When Equality Doesn't Get You There

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I sprinted for the spot closest to my teacher's brown creaky rocking chair as she called for us to sit on the purple dragon rug towards the front of our classroom. The walls of that classroom, the last one in the first grade hall, held colors of every hue. Our creations hung on clothespins like they were masterpieces of world art and the science corner housed enticing jars and tools for us to explore. But that rug. I loved that rug. I cherished my time spent at the feet of that purple dragon as a first grader. This was where we always did the most exciting activities that allowed my mind to take flight. After we'd made it to the floor, my teacher began to pass out little red envelopes to each student and hushed chatter filled the space between us as we guessed what the envelopes could possibly contain.

Mrs. Fortin took her spot in her chair and instructed us to open our envelopes. Something about her curly brown hair that was now mostly gray and the permanent wrinkles carved from one too many smiles helped me know even as a first grader how wise she was. I tore open the sealed paper and pulled out a card that read "Rattlesnake Bite." Huh? One by one she asked us to read aloud what was on the small card inside of our envelopes. Paper cut. Broken leg. Headache. Sore throat. Skinned knee. Sunburn. Each contained an injury that we were to imagine we had for a moment. I shuddered at the thought of having a rattlesnake bite. I hate snakes.

As we read off our imaginary injuries, Mrs. Fortin tossed us each a brown band-aid. I glanced at the band-aid and then at my rattlesnake bite card. Chatter again billowed into the room as some kids began to point out that a band-aid wouldn't fix their problem like it would some others. It certainly wouldn't fix mine.

She then began a discussion that would permeate my brain and etch itself into my thoughts for decades. "Class, is it *fair* that everyone got a band-aid?" I quickly nodded as my early-bred-daughter-of-an-engineer mathematical brain took charge of analyzing the question.

Everyone got an equal amount of supplies to fix their injury. Fair. Period. Then my eyes darted from my rattlesnake card to the paper cut card of the classmate sitting next to me. My nod slowed and turned into a shake as mathematical equivalencies faded from my thoughts and suffering human faces in desperate need of help replaced them. No. No that's not fair.

I'd heard my parents chant "life's not fair" repeatedly in exasperated response to hundreds of arguments surrounding subjects so menial that only siblings could find a way to make them contentious. And I heard it just a few months ago, except this time with a more empathetic tone, when my mother-in-law commented on the recent tornado that struck the small, poverty ridden town of Selma, Alabama. We were on our routine Sunday facetime call when she told us about the tornado. "It's just not fair for those people." I sat there silently, internalizing the thought of the tornado being unfair. I understood where she was coming from, but I couldn't help but thinking that nobody could've controlled the tornado. Unlucky perhaps, but not *unfair*. Even tornado experts don't know exactly when or where a tornado will touchdown before it does (Davies-Jones, 1995). Less than one quarter of all tornadoes even have an issued warning and when they are issued, warning times average only three minutes before impact (Adams & Golden, 2000).

Three minutes. Imagine having three minutes to wrangle your family and outrun a wind monster travelling as fast as a car speeding down the freeway (Davies-Jones, 1995). With three minutes to flee to some illusive place of safety, residents in neighborhoods are forced to brace themselves wherever they are for impact. Since we can't outrun them or truly prepare for them, successfully minimizing the impact of tornadoes and other natural disasters points toward disaster recovery efforts as an indispensable component (Laska, 2006). But the more I read, the more I realize that the impact of such events often have little to do with the category of storm

and too much to do with the political economy and social equality of the affected region (Sovacool et al., 2018). It seems to me that these natural disasters may be a little more unnatural than we realize. Vulnerability is not just determined by an unlucky set of coordinates, rather how both human and environmental factors are coupled and with what degree of fairness they are treated (Schnieder & Kunze, 2022). While the storms themselves can be considered random, previous history shows that disaster recovery efforts have resulted in a degree of hidden injustice that is difficult to ignore (Sovacool et al., 2018).

I was in Tampa, Florida once, right in the path of a brewing hurricane. Gas stations were packed with cars within miles and miles of my apartment and you couldn't find bread on grocery store shelves anywhere. The once warm and inviting homes that lined the streets of the neighborhoods around me that I once explored each day in the beautiful Florida sun were now boarded up with scrap pieces of plywood, undoubtedly used for this purpose at least once before evidenced by the plethora of rusty nails and banged up corners. Sandbags began to pile in people's doorways and clouds gloomed overhead. Something tangible had shifted in the air. I remember feeling unprepared myself, but assuming that the hurricane wouldn't affect me. But then it affected me.

