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The bread of two worlds: a duoethnography on multilingualism

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ABSTRACT
In this duoethnography, Lori Howe, whose familial roots are in Appalachia, and Dilnoza Furkatovna, whose roots are in Uzbekistan, employ the qualitative approach of the mystory to illuminate the thread of multilingualism in our lives, through personal histories, poems, vignettes, and short stories based upon our wildly different cultural and lingual researcher histories. At the center of our experiences, many questions of power, responsibility, and cognitive growth and opportunity are located at the intersections of mono- and multilingualism. Throughout the three sections of this duoethnography, we have woven a review of the literature on the following themes: Multilingualism and Cognitive Development; Inclusiveness of L1 Dialects in Monolingual Classrooms; Multilingual Children: Raising Global Citizens; Inside these three sections, the literature is nested with our creatively-presented lived experiences, histories, and perspectives on the need for multilingualism and inclusiveness of multiple dialects in the global community.

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Researcher Mystories: an introduction

Dilnoza Furkatova

My name comes from the Persian language; “Dil” means soul, and “noza or noz” means gentle, kind. I am a 30-year-old Uzbek graduate student, teacher, and researcher. I am olive-skinned, black haired and hazel-eyed; my American friends say I resemble Cleopatra. In my language, people call my type of girls “mullatka”, meaning dark, rather than fair. I was born in Ivanovo, Russia, to Uzbek parents studying in Russia. My family returned to Uzbekistan when my father was called to military service, and I grew up with the Russian and Uzbek languages mingled together on my tongue, the bread of both worlds.

The Uzbekistan of my childhood
is yellowing, enameled,
colored like a set of nesting dolls
made of wood almost older than trees.

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Inside one doll, embroidered linens
billow from my grandmother’s laundry line,
and inside them
runs a deep river stained gold
with apples and curry.

One whole doll is filled with tea—
the ancient language of our souls
written in fragrant hieroglyphs.

The root of my family’s multilingualism is political. I was born in 1986, when Russia and Uzbekistan were inseparable parts the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR). As my parents grew up, they spoke the native Uzbek language at home and later attended Russian schools. Studying in Russian conveyed a sense of prestige, and just as my grandparents desired this for their children, my own parents passed this desire to excel along to me. These are the familial, cultural, and political roots of my bilingualism, and of my deep desire to help build lingual bridges between different cultures. As Garvey said, “A people without knowledge of their past history, origin, and culture is like a tree without roots” (1940).

I grew up in Yangiyul city, close to Tashkent, the capital of Uzbekistan. Yangiyul is a small, friendly city. Cultural richness was a way of life, abundant and nearby in my neighborhood. As I grew up in this space of mingled languages and cultural identities, I consider myself as an Uzbek, Uyghur, and Tadjik. All these ethnic groups are considered “Aziatskaya krov’ or Asian blood”, so I consider myself Asian. However, people in Uzbekistan focus on identifiers other than race, such as language, community, religion and culture.

Uzbek people usually have big, multigenerational families, and mine is no exception. Our family has also suffered many losses; my father passed away when I was twelve, and in one year, I lost my paternal grandparents, aunt, and uncle. The role of family in language, culture, and religion is, I believe, as poignant in abundance as it is in loss. I carry my family, and all our memories, into my life as a mother, a student, and a teacher of others. In many ways, my work for cultural understanding is my way of honoring my family.

I learned about my cultural and racial identity when I was a teenager, and my family is inextricably sewn into that identity. I am proud of being Uzbek, and now, as a doctoral student, I strive to help others lift the veil that divides different worlds.

Prior coming to the United States I graduated with my Bachelor’s in Linguistics from Smolensk University for Humanities, Smolensk, Russia. As an undergraduate student I was exposed to different European languages and different cultures. Because I grew up hearing Russian at home, learning to speak Russian without a foreign accent was relatively easy. My teachers, who taught me British English, helped me master that language. Later I was invited to learn German, and participated in exchange programs.

I have been teaching English as a Second Language since 2006 in Russia and Uzbekistan and am a teacher, language trainer, and a researcher. I have a great passion for teaching foreign languages such as English, Russian, and German. I have eagerly explored different cultures by vising different parts of the world, such France and Spain, Germany, Morocco, Egypt, the Ukraine, and other countries of central Asia, tasting other cultures and languages.
Today, I am a doctoral student with a focus in Literacy Studies, exploring literacy and diversity issues in the United States. My focus is the transferability of multilingualism’s benefits across cultures, furthering progress toward a peaceful, global community.

