t the landscape, or the landmarks, that made New Orleans home for me; it was the people and the intangible substance that flowed through all of us—music. In other words, it was the common ground between us that connected us, our passion, and our inner essence. No matter what the outlet, the connection was still the same. There were those who wrote music, those who performed it, and those who just loved to listen to it. But we all understood the importance of one group to the other two. We all saw each other as equals, no matter the race, gender, creed, or color. Music had the power to override the racial and stereotypical boundaries that had been ingrained in us. It was bigger than all of us.

Not only did I find my home and learn to live, I learned to define what home and living meant. It also made me question the common ideology of home being synonymous with prior knowledge and exclusive of new ideas and thought processes. I felt like I went home and learned things I didn’t know before. It was as if I went home and was challenged to be more than what I was when I
Brittany’s essay speaks to the way that travel and art enrich our lives and expand our horizons. Not only does her writing tell a story, it also speaks to the way we search for and find meaning and beauty in our lives, in prose that is as melodious as the music it describes and celebrates.

—Scott Hicks

first arrived. It’s like the cliché “home is where the heart is.” I realized my heart was in music because it’s my passion; therefore, wherever I am musically challenged or inspired, I am home.

And now here I stood, feeling familiar as ever, once again, in an unknown place. It’s funny how we tend to forget things—that feeling I felt in New Orleans I’d long since forgotten. I drifted back into my regular routine of stagnated existence once I reached North Carolina, but in Pembroke that feeling returned. I don’t know if it was the music, the landscape, or just the people I shared my sacred passion with, but once again, everything was in place.

It is amazing walking through the Chavis University Center and watching people sit around the piano taking turns serenading one another. I find comfort in the benches between Pine and Oak Hall, which have come to serve as a focal point for guitar playing and late night indie music. The couches inside of Moore Hall foyer form a meeting place for musicians (professors and students alike) to create, converse, and sleep, all in the name of music. Some of my best conversations were held in that foyer, and my strongest connections formed there. Whether it is intellectual debates on theory, collaborative composition, or analyzing scores, I always enjoy the conversations and experiences I have in Moore Hall. Music has heightened my overall experience at Pembroke. As a matter of fact, having the opportunity to perform on the Givens Performing Arts Center stage as a senior in high school was the deciding factor in my choice to attend Pembroke. The opportunity to participate in the Honors Band hosted here and perform work by my favorite contemporary composer, who was also the guest conductor, established a sense of home in Pembroke inside of me, long before I arrived to campus as an enrolled student.

But out of all of these places, the music annex is the place I connect with the most. It was my first weekend on campus, and I had just gotten out of a long day of Band Camp. I stood outside the annex with my back against the frigid black rails and the sharp chill of local wind brushing a thin coat of coolness onto my skin and reconnected with that sense of home that I had experienced all those years ago. The rustling leaves from the surrounding trees bounced off the harmonies I was creating on my saxophone, connecting the five of us—my newfound friends, through a deeper level of inner understanding. Our passions flowed from vein to vein as if the planets and stars were aligned within us, interconnecting us in a realm beyond time, mortality, and space. And as I sat there, with my eyes closed and my fingers lightly brushing against the algid keys, I smiled at the irony. All this time I was worrying about how I was going to adjust to such a new experience as college, when in reality all I was doing was coming back home.
“Community is not always a specific geographic space shared by people with common interests and values; it is sometimes a larger community of culture in which people share values and a sense of responsibility for one another.”

Wilma Mankiller. Every Day is a Good Day

The beginning of the week for some . . . the end of the week for others. For most Lumbee families, logistically Sunday is at the center, virtually representing beginning, middle, and end. Friends, family, social groups, choirs, marriages, relationships, kinship . . . all connected by church. As a child, Sunday morning for me began very early . . . It was a “Special” day. A day for special clothes, special food, special talk, and, thankfully, special hats. As a little girl at Prospect United Methodist, I attended church with my grandparents. I don’t think my parents went to church during those first formative years. They were in a minority, of course, staying at home sleeping their life away. Very slow songs could be heard rising up over the congregation and across the cemetery and church yard first thing in the morning. The hymns were often of traditional Baptist nature, but in the slow repeating tones the songs had a nature of chanting. All the older women started one line… the younger women would finish or repeat the line…then the men would chime in often at the main verse. My grandpa Pevie’s favorite was “The Old Rugged Cross.” Such a significant song of faith: clinging to the ole rugged cross. My grandparents didn’t talk a lot about what not to do or how to do it. I just remember seeing very clearly how they lived their lives. Every so often, I could hear my grandmother’s soft, humble prayer as she knelt by the bathroom tub. My grandfather’s humble demeanor spoke more than this elderly farmer needed to say. They were, like most grandparents, the living embodiment of the connection to our past and the direction for our future. Our church was filled with people who were like the directional signs on a beginner’s driving course. They were there to keep “we” young people on track and to act as a buffer if we ran off the road.

Most Sundays I entered church with my grandparents, but during service I sat with my older cousins. When I think of those years, I always see my cousin Narva and me. Talzi and Narva. Just a family thing. All my cousins, uncles, aunts, and almost all the people helping to shape my little life and world were there every Sunday. Narva is five years older than me. She is one of twelve or thirteen siblings. So that was half the church right there by the time they started getting married. Never any concerns of “Where are my children” or “Who has them,” those were the days of freedom from fear because the church was our center, our rock, and the stabilizer holding our community together. The sons still drank their beer on occasion, but church was the great equalizer that helped to make sure it didn’t get out of hand and if it did get out of hand . . . the church guilt could help pull it back in.

