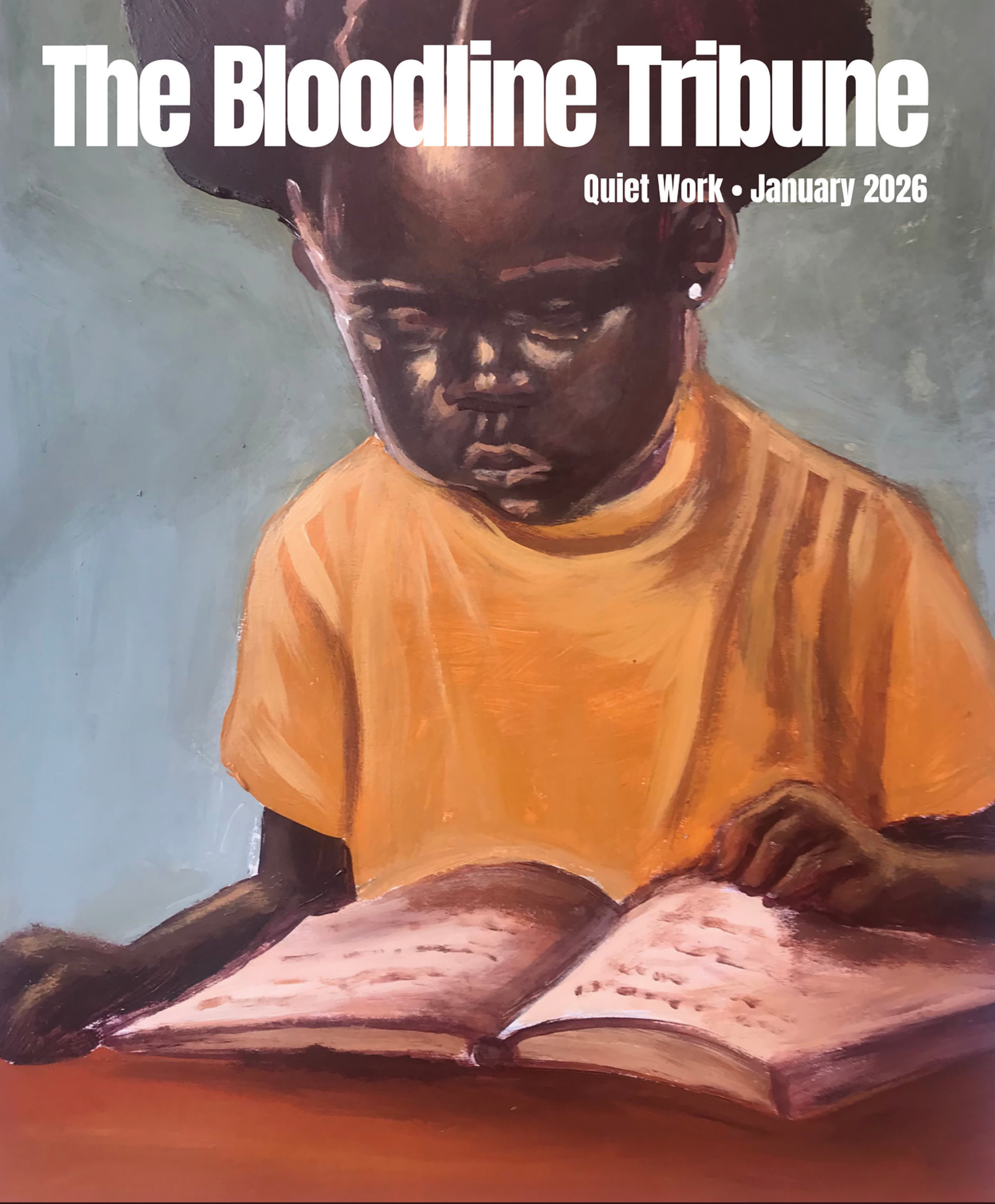
The Bloodline Tribune

Quiet Work • January 2026



A CLOCKWORK RED PART 1: THE ART OF BLEEDING- SELINA GELLIZEAU


TAJI CAN YOU TAKE YOUR HALLOWEEN COSTUME OFF? YOU CAN STOP BEING A DORK NOW!
...
TBL
LOOK HOW SCARY THAT HOUSE LOOKS? LET'S CHECK IT OUT.
NIGGA YOU TRIPPIN' I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE!!
OH YEAH, YOU TRIPPIN' BAD...
WOW!! LOOK AT ALL THE ANCIENT STATUES AND PAINTINGS!!
THIS ONE ON THE RIGHT COULD BE YOUR BROTHER TAJI!
LOUD BANG IN THE HOUSE...
FUCK THIS, I'M OUT!! SOMETHING TOLD ME TO SIT MY ASS DOWN!!
YOU GOT THE HOLY GHOST OR SOMETHING!? WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM??
AMARA, YOU OKAY!?

THE WORK

The Root Note

The work behind closed doors.

The mothers who prepare dinners for the youth and expect nothing in return.

The ancestors who stayed up through sleepless nights, recording history that now sits on dusty shelves and in hidden compartments.

The voice that refuses to be silenced from a people so resilient.

What is history?
I find myself learning that every day.

It lives in every layer we uncover of an ancestor who dedicated their life to a dream we now believe in.

It lives in the nameless sacrifices of those who lost their lives for liberation. The work is the work. Praise should never be expected. We give to the greater cause, the greater good, so that one day those who come next will have the tools needed to carry the journey forward.

As we embark on Year Two of The Bloodline Tribune, I reflect on the silent work. The writing, the researching, the emotions left on the page by this team. No praise. No glory. Not yet.

Year One was proof of existence. Proof to the ancestors that we are here to stay. Proof that we are committed to educating, reclaiming identity, and honoring the byproducts of their endless sacrifice. We press toward the prayers of Garvey, the hopes of Malcolm, and the dream of Sankara. In joy and in sadness, in discipline and in resolve.

This issue is dedicated to our brother who carried Black press for over thirty years with truth across the land. Not for glory, but for intention. The greater purpose.

Before Bishop James Redfern's passing, we were blessed with the honor of receiving an article from him. I did not know then that it would be his final connection to us on this side. Today, he guides us as a Kulanshi. It is an honor and a privilege to continue carrying the work of empowering our people, offering love and unity to the diaspora.

This is the cause.

This is the work.
We press on.

My brother, my friend.

Chuck King
The Bloodline

The Sacred Silence: Why Black Stillness is Survival and Power

Darryl Ben Yudah

In a world that demands Black people constantly perform, explain, and resist, there is a quiet revolution rising—stillness. Not the kind born of inaction, but a sacred, intentional silence that reclaims power, heals wounds, and activates something far greater than the material world can comprehend.

For generations, Black people have survived unspeakable trauma—enslavement, segregation, systemic racism, and cultural erasure. But woven into that survival has always been something transcendent: prayer, ritual, and spiritual silence. Our ancestors didn't just endure; they accessed realms that machines cannot touch and algorithms cannot decode. This was their real weapon: communion with the divine through silence.

Stillness Is Resistance

In a society that glorifies noise, constant movement, and productivity, Black stillness becomes an act of resistance. When the world expects rage, we meditate. When it demands our exhaustion, we rest. When it exploits our rhythm, we retreat into the rhythm of breath and spirit.

Stillness is not passivity—it's preservation. It's the moment Harriet Tubman prayed before each escape, it's the prayers of Nat Turner and the prophets like Daniel, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. It's the hush of slaves in secret praise houses. It's the ancestral whisper that guides the warrior, the seer, the healer. In silence, we remember who we are.

The Power of Sacred Ritual

Prayer isn't just petition—it's alignment. It opens portals that technology can't crack. Holy rituals that goes beyond—pouring libation, lighting candles, speaking affirmations, ancestral offerings but—telekinesis, psychokinesis, clairvoyance, retrocognition, precognition, dermo-optical perception, remote viewing, dream telepathy, xenoglossy, extrasensory perception, hydrokinesis or aquakinesis, are sacred technologies themselves. They engage frequencies and energies far beyond the digital. Where artificial intelligence ends, ancestral intelligence begins.

This is why our rituals were banned, demonized, or stolen. Colonizers feared what they couldn't understand—because they sensed the power. The supernatural has always been a birthright of the Black soul, passed down through drumbeat, chant, dream, and holy quiet.

Why We Must Reclaim It Now

Today's world is loud—chaotic timelines, surveillance, racial fatigue, and endless battles. But in the silence, Black people find rest, revelation, and rebirth. In stillness, we heal cellular trauma. In prayer, we download divine strategies. In sacred rituals, we reconnect to spiritual power that no government, no police force, and no machine can override.

Let the world have its satellites and spyware. We have the unseen. Let them build towers of tech—we'll build altars of truth.

The Sacred Silence is Our Sanctuary.

To be still is to remember. To be silent is to hear YAH. And to honor that sacred silence… is to awaken the supernatural strength that has always set us apart.

Old stories that were never told still live inside our DNA.

And though they can't be spoken, they can be felt.

Though they can't be seen, they can be heard.

I am the product of my ancestors' wildest dreams

their greatest hopes

what they tilled the yard for

what they planted the harvest for


Orangeburg
2nd Annual
Gullah Geechee
Heritage
Festival
March 28, 2026
GNONA Headquarters
(The Cosmic Green Spot)
2238 Charleston Hwy.
Orangeburg, SC 29115

I.B.R.S.

Internal Bloodline Restoration Service

The Internal Bloodline Restoration Service exists to help individuals and families trace their direct lineage through records, land, and documented history, within a Black-owned and Black-centered research framework.

We are currently accepting a limited number of participants for our prototype phase. These cases will help establish a public record and refine the process ahead of full service launch. Selected participants will receive the service at no cost.

This work is about memory,
proof, and return.