As a Master’s student in Curriculum & Instruction with a specialization in ESL, I began the World Language Center project, which became a real cultural and educational program serving more than 250 faculty, staff, and students. This project is free, and volunteer students, faculty, and staff share their cultures, to introduce basic languages skills and awareness of those countries. Today we offer 16 languages including Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Russian, French, German, Norwegian, Spanish, Portuguese, Hindi, Polish, Indonesian, Farsi, Hebrew, and other language culture classes.

**Researcher 2: Lori Howe**

I am a 45-year-old American woman, a poet, teacher, researcher, and writer. I am fair-skinned, blonde-haired and blue-eyed, the visible product of my English paternal ancestors, although my maternal heritage is rich with Cherokee and Irish bloodlines. For the last four generations, my family has been monolingual English and comprehensively self-identifies as White, along with most of rural Appalachia.

In a dim church basement
my red-haired grandma held up clean charity
blankets of scratchy wool or softened cotton,
the color of armies or peonies,
to the scant light,
their surfaces like cornfields in winter.

At home, late into the cold evening,
she forced her heaviest needle and threads
through the depths of layers,
blanket upon blanket,
against the many nights
without coal to warm the house.

These quilts, their harshest layers
nested inside softer cotton,
endured for decades, became her flags,
her own, secret handwriting
in a language of survival.

I was raised in Columbus, Ohio by working-class, English-speaking parents in a blue-collar neighborhood. Although my environment was English-only during my childhood, I was fascinated by other languages. I began studying Spanish in high school, eventually choosing a Spanish undergraduate major. Since then, I have taught English and Spanish in diverse classrooms, and earned undergraduate and graduate degrees in English, Spanish, and creative writing. I recently graduated with a Ph.D. in Curriculum & Instruction with a focus in Literacy, and as a new faculty member in the English department at the University of Wyoming, I continue my career path, working with struggling college writers. I understand students who arrive at college with their fears of failure stitched into the clothes they
bring with them. I was a first-generation student, and I arrived with that same suitcase of fear, not knowing how to put it down and walk on without it, into success.

My family’s roots are in Appalachia, in depleted coal country and its generational poverty. The English spoken in Appalachia is, by many, considered an inferior dialect. Coming from a place where an eighth grade education is still quite common, offers me a positionality of deep empathy for students coming into college believing that they are expected to fail. Having waded through that cultural quicksand and become a scholar, poet, and educator, one of my greatest motivations as a teacher is to pull back that veil of cultural stereotyping and help students thrive.

I chose to pursue a Bachelor’s degree in Spanish because I wanted to become a teacher, and because I believed then, as I do now, that language is a key to unlocking doors of misunderstanding. In my work with developmental writing students, my ability to move back and forth between English and Spanish has impacted the lives and successes of students struggling to learn and thrive in a monolingual environment. For speakers of non-standard English dialects, I create a classroom discourse of academic English in addition to, rather than instead of, home dialects.

Here, I offer “mystory” of my life in education, and speak through vignette, poems, and the literature on multilingualism to underscore the need for cultural and lingual bridges amongst our global educational community.

**Inside the Kaleidoscope: duoethnographic design**

For this duoethnography, our inclusion of research was based on the criteria that it was peer reviewed and offered insights into one or more of the three themes that we drew from our data analysis: Multilingualism and Cognitive Development; Inclusiveness of L1 Dialects in Monolingual Classrooms; Multilingual Children: Raising Global Citizens.

As the angle of our research examines the emotional and psychological effects of multilingualism, we believe duoethnography, a form of ethnography in which the lived experiences of two researchers work in tandem to examine a cultural phenomenon (Creswell, 2008), is a qualitative tradition of research that allows us to breathe fresh, green life into stories and poems that are now foundation stones of our two lives.

Nested inside this tradition, we employ the autoethnographic approach which offers us the opportunity to present rich, detailed description of lived experience through poems, short stories, and vignettes. We also kept meticulous researcher journals and audio-recorded extensive conversations in which we discuss our lives as students, writers, teachers, and researchers in multilingual and monolingual environments.

**The listening glass: mining lived experience**

Audio-recorded conversations were transcribed verbatim, and along with our researcher journals, subject to open coding (Creswell & Creswell, 2013) for repeated words and phrases until the data reached saturation. We used the term saturation as a tool for ensuring that adequate and quality data are collected to support the study. Next, we distilled common themes from the coding matrix. Themes were examined for relation to each other eventually collapsed to avoid repetition. These three themes, defined on the previous page, formed the basis of our review of the literature and inspired our poems,
stories, and vignettes. During data collection and analysis, we arrived at common definitions of terms, as well as mining our understandings of specific concepts for different cultural meanings.

