

BRONWEN

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CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?

I CAN'T
BREATHE



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PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Brothers and sisters, if you couldn't already tell, this whole magazine is black and white, with some grey mixed in the middle. This is a visual representation that black and white and everything in between CAN and in fact WILL coexist in the SAME PICTURE.

To create this greyscale you cannot have one without the other. They are equally as important as the next for balance and unity, so we must stop trying to drown one out and make one of more importance. So until we realize the importance of one side of the spectrum, we will never be able to embrace the full and greater picture...

glory

by. John Legend & Common

One day when the glory comes
It will be ours, it will be ours
Oh one day when the war is won
We will be sure, we will be sure
Oh glory (Glory, glory)
Oh (Glory, glory)

Hands to the Heavens, no man, no weapon
Formed against, yes glory is destined
Every day women and men become legends
Sins that go against our skin become
blessings

The movement is a rhythm to us
Freedom is like religion to us
Justice is juxtaposition in' us
Justice for all just ain't specific enough
One son died, his spirit is revisitin' us
Truant livin' livin' in us, resistance is us
That's why Rosa sat on the bus
That's why we walk through Ferguson with
our hands up

When it go down we woman and man up
They say, "Stay down", and we stand up
Shots, we on the ground, the camera
panned up
King pointed to the mountain top and we
ran up

One day when the glory comes
It will be ours, it will be ours
Oh one day when the war is won
We will be sure, we will be sure
Oh glory (Glory, glory)
Oh (Glory, glory)

Now the war is not over, victory isn't won
And we'll fight on to the finish, then when it's
all done
We'll cry glory, oh glory (Glory, glory)
Oh (Glory, glory)
We'll cry glory, oh glory (Glory, glory)
Oh (Glory, glory)

Selma's now for every man, woman and child
Even Jesus got his crown in front of a crowd
They marched with the torch, we gon' run
with it now
Never look back, we done gone hundreds of
miles
From dark roads he rose, to become a hero
Facin' the league of justice, his power was
the people

Enemy is lethal, a king became regal
Saw the face of Jim Crow under a bald eagle
The biggest weapon is to stay peaceful
We sing, our music is the cuts that we bleed
through

Somewhere in the dream we had an
epiphany
Now we right the wrongs in history
No one can win the war individually
It takes the wisdom of the elders and young
people's energy
Welcome to the story we call victory
The comin' of the Lord, my eyes have seen
the glory

One day when the glory comes
It will be ours, it will be ours
Oh one day when the war is won
We will be sure, we will be sure
Oh glory (Glory, glory)
Oh (Glory, glory)
Oh glory (Glory, glory)
Hey (Glory, glory)
When the war is won, when it's all said and
done
We'll cry glory (Glory, glory)
Oh (Glory, glory)



If I'm being honest, it's true. I can't breathe. Breathe: to give an impression of; to take air into the lungs and then expel it, especially as a regular psychological process. Psychological: of, affecting, or arising in the mind; related to the mental and emotional state of a person. I'll say it again. I can't breathe. Can you hear me now? We've lost connection, except not just through a phone, through my airways. The signal is breaking up, what I am saying isn't coming through clearly. Words become jumbled and lost in translation, and suddenly this "regular psychological process" becomes a fight for a life. But why? Why was my breath cut off? Now you are met with the volume of my silence. The volume: the amount or quantity of something, especially when great; a consecutive sequence of issues. Sequence: a set of related events that follow each other. And the volume is not just from me, but my people. Correction, humanity. You wonder about the uproar but didn't realize that our collective voices could not be tamed. Welcome to the 21st century, we've had enough. I would assume by the current state of our lives, that you can hear me now.

Breathe: a regular psychological process

Psychological: related to the mental and emotional state

Volume: a consecutive sequence of issues

Sequence: a set of events

CAN YOU HEAR
ME NOW?

I have been deep and lost in my thoughts the past couple weeks, even though this whole thing is so hard to wrap my mind around. Hello, I'm black, and I don't fully understand it. Yet another black man gets killed, and over what? \$20? A suspicion? Being the skin tone God created him to be? I'm sorry but a mans life should never be at risk based off of these things. The hard truth though is that the chain of racism still has a stronghold on many of our fellow Americans. White, black, hispanic, whatever, the truth is, it's about time we call the enemy out on his bluff and address this pressing issue we face in society.