Selina Gellizeau | Autonomy Theft 2026

On the morning of January 23rd 2026, I began menstruating. On January 24th 2026, on the second and heaviest day of my period, I signed this painting in my own blood; in honor of the blood that has been spilled throughout the diaspora before me and may have long since been forgotten. - Selina Gellizeau

A Clockwork Red Part 1: The Art of Bleeding

Selina Gellizeau

A Note from the Author

I began working on this piece intending to trace the origins of Period Fashion. But there was something unsettling about calling any of this Fashion because what emerged instead was not at all a whimsical story of style, creativity, or choice.

Garments, methods, and practices were responses to environmental constraints that offered little to no room for error and zero tolerance for the Black Woman's vulnerability.

I learned of a history shaped by danger, deprivation, and more dark truth behind colonial social order. Period fashion was never glamorous. It was born of conditions where the body had to be managed carefully to avoid punishment, loss of livelihood, or harm.

Enter, Aunt Flow

Long before Kotex swooped in and saved white women from the perils of menstrual convenience and before menstruation was regulated by "medicine", shaped by policy, or managed by industry, it was governed only through lived experience and collected knowledge.

Across precolonial African societies, menstruation was understood as a bodily process that communicated timing, fertility status, physical readiness, and recovery. This understanding developed and was sustained over time through observation, repetition, and shared experience.

Girls learned about menstruation through proximity to women in their communities. Knowledge moved through daily life, shared labor, and conversation. Cycles were tracked through memory, seasonal awareness, and lunar patterns. Regularity and change were recognized as meaningful indicators of bodily state.

Menstrual bleeding confirmed fertility without pregnancy and guided decisions related to exertion, physical intimacy, planning and spacing around child birth, and feminine care. It functioned as one expression of bodily rhythm within a broader understanding of cyclical processes used to govern land use, agriculture, new life, illness, and recovery treatment. Blood appeared in multiple aspects of life and was not isolated as deviant.

In some societies, temporary withdrawal from certain forms of labor occurred during bleeding. This reflected recognition of physical depletion rather than punishment. Accommodations varied body to body, through social adaptation such as temporary reassignment of physically demanding labor during, communal sharing of domestic tasks, allowance for altered pacing rather than full withdrawal. As well as spatial adjustments that enabled women to rest without the loss of status or contribution.

Governing the Black Woman's Body

It's important to note that menstrual knowledge did not emerge in response to oppression, it preceded it. To understand the conditions black women throughout the diaspora later faced, we must first recognize that before authority was imposed, the body governed itself. Autonomy was not absent, it was stolen.

Across the diaspora women quietly cared for their bodies using menstrual cloth made from what was close at hand, breathable, and kind to the skin. Cotton and linen, softened by wear and repeated washing, were most common, folded and refolded with care, washed, dried in the sun, and reused as an act of both necessity and knowledge. In warmer climates, these fabrics offered relief through airflow and absorbency, while in rural settings women sometimes turned to natural fibers when cloth was scarce. Across the African continent and throughout the Caribbean and the Americas, these practices were shared between mothers, daughters, and sisters, passed down not as hardship, but as lived wisdom. Modern reusable pads, made from cotton, bamboo blends, flannel, and waterproof backings, do not represent a departure from the past, but a continuation of it. They echo an ancestral understanding that menstrual care should be affordable, gentle, sustainable, and in harmony with the body and the climate it lives in.

Artist - MICKALENE THOMAS Origin of the Universe

Colonial expansion transformed menstruation from a bodily process into an administrative concern, filtered through classism and control. As European rule spread across Africa, the Caribbean, and the Americas during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, systems of governance prioritized extraction of native values and practices, replacing them with uniformity, surveillance, and respectability politics. As menstruation became subject to external authority, bodily knowledge was displaced by control under the guise of social progress.

Under these systems, menstruation was required to coexist with uninterrupted labor. Bleeding would no longer justify a pause in work or periods of rest. Privacy, water access, and time would be controlled and restricted. Menstrual handling became a matter of visibility and discipline. A stain, a scent, or a slowed pace would invite punishment or scrutiny.

A Brief History of Autonomy Theft Against Black Women

1854 to 1865, Senegal and French West Africa

Colonial governance under *Louis Faidherbe* aggressively pursued assimilation through enforced "sameness".

Cleanliness, apparel, and bodily order were recast as proof of social belonging, while access to the means of compliance was tightly controlled. Indigenous menstrual practices were now

considered failures to modernize, even as women were denied water, materials, and privacy. Menstrual leakage, fatigue, or altered pace could be cited as proof of disorder; justifying punishment, exclusion from employment, or removal from communal roles altogether.

1864 to 1866, Jamaica

Governance under *Edward Eyre* relied on "respectability" as the mechanism of control. Black women were expected to meet standards of cleanliness and composure without land ownership, wages, or privacy. Cloth-based menstrual care was labeled "unclean" because it existed outside of colonial commerce, which actively and intentionally excluded black women. Even survival itself was re-coded as "deficiency." Living was for the privileged, but was still highly expected of the unprivileged.

1866, Trinidad

Administration under *Arthur Hamilton Gordon* linked sanitation and apparel to moral worth. Black women's bodies became visible markers of "obedience" and social acceptability. Traditional menstrual handling was stripped of context and deemed "inadequate", with discipline imposed for conditions women did not create. Girls were removed from schools or publicly reprimanded for appearing unclean regardless of restricted access to sanitary resources.

In labor settings, menstruation that interrupted pace or visibility of blood could result in punishment by way of dismissal, withholding of wages, or reassignment to harsher work. Health inspections and mission oversight treated menstrual leakage as evidence of negligence to justify their surveillance of women's homes and bodies.

1875 to 1876, Barbados

Governance under *John Pope-Hennessy* used "respectability" as a method of reclassification. Cleanliness and apparel were used to sort women into moral categories. Afro-Barbadian practices were sidelined as "unsophisticated" and replaced with imported ideals of "civility" that remained inaccessible to most of the native population. The threat to everyday life was sustained. Black women employed as domestic workers or market vendors faced loss of income if they failed to present a controlled appearance. Visible menstrual leakage or fatigue was cited as evidence of moral laxity rather than bodily reality, and could result in dismissal, wage withholding, or public shame and reprimand. Women seeking work in colonial households were evaluated on their ability to embody an idealized composure that ignored menstruation altogether rather than their skill.

Schools and churches reinforced these standards and girls were disciplined for appearing unclean, removed from lessons, or subjected to "corrective instruction" when bodily signs disrupted expected presentation. Menstrual care practices passed down through generations of women in families were reframed as signs of "poor upbringing", and used to justify intervention by missionaries and social reformers.

1897 to 1901, South Africa

Kara Walker, Cypher of the Old Republick, 2025

Colonial administration under *Alfred Milner* subjected Black women's domestic lives to surveillance. Inspections became routine, with homes entered and judged according to foreign standards that ignored overcrowding, limited water access, and relentless labor demands. European ideals of hygiene were enforced while housing, sanitation infrastructure, and income stability were deliberately withheld.

Preexisting African systems of bodily care were relabeled "unhygienic" through administrative displacement. Cloth used for menstrual care was cited as evidence of unsanitary living, not because it failed to protect health, but because it did not conform to imported medical norms. In mining compounds and labor settlements, menstruation had to be managed invisibly to avoid discipline. Women could be reprimanded, reported, or marked as "negligent" while not being provided soap, additional water rations, or private washing facilities.

1879 to 1904, United States of America

Assimilationist principles associated with *Richard Henry Pratt* shaped broader racial governance. Cleanliness, apparel, and domestic order were reframed as measures of moral fitness. Black women's inherited menstrual practices were dismissed as "negligent" because they operated outside white, middle-class norms. Black women whose menstrual care was deemed "improper" risked loss of employment in domestic service, expulsion from schools, public shaming during health inspections, and institutional punishment. In prisons, labor camps, and asylums, menstruating women who bled through their clothing were denied adequate supplies and privacy while still expected to maintain composure and productivity. Bodily leakage or visible fatigue would be used to justify confinement, forced labor, or "medical intervention."

In medical institutions, Black women's bodies were over-examined, restrained, or subjected to experimentation under the assumption that they felt less pain or required less care. Menstruation became a site where bodily vulnerability was used to justify further or ongoing experimentation, discipline, and dispossession.

1900 to 1906, Nigeria

Colonial administration under *Frederick Lugard* codified European standards of cleanliness and respectability into governance. Indigenous practices became known as "primitive", while infrastructure necessary for compliance was made inaccessible. Women were blamed for failing to meet imposed standards. Enforcement carried consequence. Women whose homes or bodies failed inspections could be fined, publicly reprimanded, or reported to local authorities for neglect. In market towns and labor zones, women risked exclusion from trade spaces or loss of income if they were deemed unclean or disorderly. "Mission" schools and colonial health campaigns reinforced these judgments making girls susceptible to discipline or removal from instruction for appearing unkempt during menstruation, while their families were blamed for improper upbringing.

1883 to1907, Egypt

Governance under *Evelyn Baring* transformed hygiene and apparel into moral measurements tied to women's worth and "readiness for modern life." Colonial administrators, physicians, and reform officials dismissed Indigenous bodily practices, including menstrual care rooted in cloth use, as "evidence of backwardness" rather than adaptation. These judgments were imposed even as women were denied economic freedom, reliable income, and access to materials required to meet European standards.

Women whose bodies or clothing were deemed unclean during inspections risked public reprimand, exclusion from employment, or intensified monitoring by health authorities. In domestic service and textile labor, visible fatigue or menstrual leakage could result in dismissal or wage loss. "Mission" schools and educational reform institutions reinforced these standards among students. Girls were disciplined, removed from lessons, or subjected to "corrective measures" when natural bodily signs failed to meet presentation standards. Menstrual practices taught within families were labeled improper and used to justify intervention by colonial educators and physicians.

