February 2016

My Presence is My Protest

Stacey D. Garrett
Clemson University

Follow this and additional works at: https://ecommons.luc.edu/jcshesa
Part of the Educational Leadership Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://ecommons.luc.edu/jcshesa/vol2/iss3/19

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Loyola eCommons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Journal of Critical Scholarship on Higher Education and Student Affairs by an authorized administrator of Loyola eCommons. For more information, please contact ecommons@luc.edu.
As a Black woman in higher education, my presence is my protest.

I believe in the power of education to increase one’s social mobility and ability to pursue life, liberty, and happiness. Currently, access to higher education is limited and remains out of reach for some students. The disparaging underrepresentation of students of color in higher education continues to be an issue facing this nation. Unfortunately, the Black community is delving into a debate over whether or not our Black students should only go to Black schools and explore my Black identity. I did not want to go to an HBCU and find out that I still was not Black enough. I knew that if something went wrong, if my Black peers didn’t accept me, if it turned out that I wasn’t Black “enough” I knew I could make friends somewhere else. I’d done it before. But where would I go if the Black kids at the all-Black school decided I wasn’t good enough, Black enough, cool enough, down enough?

As I write, my presence is my protest. As a Black woman, despite the barriers and limitations society tries to place on me, I am privileged. I proudly hold two degrees from two different PWIs and I am working on a terminal degree from a third. I refuse to allow myself, or anyone else, to be limited in their achievements because of who they are. I stand as one example of a student of color that succeeded, and is succeeding, in an environment that society is trying to tell me is not for me. But I’m fighting back. I am changing the conversation. Yes, I’m tired of being a token, an exception, or a novelty because of my race and gender. But, if I don’t fight to make a change and make it better for the next generation, then who will? Why not me? Maybe I will always be one of few instead of one of the many, but my students don’t have to be. My future colleagues don’t have to be. Others fought for me, and so now, I fight for those who are to come. I will not be shut down. I will not retreat. I will not back down.

As I rise, my presence is my protest.