We combine the biographical story with themed vignettes, poems, and short stories that seek to convey the sting of memory (Denzin, 2008) interwoven with a review of the literature, as “This triangulation, or combination of biographical methods, insures that performance, process, analysis, history, and structure receive fair and thorough consideration in any inquiry” (Denzin, 2014, p. 130). We each began this duoethnography with an individual story, which is simultaneously a personal mythology, a public story, a personal narrative, and a performance that critiques … It is participatory theatre, a performance, not a text-centered interpretive event … The story is a montage text, cinematic and multi-media in shape, filled with sounds, music, poetry, and images taken from the writer’s personal history … It locates itself against the specialized knowledge that circulate in the larger society (Denzin, 2014, p. 133).

What follows here are three themed segments, each of which emerged from the coding process, and each addressing and exploring an important facet of the literature on multilingualism. Inside these themes, we offer personal and professional responses through vignettes, poems, and stories. We believe that duoethnography’s greatest strength and purpose is the combination of scientific research and the art of language, and we hope that it helps to create intersections of language and culture.

Theme 1, Dilnoza: multilingualism and cognitive development

A growing body of research explores the importance of multilingualism, and indicates benefits such as better task-switching capacities, and developed cognitive abilities, in addition to successful achievement of goals (Espinosa, 2015; Marian & Shook, 2012; Pate, 1991). The research suggests advantages beyond language networks (Bialystok, 2002; Bialystok & Luk, 2012; de Zarobe & Zenotz, 2015). Cognitive abilities such as learning, thinking, remembering, memorizing, coding and decoding languages may also be supported by multilingual skills. “Analysis and control are language components that develop later in monolinguals than in bilinguals” (Bialystok, 2002, p. 18).

Dilnoza

From my own experience as a multilingual person, these research results ring true. I was born and raised in a trilingual family, where my grandparents spoke Uygur and Uzbek, and my parents spoke both Russian and Uzbek. I was exposed to those languages in my family from the age of 3. I was able to listen to my grandparents and understand Uzbek, and, even though Russian is an entirely different language I came to understand it, as well (Sina-gatullin, 2013). The primary benefit of this heteroglossic family background was that I was able to differentiate and understand the languages, which facilitated my learning Arabic.

The vignette that follows portrays the natural nesting of multiple languages in the daily life of families in different cultures and from all walks of life. When you are raised in a...
multilingual household and community, nothing seems more natural than using different languages in different contexts.

Since I am from a Muslim family, my grandmother prayed five times a day and read different stories from the Qu'ron and “Hadith” which I loved. Some of my earliest memories of learning across different languages and cultural traditions come from times spent with Grandma Sarvar, my father’s mother, at her cozy apartment house.

It is 10am on an ordinary Tuesday morning at my grandmother’s house. Grandma Sarvar is beautiful, wise, and kind, her face is tender, soft, and she wears long blue dress with scarf on her head and she and I are partners—we work together each weekday, making a lunch of soup, homemade breads, meats, pilaf, and sweets. We make a lunch so enticing, my mother and father steal away from their busy university jobs and come home to table and family. Over this meal, our lives and languages blend together and make us who we are to each other.

Grandma Sarvar is busy in the kitchen; I hear the scratch of a match and the whoosh of the pilot light as she turns on the ancient porcelain stove. When it is ready, she’ll load its racks with freshly risen dough for bread, and trays of bog’irssoq, the small, sweet donuts topped with snowy clouds of confectioners’ sugar. Now, though, my small tummy growls as the house fills with scents of garlic, parsley, onions, celery and curry, all sautéing in olive oil as Grandma Sarvar makes my favorite soup. She is singing an Uzbek song for me in the kitchen. It is a beautiful song about my “buviyon’s” old times.

I listen from the back of the couch; with my five-year-old stealth, I am climbing quietly, my eye on the tea and platter of sweets always ready to greet guests who might stop by. One candy melting on my tongue, another hidden in my small fist, I start to creep down, away from the scene of the cri-

“Dilnoza, what are you doing?”
“Nothing, Grandma,” I say brightly, unaware of the sweet smudge of candy on my chin.
“1 see.” My grandmother eyes me sternly, but there is a smile in her eyes.
She knows I have another candy in my hand, but she does not scold.
“It’s time to make the table beautiful for your mother and father, Dilnoza.”
“And time for sura’hs, too?” I ask, and she nods.
“Let us practice sura’hs while our hands are busy, gentle one.”

My Grandma Sarvar spoke the Uzbek language, but she understood Russian and prayed in Arabic. It was this tradition she passed on to me, the memorization of sura’hs, or chapters, of the Qu’ron, much like the memorization of the rosary. While our hands were busy setting the table, she would whisper sura’hs and I would repeat them. This is the song of memory rising and falling like the blossoms of apple and cherry trees.