1903 to 1909, Brazil

Public health reforms led by *Oswaldo Cruz* linked cleanliness to citizenship. Sanitation raids and domestic policing targeted predominantly Black neighborhoods, particularly in Rio de Janeiro. During raids, women could be fined, displaced, or forcibly removed from their homes. Homes were entered without consent, belongings were destroyed, and women were subjected to routine inspection. Despite widespread poverty, overcrowding, and lack of access to clean water or waste infrastructure, Afro-Brazilian women's ancestral practices were treated as threats to national progress. Visible cloth or blood was treated as "evidence of disorder" rather than as a consequence of intended deprivation. Medical solutions promoted by the state remained largely withheld and inaccessible to the women being policed. The Afro-Brazilian woman's body was positioned as a site of risk to the nation, allowing and encouraging coercive public health measures to override bodily autonomy.

Positive Fragmentation: Wangechi Mutu on the Black Body
Tumors in the female body re-imagined:

Lest We Forget

Evidently, across the diaspora, the effect was cumulative. Menstruation could no longer be handled solely through knowledge and material adaptation. It had to be managed in anticipation of judgment. Clothing absorbed risk and discretion became essential to survival.

Still, women refined rather than abandoned their practices. They adapted their techniques and shifted their materials. Hybrid systems emerged as commercial products entered the market. Menstrual cloth lived on in private spaces while disposable options appeared in public ones.

What colonial systems dismissed as "primitive" was precise, responsive, and sustainable. Period fashion during this era functioned as survival under constraint rather than decoration.

Once external authority reshaped how menstruation was managed, respectability ensured they functioned as a social code that required Black women to appear composed, clean, and unaffected under all circumstances. The body was expected to remain seamless.

Across the diaspora, black women were expected to meet standards modeled after white womanhood that offered no support or provision, while being denied privacy, sanitation, livable wages, and safety. The standard was never adjusted or addressed. It shifted according to class, location, and proximity to power. Even compliance did not guarantee protection. And still, failure invited punishment. The female body would continue to be treated as something that should not reveal its processes.

Girls learned early that menstrual management carried reputational risk. Knowledge that had once been shared openly, narrowed. Silence became a learned form of protection. Clothing absorbed this pressure. Darker fabrics, additional layers, aprons, and conservative silhouettes continued to serve practical purposes, but they also became tools of social insulation. Apparel was used to prevent scrutiny. Menstrual care shifted further into concealment due to the real consequences of being seen.

Black women navigated this terrain with precision. They adapted dress codes. They shared knowledge discreetly. They learned how to move through public space while managing private realities. By the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Black women reformers in North America began challenging the logic that bodily conformity equaled moral worth.

Figures such as Mary Church Terrell and Ida B. Wells disrupted the idea that Black women's bodies required constant discipline to deserve dignity. While their work did not center menstruation explicitly, it did dismantle the conditions that demanded erasure of menstrual self care.

Later Black feminism would name what respectability politics attempted to obscure which was that the body was never the problem. The problem was always the demand for the body's invisibility.

We Adapted, We Advocated, Unapologetically

Adaptation was the first form of advocacy available to Black women. Across the diaspora, care did not disappear under restriction, it was refined. When materials were scarce, methods evolved. When visibility brought risk, discretion became a form of protection. When institutions offered no accommodation, Black women created solutions within the small spaces left to them. Menstrual care endured because the body still needed tending, whether or not the world acknowledged it.

Hybrid practices emerged quietly and stayed. Cloth remained central in private spaces where women controlled washing, time, and storage, while commercial products, when available, were used selectively in public settings shaped by scrutiny and cost. These choices reflected awareness, not uncertainty.

Innovation lived in the details. Cloth was folded to stay secure through long days of work and

Mary Church Terrell (United States, 1890-1930s)

Charlotte Maxeke
(South Africa 1900s–1930s)

movement. Garments were adjusted for better fit, comfort, and discretion. Washing routines adapted to limited privacy and water. Knowledge passed through watching rather than instruction, as Black girls learned by observing Black women continue their lives of labor and professional care with steadiness and care.

When language finally caught up in the early to mid-twentieth century, these practices were named as bodily autonomy and reproductive justice. What followed was not a beginning, but a continuation. Advocacy grew from generations of quiet adaptation, carried forward once visibility and collective demand became possible.

Black Women, Unsilenced

Charlotte Maxeke (South Africa, active 1900s–1930s)

An early anti-apartheid activist and founder of the *Bantu Women's League,* Maxeke organized against pass laws and labor exploitation that directly affected women's bodily autonomy, movement and health. Her work addressed how surveillance and restriction shaped women's daily bodily experiences, including care, rest, and visibility leading to collective resistance. Her activism laid the groundwork for future women-led anti-apartheid movements by asserting that bodily autonomy, mobility, and dignity were central to political freedom rather than secondary concerns.

Adelaide Casely-Hayford (Sierra Leone, active 1910s–1930s)

Adelaide Casely-Hayford founded the *Girls' Vocational School* in Freetown, where African bodily knowledge, hygiene, and womanhood were taught while challenging the assumption that hygiene and womanhood required European correction, affirming body autonomy and dignity as a foundation for intellectual and social development. Her work helped legitimize African-centered education for girls, producing generations of women who understood their bodies through cultural knowledge rather than colonial shame

Amy Ashwood Garvey (Jamaica, active 1910s–1930s)

As a co-founder of the *Universal Negro Improvement Association,* Amy Ashwood Garvey centered Black women's dignity, labor conditions, and bodily sovereignty within Pan-African politics. Operating independently of male leadership across international networks in Jamaica, London, and West Africa, she rejected Victorian morality imposed on Black women by affirming self-determination in education, labor, and intimate life.

Her work challenged the belief that women's worth depended on sexual modesty or social restraint, helping sever the link between bodily discipline and racial progress. This ideological shift influenced later Pan-African and feminist movements that treated bodily autonomy, women's health, and labor conditions as inseparable from political freedom.

Una Marson (Jamaica, active 1920s–1940s)


Mary Beatrice Davidson Kenner (United States 1920s–1950s)

Una Marson (Jamaica, active 1920s–1940s)

Marson confronted the silence surrounding women's bodies, labor, and emotional life through her work as a poet, playwright, editor, and broadcaster. Writing openly about Black women's internal worlds, she challenged colonial modesty standards that framed women's bodily experience as shameful, forcing Black womanhood into silence. As one of the first Black women producers at the BBC, Marson used radio to amplify women's voices and normalize conversations about work, health, and emotional strain, particularly among working-class women.

Marson's work created a cultural shift in what could be spoken aloud. Her legacy helped expand the social space for Black women to articulate bodily experience unapologetically, laying groundwork for later feminist, labor, and health movements that treated women's physical lives as worthy of public recognition rather than private shame.

Mary Beatrice Davidson Kenner (United States, active 1920s–1950s)

Davidson Kenner exemplifies how Black women translated embodied knowledge into formal design throughout the twentieth century. She developed an adjustable sanitary belt with a moisture-resistant pocket intended to secure absorbent material and prevent leakage during movement. The design addressed containment, mobility, and dignity, practical realities ignored by existing products and later rebranded as modern innovation. Her work functioned as

Funmilayo Ransome-Kuti (Nigeria, 1930s–1950s)

Maude Callen (United States, 1930s–1960s)

sustained advocacy through engineering, challenging the expectation that women should quietly endure bodily discomfort, and that Black women in particular should never come to expect accommodation.

Kenner spent decades refining her design and seeking recognition before it was finally patented in 1957. Commercial interest died once her race became known, reflecting a broader pattern in which Black women's viable solutions were dismissed or erased. Although her design was never widely manufactured, its principles anticipated later menstrual products promoted as breakthroughs.

Funmilayo Ransome-Kuti (Nigeria, active 1930s–1950s)

Ransome-Kuti was a central figure in women's rights in colonial Nigeria, fighting for women's political inclusion, access to education, and freedom from exploitative taxation. She explicitly linked women's bodily autonomy to economic justice, challenging colonial governance that treated women's bodies and labor as administrative burdens rather than lived realities. Ransome-Kuti's organizing would lead to the abolition of unfair taxation on women in parts of southwestern Nigeria and helped establish women's unions as legitimate civic forces, forcing colonial authorities to formally recognize women as political actors rather than subjects of control.

Maude Callen (United States, active 1930s–1960s)