One Sunday, I apparently decided to test just how safe church was (or better outside of church). I don’t really remember going out of church, but I do remember the yelling I got afterwards. My grandmother and mother tell the story best. Someone came into church during preaching and announced “There is a child in the cemetery playing on a tombstone.” This child . . . Talzi Ann Oxendine. Or that is how it sounded as my grandmother yelled. My grandfather said, “I knew it was Talzi as soon as I heard it.” Of course, Talzi was such a good child, why would she think this? I
had wandered outside after class to get away from the slow songs and enjoy some fresh graveyard air. It was really going good until my grandmother ran out in a panic. Talzi never really wanted to venture out of church after that. Of course, at four years old, a little freedom goes a long way.

My Grandma Allie gave me the name Talzi at birth. With a still unclear confusion, my mother says it was put on my birth certificate but changed it later because she wanted the name Tasha Ann Oxendine. There is nothing like starting life off in confusion. No matter what my state record says, I began life as Talzi to my family and have remained that for most of my life. My cousin Narva still greets me with a wonderful family hug and welcome of “Talzi.” My name, however, did come into question in first grade as the evil teacher of the east at Pembroke Elementary School refused to call me Talzi. Mrs. Helen appeared to hate little Talzi from the offset. She forced my classmates to call me Tasha because it was on my state records. The name that was my place of comfort, home, and community was cruelly snatched from school life. At least five of my classmates were cousins so it really created a lot of confusion. The stress of being called Tasha only subsided when I got on my school bus, heading for home, and my closest cousin James and I were safe to speak freely. James and I were born three days apart. We lived next door to each other. My mother and his father are siblings. We went to school together, grew up together, and to this day he still calls me “Talzi.” Most of the rest of my classmates and the rest of the world forgot my family name. But when I attend my grandparents’ church, each time it is like a mini-homecoming because I am greeted by all my cousins by the name that for me is wrapped up in who I am and where I come from and what represents home to me.

My church was just one of dozens of churches within a two-mile area. Churches are on every corner in the Lumbee community . . . there are churches everywhere you look. Apparently we are really sinful and in need of lots of churches or we can’t get along and keep separating and building new churches. As you drive through Lumbee communities, churches are numerous. Some towns such as Pembroke have a church every few feet. These “upcroppings” of churches began during the 1800s at a time when it wasn’t always safe to be BROWN. Lumbee people clung to their church family and the Lord as a sanctuary of hope to get through the troubled times. It is that spiritual pillar of support that has held Lumbee families close for generations. Through times of great disease and racism church is always mentioned as the glue that will save our community from our social decline. Lumbee spirituality speaks to me of a spiritual connection to the creator which extends beyond a ritualized “Sunday . . . Wednesday” study of the bible to a more intimate relationship with a living, visible, daily connection to the master. Lumbee Christians look at faith often not as a ritual, but as the way of life which involves giving thanks in everything. Just like every other tribe in the nation, the Christian faith was more widely accepted into many Indian communities during a time when widespread disease caused Indians to reach for all help to heal their dying children and families. In many of those Indian church families, traditional Indian rituals were incorporated into the services, making them very distinct from other Baptist, Methodist, or denominational services around the country. My grandparents drove to church together, but the men went in the side door . . . and the women in the front in those early days. The men sat on one side and the ladies on another. This entry and seating ritual is seen by many as a carry-over of historically Indian worship structure. It is still practiced by elders at other churches such as St. Annah. Church is a part of who we are . . . It is the bedrock of my family and literally the place where all my family usually is. The honor of God is given special reverence on Sunday, remembered in picking the cucumbers, preparing the meal, and even bringing in the wash. One of my friends said it best: “Keep a prayer in your heart all day, and it will come out in every way.”

Those special Sunday mornings sometimes featured an outing which included a trip beyond the cemetery to the river. While Catholics give a few drops of water in baptism, our people still today “Gather at the River” to wash away the old ways and renew in those old murky Lumbee waters which run so swiftly. The old lyrics of “Shall We Gather at the River” are forever fresh. The words flowing out as slow and serious as our mighty Lum-
bee, which is revered as a life force that can clean, satisfy, but even kill when taken lightly. Historically, when our elders were near the river, they would walk in and scoop up the water to wash their faces. Some would think this a cleansing of face, but it is known as a cleansing of all ills. Our oral traditional tells that swift moving water has healing.

Some of that old gathering is definitely needed today . . . be it at the river, church, your neighbor’s home, or in town. Today that church pillar seems crumbling amid the breakdown of traditional Lumbee values and loss of community. As Lumbee people have risen to a place where they are safe to sleep in their homes without worry of racism, not as many people cling to any community center. This change is seen especially in younger generations. Until recently, no matter who your family was, or “your people,” your community was your family. This extended your kinship to neighbors as well as aunts and uncles. So young people were really the responsibility of everyone in the community and were parented as such. Today our people only claim what is in their yard and don’t want anyone to say anything about it. This has cut a hole in the safety net of our communities that held our young people in check outside of the church. Many church or church community activities aren’t attended or even considered. Young people under the age of forty obviously didn’t face the struggles encountered by the generations before them, so, without major obstacles, there often isn’t that need to cling to anyone for support. This change in the community and religious climate is also in my mind an indicator of the breakdown in the social structure of many Indian families.

