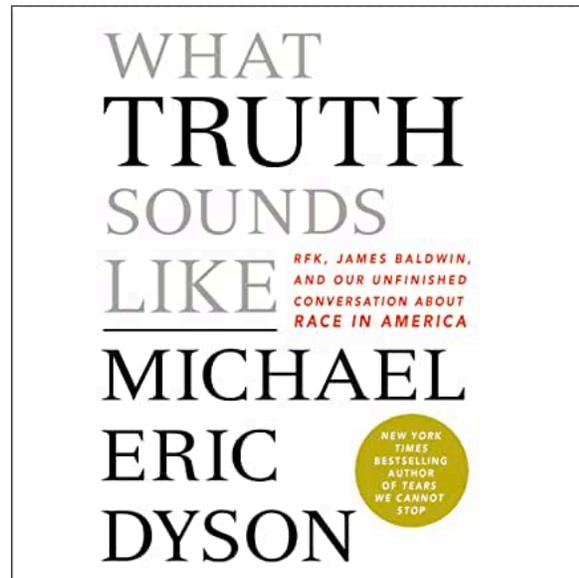


# What Truth Sounds Like by Michael Eric Dyson

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Through the gift of C SPAN I was introduced to Michael Eric Dyson's "What Truth Sounds Like". I confronted my unconscious racism as I read his examination of the reality of white privilege. Part of that privilege was the freedom to fall in love with a young black man and eventually be able to call him son. His biological parents welcomed us into their family with loving grace and considered our other sons theirs as well. This was possible because they were not afflicted with the inherited disease of racism. Eventually another son was privileged to adopt a foster child who is black who they fell in love with. I came to see that my white privilege gave our family the freedom to love in ways that not only didn't 'cost' us anything, but enriched us beyond measure.



Given all that it appears to me from our experience that only love is the answer. More details seem only to obstruct our meeting each other in our uniqueness's. Convincing others with facts only seems to harden resistance. We watch others confront their unconscious resistance when they have to accept our choices to love. They, too, find themselves loving our children and grandchildren because they love us. Dyson finds this truth every now and then as he plumbs the depth of people who have decided to love someone who challenges the ugly reality of white privilege. Racism is a "genetic" disease of people who inherited a fatal flaw. The sooner we find a cure for it the better we will all be. In a sobering article on the origin of hate titled [The Pathology of Prejudice](#), I learned a lot of how this genetic disease is passed on. It is worth reading. My only suggestion for Dyson is a word change in the title. I would suggest What Truth FEELS Like. This is my take away from spending time with his valuable examination of what is holding us back.