I went to visit an elderly man named Mike before the storm was predicted to hit. Mike had become a friend of mine through church. His New Jersey accent and crooked smile invited me into his life with each fantastical story he told. He'd once cooked in a michelin star kitchen, with gadgets and gismos galore. Now, he had a microwave to cook what little he could afford. He once played in a jazz ensemble for his worship group at church, but now his fingers were trapped in an arthritic prison. I asked him what he thought of this hurricane. With a crooked smirk, Mike pulled out a dime from his pocket. "Heads it gets me, tails it misses." He tossed and

caught it with ease and then uncovered the result. Heads. A shrug of cynical hopelessness bounced off his shoulders as if to say that he'd accepted his fate. He went on to explain that because he lived in government subsidized housing, he depended on the city to prepare his home. His health made it impossible for him to change a lightbulb at home, let alone board up his windows and barricade the walls with heavy sandbags. I could tell by the mildew-tinted stench coming from inside his apartment that flooding had wreaked havoc there before.

Now, the hurricane didn't end up coming our way. The coin was wrong. In fact, it took a sharp eastward turn and left us with heavy rainstorms that were not uncharacteristic for Tampa. But I couldn't help but think about what may have happened to Mike if it had come our way and about what's happened to people like Mike who weren't so fortunate, who've had to sit and take the brute force of mother nature.

In the case of Hurricane Katrina, many of the poorer neighborhoods were in lower plains, more prone to flooding (Sovacool et al., 2018). Hurricane Katrina was a category 5 hurricane, but the majority of the deaths that Katrina caused were from an engineering failure in New Orleans' levee system which resulted in the flooding of 100,000 homes (Henkel, 2006). Many of the neighborhoods built at these lower elevations most in danger of flooding happened to be poorer and predominantly African American. But get this - many of these families didn't have flood insurance and insurance companies refused to cover the damage done by the flood and federal aid went towards damage caused by the actual hurricane (Craemer, 2010). Renters, which happen to mostly be the same poor, African American demographic, received little to no help with rebuilding costs (Henkel, 2006). And white neighborhoods received 60 more temporary trailers per 1000 residents than predominantly black neighborhoods (Craemer, 2010). So while the storms themselves have no bias towards one city or another, resources do. The unfairness of

the storm is not found in it's destructive path, rather in the post-path of rebuilding. And in this way, I think humans *do* control the storms - just different versions of them.

Despite a similar and predominantly black demographic to New Oreleans, the recent catastrophe in Selma has brought more government disaster recovery funding than expected in hopes of protecting and restoring its history steeped streets and buildings. But shouldn't the current residents be enough? It makes me wonder what their recovery aid may have looked like had disaster chosen to strike in a demographically identical but historically vanilla city 30 miles south.

What makes Selma history steeped and worth protecting in the eyes of those in charge of distributing aid are the events that took place there during the civil rights movement. One event of particular note famous to Selma is known as Bloody Sunday. As the civil rights movement reached its peak, nonviolent activists arranged a march for voting rights from Selma, Alabama to Montgomery, the state capital (Pratt, 2017). On March 7th, 1965, three Southern Christian Leadership Conference, the organization with which Dr. Martin Luther King was associated, lieutenants met at Brown Chapel to determine who would co-lead the march with non-violent veteran John Lewis of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (Salaam & Muhammad, 2015). To make it fair, they flipped a coin. Hosea Williams won the toss (or as he would joke years later, he actually lost the toss) and would march up front beside Lewis while Andrew Young and James Bevel would stay back to handle logistics in case there was trouble (Pratt, 2017).