As young people move away from the community environment that was centered around the church, crime, drugs, and overall behavioral problems with children have increased. Some elders identify the removal of young Indian people physically, but also spiritually, as they become involved in other things. This is a national trend, but the Lumbee community is going through a major change as these social changes are escalating at an alarming rate as those slow songs and special Sunday things are folded away like an out-of-date quarterly lesson. Teachers struggle with kids from broken homes, kids with guns, drugs, and really bad attitudes. Law enforcement is struggling with maintaining order, and Lumbee citizens are now finding it more difficult to protect their homes and families from our own people. In the centuries past, alcohol was the major plague for families, but those days are a dim memory. Today young girls in tiny tops and bottoms step out at intersections to greet drivers with the offer of sex for money. They are known as “chicken heads”—An ugly term used to describe an exchange of sex for their ability to buy crack cocaine or other drugs. Mothers worry late into the night praying the claw of drugs will not catch their children.

Ministers are now praying over prayer cloths to stop gangs, release the hold of drugs, and reunite broken homes. Lumbee ministers are community leaders who can sway a lot of minds and feelings in homes. Are they working together to turn the tide on the mounting wave which threatens to wash away everything that is sacred to our people? I am sure each Sunday morning each minister has a message which speaks to the heart of the congregation as a whole about their souls at this particular time in life. But is there a larger role that ministers need to revive to bring the Lumbee circle back together from its broken, drug- and alcohol-infested state? Occasionally there are youth programs and church community revivals. Ministers often say they need support from each church member to visit the sick and help those in need. As these social issues continue to grow, so does the need for a renewal of those community preachers and community leaders who united and stood up as walls against the evil that was in other communities. The Mr. Zimmies, who were known throughout the community as Godly men who brought change, are spoken of often, but are not seen. They were leaders who were respected for the life they lived but also for the way they stepped forward to say, “Lumbees, pull yourselves together as we stand as one against this evil.”

All faith isn’t lost. In some families, that ‘ole-timey’ way of meeting is now held in homes as families pray for their generations. The old chants can be heard rising from porches or living rooms as some Lumbees feel the need to bring an additional day of prayer in for the extra problems that have rolled in.
As Lumbees grow as a force in the state and country, are progress and status really worth much as we leave behind the spiritual roots which sustained our families through the hardest days? Without some “Gathering at the River” of reflection, we are doomed to watch our foundation and community wash away with the wave of drugs and out of control . . . disrespectful . . . ugly young people. Those old slow songs featured on old Sundays are unknown to many of our young people, but it is time to pull the old ways out and dust them off. Most of our Indian children no longer even identify with being Indian. They only identify with their favorite rapper or gang member. Obviously as teachers spend endless days chanting lessons for more EOGs or whatever other useless test the government is giving, they can’t teach any more. Our parents, elders, and community leaders must rise up like those old chants floating out over the church yards and cemeteries . . . to show the way and give meaning to what our community clans stood for and what they can be again. Without this, I foresee this unraveling of the Lumbee families escalating until the “Lumbee homeland” may become just like every other unsafe urban city, where many people spend too much time in the graveyard speaking of what shouldn’t have been instead of the future those faithful ancestors prayed for.
Abigail Adams: A Woman of Her Time?

If we mean to have Heroes Statesmen and Philosophers, we should have learned women. The world perhaps would laugh at me, and accuse me of vanity […] If much depends as is allowed upon the early Education of youth and the first principals which are instilled take the deepest root, great benefit must arise from literary accomplishments in women.¹

These were the words of Abigail Adams in a letter to her husband. Abigail and John were married in October of 1764. More than ten years had passed when Abigail wrote the passage quoted above about the importance of education for women. Abigail’s remark drew on a decade of experience as a mother, wife, and housekeeper. With John gone half of the time,² it remained Abigail’s responsibility to keep their family farm productive and manage the household. This included directing the servants, making their own clothes, trading with other families and merchants, and ordering supplies from Boston for those commodities unavailable in their little town. Besides this, her role as wife and mother also meant tending to the children and taking care of their education as well as keeping in contact with her husband and encouraging him in his political affairs.

Throughout her life, Abigail often and out of necessity had to step out of the prescribed sphere that marked domestic life as the limit of a woman’s role in society. But Abigail Adams could not always afford to comply with those unwritten rules of the separation of the sexes. Situation and circumstance, as well as her own talents and abilities, oftentimes pushed her beyond such imaginary lines. Abigail’s father tutored his children himself and provided an extensive library to them. He encouraged and inspired Abigail’s curiosity without putting any restrictions on subjects which were usually only part of a boy’s education, such as political theory and theology.³ The education her father had bestowed upon her and her unusual relationship with John made it possible for Abigail to transcend traditional gender roles; John’s political activism, his frequent and lengthy absences, the War of Independence, and his need for her advice on all matters made it a necessity. Abigail’s own experiences and her adventurous personality as well as her qualities and curiosity enabled her to overcome tradition.

Women of the Time – Ideology vs. Reality

The discrepancy between reality and colonial ideology about women’s roles in the upper-middle class became very visible during the Revolutionary War. The theory of gender roles was upheld by society through laws, moral standards fed in churches and homes, and the general patriarchic family order. Clearly, the war changed people’s lives directly and indirectly, and women were not untouched. People of all classes were provoked by the war to assume different roles and cope with unprecedented circumstances. For these women of the middle to upper class, reality looked very different from their traditional role of housewife and mother.