I think back to our ancestors, those who paved the way for us to be here today, those who fought for our rights when it seemed ludicrous, and challenged society in such a way that their actions simply could not go unnoticed. I try to picture their realities and what they might have been thinking in times like this. At what moment did they realize that for some reason being a certain skin color was killing us? What clicked in them that made them get up and say "enough is enough!"? And then I think, maybe it was a moment like this. Publicly watching another man die, for no good cause or reason, by the hands of another man who was suppose to be doing his due diligence of protecting. All these years later, and we are still having to fight the battle of true freedom, justice, and social acceptance.

I think about all those present and involved with this tragedy. How did their mornings start? Did they kiss their wives and hug their kids before heading out into the world? What was heavy on their hearts that day? Starting with the store clerks. What were their thoughts leading up to this? Were they too focused solely on the color of his skin, or just really that hot and bothered over \$20? I think of his friend that was with him. Was he too scared for his life? Did he even think at any moment that it would come to this? I think of the other three officers. Where was their voice? Were they at all bothered by what was unfolding before them, or simply content with the actions of their fellow officer. And then I think of the one on his neck. Did he know what he was doing? What carried him away and made him believe that his actions were in any way okay? Were his thoughts out of true concern for society, or simply an egocentric act? And the black man... crying out for help and his mom. Pleading with the officer to not take his life. Did he think that one quick errand would cost him his heartbeat?

Believe what you want, but hear me clear, this is no time for ignorance, selfishness, or neutrality. We need to wake up and address the underlying reality that still haunts many of us today; and call it what it is - Racism. Prejudice, discrimination, or antagonism directed against someone of a different race based on the belief that one's own race is superior. Now if this makes you uncomfortable, good. I hope that this challenges you to take a good hard look into your soul and notice what unsettles you about it. Have you experienced racism, or maybe you've found yourself being racist. Whatever it may be, address it, and take steps to move forward. Do your research, talk to people, pray and ask for forgiveness. Do whatever you gotta do to keep yourself from staying chained up by the enemy's tactics. Because if we just sit back and watch these events unfold without acting upon them, we are not any better than those other three officers. We're watching each other get choked out, the only difference is, we don't have a uniform on.

CAN YOU HEAR
ME NOW?

The truth is, everyone listed above has a name. But tell me how many times does this have to happen for our voices to be heard and our black community to be cared for? As long as we keep letting the enemy run rampant and have his way with how certain topics are handled, we will only be adding to the list of those tragically passed far too soon.

It's one thing to say that you love black people, and it's another to say that you love black people and show it. Not just in how you treat your friends of color, but everyone. It's how you stand up for us, fight for and with us, have a voice against injustices and say "I may not fully comprehend this, but I am for you and standing with you". Because believe it or not, your silence speaks louder than your actual voice. We notice what you don't say or do, we see how you sit back and relax in the world shaped perfectly for you. And if you are seeing this as an inconveniency for you, then I would be strong to question the motives and truths in your heart. I'm challenging you to get off your high horse and get in the dirt with the rest of the soldiers. Because whether you see it or not, a lot of the world is hurting and needs to make this a time of coming together.

I'm blessed and fortunate to be a young black woman in America. Wow, a young black woman in America; I can vote, use the same restrooms as anyone else, and hold hands with my white brothers and sisters; where 100 years ago those things would have cost me my life. So why is it that after how far we have come, that I am still having to worry about the lives and rights of my black brothers and sisters? I cannot seem to find a valid enough reasoning for this, so it's past due time for a change.

My heart has been extremely sad the past few days because I resonate so deeply towards this. I can't breathe, and I'm realizing more and more that neither can a lot of people. Everyone processes emotions differently, and it's important that we are aware of one another especially during these uncertain times. I have had many questions like "why did it take them three days to even think about arresting one officer, but they're willing to arrest a news reporter (also black) for just standing?" Both live events. "Why weren't our cries heard the first, second, or hundredth time?" "Why wasn't justice served immediately?" "When did being black ever become a crime in the eyes of some?" I've had to come to terms that I may never get answers to any of those questions. I'm sad over the looting and harsh riots, but beyond thankful for the protests and cries forcing a shift in the atmosphere. I cannot believe that another man's life was risked because of his race, but encouraged that this spark has spread like wildfire, lighting up and burning out the darkness.

