

My Apology for Slavery

By

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I apologize for slavery to black slaves in America.

I apologize for ardently supporting a civil rights act that allowed government to abrogate the God-given rights of your putative oppressors. I should have realized that as we extorted rights from one group to bestow on another, neither group could remain free for long.

I apologize for years of affirmative action that let you believe that second or third or fourth best is always good enough. I apologize for standing passively by while you decided you could succeed simply by forcing us to put you on a payroll. Now the victims of affirmative action are slaves to their jobs, if they still have them, because they aren't good enough at what they do to advance in them or to leave them for better ones.

I apologize for contributing to a welfare system that makes it profitable to bear children out of wedlock, enslaving millions of black mothers to endless generations of their illegitimate babies.

I apologize for supporting a legal system that allows one standard for blacks and another for whites, forgiving young blacks their lawless behavior until their crimes become unspeakable. I apologize for winking at drug dealing and prostitution in black neighborhoods until they enslave the blacks who practice them. I apologize for allowing gangs and weapons into schools, preventing young black people from learning to read. I should have kept in mind the reasons slaves are forbidden to learn. I should have recalled that the worst enslavers are one's fellow slaves.

I apologize for a failure of character and courage that kept national guardsmen from shooting to kill looters and shooting to maim or injure rioters. I'm sorry that I, by my disgraceful, permissive silence, allowed blacks to enslave their brethren through unpunished lawlessness and violence.

I apologize for permitting through my silence the gerrymandering of voting districts to elect black politicians regardless of their qualifications. I should have realized that such politicians would only enslave their constituents through programs like welfare and affirmative action, and I should have made sure my elected representatives understood my position on these issues.

I apologize for permitting public schools to steep young minds in such intellectual refuse as ethnic studies and black “history.” I apologize for allowing your schools to be dumbed down until the only hope your children have lies in professional athletics instead of medicine or dentistry, in the lottery instead of the stock market, in victimization lawsuits and drug dealing instead of productive businesses. I know now that I was enslaving you by letting you scorn my values and my history, and I bitterly repent having done so.

I apologize for allowing you to villify the best and brightest of your community — J. C. Watts, Clarence Thomas, Thomas Sowell, Walter Williams, Ken Hamblin and millions of others — while deifying the dregs of your ghettos: hucksters, hustlers, gangsters, rioters, looters, shooters and pimps. I listened to you on the radio and didn’t call in to refute you. I read your letters to the editor and never answered them to try to reason with you. I did nothing to keep you from enslaving yourselves to the lowest values in your community, and I am heartily sorry for it.

I apologize for the base, craven cowardice that made me quail at being called a racist. To my shame, I failed to speak out loudly and passionately every time I saw you throw the liberty our founders bled for into the garbage, then stretch out, smiling and groveling, to receive your shackles.

No more! It is time to do penance.

From now on, I will do everything in my power to keep you from getting anything you haven’t earned, for that is the stuff slavery is made of. If you denigrate my values or show contempt for my beliefs, I will publicly deride you and laugh you to scorn. I will fight with vigor against welfare, affirmative action, gerrymandering, leniency, illiteracy, innumeracy, illegitimacy, ignorance, and usurpation of my right to use and enjoy my own property as I see fit. If this makes me a racist, then I will wear that soubriquet as a badge of honor: I’m sick, you see, of having to apologize.

The day will dawn, my enslaved compatriot, upon which you and I will judge one another not by the color of our skins, but by the content of our character. On that day, we may not be brothers, or even friends. We may not so much as get along. But we will for the first time in thirty years be equals.

And on that day, you will be free at last.