The scents of rising and baking dough, the mingled spices and herbs of soups, and the sweetness of those stolen candies on my tongue twine together with words and phrases in Uzbek, Russian, and Arabic. I could no sooner remove those Arabic sura’hs or the academic conversations of my parents in Russian, than I could remove the scent of curry or garlic, the taste of warm bread. This was simple, daily life, but it was also a gift.

When I entered kindergarten at six, my language skills were highly developed. At this time, Russian was the sole language of instruction in Uzbek primary schools; I spoke both Russian and Uzbek fluently. I also entered school a year younger than all my classmates, and was recommended for enrichment classes outside of school. Memorizing sura’hs with my grandmother, and moving fluidly between Russian and Uzbek with my parents...
and friends, I developed multiple Discourses (Gee, 2014). I believe this stimulated my cognitive development in longitudinally important ways.

When I was a child, the world was a colorful, exciting puzzle held together with language. I started dancing to all the different Uzbek and Russian songs, and as I danced and sang, I came to understand the songs. Memorizing songs, like memorizing sura’hs, stimulated my desire to put those puzzle pieces together. The following vignette is a joyous illustration of how solving language puzzles stimulated my life-long love of language as a process of discovery and understanding.

I am three years old, and the washing machine in our house is an ancient, square MOSKVA model. When my mother turns it on, it washes and spins with great, rhythmic groans, ticks, and clonks that makes me want to dance, because I can feel the washer’s music through my toddler feet. Hands in the air, I run all around the house, laughing, my brown eyes shining, chubby cheeks glowing, unable to sit still, dancing to the song of the washing machine: “Tr-tr-tr! Whirrrrrrrrr! Tr-tr-tr!”

Late in the evening, out on the balcony, my hands are filled with watermelon, warm, ripe, and tasting of sunshine. When I’ve eaten all I can hold, the juice still sticky on my chin, I push out my little girl belly and show my mommy how I can “belly dance”, shaking my little hips side-to-side, my arms raised to the sky, and I giggle and giggle until my mother scoops me up and hauls me, sweet and sticky, off to the shower.

In the shower, I will beg her to repeat “Moy dadir,” a Russian story that makes bath time fun. I know the story by heart, but every time, I listen and memorize it again. After my shower, I am sleepy, and my mother helps me on with my favorite pair of yellow and white pajamas. The bedroom is quiet and clean, the light soft, my small bed made up with fresh, feathery sheets and downy blankets. I jump barefoot into the bed, snuggle down into the pillow, and listen as my mother sings to me a Russian song: “bayu bayushki bayu- zasapay tin a krayu”.

As my eyes droop closed, her song is a golden doll that sleeps under my pillow.

These are nostalgic stories of my childhood, but being bilingual was extraordinarily helpful during high school, as well. I participated in different language contests and graduated with summa cum laude. I was able to apprehend new words and find similar ones in my own language, a process which helped me to learn other languages and stoked my curiosity about other cultures. My multilingual upbringing gave me courage to strive for successes that I might have been too timid to try for otherwise.

In my experience, both as a student and as a teacher, fluency in a second language not only facilitates mastery of additional languages. It also offers understandings of other cultures and peoples that may not be possible without such a lingual bridge. For multilingual learners, cognates and similarities in conjugation help to construct these lingual bridges that help us form metacognitive webs of knowledge (Banks, 1988; de Zarobe & Zenotz, 2015).

My own life illustrates this point. As I matured, my language co-activation became automatic, and I now move fluidly between Russian, Uzbek, and English—all languages without any obvious similarity. There are, however, some cognitive complications associated with multilingualism (Espinosa, 2015), and I have experienced them. For example, it sometimes takes me longer to fully produce a word, because I can remember specific details about it but it doesn’t come automatically.

Some research indicates that knowing more than one language can cause people not to be able to name pictures or name them more slowly (Marian & Shook, 2012). It happens with me even more now; I know the word but it does not come at the moment and I have
to use longer phrases to explain something. If you’ll picture someone digging through a
file cabinet, looking for a specific file, this approximates the cognitive process of sorting
through the semiotics of different languages for a single word. Despite these occasional,
minor delays, however, the research overwhelmingly reports important benefits of multi-
lingualism (Bialystok & Luk, 2012; Crosby & Prescod, 2009; Crawford, 1999; Marian & Shook,
2012).