The concept of gender roles in the eighteenth century was an established tradition influenced by writers like Rousseau and to a certain degree by Montesquieu. Rousseau supported complete dependence and submissiveness of women to men: “To oblige us, to do us service, to gain our love and esteem…these are the duties of the sex at all times.”⁴ His writings were very famous during this time because they provided a guide to the education of children and were widely read. Montesquieu, on the other hand, brought new thoughts on the status of women. In his writings he concluded that women’s status is closely linked with the form of government of a certain country: “in republics
The Impact of War on Abigail’s Life

The American Revolution and the Revolutionary War in particular was one of the most vital factors that impacted Abigail’s daily life and her responsibilities as John Adams’s wife. She had to adapt to a new situation that bore many uncertainties and oftentimes meant having to step out of her female comfort zone because she could not count on John making decisions from far away. Yet, Abigail took on these new challenges with patriotic zeal. Even though she feared and disliked war, she knew it was indispensable, and she even advocated Independence in 1775 long before Congress ever debated the possibility. In essence, the war gave her reason to expand her role as housewife and transcend those limits set by society.

The declining relations with Britain that would soon lead to war, John’s increasing political activism, and his lengthening absences impacted the financial aspect of their situation greatly. They had substantially less income when business in John’s law practice slowed down in the spring of 1774 as a result of the Boston Tea Party. Their financial situation got even worse after John was again appointed as a Massachusetts delegate to Congress and after the Declaration of Independence. In April of 1777 Abigail told John that “here every thing is at such prices as was not ever before known.” She described the market supply situation in New England: “Sugar Molasses Rum cotton wool Coffe chocolate, cannot all be consumed” because prices were so outrageously high. Therefore, Abigail had to rely on her own farm for produce, make clothes for her family, and resort to trading goods for other desired articles in-
stead of paying with money which was decreasing daily in value. Through the war years, however, Abigail managed to pay John’s taxes, feed and clothe her household, and collect some debts that were owed to her husband.

The skirmishes of the Revolutionary War at its outset were mainly confined to Massachusetts and New England. While John was gone to Philadelphia where the Continental Congress convened, Abigail had to face war-related situations every day. While John was debating technicalities with delegates from other colonies, Abigail witnessed the Battle of Bunker Hill together with little John Quincy. New Englanders were dealing with food shortages, wounded men, soldiers taking over their homes and harassing the people, and the sound of constant cannon fire from the Boston area. Abigail often complained in her letters to John that she “got no rest, the Cannon continued firing and my Heart Beat pace with them all Night.” To her, this war was real long before Congress decided to act.

Another immediate effect of war was an epidemic of smallpox that was spread by the movement of troops. Abigail made the decision – without consulting John – to go to Boston with her children and undergo inoculation. This medical procedure was simple but dangerous. The doctor made a small cut in the arm of the patient and “inserted a drop of pus taken from an infected person, and closed the incision with a bandage.” The survival rate for a person undergoing this procedure was ten times higher than that of a person who contracted the disease naturally. Abigail and her four children all survived, although Charles eventually caught smallpox, and Abigail feared for his life. This circumstance we only learn about in one of her letters after Charles had been on his way to recovery, when she writes John: “I pity your anxiety and feel sorry that I write you when he [Charles] was so Bad, but I knew not how it might turn with Him, had it been otherways than well, it might have proved a greater shock than to have known that he was ill.”

During the remainder of the war years, John and Abigail exchanged numerous letters in which they primarily talk about the events of the war. Other subjects were often left aside. Instead, they kept each other updated on battles and troop movements; on this Abigail commented that “it is a very great satisfaction to me to know from day to day the movements of Howe [British General William Howe] and his Bantitti.” It made her feel safe to know what was happening and where. There was just one brief period in which John and Abigail’s letters expressed strong emotions not related to the situation of the country. Abigail’s last pregnancy in the summer of 1777 ended in the stillbirth of a daughter. Both Abigail and John were strongly affected by this tragedy, which made John question again his inability to be at home and take on the part that a husband should in such times of distress as his wife’s supporter and stronghold. Yet as always, Abigail coped with the sadness and grief alone and recovered soon after the difficult birth.

The war, John’s long absences, and the difficulty of communicating regularly and securely added to Abigail’s responsibilities to make decisions without consulting John. She had to find ways of supporting the family because John’s income was not very steady. John did not give her much advice on how to run the farm or save money. Increasingly, Abigail took pride in her extensive responsibilities: “I shall be quite a Farmeriss an other year,” and so did John: “Gen. warren writes me, that my Farm never looked better, than when he last saw it, and that Mrs --- was like to outshine all the Farmers. […] He knows the weaknesses of his Friends Heart and that nothing flatters it more than praises bestowed upon a certain Lady.”

**Abigail and John’s relationship**

John and Abigail had a remarkable relationship that was based more on partnership than subordination of one to the other. This relationship made it possible in the first place for Abigail to transcend prescribed gender roles. John had the necessary trust in her abilities to handle his affairs when he was gone. But this relationship also showed her the importance of being able and willing to make those ventures in the public sphere. If she wanted to fulfill her role as a supporting wife as best as possible and enable John to be free to serve the public, it was necessary for Abigail to overcome tradition.

