

## Local Politics Matter

# Did I Ever Stand A Chance

## Clinging to the Impossible Dream

Unfortunately I was born in an era that would be known as the sandwich generation. Too young to retire, still have dependents who were depending on my assistance for survival, aging parents and grandparents. Not only does that hold true for the cycle of life, but also the cycle of technology, and employment. I always thought that I could keep up with the age of technology. When my grandmother vacuumed the floor, without a doubt I was always summoned to re-program the VCR so she could continue taping the soap operas. I was spot on with the VCR. Now I feel like my grandmother, you know with the advances of the com-

puter and the creation of Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat and many other technological developments. The same goes for me and the civil rights movement. Many of the older blacks marched and stood for justice while getting beaten and jailed. They did this so that I could enjoy the fruits of these great United States of America and the freedom that comes with being an American. Well again I was in the middle. The white society who had been in charge for so long was not willing to give up their power for equality. So they smiled and made us believe that everything was okay and Black was Beautiful and all the good slogans that



came out of the era. But did it really happen? Did we really gain any ground? In the place where I was employed for 33 years, I was always second, or third, never first. I kept waiting for my turn, but it never came. After all that I have done and the places I've been, I just realized that I never stood a chance. The rhetoric sounded good, but

the reality was much different than I could have ever imagined. I wonder how many sandwiches are out there that feel like I do. Did I ever stand a chance, or was I simply clinging to an impossible dream?

[Share Your Comments](#)

[Return to LPM](#)