Throughout the muggy Alabama spring day, marchers assembled at Brown Chapel. Many arrived straight from church, still wearing suits, ties, dresses, and high heels - their Sunday best (Pratt, 2017). Rumors had been spread that these marchers may be met with violence from

Selma's police force and some white residents, but before leaving Brown Chapel, marchers gathered around Lewis and were reminded that no matter what happened, they were to hold true to the principles of nonviolence that had been practiced by Dr. King's followers for the entirety of the civil rights movement. Then, the floor of the church shook as 600+ knees hit the floor in prayer (Salaam & Muhammad, 2015). I'm confident that not every hear could hear the prayer Lewis offered, but that every heart felt it. Marchers set off towards Montgomery some 50 miles away. As many marchers remember it, there was no singing or shouting - just a feeling of reverence as they listened to the beat of their own hearts falling in perfect rhythmic syncrhonization with the sound of their shoes hitting the pavement (Miller, 2015).

As they reached Broad Street, they turned left and began their climb up the north side of Edmund Pettus Bridge - a landmark in Selma named after a Ku Klux Klan Grand Dragon (Pratt, 2017). Grand Dragon - the title sends involuntary chills up my spine. When the front of the double-file river of marchers reached the crest of the bridge, leaders Hosea Williams and John Lewis stopped dead still. There waiting at the other end of the bridge was a storm. A "sea of blue-helmeted, blue-uniformed Alabama state troopers, line after line of them, dozens of battle-ready lawmen. Behind them were several dozen more armed men, some on horseback, all wearing khaki clothing, many carrying clubs the size of baseball bats" (Pratt, 2017).

After being told that their assemble was "unlawful" and "a danger to the public", Major John Cloud issued a first and final warning to the marchers. They had two minutes to flee to their own place of safety (Pratt, 2017). Not having it in his nature to retreat, but knowing that moving forward would put the marchers in danger they too couldn't outrun, Lewis decided that the only option left was to kneel once again in prayer. Williams and Lewis crouched to their knees and so followed the valiant army of marchers behind them. As Lewis began to pray aloud, the blue sea

of troopers shuffled to prepare for battle. One minute and five seconds after Cloud issued his final two minute warning, all hell broke loose (Miller, 2015). Within seconds, the storm unleashed and the marchers were enveloped in a tornado of swinging clubs, flying fists, charging horses, and a cloud of tear gas.

Something about the Selma stormcloud and gascloud got me thinking: neither cloud would take the life of any Selma resident and both would leave the city devastated, but one felt so much more *wrong* than the other. I get that the tornado caused more physical and economic damage, but somehow the events that occurred that spring day in 1965 feel far more devastating to me. It seems even harder for me to grasp with my values and perspectives in 2023 that the violence with which the marchers were treated could have possibly been seen as fair by some passersby. Why is this? What makes one feel so much more fair than the other?

I think that the idea of fairness evolves with time as history teaches its lessons. In biblical days, the fair punishment for commiting adultery was death (Corning, 2011). Not anymore. A fair wage for my first job at Chick-fil-a was $7.25. Not anymore. What was fair in the past, may not be fair now, and vice versa. However I think at least one thing remains constant. From what I've learned, our pull towards being treated fairly is undeniably innate. It's ingrained in you and me, woven into the very strands of our DNA (Sun, 2013). Think about the following scenarios:

- Is it fair to keep a convicted prisoner locked up if DNA evidence later proves that he/she is innocent?
- Is it fair to pay a 5 year old and a 15 year old the same amount in allowance each week?
- Is it fair for a teacher who made a mistake in grading a calculus exam to refuse to correct the mistake at the expense of the student's grade?

- Is it fair for regulations surrounding voting registration to prevent marginalized groups from being able to register?

If you answered no to each of these, you are living proof of this natural sense of fairness. Despite you and I's likely very different upbringings and life experiences, we feel the same about many scenarios where justice is called into question. I first noticed this innate fairness while spending time with my cousin and her twin toddlers. At the time, they were two 18 month old tornadoes of energy and emotion- twinadoes if you will. I began to notice that if one twin was held by their mother, the other without fail would ask to be held. They felt the need for equal love and attention, even if extra love and attention wasn't needed before seeing her sister with Mom. Not even two years old, yet they already were concerned with being treated fairly.

