

God never promised me life without sorrow. Racial pain may be the lot of dark people, but God doesn't have to explain it. I just have to trust the Lord to direct me through it. I realize, finally, that God never expected me to be perfect. Man did. And woman. And white folks. And blacks folks. The world did. But all the while, the Lord was saying, "Child, you're OK with me. Being perfect is my business. *Being* is yours."

Every child born is supposed to know this thing - that he or she is fine, by virtue of just being alive and *here*. But too early we start learning otherwise-learning this sometimes from otherwise good people. So the doubts set in, and the fears. And our true condition is lost to us.

*Patricia Raybon, My First White Friend (p.134)*