Excerpts from “A Mother’s White Privilege”

*By Elizabeth Broadbent*

I have three sons…they are…blond…pinkish-white…their eyes are blue and green. Basically, I'm raising the physical embodiment of The Man, times three…

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| Clerks do not follow my sons around the store, presuming they might steal something.Their normal kid stuff -- tantrums, running, shouting - these are chalked up to being children, not to being non-white.People do not assume that, with three children, I am cheat[ing] the welfare system.They will walk together, all three, through our suburban neighborhood. People will think,Look at those kids out for a walk. They will not think,Look at those punks casing the joint.People will assume they are intelligent. No one will say they are "well-spoken" when they break out SAT words. Women will not cross the street when they see them. Nor will they clutch their purses tighter.My sons will never be mistaken for stealing their own cars, or entering their own houses.No one will stop and frisk my boys because they look suspicious. |

For a mother, white privilege means your heart doesn't hit your throat when your kids walk out the door. It means you don't worry that the cops will shoot your sons.

It carries another burden instead. White privilege means that if you don't school your sons about it, if you don't insist on its reality and call out **oppression**, your sons may become something terrifying.

Your sons may become the shooters.