Mary Beatrice Davidson Kenner
Sanitary Belt Design

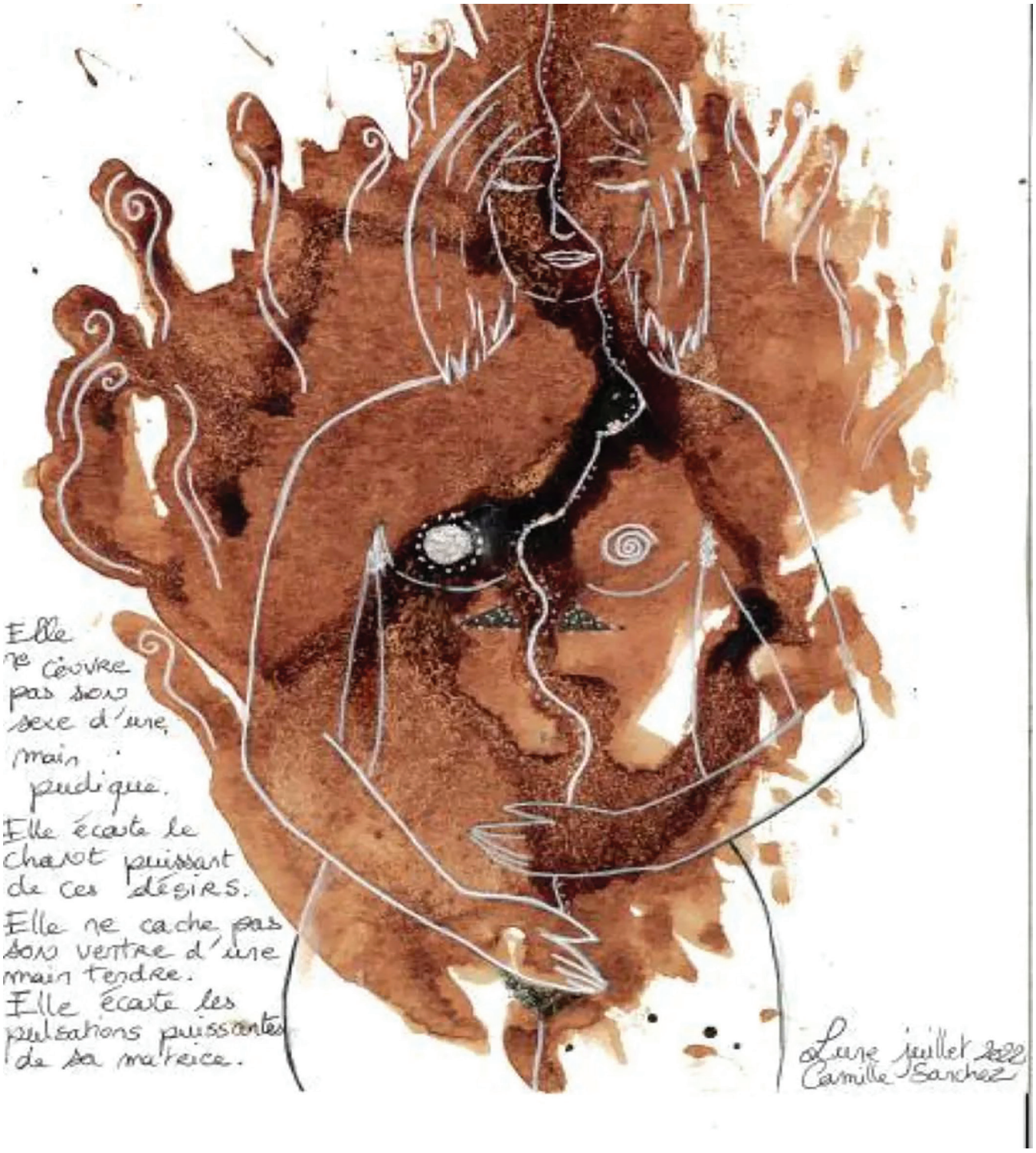
Lélia Gonzalez (Brazil, active 1960s–1980s)

Maude Callen devoted her life to caring for Black women across the rural American South at a time when formal medical systems routinely turned them away. Beginning in the early 1930s, she traveled long distances, often on foot, to reach women who had little to no access to doctors, hospitals, or reliable health information. Her work centered reproductive and menstrual health education, teaching hygiene, bodily awareness, and care in communities shaped by segregation, poverty, and isolation.

Despite the depth of her training and the essential nature of her work, Callen was paid as little as $7.50 per month in her early years, receiving compensation that barely sustained her while her labor sustained entire communities. Even as her reputation grew and her impact became undeniable, her work remained unevenly supported and chronically underpaid, dependent on small stipends and inconsistent funding. Her story reflects a broader pattern in which Black women's healing labor was carried with devotion and skill, yet continually framed as charitable service rather than recognized as the professional care it truly was.

Lélia Gonzalez (Brazil, active 1960s–1980s, though other philosophies link her to earlier struggles)

Lélia Gonzalez wrote from inside the reality Black women were navigating rather than about it from a distance. She spoke plainly about how race, gender, and class shaped what happened to Black women's bodies in Brazil, especially under public health campaigns and moral standards that claimed neutrality while targeting Afro-Brazilian women for discipline. Her work named what



Menstruation Art Piece by Jasmine Alicia Carter

She does not veil her sex with a shy hand.
She listens — to the fierce song of her desires.
She does not hide her belly with a soft hand.
She listens — to the deep, wild pulse of her womb.

Jasmine Alicia Carter

black women already knew in their bones: that cleanliness, civility, and citizenship were being used to police their bodies rather than protect them.

By putting words to experiences that had been normalized or ignored, Gonzalez made it harder for institutions to pretend these patterns did not exist. Her writing shifted feminist and anti-racist conversations in Brazil toward Black women's actual lives, including health, labor, and bodily autonomy, rather than abstract ideals of equality. She helped shape Black feminist organizing that treated reproductive health, working conditions, and state violence as connected pressures rather than separate issues. In doing so, she helped move Black women's bodily experiences from something privately endured into something publicly named and challenged.

Sticking to The Rivers and the Lakes We Were Used To

Modern conversations around sustainability, reusable products, and body literacy often present these ideas as recent discoveries. In reality, they reflect practices Black women refined over centuries, during prolonged periods of deprivation, surveillance, and withheld support. What is now framed as innovation is inherited knowledge rooted in the value of autonomy.

Adaptation in this history is not a secondary response to oppression. It is the continuous assertion of bodily authority under conditions that sought, and for a time succeeded, in denying it. Black women did not wait for awareness campaigns to validate their needs. They built systems of care because survival demanded it. Advocacy followed because endurance alone was never the goal.

Menstruation became complex when women were forced to manage their bodies within systems designed to strip, destroy, and deny autonomy. Before products, policy, or respectability, menstrual care was shaped through lived experience. That knowledge did not disappear when power intervened. It was constrained, disciplined, and driven inward. What emerged was not ignorance, but intentional adaptation under pressure.

In time, Black women named menstrual equity, bodily autonomy, and reproductive justice, giving language to practices already in motion. What is now described as sustainable, empowering, or progressive reflects a lineage formed under restriction and deliberate deprivation, not ease.

This history matters because erasure continues to repackage the past without context or accountability, allowing oppressive systems to decide whose knowledge is credited, whose labor is dismissed, and whose resilience is romanticized. To advocate for menstrual dignity today requires honesty about where that dignity was first denied and recognition that Black women have always been managing, designing around, and defending their bodies in hostile conditions.

What is called progress today was built on what Black women were forced to survive without.

Hearts Of Palm

Meet Tamara

A hand made jewelry designer born and raised in NY, She has always been drawn to beautiful things. Art, travel, music, fashion, culture, and literature. A wanderlust at heart. She loves traveling and learning about the world.

https://www.shopheartsofpalm.com

Hi, we're Rebellious Pins

A Black-owned, woman-owned brand spreading joy through small goods that make you smile.

We're on a mission to create products that celebrate and uplift Black people and Black culture.

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https://rebelliouspins.com

Daddy's Home or Not

Chuck King

Resistance begins when we take everything used to break us and turn it into fuel that drives us forward in the right direction.

In the 1950s–1960s, the Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) program disqualified or terminated benefits if an able-bodied male was residing or even present in the home. This applied even if he was not the biological father or providing financial support. This led to pop-up inspections, including searching closets for men's shoes, removing adult sons, fathers, uncles, or other positive male role models from the household.

Black men were targeted both in employment and in the home, switching the narrative from Black male provider to government dependency. Houses were divided. The role of fatherhood became depleted. Two-parent households quickly turned into single-mother homes with full dependency on the government to feed their children. Make no mistake, dependency yields control.

Today, it has become normalized for Black mothers to raise their children alone and for Black fathers to abandon their duty as providers, generation after generation, because they grew up seeing their mother as the sole provider.

It is important to understand these attacks were strategically planned against Black families. In return, it is our responsibility to reshape the standard that was intentionally deleted. Black children need both their mothers and their fathers.

A single mother boasting that she can raise men alone is only trying her best and is tired. A father who excuses the responsibility of his children discredits his bloodline, the lineage itself.

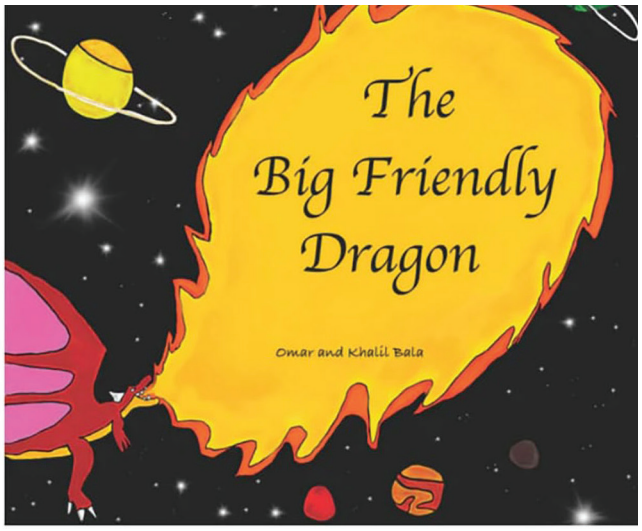
We are left with a generation full of fatherless sons and women who grow up hating Black men based on the examples they have seen.

When in reality, we are all each other truly have, and more importantly, we are all each other truly need.

eet the Bala Family

ksbybalas is a family-owned children's company founded by father and son Omar Khalil Bala, blending storytelling, art, and mmunity-rooted inspiration to create eaningful, imaginative books for young readers.

wing from Omar's work with youth and nalil's lifelong love of art, their stories rate creativity, self-love, acceptance, and riosity through vibrant characters and rtfelt lessons. Each book is designed to k a love of reading while guiding children ourneys of imagination, confidence, and discovery.



The Fourth Reich: America's Christian Nationalism

Bishop James Redfern II

Final Contribution to The Bloodline Tribune

The Past Is Prologue

The rise of authoritarianism rarely begins with jackboots and firing squads—it begins with moral certainty. In the 1930s, Adolf Hitler convinced a disillusioned nation that it was chosen by God to restore greatness through purity, obedience, and force. Nearly a century later, Donald Trump and the Christian Nationalist movement have revived a similar gospel in the United States: a divine mandate for dominance, a theology of exclusion, and a politics of vengeance.
To understand this phenomenon is to examine it through the seven pillars of culture—History, Mythology, Social Organization, Political Structure, Economic Order, Creative Motif, and Ethos—the same cultural matrix that reveals how fascism mutates and survives.