Being multilingual sharpens our multi-tasking skills, and multilingual people “often perform better than monolingual people at tasks that tap into inhibitory control ability” (Marian & Shook, 2012). For example, “Bilingual people are also better than monolingual people at switching between two tasks; for example, when bilinguals have to switch from categorizing objects by color (red or green) to categorizing them by shape (circle or triangle), they do so more rapidly than monolingual people” (p. 23).

Considering the contemporary emphasis on metacognition and critical thinking skills in American education, the transferability of the cognitive skills derived from mastery of more than one language requires greater attention in educational research. These meta-
cognitive bridges are not limited to languages; the same processes are at work when speakers move between dialects of the same language (Brady, 2015; Mitri & Terry, 2014; Wiltse, 2011).

**Theme 2, Lori: inclusiveness of L1 dialects in monolingual, standard-english classrooms**

All across America, educators face the task of making sure that all children, regardless of their home language, have access to schooling that meets their individual needs (Brady, 2015; de Courcy, Adoniou, & Ngoc, 2014; Flores & Rosa, 2015). Standard English equals membership in a socio-political Discourse (Gee, 2014; Wiltse, 2011), one so pervasive that Standard English-speakers may not be aware of its existence (Flores & Rosa, 2015; Gee, 2014; Macedo & Bartolomé, 2014).

Abundant research exists on supporting students described as L2, ELL, or ESL—those students whose first language is not English—in the increasingly globalized society of the twenty-first century (Bailey & Carroll, 2015; Marietta, Brookover, & Foundation for the Child, 2011; Smith, 2015; TESOL International, 2013).

Comparatively few studies, however, examine lingual traditions and ways of knowing associated with L1 English speakers of non-Standard English dialects (Brady, 2015; Terry, 2014; Wiltse, 2011) Much important research in this area deals with helping students who speak African American Vernacular English (AAVE) negotiate the Standard English paradigm (Baugh, 2007; Harris & Schroeder, 2013; Mitri & Terry, 2014), and, increasingly, the need to balance respect for home dialects and the need to speak fluently across mul-
tiple Discourses (Galloway, 2015; Wiltse, 2011).

With these exceptions, comparatively little research exists on alternate-dialect English speaking students, such as those from Appalachia (Heilman, 2004; McConnell, 2011; Stewart, 1967). Educating Appalachian children has been a problem for decades in America; in 1970, Price and Raetsch declared “The communications barrier confronting the ghetto child, the child from Appalachia, or the reservation Indian child is standard, middle-class English” (p. 1). As early as the 1960s, researchers published on the
problems inherent in trying to teach Appalachians, whose dialect was considered inferior (Stewart, 1967).

While some progressive early researchers argued for a bidialectical approach (Damron & Berea Coll, 1977), calls for supporting multiple dialects have remained limited (Heilman, 2004; Mitchell, 2005; Swartz, 1995).

For many children, the hidden politics surrounding non-Standard English dialects require trading their home language for a new one associated with success (Damron & Berea Coll, 1977; Flores & Rosa, 2015; Gee, 2014). I offer the following vignette as a window into the needs of bidialectical students at the intersection of Standard English and non-standard dialects.

When I was eleven years old, my parents moved our family from the Columbus, Ohio suburbs to rural Kentucky. My parents’ world was entirely English-speaking and monolingual; they’d been raised by monolingual, poor, Appalachian parents, become monolingual, working-class adults, and were raising monolingual, English-speaking children. For my family, and in my blue-collar community, English was the only language. No one ever alluded to my mother’s family’s Cherokee heritage.

**Vignette, Part I**

My family arrived in Kentucky in the hot, sticky late summer, with cicadas ringing their clear, constant song around our small, white house in a shady hollow.

Near where we lived, many miles out in the country, an old country store sold cold soda in glass bottles, and kids rode their bikes from miles around to sit on the concrete stoop and drink ice-cold pop, the condensation running down the green bottles as they took long, sweet pulls against the August heat.

Eventually, I pedaled down the dirt roads on my own bike, a quarter in my pocket, and joined the barefoot, dusty kids on the stoop, a bottle of red cream soda in my hand. I held it up to the light, and it glowed like a stained-glass window.

The other kids eyed me curiously, but no one spoke. Finally, I raised the courage.

“Hi, I’m Lori. My family just moved here. We live out on White Oak.”

More stares from the other kids, but again, lots of nudging, but no one spoke. I tried again.

“I’ll be in the fifth grade,” I said to a red-headed boy. “I like the Hardy Boys. I have all the books. You can borrow some if you want.”

I tried variations on this ice-breaker with a few other kids, but no one spoke.

One by one, the other kids began to peel away, returning their empty pop bottles to the counter and receiving a nickel in return. They picked up their ramshackle bikes, and rode off.