I have hope. I have hope for our future, I have hope for healing, and most importantly, I have hope in God. "For in this hope we were saved... and we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him, who have been called according to his purpose." Romans 8:24-28. We are fighting a much greater battle than what we see with our own eyes, but it starts with today. What will you do to stand up and speak out?

Again, I'll ask you: Can you hear me now?

CAN YOU HEAR
ME NOW?

#THESHOWMUSTBEPAUSED
#THEMOVEMENT

BLACK LIVES MATTER

Freedom, Liberation, & Justice

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freedom

without hinderance

liberation

from oppression

justice

in treatment



FROM LOCK DOWN TO SHUT DOWN

Pray For Our Nation In This State Of Emergency

THE ARMOR OF GOD

"Finally, **BE STRONG IN THE LORD** and in his mighty power.
Put on the full armor of God, **SO THAT** you can take your stand against
the devil's schemes.

**FOR OUR STRUGGLE IS NOT AGAINST FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT
AGAINST THE RULERS, AGAINST THE AUTHORITIES, AGAINST
THE POWERS OF THIS DARK WORLD AND AGAINST THE
SPIRITUAL FORCES OF EVIL IN THE HEAVENLY REALMS.**

Therefore put on the full armor of God, so that when the day of evil
comes, you may be able to stand your ground, and after you have done
everything, to stand.

Stand firm then, with the **BELT OF TRUTH** buckled around your waist,
with the **BREASTPLATE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS** in place,
and with your **FEET FITTED WITH THE READINESS** that comes from
the gospel of peace.

In addition to all this, take up the **SHEILD OF FAITH**, with which you
can extinguish all the flaming arrows of the evil one.

Take the **HELMET OF SALVATION** and the **SWORD OF THE SPIRIT**,
which is the word of God.

AND PRAY IN THE SPIRIT ON ALL OCCASIONS with all kinds of
prayers and requests. With this in mind, be alert and always keep on
praying for all the Lord's people.

PRAY ALSO FOR ME, that whenever I speak, words may be given to me
so that I will **FEARLESSLY MAKE KNOWN THE MYSTERY OF THE
GOSPEL**,

FOR WHICH I AM AN AMBASSADOR IN CHAINS. Pray that I may
declare it fearlessly, **AS I SHOULD.**"



I HAVE A DREAM

EST. 1963

I HAVE A DREAM

BY JESSICA BRONWEN

(I believe that the icons the walked before us paved us a great path, for such a time as this. It can be easy to sit back and wish that legends like Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. could walk alongside and lead us in the tribulations that are being faced today. It is in these times however that we must become like them; follow their footsteps, and act in such a way that would make them proud. Dr. King had a dream and that has brought me here today. Now I too have a dream...)

Free at last.

Thank you Mr. King, for now your dream is lived out through me.

I am now able to join hands with my white brothers and sisters, freely.

But now, I too have a dream.

I have. a dream that one day we will be able to hug.

Freely, without fear or hesitation.

That we will never again take for granted the beauty of touch from a loved one.

That we will be able to shake hands, and truly appreciate whomever we have the
pleasure of meeting.

I have a dream, that we will fully embrace the beauty of the outside world around us.

We must not let the day to day get ahead of us.

And I have a dream,

that one day over all the nation, we will live in unity.

All of our brothers and sisters will know what it means to live in liberty and justice for all.

That my black brothers will no longer feel fear for their lives while running or making
errands, but an overwhelming sense of protection.

One day justice will be given when it's due, without hesitation, and we will feel safe in not
only this country, but our own homes.

May we educate and accept those of other nationalities and backgrounds.

May race never be something that is hindering, for we are all running it together.