1. History: Rewriting the American Story

In Nazi Germany, history was rewritten to erase guilt and glorify victimhood. Jews became traitors, and Germany's defeat was recast as the result of betrayal, not militarism.
Today, America's right-wing movement follows the same script. Efforts to teach the full truth of slavery, segregation, and systemic racism are attacked as "anti-American." Textbooks are sanitized, libraries purged, and educators silenced. DEI—Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion—is branded as "divisive," not because it threatens unity, but because it threatens supremacy.
By erasing historical accountability, Christian Nationalism constructs a mythology where oppression never happened, or if it did, it was justified.

2. Mythology: The Chosen Nation

Hitler's mythology was racial—Germany as the Aryan messiah of civilization. America's Christian Nationalists have baptized that myth in religion—claiming that the United States is God's chosen nation, destined to rule morally and militarily. In this gospel, Christian means white, and patriotism means submission to a single leader who embodies divine authority.
This is not theology—it is political idolatry. As in Nazi Germany, the sacred merges with the state, and faith becomes the banner of fear.

3. Social Organization: Scapegoats and Social Hierarchies

Fascism requires enemies. For Hitler, it was Jews, Roma, and the disabled. For Trumpism, it is immigrants, Muslims, Black activists, the LGBTQ+ community, and the educated.
The rhetoric of "invasion" at the southern border dehumanizes refugees and legitimizes cruelty. Children in cages, deportation raids, and family separations mirror the early moral corrosion that prepared Germany for its concentration camps.
Where Hitler used racial purity, Trumpism uses nationalism and religious identity to draw the same lines of exclusion.

4. Political Organization: Dismantling Democracy

The Third Reich rose by dismantling the Weimar Republic from within—replacing judges, bureaucrats, and educators with loyalists. Hitler's goal was to destroy professional governance and replace it with political obedience.
The same impulse drives Trump's "war on the deep state." The purge of experienced civil servants, the stacking of courts with ideologues, and the call to "deconstruct the administrative state" all serve one purpose: to turn democracy into dictatorship by loyalty.
Once the rule of law becomes the rule of men, freedom becomes favor—and dissent becomes treason.

5. Economic Organization: DEI as the New Enemy

In Nazi Germany, Jewish professionals and business owners were expelled, their enterprises handed to loyal party members. In modern America, the war on Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion serves a similar function. By eliminating DEI programs from corporations, universities, and public institutions, Christian Nationalism reestablishes old hierarchies under the guise of fairness.
The movement accuses DEI of being "woke Marxism," while quietly reinstating exclusionary practices in hiring, contracting, and leadership. It is an economic counterrevolution—one that reasserts control over who gets to succeed and who must remain subordinate.

6. Creative Motif: The War on Culture and Knowledge

The Nazis burned books, banned art, and replaced journalism with propaganda. Today's authoritarians use subtler tools—disinformation, censorship, and intimidation.
Artists, scientists, and journalists are labeled un-American; higher education is cast as indoctrination. Corporate diversity campaigns are condemned, and the arts are defunded. Truth itself becomes suspect.
The creative spirit—science, literature, media, art—is what allows a culture to dream. Authoritarianism

suffocates that spirit until only the propaganda of purity remains.

7. Ethos: The Spiritualization of Supremacy

The moral center of both Hitler's Reich and Trump's Christian Nationalism is the same perversion: the idea that domination is destiny. White supremacy is baptized as divine order; violence becomes sanctified as patriotism. Churches become campaign headquarters, and pulpits echo political slogans.
This distorted ethos makes moral corruption sacred. It confuses obedience with faith and replaces compassion with conquest.

Foreign Policy: Isolation, Retaliation, and Denial of Aid

Hitler's Germany withdrew from alliances, destroyed multilateral institutions, and pursued global dominance under the illusion of self-reliance.
The Trump movement mirrors this inward turn. It glorifies isolationism, undermines NATO and the United Nations, and denies development aid to nations in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Medical assistance, food programs, and infrastructure aid have been slashed or politicized—rewarding autocracies and punishing democracies that resist America's nationalist agenda.
The weaponization of aid turns compassion into coercion, forcing poor nations to choose between allegiance and abandonment.

Propaganda and the Big Lie

Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda minister, taught that the bigger the lie, the more powerful its control. Trump's "Big Lie" about the 2020 election serves the same psychological function: it delegitimizes democratic processes and creates an alternate universe where only the leader's version of truth is real. When truth itself is negotiable, democracy collapses under the weight of its own confusion.

The Cultural Matrix of the Fourth Reich

When we apply the seven components of culture, a chilling pattern emerges. Christian Nationalism in America has reshaped:

- History, through revisionism and censorship.
- Mythology, through divine nationalism.
- Social Organization, through division and scapegoating.
- Political Structure, through authoritarian control.
- Economic Order, through the destruction of equity.
- Creative Motif, through suppression of truth and art.
- Ethos, through the sanctification of supremacy.

And on the world stage, it denies aid to the hungry and medicine to the sick, just as the Reich weaponized power against the weak.

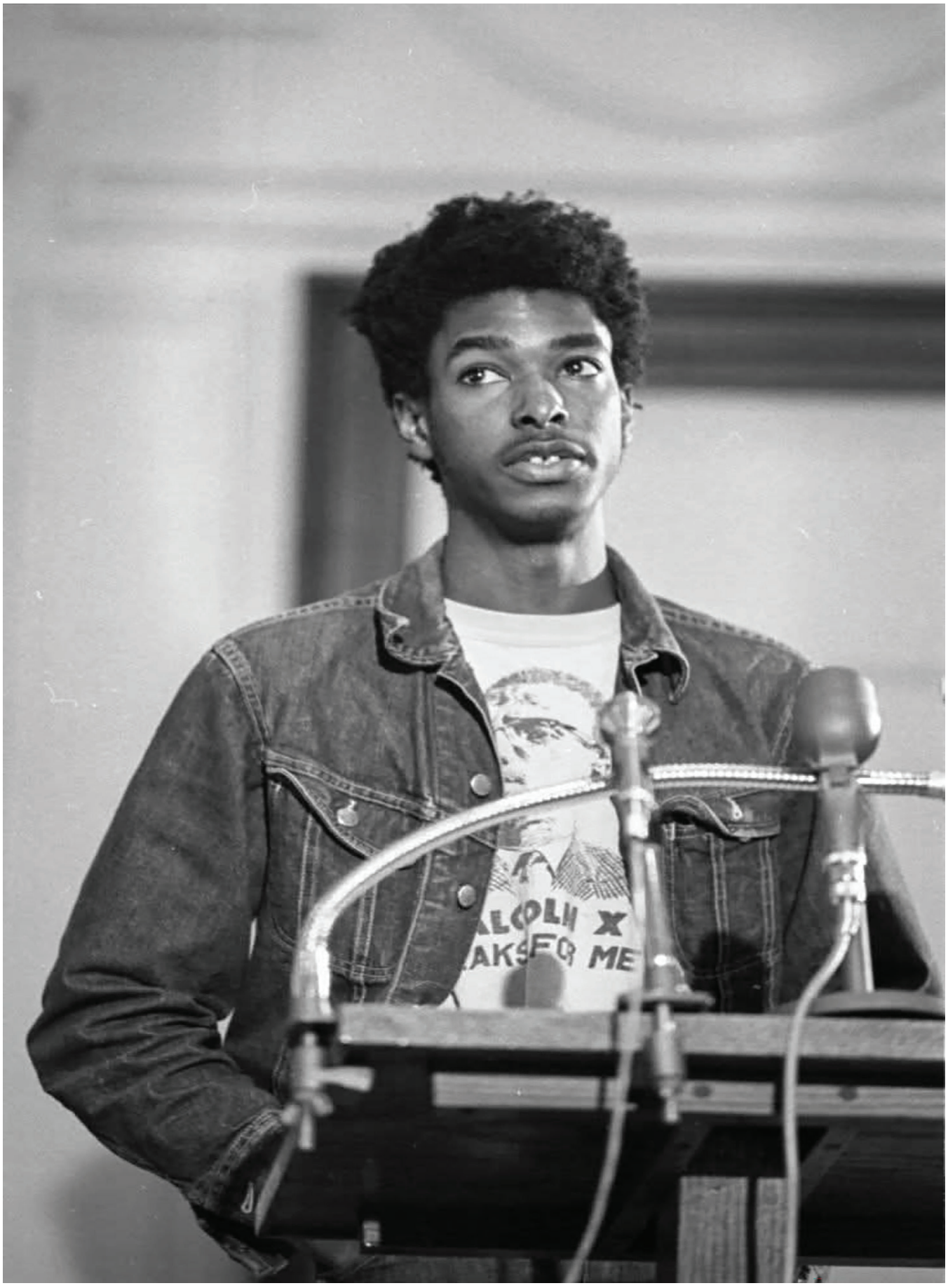
Conclusion: The Choice Before Us

The lesson of the Third Reich is not that tyranny is inevitable—it is that indifference is fatal. Fascism does not arrive as an invasion; it emerges as a revival.

When citizens trade truth for comfort and faith for obedience, when churches become fortresses of fear and justice is replaced by vengeance, the Republic begins to rot from within.

The Fourth Reich is not a prophecy—it is a possibility. Whether it becomes our future depends on whether Americans reclaim their moral imagination before it is rewritten, erased, or crucified on the altar of nationalism.

"The death of democracy begins not with violence, but with virtue claimed as power."
Bishop James Redfern II


MALCOLM X
SPEAKS FOR ME

Kulanshi Letter

Chuck King

I can hear your joyous laugh as I begin these pages. Since accepting the Kulanshi, my connection to the ancestors has become personal, even to those whom I never met, only through books.

For the first time, I experienced one who has crossed over into the arms of our ancestors. One who put tireless work into the cause and benefited our people while the earth served its time.

I want to express gratitude for your commitment to the Bloodline, to our purpose, and to the pathway you paved before we began the work. Your words stay with me, now recorded in my mind, and they fuel the cause we continue.

I know there were times you were tired. Moments when you felt like giving up. No one truly knows the work that happens when the spotlight is not on.

But we appreciate you internally, as one under the melanin collective. Watch over us. Guide our steps with purpose.

And though I say farewell, I know in truth that you are never too far away.

