

Who Am I?

“Fall is nature’s grace time; giving you a chance to put things in order...
and so, when you put things in order, you sort out all you must do...
and all you have not done. It is a time for remembering...
and wishing you had done some things you had not done...
and said some things you had not said.”
--Forrest Carter, The Education of Little Tree (170)

In our year together, we will examine rich arenas of study: environmentalism, philosophy, literature, government, art, music, and film. These are like gold fields in which to dig, abundant with deep, beautiful, and meaningful ideas. It is our hope and expectation that we will all emerge at the end of the year with a greater understanding of the world and our place in it...and not feel that there was too much we’d left unsaid and too much we’d left undone. We’ve already started on this trek together as a new community – one class, one core. Now it’s time to share where each of us sees ourself in the larger picture of life.

For this assignment, you will take a deep look inward and attempt to understand your life and personality—those experiences, qualities, and beliefs which provide meaning and purpose for your life. The aim of your paper and your presentation will be to portray who you are clearly and profoundly. Consider, at least, the following questions in any order you want:

Who am I? Where do I come from?

What do I believe? What is precious to me? What are my values?

What are my fears? What is my place in the natural world? Why do I do what I do?

What do I hope to become?

What defines or explains the person who looks back at you when you look into a mirror? It’s your task to struggle with these challenging questions and answer them for yourself and for us.

A typed paper of between three and five (3-5) pages is due Thursday, September 6th. Presentations will begin this day as well. You may weave your paper and presentation into any format you wish; you will be limited to ten (10) minutes.

“Here was peace. She pulled in her horizon like a great fish-net. Pulled it from around the waist of the world and draped it over her shouldre. So much of life in its meshes! She called in her soul to come and see.”

--Zora Neale Hurston,, Their Eyes Were Watching God (184)