From the outset, John and Abigail had a mutual regard for each other’s intellectuality. John knew that he was marrying a woman who had her
own head and convictions and would not refrain from speaking her mind. During their courtship, Abigail asked John to list her shortcomings among which John counted a “Fault […] inexcusable in a Lady, I mean an Habit of Reading, Writing and Thinking,” which at the time was indeed seen as a fault in a woman. Yet the way he phrased it seems to be rather teasing and admiring than accusing. Another remark of his was about her fault “of sitting with the Leggs across” to which she wittily replied: “you know I think that a gentleman has no business to concern himself about the Leggs of a Lady.” Throughout their marriage, John encouraged and let Abigail develop and express her own independent opinions about political, economic, and religious matters. Sometimes this encouragement was more indirectly situated. Other times John sent Abigail pamphlets and books to read, which had interesting political or social content that he wanted to share with her; an example would be Thomas Paine’s *Common Sense*.

One of Abigail’s concerns which she voiced continuously in her letters to her husband was that of female education. Abigail knew from first-hand experience how important women were in society. During John’s absences, she was the head of the family and had to make many vital decisions. Being put in this position, she saw the benefits that a better education would have brought and how much she needed that bit of education that she had. Her experiences brought her to be a resolute defender of female education in the United States. Without Abigail’s help, John Adams could have never accomplished what he did; he would have never been able to take leave of his farm for years at a time to attend Congress, go to Europe or become vice president and president of the United States. Abigail knew of her importance to his successes when she wrote those lines quoted at the beginning of the paper. Only with the assistance of women can America have “Heroes Statesmen and Philosophers” because who teaches them early on in life when they are most manipulable? – It is the women and more specifically, the mothers. When John wrote to her from Europe, saying that French women were better educated than American women, Abigail responded defensively. She replied that she regretted the disregard and even ridicule that female education in the United States was generally accorded. To further illustrate her sentiments, she boldly told John, although in somewhat indirect wording, that women were better advisors than men because they “have in general more delicate Sensations than Men. What touches them is for the most part true in Nature, whereas men warpt by Education, judge amiss from previous prejudice and referring all things to the model of the ancients […].”

Abigail understood how a better education and even a recognized legal status would have made her and countless other women’s jobs easier and how this could have given her the ability to support John even better. But John’s response to Abigail’s famous “Remember the Ladies” passage was only the “age-old put-down: you women don’t need power, you already have all the real power.” In the meantime, Abigail fell back on practicing walking the spheres between her traditional domestic work and those responsibilities which would have been John’s if he were home. Over time, John grew more dependent on Abigail’s opinion and advice. She knew best how to handle his moods and keep him focused. Especially during his second term as vice president, “her letters became John’s refuge as he isolated himself from much of the capital’s society.”

The reason for John’s frustrations was the increasing factionalism occurring in Congress. The French Revolution left Americans taking sides in this international event either with France or Great Britain. Adding to his irritations was that his office of vice president entailed his chairmanship in Congress, which at the same time excluded him from debates and voting. Abigail knew of his feelings of unimportance and wrote: “You are certainly what they Term the make weight in the Scale – which is a very important part.” In turn, John’s high esteem for his wife’s opinion is expressed in one of his letters to her when saying that her letters “give me more entertainment than all the speeches I hear. There is more good Thoughts, fine strokes, and Mother Wit in them than I hear in the whole Week.” His need for her constant support becomes visible when numerous letters of his expressed disappointment on not receiving mail from her every week:

I had flattered myself all the last Week with
the Hope of a Letter on Monday: but when
Yesterday came I found in the Door Keepers
lodge of the senate, no Letter for me, though
the Post was arrived, and the other Gentle-
men had their Letters. Disappointed, morti-
fied, sometimes half resentful, but more often
anxious and Apprehensive that you were sick,
I passed but an unpleasant Morning […].” 37

John did finally get her letter later that day,
yet wrote a passage which went on even longer
than the quoted text above to complain about her
evidently neglecting him.

During John’s presidency, he needed Abigail’s
advice more than ever. One year into his presi-
dency, he urged his wife to follow him to Phila-
delphia because “I never wanted your Advice and
assistance more on my Life,” ending his letter with
“ardent Wishes for your Society.” 38 As president,
John Adams “inherited a cabinet that was loyal to
the memory of Washington, which several mem-
bers regarded as embodied now in the person of
Alexander Hamilton,” 39 a very conservative Federa-
ist. When political tensions arose due to the XYZ
Affair, Hamilton and the Congress pressed Adams
to declare war on France, 40 Adams’s decision to
stay neutral as long as possible separated him
from those less moderate in his party and left him with
his wife as his chief counselor and the only person
he could trust.