To the Bishop,

Ase

Arturo Alfonso Schomburg
Archive - Perservation - Diaspora
1874-1938

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Faith Odunsi: The Global Math Queen Carrying the Torch of Ancient Black Brilliance

Darryl Ben Yudah

Clap, cheer and ring the global great accomplishment alert because Faith Odunsi just did THAT.

At just 15 years old, Nigerian prodigy Faith Odunsi didn't merely enter the Global Open Mathematics Competition—she rewrote the rules. With a jaw-dropping 30-point lead, she outperformed contenders from the U.S., U.K., China, and beyond. Her win wasn't just historic—it was symbolic. In a world where Black girls are often overlooked in STEM, Faith didn't just show up. She showed out, with the intellect of a queen and the precision of a master.

But her victory is not an isolated miracle—it's a continuation of a legacy written in stone, etched in pyramids, and passed through generations of African great master minds.

The Root of Science: From Kemet to Calculus

The term "chemistry" traces its etymology to Kemet, the ancient name for Egypt. Kemet, meaning "black" or "blackness," referred to the rich, dark soil of the Nile Valley—the cradle of African civilization. This is no coincidence. Ancient Kemet, the land of Black pharaohs, wasn't just the birthplace of civilization. It was the womb of science, math, and intellectual pursuit.

From surveying the land after the Nile's floods to constructing the colossal pyramids, mathematics was the backbone of Egyptian society. They used it for:

Surveying and construction

Taxation and record-keeping

Calendar creation

Trade and commerce

Their mathematical prowess included:

Hieroglyphic numerals (a decimal system before the world imagined it)

Advanced use of fractions

Early algebra and geometry

Volume calculations for structures like pyramids

A Foundation the Greeks Revered

Long before Greek scholars like Plato and Aristotle developed their mathematical systems, they studied under the tutelage of African priests and scribes. The Greeks acknowledged that much of their knowledge was inherited from Kemet—the land of wisdom, balance (Ma'at), and numerical harmony.

This truth is echoed by Count Constantin de Volney, a French historian and philosopher, who visited Egypt in the 18th century and famously declared:

"Just think, that this race of Black men, today our slave and the object of our scorn, is the very race to which we owe our arts, sciences, and even the use of speech!"

He was stunned that the civilization Europe idolized—ancient Egypt—was built by a people who shared the same features as those being enslaved and dehumanized in his own era.

Faith Odunsi: Modern Proof of Ancient Greatness

So when Faith Odunsi stands at the top of a global math competition, she is not just winning a contest—she is restoring memory. She is proof that Black mathematical excellence is not new—it is ancestral.

From Benjamin Banneker, who crafted America's first clock, to Euphemia Lofton Haynes, the first Black woman with a math PhD… from Katherine Johnson, who helped send astronauts to the moon, to David Blackwell, one of the world's most revered statisticians—and even Thomas Fuller, the "Virginia Calculator" who could solve complex problems in his head while enslaved—Black genius has always persisted.

Faith now joins that sacred roll call. She's not a new chapter—she's the latest verse in a long, lyrical equation.

New Year, Same Shit: The mythology of New Year's resolutions versus forming good habits

Chuck King

Early Mornings

I remember the anger I felt. As a child my mother would walk into my room and yank the covers off the bed to get me ready for school. Strategically, she knew that instead of continuing the hassle of trying to wake me, this method worked more instantly. Even though I knew it was coming every morning, the anger still hit like an alarm clock.

What I did not realize then was that she was preparing me for moments in life where responsibility and obligation would be unavoidable. Moments where I would have a choice, to look at those obligations with anger, or to recognize them as opportunities.

Opportunities formed through commitment. A commitment to self.

Not commitments rooted in resolutions, or in the mental obsession we carry with justifying that one day we will finally get our affairs in order. We do not approach life this way when our commitments are tied to external structures. When a job tells us to arrive at eight, the commitment immediately takes priority in our minds. When they ask us to stay late, we commit grudgingly, hoping for recognition or reward. But when it comes to us, to our own well being, growth, and healing, we place ourselves on the back burner. We become the side instead of the entrée.

This is a tradition passed down through lineage, from chains on the shackles to chains in our minds. When our identity was fractured, we as a collective never truly addressed the need to repair it.
Black people have long carried a sacrificial lamb essence when it comes to our wants and intentions in life. It is almost tradition to give our last so others may prevail. Rarely do we pause. Rarely do we breathe. Rarely do we sit with our ancestors and ask, what do I want for myself, and more importantly, what am I

willing to apply to get there.

This is where transformation happens. Where so called resolutions shift into sacred practice. Where dreams stop being distant wishes and become medicine through action. Healing ourselves while we do the work.

The problem with New Year's resolutions is not that people want change. The problem is that resolutions are calendar based promises instead of behavior based commitments. They allow us to believe that time itself is responsible for transformation, when in reality time only exposes what we repeatedly practice. January becomes a symbolic reset, but symbolism without structure fades quickly. We tell ourselves that this year will be different, yet we do not change how we wake up, how we speak to ourselves, how we manage our energy, or how we show up when no one is watching. The calendar turns, but the habits remain untouched. And habits, whether intentional or not, are what shape our lives.

Consistency does not announce itself loudly. It does not come wrapped in motivation or excitement. It shows up quietly, often without feeling good at first. It requires us to do things without applause, without validation, and without the immediate reward we have been conditioned to chase. This is why consistency feels foreign to so many of us. It asks for loyalty to self in a world that taught us survival through service to everyone else.

We were trained to respond to pressure, not purpose. To deadlines, not discipline. To emergencies, not maintenance. So when there is no external force demanding our attention, we struggle to generate that same urgency for ourselves. Healing, growth, and self respect do not scream. They whisper. And whispers are easy to ignore when chaos feels more familiar.

Habits, unlike resolutions, do not rely on belief. They rely on repetition. They do not ask if you feel ready. They ask if you are willing, willing to show up tired, willing to show up uninspired, willing to show up when the results are invisible and the progress feels slow. This is where most people fall off, not because they are incapable, but because no one taught them how to stay.

Staying is an act of resistance. Staying with the work. Staying with yourself. Staying committed when quitting would be easier and more socially acceptable. For Black people especially, staying has always been complicated. We were taught endurance for others, but rarely endurance for ourselves. We mastered survival, but were denied the space to practice sustainability.

This is why habits are revolutionary. They are quiet declarations that say my well being matters daily, not just when I am exhausted, broken, or in crisis. They remove healing from emergency mode and place it into routine. They turn growth into something lived, not imagined.

And that is the difference between a resolution and a practice. One is a promise made to the future. The other is a discipline honored in the present. One waits for the right time. The other understands that the time has always been now.

Habits

Habits, in my essence, are the daily practices that become second nature through repetition. When applied long enough, they create a certain level of mastery, not because they are perfect, but because they

are consistent.

There is a dark history in the development of habits among our people. Many of our habits were not formed through good intentions, like a father teaching inside his own home. The habits of my ancestors were forced to yield results for external causes, for profit, for capital. Grandmothers became the best hand washers of clothing, and through consistency they developed new techniques, new strategies, new ways to be more efficient. Grandfathers formed habits of planting crops, knowing which season to sow, when to harvest, how to load a wagon they did not own, all while carrying the weight of watching a year's labor grease palms that were never theirs.

T for Turning Point

Before I can introduce tanzafoka and its meaning, you must first understand the layers of our culture. You must understand why within tanzafoka it is the act of turning every narrative, every tactic, every strategy placed against us to cause harm into beauty, into production, into results. Tanzafoka is resistance in itself. It is a sacred principle of the Bloodline, our diaspora.

For years many of us have sat by the calendar mapping plans, even with good intentions. Rarely have we accessed the truth that we have always created strong habits when called upon, producing great change when oppressive eyes demanded it. What we have not done is pause and whisper, I am the product of my ancestors' prayers. Let the habits I form today last not only through me, but through my lineage, building tangible sustainability for my bloodline so the grandson of the man who harvested all year and gave it away with no choice can finally see the real fruit of his labor and sacrifice.

We owe this commitment to those who came before us far more than we owe it to a new year.

Development

The development of good habits serves as a bank, a place that keeps operations going. Not transactional, but an investment. An investment into ourselves. When we understand habits this way, the process becomes intentional and slowed down. There is no need to wait for a new year to implement major change. What matters is the commitment to make small, intentional deposits consistently each day.

Discipline arrives when we learn to use our own psychology instead of negotiating with it. We justify reasons to skip a day, reasons to make smaller deposits than the day before, reasons to delay the work. But we must remember that the habits our ancestors created did not come with the luxury of choice. And just because we have a choice now does not mean we should abuse it. We should cherish it.

Eventually, like a savings plan, the pieces you give daily begin to feel natural. What we once labeled as sacrifice reveals itself for what it truly is, old habits breaking away, distractions falling off, unnecessary weight leaving the body and the mind. One day we notice that what remains is the crop, the harvest, new skills developed intentionally not only for us, but for our bloodline, passed forward to the next.

Humility

Process and change cannot genuinely exist without humility. This is something I had to learn myself. When I speak of humility here, I am not speaking in a surface sense, but in a spiritual one, rooted in ancestry.

Often we approach New Year's resolutions carrying bookbags full of self help books, spiritual tools, Bibles, Qurans, and teachings from many places. For this moment, I ask humbly that we place all of that aside. That act alone is humility. To arrive at a common ground across the diaspora where no one is better than the next, none above the other. This perspective is not meant to diminish wisdom, but to make space for collective clarity.

Humility, as I speak of it, is about removing yourself from the equation and trusting the process. The results promised by New Year's resolutions are not real. They resemble Dr. King's dream, an illusion of a promise that cannot be reached without hard work and consistent effort. The results of good habits do not operate on a timeline. They embed themselves into who you are. That is why humility is necessary. If humbling yourself feels difficult, meditate on moments of humility within our lineage. There were times when humility was not a choice, but a condition. When rapid responses or justified rage brought severe consequences not only to the individual, but to their loved ones. If a grandfather refused to work the land, physical harm followed him home. Pride initiates action, resolution, confrontation. Truthfully and painfully honest, had those instincts been acted on freely, some of us would not be here today. We are the children of silenced rage. We carry both the good and the bad habits passed down through survival. Choosing humility today, patience today, when we finally have the privilege of choice, honors them. It honors us. Humility does not serve an external purpose, it's internal.