Another cousin of mine, the brown capuchin monkey, illustrates this too. In 2003, a group of researchers set out to see if this pull towards fairness was uniquely human, or if we shared it with our animal neighbors. Researchers trained the monkeys to use rocks as currency in exchange for food reward (Bronson & de Waal, 2003). Once the monkeys learned the system, they were paired up and each given a rock to exchange for yet another food reward. If the monkey returned the rock, it was rewarded with either a grape or a cucumber. Grapes were highly favored by the monkeys while the cucumbers weren't - and I don't blame them. When both monkeys received the same reward regardless of whether or not it was a grape, they were willing to make the exchange. However, when one monkey was given a cucumber while their partner received a grape, the monkey refused to participate in the exchange. Some even threw the cucumbers back at the researchers. They could tell when they were given a band-aid to remedy their rattlesnake bite and that it wasn't fair. The inequality effect in this experiment proved significant signalling that we are truly not alone in our desire to be treated fairly.

I'm an aspiring Statistician. When I read studies like this one about the brown capuchins, my favorite parts to read are about the experimental design - the set up of their experiment. One of the first statistics classes that I took pounded the importance of randomization in experimental statistics into my heart and soul. So, when I read about a study that someone else conducted, I'm hunting for evidence of randomization. You'll be happy to hear that Bronson and de Waal randomized with textbook precision, which is one reason why they are able to make such powerful conclusions about monkeys having an innate sense of fairness.

Randomization in statistics is used to avoid selection biases, eliminate the effects of confounding variables, and permit the use of probability theory (Suresh, 2011). In other words, it makes things fair so that the numbers can tell the objective story they were designed to tell. This is something that feels right to my brain. If a true random sample of the population of interest is selected, then conclusions can be applied to the entire population. Powerful. If treatments are randomly assigned to subjects appropriately, then causal statements can be drawn about the effectiveness of the treatment. Powerful. Randomization in experimental statistics jumps the hurdle of bias and person-to-person variability. Randomness in statistics is fairness. But is randomization what constitutes fairness everywhere else?

It seems to me that in some cases, the answer is yes. For example, it would seem most fair to be randomly assigned a judge rather than having one hand selected who was particularly passionate about holding at bay the crime you've committed. It seems fair that natural disasters don't have a mind of their own and are only puppetted by science. It semed fair in 1965 to leave the task of assigning the leader of the march up to chance with the flip of a coin. However, if other scenarios were handled with randomization, we may have something to say about it. Think prison sentences. The malicious murderer walks free with the right flip of a coin while the

struggling single-mom of four with a speeding ticket way past due is sentenced to life in prison with the wrong one. Think opportunities. The industrious international student upon finally finishing his PhD in Neuroscience lands a job as a fry cook at McDonald's while the high school drop-out becomes a professor of law at Yale. Even though Selma taking the hit of a major tornado touchdown was random and out of human control, maybe it may have felt a little more fair had it landed in a more affluent city. Randomization jumps the bias hurdle, but perhaps bias is needed in some scenarios.

Bias is a systematic distortion, a calculated shift (Suresh, 2011). Though sometimes subconscious, it's based on human preferences. We see bias everywhere. It's in almost all of our choices - who we choose to sit next to at a work meeting, what shoes we wear for a night out, which grocery store to shop at. It was in how a professor graded a couple of my coworker's papers. He'd written a beautifully poignant essay about men in battle that received a C but when he chose to appeal to her bold feminist stances by writing an essay about Taylor Swift's "The Man", he received an A. Both essays were written with equal effort and executed with comparable skill, yet a 20 point gulf separated them. In many cases, bias keeps us comfortable, confident and safe, but in others it causes rifts of injustice (Gilovich, 2002). When making fair decisions comes into play, it's important to recognize our biases and consciously recalculate. This recalculation may not change our decision, but it can prevent you and I from turning a blind eye. It seems to me that this can explain much of what's happening when we look at the natural disaster recovery period following storms like Hurricane Katrina. The government is more inclined to give aid to those who participate more in society both economically and democratically, but fail to recognize that those very decisions are what keep many trapped in the same cycle of poverty and democratic inactivity (Craemer, 2010). And maybe these are the

moments where we can't stand by and shrug things of with a "life's not fair". Maybe fairness can only work as well as the people willing to uphold it - and that's you and I.

