

Ships on the Sea – Healthy Dialogue, Humanness, Survival & Humanity

We are survivors.

Why healthy dialogue must happen in order to bridge cultures, while also respecting boundaries, especially during tumultuous times of invasion, and why Americans of all cultures are truly among the most beautiful, strongest, and yes, the coolest people on earth, despite our current Cold War, which we now name and confront.

America remains the most diverse nation on the planet. That alone says something profound about the beauty of our people. Still, we are struggling. We are witnessing rapid demographic and population changes while experiencing cultural erasure. These are not small matters. These are issues tied to slavery, genocide, violence, and other historic and modern harms.

This is truly a struggle between light and dark forces. And at this moment in American history, those who stand on the front lines, those protecting Americans, are the most targeted. They are closest to the impact. They carry the weight directly.

And so, healthy dialogue must happen, real dialogue. Realness. Honesty. The willingness to see and speak the raw emotions of lived experience, across the full spectrum of human feeling. Americans are fighting for their territory to remain their territory, and that fight inevitably raises the question of humanity itself.

In that light, we are witnessing a reckoning. We are seeing clearly those who express little to no humanity toward people who are different from them. This is a hard truth for Americans to confront, especially for Americans of a certain age.

Many of us grew up in easier, simpler times. While activists and politicians were often deeply divided, everyday people, commoners, largely got along. We lived in close-knit towns and charming villages, with far less drama. It was through wars and movements that the nation destabilized into increasingly polarized forces. America has undergone many changes through these movements, but not all of them truly, fully, or unequivocally represented the American people, and not without consequence or rebound.

Today, we face a strange and unsettling shift. Our rights and freedoms were used against us, twisted just enough, that the truth of what occurred is now obscured by the fog of war. Many Americans struggle to see clearly through it. Foreign enemies hoisted their flags over ours and exploited our freedoms as weapons. At the same time, domestic enemies recognized that opportunity and rode the same dark wave, one we are now doing everything we can to curtail.

Simply put, for those who remember what America once was and who now look honestly at our communities today, we understand that being American comes with immense responsibility. We are a beautiful country, with a remarkable people who

repeatedly show their willingness to stand up for others and show up for the world. This is the American spirit, our heart, our humanity, our capacity to care beyond ourselves.

But we also know this, we have allegiance to one another, and to our own people. And this truth becomes most visible during times of conflict.

I write honestly, and I keep my tone open and sincere, because I want people to know my heart. I remain devoted to my country and to my people. I hold deep love for those who have joined in this lifetime. There are no surprises with me. My heart is visible. It is known.

Still, the question has been raised, who holds allegiance to our nation, and who holds allegiance only to themselves? I understand why this question exists. I also understand the instinct to guard culture, community, and safety, especially when new Americans feel their security is slipping away. I understand this vigilance. But when protection turns into hatred, the internal fortresses of the native American nation awaken. They are remembered. They are reinforced.

The truth is this, we are all doing our best. But we can be better.

Americans are naturally concerned about threats, both foreign and domestic, because we have seen the caskets. We have seen parents clutch their children's shirts and teddy bears to their chests. We watch wars unfold overseas while feeling helpless, and we lose our people there too. We receive the phone calls that tell us a brother or sister is gone, that they did not survive their personal battle.

So much is happening all at once. And too often, pain and suffering are exploited. And yet, Americans, open, diverse, welcoming, and loving, still feel a need for Americans. This natural instinct has been suppressed and distorted, reframed as racism, Nazism, or extremism, when in many other nations, such instincts would be recognized as normal, healthy expressions of self-preservation.

For reasons difficult to ignore, Americans endure an extraordinary level of shaming. Force. Coercion. Subjugation. Ostracism. There is relentless political pressure, from outside and within, to accept all forms of multiculturalism without question, to absorb foreign and domestic change endlessly, while we, and here I speak from the white American experience, endure the worst expressions of humanity simultaneously.

I grew up in a time when whites were often told to simply endure. We did not speak much about our own suffering. We took it. We glossed over it. We had brief moments of confusion or pain, then returned to gentility, stoicism. We carried on, letting wounds pass without being named.

But eventually, endurance reached its limit. The accumulated suffering became impossible to ignore. Years of unacknowledged trauma compounded, leaving many isolated, concerned, and depleted, aware that some of these harms were severe enough to shorten lives, enslave our minds, and strip us of our dignity.

And so, now we speak.

Our words do not come without pain. There remains a vast number of people who have yet to acknowledge white suffering or white humanity, whites included. Too often, whites have been their own scapegoats and gaslighters, lacking the security or humility required to love themselves or one another fully. Still stoic, but silent.

This has defined much of the struggle in recent years. And yet, another chorus has risen, the voices of those harmed by modern regimes, the enslaved of modern times. We listened. We heard them. And now we find ourselves in the shared struggle, doing our best to alleviate not only our own suffering, but theirs as well.

Time is limited. Life is full. We work. We carry responsibility. The ship is heavy, and the seas are rough. Still, we navigate. We read the weather. We adjust our charts. We recalibrate, day after day, as the vessel rocks the Soul of Americans.

Through all of this, one truth became clear, our lives are worth saving. American lives are worth saving. Our nation is not merely a place we live, it is our spirit, our survival.

This is what it is. We are surviving.

This moment of conflict has far less to do with racism than it is often portrayed to have, and everything to do with securing American lives amid modern horrors. We weigh justice alongside mercy. We assess what is ours and what is not. We acknowledge wars and violence, what we can claim and what we cannot, and we do so with accountability and responsibility.

Those aboard the ship, in humble cabins, not yet navigating the seas or standing on the front lines of the battleship, may only see sunlight on the horizon. We aim to keep our crew and our passengers safe. But the sailors of this nation see the storms between us, and they know what it takes to bring the ship home safely.

***The message these great storms have taught us,
we are all survivors.***