Do not mistake humility for weakness. The tree of patience has bitter roots, but the fruit is sweet. Says the African proverb. Even if you do not see results in a day or a week, stay with your process. Let the ancestors walk the journey with you. In time, you will have earned your fruit.

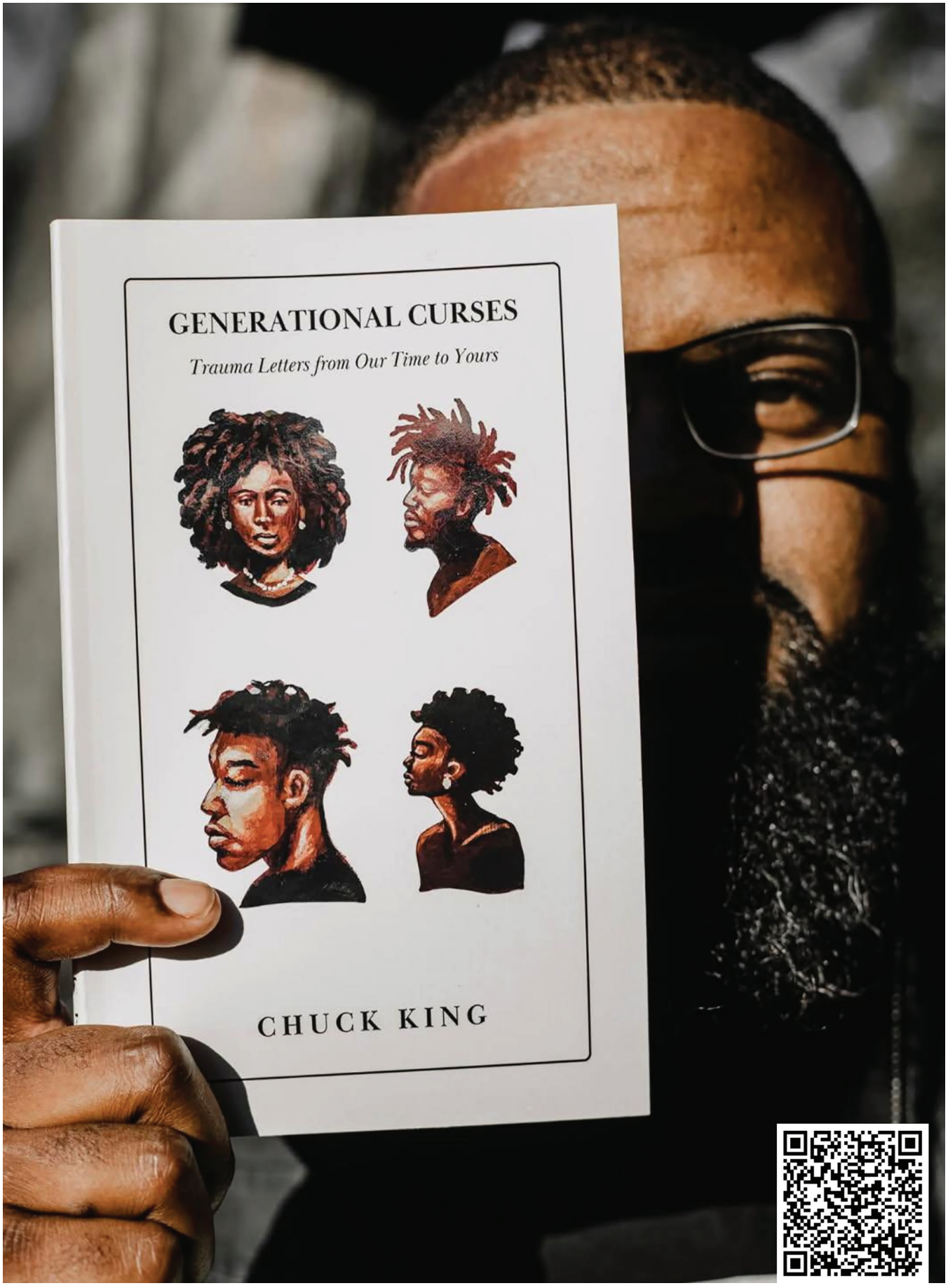
Adventures with Da Gullah Dolls

Date(s): Thursday, February 5, 2026
&
Friday, February 27, 2026

Time: 11 AM

Ages: 0 & Up

Location: Auditorium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CHUCK KING

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Securing the Future

Founded in 1867, in the immediate aftermath of the Civil War, the institution was established to educate formerly enslaved Black women when access to formal education was systematically denied. It became co-educational in 1954, expanding its mission while maintaining its foundation in Black self-determination and intellectual survival. Among its early students was Mary McLeod Bethune, Class of 1894, whose legacy would shape Black education for generations.

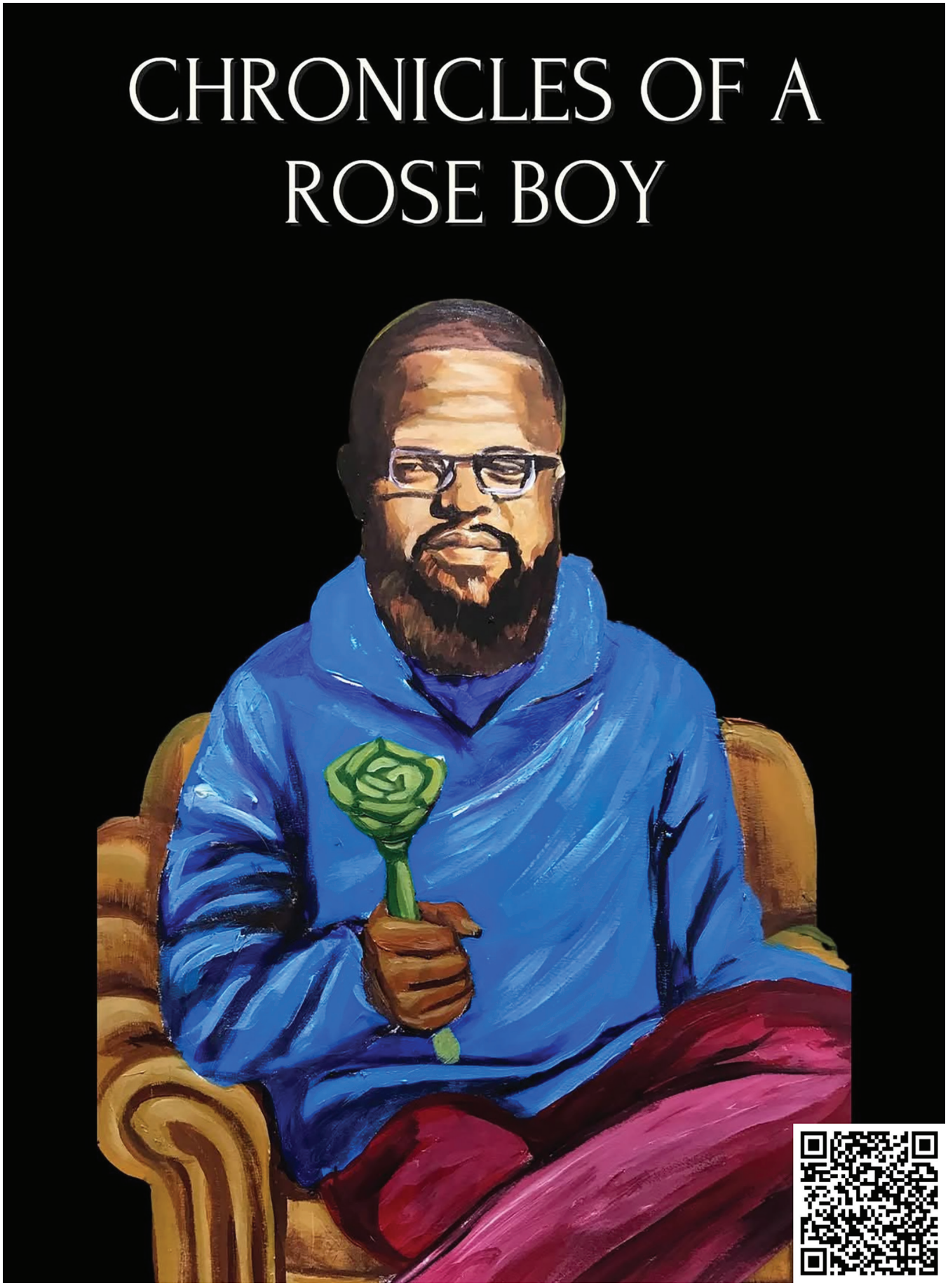
In recent years, the college has pivoted toward online education, entrepreneurship, and workforce development, adapting to modern realities while working to preserve institutional continuity. After enrollment declined to as few as four online students in 2023, the college reported 114 students enrolled in Fall 2025, with many residing on campus for the first time in nearly a decade.