As she turned to go, the little girl I’d offered to loan my copy of *Little Women* looked at me curiously.

“Wah y’uns talk like at? Y’uns talk all snotty.”

When school began a week later, I was tested and placed in the eighth grade. I was a shy eleven-year-old, and my classmates were teenagers. It was a lonely year. I also spoke Standard English, which apparently meant that I thought I was better than everyone else—“Y’uns talk all snotty”—so I slid gradually into the Appalachian dialect. It wasn’t a hardship. It’s a pleasure to speak in the relaxed cadence of Appalachia. It feels good in the mouth, like the taste of honeysuckle.

A year later, with dim career prospects in Appalachia, my parents made the decision to return to Columbus. This was no hardship for me; I wanted nothing more than to go home to Columbus and be in the sixth grade with other kids my age. The move would mean integrating into a new school, this one in a middle-class suburb. Privately, I knew I was going to impress my teachers; after all, I’d been in the eighth grade all year. Sixth grade, I felt sure, was going to be a snap.

**Lori, Vignette Part II:**
On the first day of school at Park Middle School, I arrived with my shiny, new Trapper-Keeper notebook under my arm, ready to enjoy the 6th grade. It was a new school, with spotless, well-supplied classrooms. I found my homeroom, took a seat, and looked eagerly around as other students filed in.

“Hi,” I said, smiling at the girl who’d taken the desk beside mine. “Your earrings are pretty. I’m Lori. What’s your name?”

The blonde-haired girl wore a violet-blue Izod polo shirt, the collar turned up, and small diamond earrings. She looked uncomfortable.

“I’m Lisa,” she said slowly, looking around for the teacher. “Are you supposed to be in here?

The sped classrooms are down at the other end of the hall.”

“This is the room number on my schedule,” I said, flipping my folder open proudly to show it off. “What’s a sped classroom?”

Now, Lisa had her hand in the air, and when Mrs. Crabtree turned around, Lisa called out,

“Mrs. Crabtree, I think this girl is lost.”

Everyone turned to look, and my face burned bright red. Mrs. Crabtree came to my desk and looked down at my schedule.

“This is her homeroom, Lisa. It says so right here on her schedule.”

I exhaled a great sigh of relief.

“Thank you, Ma’am. I’m Lori. My family just moved here.”

Mrs. Crabtree stopped short when I spoke.

“Oh, my,” she said. “I think you actually are in the wrong classroom, my dear. Come with me,” she said, holding out her hand, and she walked me down the hall.

I spent two weeks in Basic Education classrooms before Mr. Johnson, my Social Studies teacher, realized something was amiss. It may have been the MLA Works Cited page I turned in with my extra-credit essay on Guglielmo Marconi that caught his attention. In his defense, I had been largely silent in his class, hoping to avoid the playground and cafeteria taunts of “slowbus” and “hilljack” that flew whenever anyone heard my accent.

That afternoon, I took several tests. The results presented a quandary for the principal; I’d scored high enough to skip the 6th grade, but my accent made it hard for others to understand me. Worse, I spoke Appalachian English, which branded me as backward and ignorant, even intellectually challenged, in the eyes of many students and teachers at my school.

In the end, I finished the 6th grade in regular courses, not special education ones. I also set about with great determination—and, it must be said, no small amount of shame—to rid my speech of all traces of the holler. I didn’t want anyone else to judge me, or my family, as being intellectually deficient due to that pervasive taint of Appalachian English. In essence, this experience taught me that academic success required a repudiation of my upbringing and, to an extent, my own family.

Today, I am an educator and teacher of teachers, it is an imperative of my teaching philosophy that no student feels they must divorce themselves from their home discourse in order to gain entrance and access at school (Galloway, 2015; Lu & Horner, 2013; Nguyen, 2012). For many teachers, this requires disrupting preconceptions regarding non-Standard English dialects and students who speak them (Brandon, Baszile, & Berry, 2009; de Courcy, 2007; Fenwick, Endicott, Quinn, & Humphrey, 2014). This also requires new approaches to teaching students who are not Standard English speakers. Previous methods were often limited to replacing dialects with Standard English (Baugh, 2007; Brady, 2015; Elifson, 1976; Flores & Rosa, 2015; Macedo & Bartolomé, 2014).

Increasingly, bidialectalism is finding purchase in classrooms across America (Bouette & Johnson, 2013; Newell, 2000). This requires teacher education programs to scaffold this
paradigm shift for their students (Malcolm, 1995; Scott, Straker, & Katz, 2008). Adequately prepared, new teachers understand that Standard English is not the only dialect in which our students may communicate with us and with each other (Harris-Wright, 1987; Heilman, 2004). Bidialectalism and multilingualism are always already present. A comprehensive shift toward accepting and embracing this heteroglossia as a valued part of American diversity is a responsibility that begins with higher education, and, particularly, in colleges of education. It also begins at home.