Conclusion

The transformations brought by the Revolu-
tionary War set off a change in the Adams house-
hold which affected every aspect of Abigail’s life.
John’s political career and his long absences con-
ferred his responsibilities upon Abigail, which she
accepted willingly although reluctantly. Her rela-
tionship with her husband and his enduring sup-
port and encouragement of her abilities gave her
the confidence to take on his role as manager of the
farm and land. Abigail was determined to take on
the challenge of leaving the domestic sphere and
mastering the affairs of her husband that brought
her into the public sphere. She did not shy away
from the patriotic duty of giving up her husband to
the public. Unlike her friend Mercy Otis Warren,
Abigail approved of John going to Europe because
she felt “a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my
selfish passions to the general good.” 41 Not so Mrs.
Warren, “who wouldn’t let her own husband go as
far as Philadelphia.” 42

It took an extraordinary woman to support
such an ardent politician as John Adams. Abi-
gail could have complained about the burden he
so readily disposed upon her shoulders – but she
didn’t. She took up the challenge and succeeded
not only as a “Farmeriss” but also as John’s closest
political adviser and friend. It took Abigail Adams
to overcome traditional gender roles and serve as
a model for those who 50 years later took up the
cause of women’s rights. 43

Notes

1Margaret A. Hogan and C. James Taylor, My Dearest Friend: Letters of Abigail and
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3Lyman W. Henri, Dearest Friend: A Life of Abigail Adams (New York: The Free Press,
4Jean Jacques Rousseau, Emilius; or a Treatise of Education. Translated from the
French, III (Edinburgh, 1763), 74-75, quoted in Linda K. Kerber, Women of the Repub-
lic: Intellect & Ideology in Revolutionary America (Chapel Hill: The University of North
6Kerber, 190.
7Sara M. Evans, Born For Liberty: A History of Women in America (New York: Free
Press Paperbacks, 1997), 64.
8Evans, 57.
9Kerber, 235
10Kerber, 120.
11Whitney, 58.
12The Massachusetts Historical Society, “Adams Family Papers,” An Electronic
Archive http://www.masshist.org/digitaladams/acs/.
13Cokie Roberts, Founding Mothers: The Women Who Raised Our Nation (New York:
HarperCollins Publishers, 2004), 64.
14Hogan and Taylor, 169.
15Hogan and Taylor, 169.
16Hogan and Taylor, 183
18Whitney, 67.
19Akers, 41.
20Hogan and Taylor, 99.
21Akers, 54.
22Hogan and Taylor, 151.
23Hogan and Taylor, 196.
24Whitney, 91.
25Hogan and Taylor, 177.
26Hogan and Taylor, 20.
27Hogan and Taylor, 21.
28Hogan and Taylor, 96.
29Hogan and Taylor, 141.
30Hogan and Taylor, 209.
31Hogan and Taylor, 110.
32Roberts, 73.
33Hogan and Taylor, 353.
34Hogan and Taylor, 365.
35Hogan and Taylor, 355.
36Hogan and Taylor, 378.
37Hogan and Taylor, 442.
38Joseph J. Ellis, Founding Brothers – The Revolutionary Generation, (New York:
39Ellis, 190.
40Hogan and Taylor, 271.
41Roberts, 102.
I am proposing that extremely violent domestic violence offenders should be monitored by a GPS system. In order to understand why, one must first understand the problem. I would like to begin by defining domestic violence (DV) and domestic violence protective orders (DVPO) and explain why they do not always prevent further violence.

Contrary to common stereotypes, domestic violence is more than just a husband beating up his wife. Domestic violence is a disease of society that is rooted in the psychological need for oppression and control of other people. The legal definition of domestic violence according to North Carolina State Governor, Beverly Perdue, is that -

Domestic violence is a pattern of control in an intimate relationship where one person uses coercion and violence to gain power and control over their partner, and … domestic violence includes not only physical abuse, but also mental abuse, emotional abuse, financial abuse, isolation, and sexual violence. (pars. 1-2)

An intimate relationship has been loosely defined in many domestic violence agencies and court rooms as anyone whom you have ever lived with or are blood related to. This may include husbands or boyfriends, parents, siblings, and even roommates. This violence is not limited to men against women.

There are many men who are abused, and there are also many domestic violence issues within same-sex relationships. However, because the majority of reported domestic violence cases involve a male perpetrator and a female victim, for simplicity’s sake I will refer to the victim as a woman and the perpetrator as a man.

There are many methods that law enforcement and advocacy agencies use today to try to help women free themselves from these damaging and often deadly relationships. One of the most commonly used methods of ensuring a woman’s safety is a to issue a domestic violence protective order, or DVPO. The agency I work for, Southeastern Family Violence Center, fills out hundreds of them every year. A domestic violence protective order is a court ordered document that requires the defendant to stay away from the plaintiff, to not harm the victim in any way, and to have no contact with that person. It may stipulate that the defendant be evicted from the home and allow the plaintiff to live there. It can require that the defendant surrender any firearms they may have, or allow the plaintiff to take possession of any vehicle they share. The DVPO can grant the plaintiff temporary emergency custody of the children and keep the defendant away from them as well, if needed.

It is a very good system in theory, but when it is put into practice in real life, there are some significant problems. A protective order does not keep the abuser from going near or harming the victim. It simply makes it illegal to do so. Many abusers violate these orders and not only is it difficult to prove that they are in violation, but, frequently, they have sufficient time to do vast amounts of harm to their victims and be gone well before law enforcement can respond. In stalking cases, when the victim is in hiding, even when the offender has been proven to be too near the victim, it is sometimes difficult to prove that they knew the victim was there. There have been many cases over the years in which a convicted domestic violence perpetrator actually killed the victim while there was a standing protective order in place. If the offender is no longer present when law enforcement arrives, then, even if the victim files charges that the protec-
tive order was violated, it becomes a matter of “he said, she said” in court, and, frequently, the charges are dismissed due to lack of solid evidence.