In 1953, an ecological tornado touched down on the island of Guam. The Brown Tree Snake had been accidentally introduced to the island of Guam at the end of World War II when it became an important military base and transfer point for Allied forces (Rafferty, 2020). Much like the minimal warning time given to neighborhoods in the path of a raging tornado, native species to Guam were not evolutionarily designed to defend against the brown tree snake and couldn't outrun the impact they brought to their habitats. They had no chance of survival (Printis et al., 2008). From the first spotting in 1953 to today, the brown tree snake would devastate almost a dozen native bird, bat and lizard species (Perry & Vice, 2009). Many of these birds served as a critical pollinators for the island's plant life and their decline brought about the devastation of plant life on the island, including two species of fruit trees that significantly contributed to Guam's economy (Rafferty, 2020). It seems that there is some degree of unfairness that an alien species not meant belong could devastate so many native species, but you don't exactly see protesters with signs fighting for the lives and rights of the Guam Kingfisher. In the animal kingdom, this is the circle of life and survival of the fittest seems to be the ruler against which all fairness is measured. But I think it's different for us humans. There seems to be more to us than mere survival.

In sports there seems to be an emerging invasive species of sorts. Professional surfer and shark-attack survivor Bethany Hamilton has refused to participate in future World Surf League events after a recent policy change has allowed the participation of transgender women to compete in women's competitions - biological men competing against women (Greenberg, 2023). The official rule for the World Surf League was adopted from the International Surfing

Association, which updated their policy to remain in harmony with Olympic regulations (International Surfing Association, 2023). The official rule states that any athlete who was assigned male at birth and identifies as a man is eligible to compete in a men's event or as a man in a mixed event. Any athlete who was assigned female at birth and identifies as a woman is eligible to compete in a women's event or as a woman in a mixed event. An athlete who was assigned male at birth, who identifies as a woman, may still compete in the men's competition category. However, in the event that she wishes to compete in a women's event or as a woman in a mixed event, she will be eligible to do so if she has provided a written and signed declaration that she identifies as a women and that she has maintained a testosterone concentration in her serum below a certain threshold continuously for the previous 12 months.

Hamilton spoke up claiming that this new policy will inevitably lead to male-bodied dominance in surfing as it has in other sports such as swimming and running. And I don't think this is Hamilton just trying to make excuses. Hamilton was attacked by a 14-foot tiger shark at age 13 resulting in the loss of her left arm (Greenberg, 2023). Was it fair that she had to compete against athletes with two arms? Maybe not, but what other choice did she have? Her one-armed status was something outside of her control and from what I've discovered so far can't really be deemed unfair. In fact, I think it may be possible that judges of competitions were so caught off guard and impressed by the skill that Hamilton was able to develop with only one arm that they unknowingly leanded towards higher scores - bias.

Her emerging competitors are individuals who feel a significant disconnect between the gender they were assigned at birth based on their genital anatomy and their gender identity, one's internal sense of gender (Jones & Arcelus, 2020). Some transgender people will choose to affirm their gender identity by transitioning socially and living as their identified gender at work,

school, home, and other areas of their lives. Further, some may choose to medically transition through gender-conforming surgeries or cross-sex hormones (Kamasz, 2018).

I remember walking to the women's locker room after school one Friday during my senior year. I was headed to the weight room for my volleyball team's after-school conditioning. As I turned the corner towards the gyms, there were reporters with cameras and microphones huddled near the entry. It was the beginning of the Texas State Championship wrestling tournament and our school was hosting the preliminary regional rounds. That year, Mack Beggs won the state title for the 110 pound weight class in Texas high school female wrestling. He was in the process of transitioning from a biological female to a male and coaches in the Dallas-Fort Worth area began to reocognize a significant difference in the strength and appearance of Beggs as he easily breezed through his female competitors (Babb, 2017). His use of testosterone and other hormonal pills ramped up the controversy surrounding his championship win over his previously undefeated opponent, Chelsea Sanchez.

Beggs' parents argued that wrestling was more a sport of skill and discipline than it was a sport of strength and therefore Beggs had no advantage over his female competitors. My brother was a wrestler, so I spent many hours at tournaments and many dinners with a missing sibling because he was trying to make weight. I've seen what it takes to wrestle, and I'd say it takes more strength than any other sport. Had Mack Beggs not begun his transition and won the state title, no controversy would surround the win. It is likely that Sanchez would still be disappointed in her loss of a title she'd been working so hard towards, however she would not have felt robbed, cheated even.

But aren't some athletes genetically stronger than others anyways? Our muscle mass and body fat ratios are largely influenced by our genetic make-up. Given two individuals of the same

height and weight, eating the exact same diet, and exercising on the exact same plan, one could still emerge stronger than the other. It's DNA, hard coded inside of us. Does this give them an advantage in sport deemed unfair? No. This is a random phenomenon that the athlete themselves has no control over. In fact, this is highlighted and sought after by coaches.