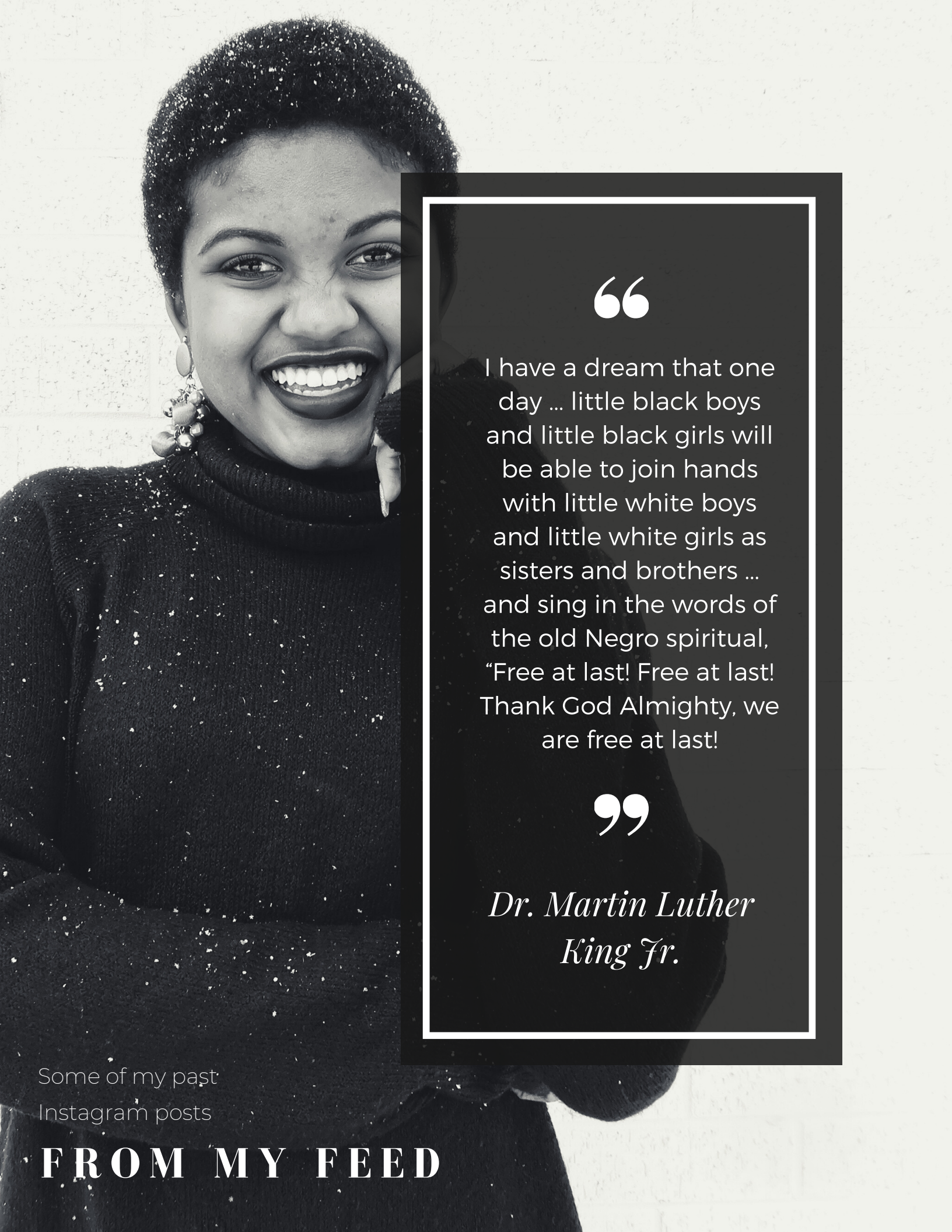
I have a dream that my children will live in a world where they are truly loved and seen as
equal to others.

That the color of their skin will simply be how God created them.

I have a dream that our hearts will be broken and focused on what's true.

You've said it before and I'll say it again,

"This will be the day that all of God's children will be able to sing"



“

I have a dream that one day ... little black boys and little black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and little white girls as sisters and brothers ... and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, “Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!”

”

*Dr. Martin Luther
King Jr.*

Some of my past
Instagram posts

FROM MY FEED



xoxo,

JESS