

Tales of Empirical Knowledge (Humanistic Biases, Values, & Beliefs)

Sir Wolfdogg Lanier-French

describes the Minneapolis Courtroom Trial as a . . .

“Humanistic Culture of Black Reality!”

The current week in question began March 29, 2021. The clock on the wall identified the late morning. The locality was Minneapolis/St. Paul – a courthouse in Hennepin County, MN.

The environment?

Mr. George Floyd v. The United States of America!

Historically Speaking?

When did the sorrow, despair, and crying being televised truly begin in America’s history? Was this the first time America had up-close and personal visions of the painful realities of social oppression?

The good, better, best of answers may suggest such emotions are symbolic of the . . .

“Sorrow, Despair, and Crying that’s been around ‘these here parts’ for over 400 Years!”

History can easily become a passion. It continues to remind us of how we evolved as a civilization. Suggests a cultural future. My decades lived since the mid-20th Century allowed me to personally interpret this country’s development first-hand. Afforded a closer look at America’s racial division since the 1960s. Allowed another focus of the world we created. Such a calendar makes me a reality of social oppression, I would guess.

Black history, however, is much larger than my individual existence. Black History will always be greater than any one person of color. A reality much larger than my personal experiences. Yes. Regardless of previous historical labels (Black, Negro, Colored, or African American), Black history was meant to be documented . . . always there to be researched.

I had control. You know the personal kind of control I'm describing. I could control my outward emotions. I could turn my personal feelings on and off whenever the need. Privately or publicly . . . didn't matter. So, I'll admit it. I cried while watching George Floyd's trial.

The bravest of souls marched to that witness chair. Their voices crackled with a recognizable truth. They spoke the words a complex audience wished to hear but didn't know if it really would. Words acknowledging the God's Honest Truth about this country. A truth Black America recognizes every morning the Sun comes up. A social reality many have learned to live with – a survival of sorts.

I gave great thought as to why I was shedding tears as the prosecution revealed tapes of that knee on George's neck. Was I consciously upset at the inhumanity of it all? Was I captured by George's pleas for his life? Did the world need to be reminded . . . again, and again, and again . . . that some entitled Americans feel they were given a birthright to decide Black survival? The above questions were answered by the gigantic hole in my gut!

A more accurate response can be found within Black, Colored, Negro and African American history since the early 1600's. The correct answer to everything televised from that Minneapolis Courtroom is in the history books. The correct answers can be easily researched by anyone who cares to look. If anyone requires official documentation, simply do the work. The research is there. Easy for all to discover.

Mr. George Floyd begged for his life in an open forum. As the world watched, the knee on his neck needed only a few moments of pressure to squeeze away his soul.

The world witnessed (unless you covered your eyes) an oppressive demeanor re-establishing "who" had the power of life or death over different skin colors. That the fate of this man's life was nobody else's business. His very own individual "Right" . . . based on previous organizational policies and procedures, I assumed. Lastly, he showcased a demeanor caring less about the future consequences of his actions!

This demonstrated demeanor didn't begin in the City of Minneapolis. It didn't begin with this police officer. This demeanor started over 400 years ago. It was simply passed down for generations . . . for centuries. But that's another story. Another place . . . another time!

The truth of this written document is obvious. I, and other Black Americans, have experienced a similar kind of symbolic "knee" at some point in life. Maybe at a young age or Middle School? Maybe at the college entrance level? Maybe while entering the job market?

Or, just maybe, at the workplace with a career in the balance?

I've yet to talk to an American of color who has not experienced an oppressor's knee of some kind. There has to be an introspection, Yes?

George Floyd's cry about helplessness brought back memories to me and millions of others. George Floyd's cries reminded us of helpless times we wanted forgotten within whatever social environment. Times when acknowledging Black Pride was the immediate balance between unjust liberty and your need to provide for your family. Daily situations where you quietly, unwillingly, choose the "lower road" for economic and/or political survival within America's natural systemic exclusionary practices. Even worst, constantly being recognized as second-class citizens in these United States of America!

Therefore, my ideology about "Sorrow, Despair, and Crying" during the George Floyd Trial is as follows:

*I cried for the eventual saving of George Floyd's life;
I cried because I, too, felt helpless as the knee continually pressed downward;
I cried and listened as George's soul called for social truths to intervene –
knowing none would be heard;*

*I cried from the knowledge that similar pains had been locked inside my heart
for decades; and,*

*I cried because 400 years of that same "Ancestral Sorrow, Despair, and Pain"
gave me no choice. Every ancestral voice needed to be heard once more! My heart
became their worldview! My tears represented their tears!*

**Thus, in retrospect, I cried not only "for" George Floyd . . . but "with" George
Floyd! Together, we voiced the sorrow and despair of 400 years of racial oppression!**

Witnessing Mr. George Floyd's death allowed me an opportunity to finally deal with my own racial demons. I felt honored to share the sorrow, despair, and helplessness of those who could not cry out throughout the centuries. I sincerely hope others felt a historical connection . . . invited a release for the socially oppressed through a shared verbalization.

Do things happen for a reason? The list of names can go on and on! What say you?

Sir Wolfdogg Lanier-French