

Word of the Week

**BLACK
HISTORY
MONTH**

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Resilience

(noun)

Are you familiar with this word?

What does it mean?

Can you use it in a sentence?

Word of the Week

Resilience (noun)

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Definition

The capacity to withstand or to recover quickly from difficulties.

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Task

Add **resilience** to your word of the week record sheet (page 18 of your planner).

Word of the Week

Record (verb)
To set down in writing for later reference.

“Use this page to **record** each Word of the Week”

Week	Word
1	Inaugural
2	Extremophile
3	Sanctity
4	Placate
5	Heritage
6	Empowerment
7	Resilience
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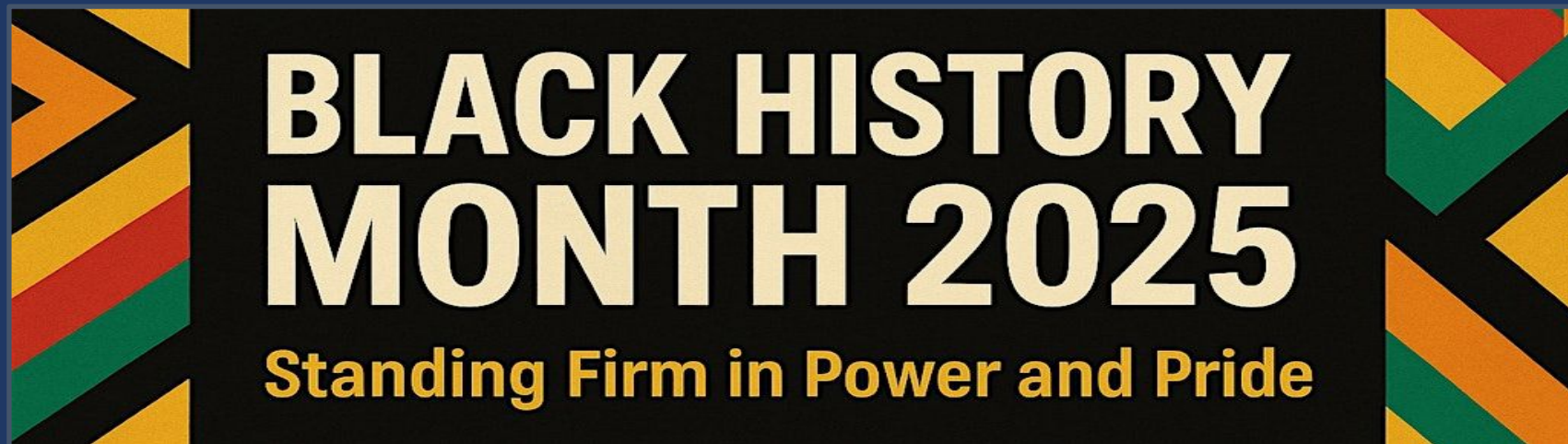
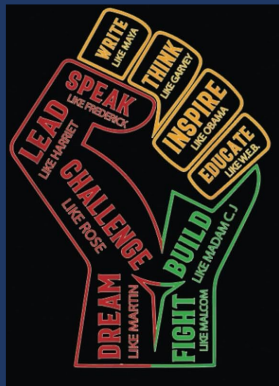
Week	Word
21	
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Black History Month UK 2025



This year's theme is:

Standing Firm in Power and Pride

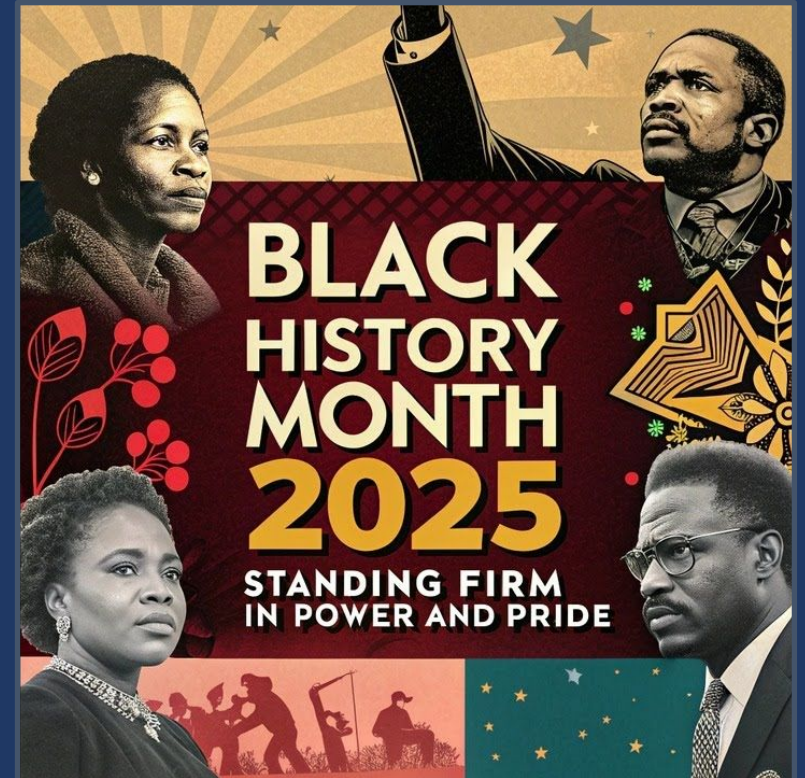


Standing Firm in Power and Pride

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“Standing Firm in Power and Pride” challenges all of us to:

- Recognise the achievements and sacrifices of those who came before us.
- Learn from their stories to shape a more inclusive future.
- Celebrate heritage and identity as sources of strength, not division.



Discuss: How can poetry be used to show power and pride?

The Power of Words - Maya Angelou

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Task:

1. Read "Still I Rise" by Maya Angelou
2. Discuss the following questions:
 - How does Angelou show power (defiance, strength, resilience)?
 - How does she show pride (confidence, self-belief, heritage)?
 - Why do you think she repeats the phrase "*I rise*"?
 - Why do you think this poem continues to inspire people across the world today?
 - If you could take one message from this poem to carry forward in your own life, what would it be and why?

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear
I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the slave.
I rise
I rise
I rise.