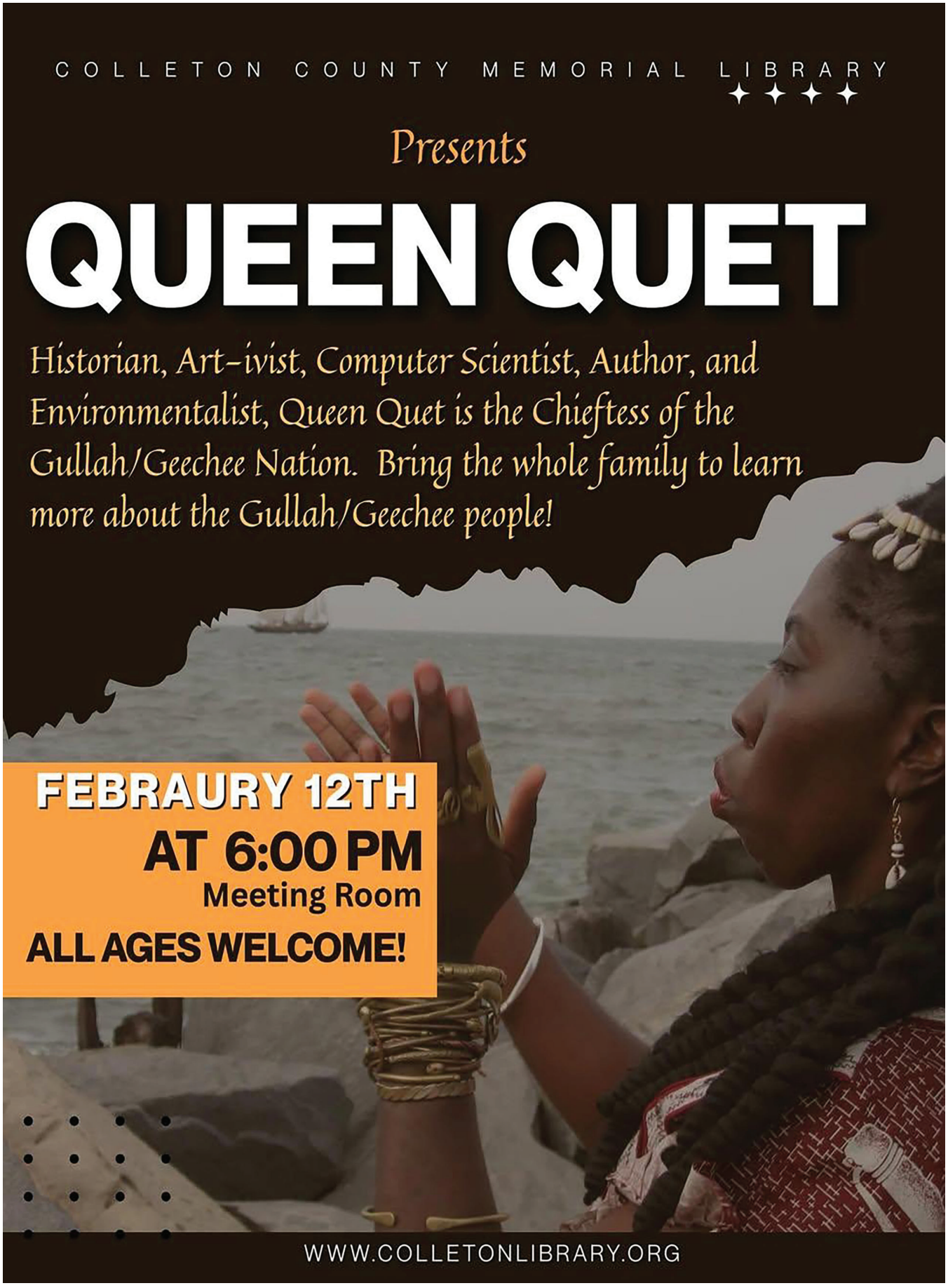
President Chris Rey has been clear: transparency is everything.

Since assuming the presidency in July 2023, he has publicly acknowledged that the institution is facing a serious financial shortfall. While alumni, members of Phi Beta Sigma Fraternity, local organizations, and the surrounding community have mobilized support, several prior funding commitments did not materialize this year.

The university is actively preparing to reapply for accreditation and has launched the #BSCRRising campaign, seeking $250,000 to stabilize operations, restore accreditation standing, and protect an institution built to serve when no one else would.

CHRONICLES OF A ROSE BOY

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The State of the Black Grandma When the grandmas disappear, where does that leave our youth?

Chuck King

When the grandmas disappear, where does that leave our youth?

Our diaspora has leaned on the backs of Black grandmothers until the spine has broken. Few will have the luxury I had growing up, with a grandmother's love and direction to center you before entering the chaos of the world. This was more than the best home-cooked meals you could experience. She was love in loveless places, courage in moments of fear, and faith in all things hoped for.

What she was not was a full-time daycare center, a financial dependency when we carelessly lived beyond our means, or a savior. We were supposed to grow up and save ourselves.

When the Black father began to vanish from the home, leadership and order naturally fell to the elder. Under harsh pretenses, the grandmother was forced into the role of leader rather than nurturer, a burden many still carry today. What happens when the roles are reversed? Grandma loses time to give life lessons and reassurance. She is too busy trying to save the world, trying to protect, trying to provide, ultimately trying to survive.

We are all guilty in the abuse of a power structure that once kept our tribe sacred. Now we are left in an insoluble predicament. Our youth today have no grandmothers. Lineage-wise, maybe, but certainly not consciousness-wise. Neighborhoods have turned into battlefields where blood spills more frequently

by our own hands than by oppressive ones. Boys learn to pick up a gun before they are taught how to be men. Mothers raise sons alone because their fathers failed the mission themselves. For too long, we attempted to use grandma as a crutch to keep order, to keep stability. But when elders age, duties must be passed and responsibility must be taken.

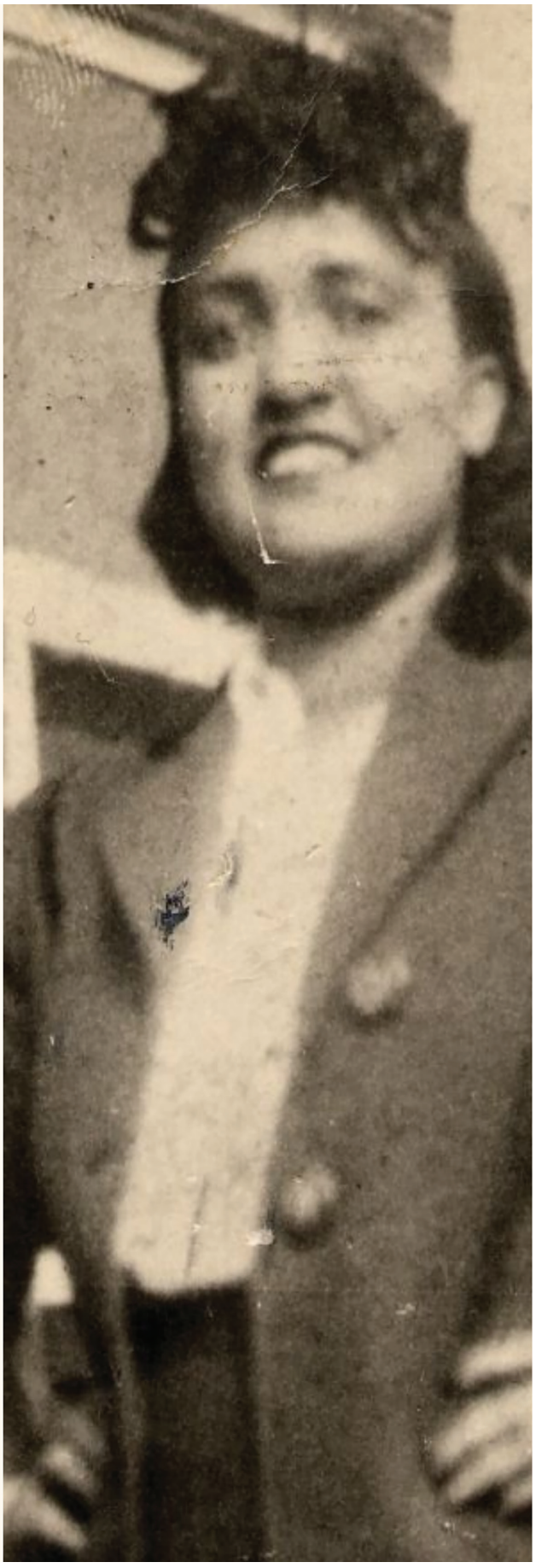
So can we be honest? What is the solution now that the essence of the grandmother is disappearing? Grandmothers are becoming younger and younger. Many want to finally live their own lives once their children are "grown." That leaves our streets polluted with unhealed youth missing a grandmother's love.

We all owe grandma an apology. Black men must protect and guard the few grandmothers who remain. And we, as a collective, must reinstate practices and restore order that allow grandmothers to exist in their natural role. Otherwise, our youth will continue to spill blood that never had to be shed.

LACKS LETTERS

Anonymous letter series documenting the truths, gaps, and lived experiences of Black people navigating healthcare.

We are accepting anonymous letters from those who have seen care practiced from the inside and experienced its outcomes firsthand. Selected submissions may appear in future issues.



When an elder passes, it is not just a life that ends, it is as if a
keeper of a community's culture and heritage takes their mem
chives. With their passing, we lose decades of oral stories, pos
wisdom, songs, recipes and spiritual traditions that may never

Elders are the pillars of their communities, the custodians of m
sustains the continuity of cultural life and guidance for the you

This is not an ending, but a transition from the physical into the eternal.
We honor the ancestors and welcome you beyond the veil,
now walking beside us as a guide.
May your spirit echo through the people,
and may your legacy never fade

When an Elder dies it is a moment to stop and reflect.

It is a time to think of their work and efforts and to remember them out loud.

It is a moment to take to think of those who went before them and to honor them with thoughts and acknowledgement by added the torch they held to our eternal fire.

We are to ensure that we tell our future generations their stories, so that they may be inspired.

When an elder dies, the ancestors lean in closer. Knowledge slips from language into feeling and the living are asked to listen with more than their ears..

living library has burned. Often, the
ories with them. Elders are living ar-
ssibly cultural practices, generational
r have been recorded or documented.

nemory and tradition and their presence
unger generations

When an elder dies, a friend becomes a guide. A mentor becomes a memory. A word becomes commitment.

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

The Bloodline is a Black culture magazine for the entire diaspora to come together. This is a platform for your voice–your art, your poems, your thoughts. Send submissions to thebloodline743@gmail.com.

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