Take, for example, the Vernetta Cockerham-Ellerbee case which has sparked national attention recently. She has been in the process of trying to sue her local police department for failure to protect her and her daughter because they allegedly did not take sufficient measures to uphold her DVPO. I can’t find a better way to ask the big question than Phoebe Zerwick’s statement, “Vernetta Cockerham did everything by the book. She took her abusive husband to court. Got a protective order. Reported his violations to the police. Yet in the end, none of that was enough to prevent the worst tragedy she could imagine. Why aren’t the laws against domestic violence enforced?” That “worst tragedy” that Zerwick speaks of is the murder of Ellerbee’s daughter, Candice, and the near-death of Ellerbee herself. Ellerbee had a valid protective order, and, despite calling the police and begging them to arrest her husband, telling them that he was going to kill her, on November 9, 2002, a nightmare unfolded. Ellerbee returned home after running some errands. Her daughter, Candice, had gotten home from the library and was there alone. When Ellerbee walked up to her door, she noticed it was ajar and that her husband’s keys were in the door. When she ran inside, she was immediately attacked by her estranged husband. She managed to get away and make it to the police department across the street, her throat slashed from ear to ear. When police arrived at her home, they found her daughter beaten, suffocated, and strangled to death (Zerwick 1, 2).

This gruesome horror story is unfortunately not an isolated incident. There was another case in Kentucky, just this September, in which a young woman named Amanda Ross was allegedly killed by her fiancé. She had a protective order against him as well (“Friends Shocked”). This case has resulted in the State of Kentucky proposing a bill called the Amanda Ross Domestic Violence Prevention Act that is very similar to the actions that I am proposing for North Carolina (General Assembly). According to the North Carolina Coalition Against Domestic Violence, or NCCADV, there have been 62 domestic violence related homicides (NCCADV DV) and 8 family violence related homicides in 2009 (NCCADV FV) for the state of North Carolina alone. These numbers do not take into account the vast amounts of people who are not killed but are battered again despite having a protective order.

Women who are abused by their partners and have pursued protective orders are already stepping out in faith that law enforcement will protect them. When a victim takes steps to get law enforcement involved, it is a very scary situation to begin with. According to a study done by Alfred DeMaris and Steven Swinsford, “…her attacker appears invincible, which prevents the victim from taking any action against him” (98). DeMaris and Swinsford also state that women reported that fear for their safety and the safety of their children is the leading reason for women making the decision to remain in an abusive relationship (98). In addition, I have found through my line of work that when a woman does leave the relationship, especially if she gets law enforcement involved, the perpetrator usually becomes even more angry and violent. It is a well-known fact within domestic violence agencies that the most dangerous time for a victim is when they attempt to leave the abuser. After all that fear and trauma, if the victim finds that law enforcement is not sufficient to ensure her safety, she will most certainly suffer added stress, fear, and helplessness. She may even be more easily coerced into returning to the violent relationship out of fear. In addition to going back to their abusers, a study done by Laura Hickman and Sally Simpson confirmed that “…domestic violence victims (and victims in general) who have negative experiences with police will refrain from calling them for assistance in the future. It is argued that bad experiences with police lead to negative expectations about future interaction and thus decisions not to seek police involvement” (610). I think we can all agree that repeated violence despite police intervention is definitely not considered to be a positive experience.

My solution is this: a reverse tagging GPS monitoring system should be placed on the perpetrator, victim, and victim’s children so that the device will emit a warning to both law enforcement and the victim as soon as the perpetrator comes within the victim’s liberty zone as ordered by the protective order. This should be effective for the entire state of North Carolina. This will not only...
increase safety for the victim and children, but it will deter many acts of violence and allow both the victim and law enforcement time to act in order to prevent further violence. This system will also allow the victim to have much greater peace of mind and to feel secure, which will aid in her mental and emotional recovery from the abuse.

The reverse tagging GPS system as described by Leah Satine is a system in which a signal-receiving unit is placed on the offender’s body, usually as an ankle bracelet or a wrist bracelet similar to those used for house arrest, and a monitoring unit is placed with the victim and possibly her children. The system only records data when the receiving unit is too close to the monitoring unit. The system then alerts law enforcement and the victim that the offender is in close proximity and allows the victim time to escape and law enforcement time to respond (Satine). It also becomes hard evidence in court to prove that the offender violated the order. The offender would be arrested at times when he has entered restricted areas, but this system would also protect the victim when she is moving outside of these protected zones. Though the offender would not be arrested because he has not willfully violated his order, the victim would have ample warning if her abuser was close by so that she could find a safe place to go to prevent crossing paths with him.

Because the unit only records information when the offender is within the victim’s liberty zone, it does not invade the offender’s constitutional right to privacy. Leah Satine is correct when she states that, “Since a batterer can never be legitimately present in a place where a court order has forbidden him to be, he can never reasonably expect privacy there.” I would like to also offer this viewpoint: doctors, lawyers, clergy, law enforcement, and social workers are all bound by laws of confidentiality to protect people’s constitutional rights to privacy. If, therefore, there are laws that require them to inform when they witness or suspect child abuse or suspect that a person is suicidal or homicidal, then does that not logically imply that legally, a person’s right to safety precedes another person’s right to privacy? Why should a situation of imminent harm through domestic violence be any different? Is that not actually the same as suspecting that the offender is homicidal? If so, the offender is not entitled to privacy anyway.

