

## 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 sorrow, despair, and crying truly begin in America’s history? Was the George Floyd incident the first time America had an up-close and personal vision of the painful realities of social oppression?

The good, better, best of research suggests such emotions were 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’ve 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’ve created. Such an emotional 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 "on-air" witness chair. Their voices crackled with a recognizable truth. They spoke the words a complex audience wished to hear but didn't know if they really could. 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 thought as to why I was tearing-up as the prosecution revealed video 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, that some entitled Americans felt 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 the Black, Colored, Negro and African American's history since the early 1600's. The answer to everything televised from that Minneapolis Courtroom can be discovered in the history books. Answers can be easily researched by anyone who cares to look. If anyone requires official documentation, simply do the work. The research is there. It always has been.

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 of color's life was nobody else's business. His individual "right" . . . based on America's previous organizational/cultural policies and procedures, I assumed. And lastly, the "knee" showcased a demeanor caring less about the future consequences of its' actions!

This demonstrated demeanor didn't begin in the City of Minneapolis. Didn't begin with this police officer. This demeanor started over 400 years ago. It was easily passed down for generations . . . over 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 knee at some point in our lives. Maybe at a young age or in Middle School? Maybe at the college entrance level? Maybe while entering the job market? Or, quite

possibly, at the workplace with your career in the balance?

I've yet to talk to an African American who's not experienced an oppressor's knee of some kind. Thus, is there a need for introspection . . . yes?

George Floyd's cry of helplessness brought back memories for me and millions of others. George Floyd's cries reminded us of incidents we wanted forgotten within whatever social environment. There were times when acknowledging Black Pride was the immediate balance between unjust liberty and the 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 naturally systemic exclusionary practices. Even worst, to be constantly 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. All ancestral voices needed to be heard once more! My heart  
wished to become their new worldview! My tears wanted to represent their tears!*

**Thus, in retrospect, I cried not only "for" George Floyd but "with" George Floyd!  
Together, maybe 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 did not, could not, cry out throughout past centuries. I sincerely hoped others felt a historical connection . . . a release for the socially oppressed through shared verbalization. A list of names can go on and on and on! Do things happen for a reason? What say you?

*Sir Wolfdogg Lanier-French*