

## Cycle 1 : Read Aloud

Annotate lines - understand story of Woodson family  
- How do they see themselves?

Q1 → the woodsons of ohio

Q2 My father's family  
can trace their history back  
to Thomas Woodson of Chillicothe, said to be  
the first son  
of Thomas Jefferson and Sally Hemings  
some say  
this isn't so but ...

the Woodsons of Ohio know *ancestry*  
what the Woodsons coming before them  
left behind, in Bibles, in stories,  
in history coming down through time

so

ask any Woodson why *ancestry*  
you can't go down the Woodson line  
without  
finding  
doctors and lawyers and teachers  
athletes and scholars and people in government  
they'll say,

We had a head start. *pride*

They'll say,

Thomas Woodson expected the best of us. *legacy*

Q4

They'll lean back, lace their fingers  
across their chests,

smile a smile that's older than time, say,  
*pride*

Well it all started back before Thomas Jefferson  
Woodson of Chillicothe . . .

and they'll begin to tell our long, long story.

*anaphora*

*share  
genealogy*

Cycle 2 FASE

Annotate commands  
or requests

the ghosts of the  
nelsonville house

Q6 b ↑

Stu  
1

The Woodsons are one  
of the few Black families in this town, their house  
is big and white and sits  
on a hill.

Stu  
2

Look up ← Q5  
to see them  
through the high windows  
inside a kitchen filled with the light like a fancy  
of a watery Nelsonville sun. In the parlor living room.  
a fireplace burns warmth  
into the long Ohio winter.

Stu  
3

Keep looking and it's spring again,  
the light's gold now, and dancing  
across the pine floors.

Stu  
4

Once, there were so many children here  
running through this house  
up and down the stairs, hiding under beds  
and in trunks,

Stu 5 [ sneaking into the kitchen for tiny pieces of icebox cake, cold fried chicken, thick slices of their mother's honey ham . . .

Stu 6 [ Once, <sup>time</sup> my father was a baby here and then he was a boy . . .  
But that was a long time ago. <sup>time</sup>

Stu 7 [ In the photos my grandfather is taller than everybody and my grandmother just an inch smaller.

teacher [ <sup>more photos</sup> On the walls their children run through fields, play in pools, dance in teen-filled rooms, all of them

Stu 8 [ grown up and gone now—  
but wait! <sup>contradiction bt "gone now" and here in photos/ memories</sup>  
Look closely: <sup>Q5</sup>

Stu 9 [ There's Aunt Alicia, the baby girl, curls spiraling over her shoulders, her hands cupped around a bouquet of flowers. Only four years old in that picture, and already, a reader.

Stu 11 [ Beside Alicia another picture, my father, Jack,

stu 11 [ the oldest boy.  
Eight years old and mad about something  
teacher [ or is it someone  
we cannot see?

stu 12 [ In another picture, my uncle Woody,  
baby boy  
laughing and pointing  
the Nelsonville house behind him and maybe  
his brother at the end of his pointed finger.

stu 13 [ My aunt Anne in her nurse's uniform, *achievements*  
my aunt Ada in her university sweater  
*Ohio*  
*Buckeye to the bone . . .*

teacher [ The children of Hope and Grace.

stu 14 [ *Q5*  
*Q10* Look closely. There I am  
in the furrow of Jack's brow, *deep wrinkle*  
in the slyness of Alicia's smile,  
in the bend of Grace's hand . . .

stu 14 [ There I am . . .

stu 15 [ Beginning.

L4 HW

it'll be scary  
sometimes

My great-great-grandfather on my father's side  
was born free in Ohio,

1832.

Built his home and farmed his land,  
then dug for coal when the farming  
wasn't enough. Fought hard  
in the war. His name in stone now  
on the Civil War Memorial:

legacy

*William J. Woodson  
United States Colored Troops,  
Union, Company B 5th Regt.*

A long time dead but living still  
among the other soldiers  
on that monument in Washington, D.C.

His son was sent to Nelsonville  
lived with an aunt

William Woodson  
the only brown boy in an all-white school.

You'll face this in your life someday,  
my mother will tell us  
over and over again.

A moment when you walk into a room and  
no one there is like you.

It'll be scary sometimes. But think of William Woodson  
and you'll be all right. legacy

## football dreams

No one was faster  
than my father on the football field.

*copy* No one could keep him  
from crossing the line. Then  
touching down again.

Coaches were watching the way he moved,  
his easy stride, his long arms reaching  
up, snatching the ball from its soft pocket  
of air.

My father dreamed football dreams,  
and woke to a scholarship  
at Ohio State University.

Grown now  
living the big-city life  
in Columbus  
just sixty miles  
from Nelsonville  
and from there

< Interstate 70 could get you  
< on your way west to Chicago  
< Interstate 77 could take you south



but my father said  
no colored Buckeye in his right mind  
would ever want to go there.

*From Columbus, my father said,  
you could go just about  
anywhere.*

*dreams*