

Have We Lost Sight of the struggle?

We live in a land called America. It was founded on the principals of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. America was the land of the free and the home of the brave, thriving on equality for all and freedom through revolution ("uhuru ni upinduzi"), and yet America became the home of one of the largest systems of human oppression in history. America is a living, breathing Hypocrisy.

Whip, rope, pistol, axe. Cries, blood, sweat, tears. Bang, hang, anger, confusion. Nigger, Boy, Monkey, Creature, Trash, Whore, Beast, Bitch!

Our ancestors fought on the ship, they were thrown overboard. They fought in the cotton field, they were hanged, shot, whipped and killed. They ran, only to be hunted like wild beasts by their master. Every day they fought seemingly endless battles, and lost. Lost their limbs, lost their sense of manhood, lost their lives. Yet, a little piece of them won this battle. They passed on these life lessons to their children who, in their name, won what we today know as freedom. We live and breathe freedom, the freedom they never knew.

Every day we walk on the southern soil planted and plowed by our great mothers and fathers. Soil fertilized by the blood, sweat and tears of which we descend. And as we walk, we complain about being tired. Tired from what? When was the last time you worked shoeless, half-clothed, in a field, under the scorching hot sun, for 20 out of 24 hours? And you have the nerve to be tired?

Harriet Tubman was tired, Denmark Vesey was tired. Nat Turner was weary and Gabriel Prosser was

worn out. It is time to re-evaluate our blessings and show thanks for the dreams of our forefathers.

In an attempt to educate America about its "glorious" history, our grandparents fought for a time when America could come together as a country and study the influence of our black history. They were given Black History Month: a time of recognition for the great feats that gained black Americans' freedom and the accomplishments that sculpted society as we know it. February was a time of celebration.

The question decades later becomes, "Why do we have a Black History Month?" For 28 days we reflect on our progression from shameful Niggers to proud African-Americans but once those 28 days have passed, where do we stand?

We return to our daily lives, classes, work and friends, forgetting about all that we have just learned to simply re-learn it next February. Why is this? Why do we not celebrate black history every day? After all, it is *our* history.

Our inability to continuously honor our heritage and culture sends a message that the pride of our people is only important during the one month the government has allotted us.

Do we feel we have "made it?" Have we forgotten from whence we've come? Have we simply lost sight of the struggle? Take a minute to answer these questions for yourself and join me on a mission to celebrate our ancestry incessantly.

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