

## Acknowledgments

I am thankful for the support and insights of the countless individuals I have encountered in my professional and personal life: colleagues, professors, students, interviewees, leaders, legislators, activists, family, friends, and ministers. I am also thankful for the people who have stood in my way—ignoring, silencing, and greatly underestimating me—because that has just made me think harder and do more.

A special thank you to my participants who shared their stories with me—your voices have been with me for half a decade now and I know them so well. I have worried a lot about how to represent you and your stories. I hope that there is truth somewhere between our voices and that I have done justice to your stories. Thank you to Chum and Ruby's Pantry—Duluth for letting me into your midst and allowing me to do this research. I am forever grateful for your generosity to me and to the community.

I would like to thank the Institute for Advanced Study at the University of Minnesota, the EVCAA Research and Scholarship Grant program, and the Small Seed Grant program at the University of Minnesota, Duluth (UMD), for partially funding this project. Thank you to UMD's College of Liberal Arts for providing me with a single-semester leave to work on this research. A warm thank you to my colleagues in the Department of Communication for your kindness every day. To Drs. Michael Sunnafrank, Elizabeth Nelson, and David Gore: Despite institutional constraints, you have created a space where intellectual creativity can flourish. Thank you for your many subversions.

Thank you to my beloved, Adam Pine. I found you in Duluth, and for that I love this city. Thanks for the countless conversations about research, unofficial peer reviews, and introducing me to critical geography! Thank

you for decentering whiteness in our home and for your steadfast commitment to sharing the load. Because you worked on the “concrete particulars” of our lives—cooking, cleaning, and looking after our kids—I could write this book. Your abundant spirit and side-splitting comedy know no bounds. Dominic and Franka, thank you for constantly interrupting my work with demands for tight huggies, butt-cheek jokes, loud wailing, sickness, and building “Wegos.” You are *all* life and *all* joy. This book was written between when you both were born, and I am so grateful that I got to do both in my life: have babies and write this book.

Thank you to my parents, Winston and Celeste, who are unique in every way—kind, generous against their own interests, and quirky—you are the constant backdrop to my life. To my siblings, Aaron and Sarah, you are both so strong and so blessed, even amid the hard tests that life has given you. You are with me every day. To my family in America—Donald, Sharon, Nicola, Susan, Caitlin, Alayna, and Robbie. To all my nieces and nephews—Andrew and Lexi, Daniel and Derek, Felix, Benji, and Hazel. You are all too sweet. This book would not have been possible but for my particular history and biography inscribed within me. For this, I am grateful to my ancestors who I never knew and to my grandparents, Mark and Rose Lobo and Frank and Charlotte de Souza, who were born and lived in places like Goa, Zanzibar and Pakistan and who did things like work in the railways and for the telegraphs and made spectacular wedding gowns and wedding cakes: workers, artists, intellectuals, always resilient, and always people of faith.

I would like to thank all the teachers, professors, and mentors I have had along the way. A special thanks to my professors at Purdue University—Steve Wilson and John Sherry—who taught me how to do good research and how to write well. I owe a massive debt of gratitude to my mentor, Dr. Mohan Dutta, who cleared the way and smoothed the paths for us brown folks in a very white discipline of communication. You taught me the importance of having a voice, listening to people’s voices, and using those voices for justice. A warm thank you to my students who, through impassioned conversation and debate have given me deep insight into the workings of discourse, ideology, and whiteness.

To the strong white women of faith in Duluth: Charlotte Franz, Kathy Nelson, Jackie Falk, and Lee Stuart. Your sermons, our conversations, and your steadfast commitment to poor citizens and antiracism were in my mind as I wrote this book—I think you will hear your voices in these pages.

A special thank you to Dr. Robert Gottlieb, who I did not know and who did not know me, but who received this manuscript with few words and a professional openness that quite frankly shocked me. It reminded me of why my mother pushed me to come to the United States: as she frequently stated with annoying confidence, “*There*, people will recognize you for your merit, Becky.” A warm thank you to Beth Clevenger, Anthony Zannino, Kathleen Caruso, and Melinda Rankin for all your editorial guidance—your work is on point! Your professionalism has made this process relatively painless—and the book is stronger because of you.

Above all, thank you to my Christ. You take rubbish and turn it into something. You open the eyes of the blind and let us see you. I am grateful for the ways in which you allow privilege and powerlessness to maneuver in my life all the time. As I say sometimes standing, but mostly always in tears: “For I know whom I have believed, and am convinced that He is able to keep what I have entrusted to Him against that day” (2 Timothy 1:12).

