

## **America and the Question of Race: A Personal Observation**

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Why is there no answer to the issue of racial injustice in America? As wonderful as my experience of living in America has been, I feel sad whenever I think about the question of racial injustice in America. Three things jumped out to me when I arrived in America – the weather, the level of development and the people.

I arrived in the middle of winter and the first thing that hit me was the cold weather. I also realized that the trees outside had no leaves on them. This sight fascinated me. Later, I learned that this was the coping mechanism of the plants during the winter season. As I settled into my new environment, winter gave way to spring and the plants came back to life. It was amazing to witness the transition. The dry woods became thick forests and beautiful flowers grew all over the place. Spring was followed by summer, my favorite season. Everything about summer reminded me of home. A bit of rain and a bit of dryness. Finally, fall arrived, and the leaves started changing colors and began to drop to the ground in preparation for another winter season. To me, America is a naturally beautiful country.

America's level of development was obvious to me from the air as my plane was preparing for landing. My point of entry into the country was the John F. Kennedy International Airport in New York City, then, to Pittsburgh, PA. The local flight gave me a perspective of how vast the country was and how highly developed the transportation system was. Suffice it to say that, over the years I have travelled around the country and witnessed the level of development from close range. I visited Washington D.C., the World Trade Center, the New York Stock Exchange, Abraham Lincoln's tomb in Springfield, the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, and the U.S. Space & Rocket Center in Huntsville, to name but a few. My first impression from the air was confirmed by what I saw on the ground. Great country!

During my time in America, I have met many wonderful people. I have made friends. I have studied under some of the best scholars in the world. I have witnessed people from all walks of life gather together to cheer their favorite sports teams. This naturally beautiful country was developed by the hard work of these wonderful people. Yet, when the question of racial injustice arises, it almost always turns political and the worst of America surfaces. People begin to talk over each other. Some people have taken entrenched positions on the question and would not listen to what the other side has to say. And there are those who feel awkward and are lost for words when the issue comes up.

This unresolved question leaves a bitter taste in my mouth as I reflect on my experience in America. Sometimes I wonder, could this be the Achilles heel of America? I know there is a history behind racial injustice and the facts are obvious, but America surely has what it takes to break this chain and turn a new leaf. Will the good people in America arise and shine?