So it would seem that fairness is dependent upon the extent to which human choice creates an imbalance. Maybe not the disaster itself, but the resources guiding the recovery. Maybe not the naturally gifted athlete, but the hormone enhanced one. Imbalances created by human choices are inevitable. They'll always be there. Sometimes without warning, and sometimes with no place to hide. So it is up to us to figure out how to deal with this.

The same little girl who raced for the front of that purple dragon rug in first grade cherished the moments she spent in sunday school. The church I went to didn't look like anything special on the outside, but I always felt at home there. The big windows let the golden rays of Texas sunshine burst through onto the white cinderblock walls that separated the adult space from the chidren's space. There I learned about the golden rule and I was a major rule follower. So this quickly became principle that I would genuinely strive to live my life by from an early age.

The golden rule is a principle that religions across the globe teach to emphasize how life should be lived. Even non-religious people grab hold of this idea, some even using it as justification for their belief in the uselessness of religion. In Christianity, it's "therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you: do ye even so to them" (King James Version, 1604, Matt. 7:12). Simply put, the golden rule is treating others the way we would want to be treated. Native Americans expound on this by saying that "respect for every form of life is the foundation" (*The Big Law of Peace*, 16th century). This shows me just how essential the

principle is to our lives. Judaism feels similarly. It's "what is hateful to you, do not do to your fellow-man. This is the entire law, all the rest is commentary" (Talmud, Shabbat 3id – 16th century BC). Everything else is commentary. It's as if the Jews are claiming that if we can master this one thing, everything else will fall into place. I think I believe that too.

Wise Atticus Finch from Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird* seemed to have this figured out when he said "you never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view... until you climb inside of his skin and walk around in it" (Lee, 2010). Atticus may have been on to something. Studies show that an increased sensitivity to justice for others is related to those who exercise cognitive empathy and concern. Cognitive empathy is the act of consciously placing yourself in someone else's shoes, climbing inside of someone else's skin and walking around in it for a bit. And maybe that's what this world needs a little more of.

I think about the kid that sat on that purple dragon rug that day. I was an early bred over-achiever. Only 6 years old but already overly concerned with being the smartest kid in class. My last name started with the letter "A" so I was often chosen to be the line leader, the holder of the grubby PVC pipe with a laminated green card that read "Fortin" which helped parents know where to find their kids at pick up time. At least, the parents that came to pick up their kids. See, I grew up in a poorer part of town. Most of my classmates had two parents with jobs - sometimes multiple each. Most of my classmates were future first generation college students, if they decided to go. Most of my classmates spoke Spanish at home, making it more difficult to learn in English at school.

Me? Well, both of my parents worked. My dad worked at a small engineering firm and then headed to Wendy's until he was too tired to come kiss us goodnight to earn a few extra bucks for his family of 6. My younger brothers were still too little to go to school, so my mom

found a job at a daycare where she could bring them along with no questions asked. I wouldn't be a first generation college student, instead I had a mother that snuggled with me in my bed and read Junie B. Jones with me at night by the light of my blue horse night-light. She would erase my school work and make me redo it if it wasn't written in my best handwriting. She had high hopes and high expectations for me and I appreciated that. It made me feel like I was capable of anything.

But what about that kids that didn't have that? What about the kids who had parents too concerned with making ends meet to come to their parent-teacher conferences or choir recitals or awards ceremonies? The older I've gotten the more I realize just how much life has been tipped in my favor. And I kind of hate myself for it. The more I learn about what a hard life actually looks like the more I feel that I've somehow cheated life, that in a way, I'm adding more injustice to the world just by existing.

I'm not a first grader anymore and neither are those classmates that surrounded me that day. Now instead of paper cuts and rattlesnake bites, our cards have very real issues. Sexual Assault. Poverty. Suicidal thoughts. Cancer. Starvation. Homelessness. Identity crises. I don't know if life will ever be fair, but perhaps some of us have the duty to do a little extra climbing in other people's skins to think about what it might be like if things were different. If more people did this, I think little by little we'd see prejudice melt, hatred overcome with love, and rattlesnake bites healed.

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