

Journal #2—Yolanda Jones

I have always identified as a Black woman when growing up because my mother is Black. I am however mixed with Hispanic due to my father being born in Columbia. In reading the article *Patrolling Racial Borders*, discrimination against mixed race people resonated with me due to my upbringing between homes of mixed Ethnic backgrounds. Although my paternal side of the family is Columbia and not white, I often felt as an “out-group” by some members of my family as a child. I am not certain if this applies or if I am using the comparison in the proper form. I remember when visiting my paternal relatives, all of whom appeared white, some with straight blonde and light brown hair. I felt like an outcast because I had darker skin and kinky hair, I remember being photographed with them and how I clearly stood out. Even when standing beside my father who was very light with jet black curly hair I looked different. The patrolling of the child’s physicality is what I felt, my dad did not know how to do my hair. I remembered once being in the shower over an hour trying to make my hair straighter then got in trouble because I was running up the water bill. I was extremely uncomfortable at times because all my cousins were bi-lingual and spoke Spanish but I didn’t. My grandmother did not speak any English at all and I was unable to communicate with her without the presence of my dad.

Reading this piece was enlightening and some of the examples provided were exactly how I felt growing up. I didn’t know about anti-miscegenation laws, I now see why my grandfather was furious when he found out about my parent’s relationship and left New York because he did not want them to be together. I didn’t understand how my family didn’t see themselves as minorities and wanted to be White. The discrimination and patrolling I endured within my own family for being born Black was an eye-opener and evidence on how White people feel they are superior and better than any other race or ethnic group.