To specify, I propose that this tracking system be limited to violent offenders who have been accused of felony charges and who have been released on bond or bail before their court date and to felony offenders who have been convicted and have been released from jail. This monitoring should last for the duration of their probation or for a period of time as ordered by a judge, not to exceed one year. The system could be reinstated after that year if the offender has continued to contact, harass, threaten, or harm the victim. I do not propose this tracking system for non-violent offenders.

I also propose that the victim be given the choice to participate in this program and that they can request to discontinue at any time and of their own free will without fear of any penalty. I propose this choice for the same reason that people advocate against the mandatory arrest laws. If the victim is dependent on the income of the perpetrator, they do not want any legal actions done that would jeopardize the source of that income. In the words of Hickman and Simpson, “A common hypothesis about reporting behavior is that middle- and upper-class women are less likely to report domestic violence victimization than other women because they are more financially dependent upon the offender. Reporting victimization to police may jeopardize their partner’s source of income and thus the victim’s means of support.” (609.)

Also, I propose that the victim’s children be included in the tracking system if the protective order grants temporary custody to the victim and she requests it. There are many reasons to protect the children with this system. A child that is exposed to domestic violence is more likely to become either an abuser or a victim later in life. According to a study done by Bruce Roscoe and Nancy Benaske, 29% of the domestic violence victims they studied stated that they had been physically maltreated by their parents as a child and 35% admitted that a family member other than their parents had physically maltreated them as a child (Benaske and Roscoe 420). That adds up to 54% of victimized women who admitted to being maltreated by a family member as a child. I have experienced that exposure to domestic violence also impairs many of our clients’ children’s mental and emotional growth. We see astounding numbers of children.
who have behavior problems, emotional issues, low self-esteem, aggression towards their mothers, or even the opposite: extreme attachment and separation anxiety towards their mothers. In turn, I have observed that this impairment can cause problems in learning, behavior, social interactions, and even a physical failure to thrive. Probably most importantly of all, an abuser may also use the victim's children to gain control. He may abuse them or threaten to abuse them, he may turn them against her, and he may even resort to kidnapping or killing them. In a study, it is estimated that 30-60% of spousal abusers also abuse their children (Findlater and Kelly 84).

Who will monitor this statewide system? The state should use a bid system which allows GPS monitoring companies to bid on a contract to provide these services. These companies are similar to security monitoring companies and will monitor alarms 24 hours a day and immediately contact the proper law enforcement and the victim when an alarm is set off. Then it would be up to the local law enforcement to respond, just like a 911 call. I would stipulate, like the Amanda Ross Domestic Violence Prevention Act does, that the performance of these companies and their devices should be regularly checked to ensure proper operation (Section 6-3).

A question that many people also raise is whether or not the GPS tracking system is financially feasible. I propose that the offender be required to pay for the costs associated with the monitoring. According to Andrew Wolfson, the total daily cost of the program is between $15 and $25 per offender (Par. 9). If the offender is deemed indigent by the court, they should be required to pay a lesser amount as determined by a sliding scale fee based on their income. That would be a good way to ensure that the system is financially workable without putting undue stress on an already strained justice system or the taxpayers. Some costs may not be covered by the offender due to an inability to pay. The text of the bill that is being proposed to the General Assembly of the State of Kentucky at this time proposes that the contract between the state and the monitoring company should stipulate that the monitoring company accept the lesser indigent payment as payment in full. (Amanda Ross Domestic Violence Prevention Act pars. 6b-6c) The state could also apply to the federal Violence Against Women Act grant program for additional funding to cover these costs and to cover the costs of starting up the program. There is a specific grant available that is designated “to provide technical assistance and computer and other equipment to police departments, prosecutors, courts, and tribal jurisdictions to facilitate the widespread enforcement of protection orders…” (US Dept. of Justice par. 7) If the offender does not pay the court ordered fees, they should be reincarcerated just as if they had violated probation and should be placed in a work program to pay the delinquent fees. Then, they may be released under the same stipulations as before. These stipulations may seem harsh to some, but we must begin to put our collective foot down as a society to show that domestic violence will not be tolerated any longer. The added cost may also deter some people from becoming offenders to begin with.

One of the only other ways to keep abusers from re-victimizing their partners is to keep them in jail indefinitely. Since life in prison is completely unfeasible due to financial reasons and civil rights arguments against cruel and unusual punishment, that is not a reasonable solution. Another way is to relocate the victim. Women who have been relocated can easily be found, and it is not really fair for the victim to have to uproot herself and her children and make such a stressful move in an already stressful time in their lives, though she may have to for safety’s sake. Frequently, these victims have to leave behind homes, jobs, friends, family, and everything they know to find safety in relocation. The children become stressed from changing schools. They are missing the support system that they need physically and emotionally. The system I am proposing can give them their freedom and their lives back.

In conclusion, I think that the reverse tagging GPS system would be an acceptable solution to a deadly problem. It will provide greater safety and peace of mind for victims and their children, make court and law enforcement’s jobs much easier, and provide more accountability and perhaps a deterrent factor for offenders. With safety and peace of mind, victims and their families can heal from the trauma of domestic violence. Also, maybe when abusers realize that we aren’t going to stand
for family violence any longer, there will be many fewer people who are victimized by the very people who are supposed to love them and care for them. Then, maybe, our society can heal from at least one of the cancerous illnesses that are destroying it from the inside out.

**Works Cited**


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