



Celebrating every day...

**Show Them
Who You Are**

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For as long as I can remember, I have heard multiple stories from around the world to include my quaint, little town of Saint Marys, Georgia, of the lawlessness of men, women, and even children. Yes, those who had been raised up to believe they were superior to people – **BLACK** people – like myself.

As a very shy little black girl raised in the small area of Saint Marys known as “Woodsville,” I pretty much felt safe there. Aside from the scary feeling of being on the bus with the **big** kids, I truly enjoyed my childhood. I did my very best to stay out of trouble, keep my head in the books, speak when spoken to, and always remain respectful. My mama (Miss Joice, 1947-2016) and daddy (James, 1945-2019) taught us well.

I remember some of the early years at Saint Marys Elementary School. So much fun and a few run-ins with some little “privileged” girls who looked at some of us as if we were in competition with them and as if we should be carrying their books or something. Ha! Can you believe that foolishness?! Yes, I’ve experienced some disdain by little girls who weren’t raised in our town and yes, I’ve had to pull some ponytails a time or two to make sure they understood ---- I just look this way.

I also have memories of going into the store on several occasions (downtown Saint Marys) to pick up something for my grandmother. I’d give the money to the man or woman behind the counter and hold my hand open for the change ---- and they would put it on the counter instead. Hmph!



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I write this because I'm reflecting on some black history and realize that none of us still here today can truly say we've experienced the level of hatred, animosity, and pure bigotry that our ancestors did. Sure, there will always be some (white, black, brown) who will look at you as though you are pure trash. Ha! But remember, laws have changed and even if they hadn't, I don't think those folks want no trouble because this world is so much different than it was back then. I laugh even now because I see myself looking them up and down. And without needing to say a word, they'd get the message through my eyes as I look them up and down, "...that was then. **This is now.**" And of course, there are those of us who could slide our coat jackets open a little bit or give our bags a little pat at the same time...*if you know what I mean.* 

Black history. Hmm. I enjoy looking back and reading about all the amazing trailblazers who made it through the most difficult times and those who didn't make it because they were hated so much by those who were just as imperfect but didn't enjoy the blackness of our ancestors. That's too bad because they missed out on beautiful people who would, literally, give the shirts off their backs and feed them if they were hungry.

Yes, they missed out on the real beauty of our ancestors because many of them saw our ancestors only as babysitters, housekeepers, field hands, and even booty calls late in the night or midday even. ----- I paused right there because to think about it really stirs up emotions. But this is the reason for this write up.



It's important to know history so you won't repeat it. But refuse to allow the memory of evil things that **did happen** cause you to miss out on the good that **could** happen through your life. If thinking about the past causes you to want to do something hurtful towards anyone today, that calls for some inward (heart) examination and perhaps a reset.

Give **no one** that level of power. Nope. Not ever again! Be excited about making history. In the words of Angela Bassett (Queen Ramonda) in *The Black Panther*, '**show them who you are!**'