**Theme 3, Dilnoza & Lori: multilingual children: raising global citizens**

In Theme 1, Dilnoza illustrated how a multilingual upbringing supported her early cognitive and metacognitive development. This led us to examine cognitive development and language proficiency between first and second language in bilingual education. Today, research underscores the benefits of learning second or third languages in childhood (Crosby & Prescod, 2009; de Zarobe & Zenotz, 2015; Rivas, Sobrino, & Peralta, 2010). Studies also show that multilingual children develop cognitive representation by using symbols, speaking, and writing by using words (Kharkhurin & Wei, 2015; Kirk & Miller, 1986; Lo Bianco, 2014; Rosenberg, 1996).

Raising multilingual children is increasingly important in today’s global world. Knowing two or more languages opens the door to other cultures and gives children many meaningful communication skills. Multilingual children have the advantage of knowing, respecting, and appreciating people of different cultures and identities. Research has shown advantages in thinking by developing bilingual and multilingual children’s motor skills (Lu & Horner, 2013; Rivas et al., 2010; Rosenberg, 1996). What follows here is a discussion of our positionalities as researchers and as caregivers to small children.

**Dilnoza**

For me, raising my two “cowgirls” includes our native Uzbek and Russian language and culture. My goal is to raise my daughters as global citizens. While they are small, I feel it is important to engage them in different languages.

At three years old, my older daughter, Yaseena, speaks fluent English. However, the complexity of constantly shifting languages may have contributed to her speaking relatively late as a toddler. She is exposed to English at daycare and in daily life, and I speak to both of my daughters in Russian and Uzbek at home. She understands everything I say in Russian and Uzbek, but her first language appears to be English. Yaseena is olive skinned, tall, and slim. She has a straight black hair, brown eyes, and chubby cheeks, like I did when I was small. I call her “jonim” which mean darling. My younger daughter, Imrana, is totally different.

At two, Imrana is able to repeat words without any accent and remembers some expressions that I tell her every day. She is tiny, with curly black hair. Her chubby cheeks and sparkling brown eyes make her little princess in her Frozen dresses. Imrana is very active and demonstrates stronger verbal and motor skills than her older sister did at this age. Linguistically, they both understand Russian, Uzbek and English, but speak English at school and use Russian and Uzbek words when we are at home.

My mother calls them every day from Uzbekistan, teaches them to say “assalomu aleykum” which means hello. When my mother calls us they say “assalomu aleykum”
and then wait for her to ask, how are you?, which is “Kak vashi dela?” in Russian, and their favorite response is “Horosho” meaning Good.

My small daughters know how to reply to these questions, because every day, when I pick my daughters up from the daycare, I speak with them Russian. I believe it is important at this age to start using their second language. They catch the words easily and are interested in learning new songs and dances. I love dancing and teaching them. I am sure these activities encourage my daughters’ social and cognitive worlds and develop their talents not only at school but in all domains of life.

The girls and I read different Russian and English books with fairy-tales, and at night I make up stories; one night, the story will be in Uzbek, and another night, in Russian. What follows are two of the small stories we have invented together. Note: “Aibalit” is the story of a Russian doctor who healed sick children all over the world.

**Dr. Yaseena and GA-GA, the Smartest Giraffe in the Whole World**

When Yaseena was two years old, a baby giraffe came to live with her family. Yaseena named him GA-GA, because she couldn’t say “giraffe” just yet. Yaseena and GA-GA grew up together, and they went everywhere together—everywhere with tall enough ceilings, that is. It can be tough to get in a blanket fort if you are a giraffe. Just ask GA-GA! But the blankets were nice when he had a sore throat—he has a very looooong neck to keep warm, and Yaseena always made him feel better.

When Yaseena graduated from high school and went to college, she decided to become a doctor like Aibalit, because she wanted to help sick children. She studied very, very hard, and she became Dr. Yaseena! And GA-GA could help, because he had a secret talent: he could communicate with small children by reading their minds! And they could read his, too! That way, children who couldn’t talk yet could tell GA-GA where it hurt, and this helped Dr. Yaseena know how to make them feel better.

Dr. Yaseena had special talents, too! She was a doctor who could speak three languages, so she could talk to many, many of the sick children’s parents and make them feel better, too! Just imagine how much that helped them, to have a doctor who spoke their own language and could explain how to make their little children feel better!

