Acknowledgments

We wrote this book across six states, through five jobs, in a pandemic, from basements, offices, airplanes, airbnbs, minivans, and lake homes, in celebrations and sadnesses and all the in-between. It’s hard to say where it started, because it has many origins. But the old adage that “it takes a village” remains true with this collective effort. So, we offer some shared thanks here.

There are a number of individuals we want to collectively acknowledge. Patty Ferguson-Bohnee, executive director of the Indian Legal Program at Arizona State University, and Bryan invited Sabina to a town hall called “School-to-Prison Pipeline in Indian Country: Mapping Out Solutions,” hosted by the Indian Legal Program. It was at this conference that Sabina presented the initial iteration of what would later become this book: “A More Sophisticated Technique: Child Trust.” In its earliest stages, Nicholas Bustamante was part of important conversations. Andrea Underwood, in the Center for Indian Education at ASU, provided administrative assistance with travel and other financial engagements. Lindsey Hawker, Bryan’s colleague at ASU, scheduled our meetings and helped keep us organized. Thank you to Tufts University and the University of Washington for hosting our in-person writings—when in-person was still a thing. We are grateful to several people and groups who read drafts of the book and whose insights and engagements made it infinitely stronger: Damien Sojoyner; Kirsten Edwards; Stacey Lee;
Jennifer Johnson; Kyle Halle-Erby; Melissa Colón; Chris Wright; the Prisons, Schools, and Abolition Freedom Seminar members; Adrienne Keene; Kailah Carden; and the Revere High School Study Group, to name a few. At the invitation of Drs. Amanda Tachine and Eve Ewing, we shared portions of the book at their summer 2021 conference, “Cultivating Black and Native Futures in Education,” and received generous feedback. We are grateful to Tanaya Winder, an enrolled member of the Duckwater Shoshone Tribe, for her generosity in allowing us to use excerpts of her poem “We Were Stolen.” The poem appears in her book Why Storms Are Named After People and Bullets Remain Nameless. Thank you, Tanaya. We’re grateful for early conversations with Pieter Martin at the University of Minnesota Press. Later, we worked with Eric Lundgren and Leah Pennywark in the Forerunner series. Their feedback and guidance, along with those of the reviewer, were crucial to the completion of this book. Christy McGuire, a doctoral student at the University of Pittsburgh, helped with early book formatting. And the copy editing team at the University of Minnesota Press was of tremendous support. Finally, we had to cut more than half our footnotes, so we thank all those scholars whose influences are in this book but whose names are not.

**JEREMIAH:** First and foremost, I thank Bryan McKinley Jones Brayboy and Sabina Vaught, not just for this collaborative project of writing a book, but for mentoring me and putting me in position to actually come to the text and write and think in novel and different ways. It is not often that you get to meet your heroes and even rarer when they turn out to be inviting collaborators and co-conspirators who generate knowledge to share and encourage those who are lucky enough to enter their orbit. A thousand thank-yous is not enough for their mentorship and support in this process. For drafting this piece, a tremendous thank-you to Nicholas Bustamante, who started on the journey writing about the school-to-prison pipeline with me, about which we were then able to present our data and
Acknowledgments

start talking with Sabina. A few special thank-yous to those who have supported this writing but whom I would feel remiss not to note personally: thank you to the Center for Indian Education, particularly Bryan Brayboy, Lindsay Hawker, and Andrea Underwood, for providing financial, practical, and technical support in my travels to write and collaborate with Sabina at Tufts University and the University of Washington; thank you to the Indian Legal Program (ILP) at Arizona State University, especially Kate Rosier, Patty Ferguson-Bohnee, Greg Hill, and Ann Marie Bledsoe Downes, for providing me a space to learn as a law student, come into community, join in conversations on Indian law in novel and complex ways, and learn from the many scholars who inspired and continue to inspire my writings. Particular thanks to Rebecca Tsosie, Robert Clinton, and Robert Miller for training me in “Federal Indian Law” and “Tribal Law and Government” to give me the depth and breadth of understanding to contribute to the conversation on trusteeship in an informed and meaningful way. Finally, thank you to my favorite person, Keeonna Harris, for listening to my ramblings about trusteeship and supporting me through hours of Zoom calls. Most important, thank you to Keeonna, Zion, Xi, and Olajide every day, for reminding me of the importance of joy.

**BRYAN:** I am grateful to both Sabina and Jeremiah for sharing this journey with me. Sabina’s ability to take our ideas, craft them into a voice that reflected our collective vision, and do so quickly is wonderful. Sabina is one of the best writers I know; seeing her process words was like watching a gifted musician play. Jeremiah’s ability to take complex ideas, condense them into a tasty word roux, and serve them to us graciously (and humbly!) was a lovely gift. Jeremiah and Sabina are the very best of brilliance, humility, and good humor wrapped together. In the midst of our Friday afternoon conversations and writings, I sometimes wondered, “What am I doing here, sandwiched between two brilliant minds and amazing humans?” I’m lucky. And grateful. Lindsey Hawker manages me with grace
and kindness, making it possible for me to find time for this endeavor of love. And, finally, my family (Doris Warriner, Quanah and Ely Brayboy) remain a constant source of love and awe. Our sons—Indigenous young men around the same age as Jakes when Sabina worked with him—are a reason and inspiration for my work.

**SABINA:** To the two most extraordinary coauthors a person could have, thank you. Both of you are bring-you-to-your-knees brilliant. Funny as hell. Kind. But descriptors won’t capture how I experienced the gifts you all give to me and the world. After a year and a half of Friday Zooms, pink-green-blue Google Docs, “ink it!” exclamations, too many footnotes, and never enough time, I’m profoundly and forever changed by you. Bryan and Jeremiah, I love you guys. To so many colleagues, students, teachers, and friends along the way, I’m grateful for your intellectual companionship. A special shout out to Heather Shotton and the members of the Rematriation dream course for the profound space we made and shared; it inspired me. To the radical student collective for the invigorating intellectual hours over savory vegan waffles, crispy brussels sprouts, and beans and rice. And to Kirsten Edwards and the Women and Girls Collective for coming together through differences, imposed and felt, for beautiful common cause. Kathy Woodward and the Simpson Center for the Humanities at the University of Washington awarded me the scholarly residency that afforded time and space to undertake contributions to this project. Joanna and Brenda (Broanna, affectionately), thank you for the early-pandemic rescue and the shared space that was a home to the first draft of this book. Jakes, I hope this book thanks you a little bit. You deserve the world. My mom. I remember my first visit to my mom’s home after my last book was published. After the six-hour flight, the late-night, rainy drive in the Lyft to the top of her driveway, and the dragging of my way-too-heavy suitcase full of gifts down that gravel stretch, I finally got to her door. She was ill then. Sitting on her couch, she beamed at me as I walked in the house. She got up gingerly, mov-
ing toward me for a long-anticipated hug. On the little table next to her spot on the couch, I saw my book prominently displayed, spine out, just under Christina Sharpe’s *In the Wake* (which I had given her). I burst into laughter and hugged her tight in gratitude. I miss so much all the ways you pushed me, Mom. I wonder now which book she would place on top of this one, even as she would tell Bryan and Jeremiah that this book is the best she’s ever read. My biggest champions and smartest critics, Cecilia, Carmen, and Satya. They made me countless smoothies, kept me sharp even when I didn’t want to be, and read, listened to, and talked through every draft, starting from that talk I gave in 2017. But the best thing they did was to decide, over and over, despite and because of it all, to live beautiful lives. I love you girls.
This page intentionally left blank