

My attitudes toward racial justice developed over a period of time, through observation and experience. At some point I realized that there was nothing wrong with "those people," as I was taught to believe, and started to question the assumptions about race that I grew up with. My Damascus moment occurred for me just recently, however. Reading *The Black Butterfly* upended what I thought I knew. I learned that neighborhoods riddled with crime and lacking basic necessities did not get that way because of who lived there. No, those areas got that way because someone planned it. The Racist Machine gave desirable land, excellent schools, well paying jobs, and state of the art medical care to Whites. African-Americans had to do with whatever was left over, which was next to nothing. I also came to realize that I was part of the problem; I did not deliberately cause the injustice, but I surely benefited from it. And now it is time for me to do my own anti-racism work, perhaps through work at local schools, support of the South Baltimore Community Land Trust, or helping to secure voting rights through the Baltimore County SURJ (Stand Up for Racial Justice) group.

Elizabeth Hasan