One day, GA-GA said, since there were many, many sick children all over the world, and since he didn’t fit in an airplane—he always bumped his head—they should have an adventure on a ship and visit sick children across the vast, blue sea!

This is the story of Dr. Yaseena and GA-GA, the Smartest Giraffe in the Whole World.

**Imrana, the Movie-Star, Princess, and Ambassador for Peace**

There once was a princess named Imrana, and she was the kindest and smartest princess in the land. When she was just a little girl, she played with other children from all over the world, and she learned to speak a dozen languages.

When Princess Imrana was a teenager, she was very beautiful and kind, and because she could speak a dozen different languages she became a movie star. In all her movies, she was beautiful and got to wear the fanciest clothes with sparkles and jewels, but what everyone loved most was that she was very brave.

She could drive a motorcycle across the desert, scuba-dive to save people in a boat that sank, or sail in a hot-air balloon to reach people stranded on a mountain.

By the time Princess Imrana grew up, everyone in the whole world knew her name. One day, Imrana and four of her life-long friends, who all spoke different languages, went on a great adventure. They traveled to every continent in the world, and they realized that sometimes, when people couldn’t understand what someone else was saying, they grew afraid and mistrustful, which made the sky darker and the flowers less bright all around them. The world needed to brighten back up! So Princess Imrana and her friends made a new movie with a hundred languages, so everyone could understand.
All across the world, people talked about Princess Imrana and her friends, and their wonderful movie. It reminded them to think about other people as regular old people just like them, people who also like cupcakes and sparkly dresses and dinosaurs and the circus, and want to see the world from a hot-air balloon.

This is the story of Princess Imrana, the movie star and ambassador for peace.

Every day in my life as a mother and researcher, the themes in these simple stories remind me how important it is that I raise my children to be responsible, thoughtful, global citizens. While they are so small, the important thing is that they are developing a sophisticated ability to understand and respond to me, and to these stories, across Uzbek, Russian, and English. I believe that if my children grow up to be multilingual, they can and will be anything and do anything they can dream.

**Lori**

I am in full agreement with Dilnoza, and I celebrate the shift toward a pedagogy of lingual inclusiveness and equality. Jasmine, the daughter of my tall, Norwegian life partner, Erik, doesn’t think about that kind of research, though. She thinks of language as a treasure chest of infinite fun.

“What is the Spanish word for elephant?” she’ll ask, and I know I’ll be raking my Spanish vocabulary for words like *lupo*—wolf, and *cebra*—zebra. At nine, Jasmine is a tall and slender wisp of a girl with bright, curious brown eyes and tousled, dark-blonde hair. On Saturday, our family drives into the mountains for an early summer picnic at a high, glacial lake still ringed with blue-white arms of lingering snow. Jasmine makes up a game—she contributes her growing Spanish vocabulary, I fill in some words—and we make small sentences until at last, we have a poem we can almost see hanging in the cool air with its scent of sun-warmed pine needles washed by melting snow.

**El Lago de los Elefantes Silvestres** —The Lake of the Silver Elephants

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Spanish</th>
<th>Translation</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><em>Una naranja en mano</em></td>
<td>An orange in your hand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>es un mundo entero</em></td>
<td>is a whole, small world</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>aldentro de un piel del sol</em></td>
<td>inside a skin made of the sun,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>y los dos son nuestros—</em></td>
<td>we share them both—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>la naranja, dulce y fria, y el</em></td>
<td>the sweet, cold orange, and the sun.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>El lago braza el viento</em></td>
<td>The lake hugs the sun</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>y transforma al silvestre</em></td>
<td>and turns into silver,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>grande y tranquilo como elefantes</em></td>
<td>big and quiet as elephants.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>Hay peces en el lago</em></td>
<td>There are fishes in the lake</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>como pies blancas y misteriosas</em></td>
<td>like mysterious, white feet,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>como las semillas de la naranja</em></td>
<td>like the seeds inside the orange,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><em>como los elefantes y sus ninos en el sol</em></td>
<td>like the elephants and their children in the sun.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
**Lori and Dilnoza**

Multilingualism, that ability to move fluidly back and forth between different languages, is one of the greatest gifts we have to offer our children as they grow like saplings toward the great, globalized glow of the twenty-first century. Our own experiences, as discussed and presented here, as well as the research, indicate that our educational system in the United States continues to grapple—and, sometimes, to struggle hard—with multilingualism as educational practice. We believe that colleges of education are and will be instrumental in preparing new generations of teachers with the language skills and pedagogical perspectives they need to become the kind of teachers who view a multiplicity of languages and dialects as cultural capital in their diverse classrooms.

**Disclosure statement**

No potential conflict of interest was reported by the authors.

**References**


