

Baltimore Black Kids Escape to Trump Country

A year and a half ago, my wife Mary and I moved closer to our parents. We relocated from Florida to what I nicknamed, "Trump Country USA", a tiny town in West Virginia. I've seen MAGA cap wearers and a few lawns with old Trump signs.

Our tiny town emits Christian traditional American values. We enjoy the annual Christmas and July 4th parades. Only a handful of blacks, which includes me, live here.

A few days after we moved into our home, our neighbor Meg welcomed us with a homemade apple pie. Meg recently called and asked us to help with the "Friends of the Library" picnic for the kids. The last thing I wanted to do was to spend a day with screaming kids. Yet Mary and I knew God was setting us up to be a blessing.

The picnic was a blast. Mary and I helped serve food, play games and clean up afterwards. Our town's volunteer fire department truck sprayed the kids with water. They loved it.

I learned that the Friends of the Library summer reading program is solely funded by community fundraising events. Two days a week, kids of all ages are read books and read books at the town library. The theme this year was "Space" in honor of the 50th anniversary of the U.S. landing on the moon. The kids were even treated to a road trip to a space museum. I thought, "Wow, this town is a living breathing Norman Rockwell painting."



At the picnic, I met an extremely bright articulate 15 year old black kid and his 3 younger siblings. Mary read in the

local newspaper that he is the best runner in the county, receiving offers and scholarships.

His grandmother is white. She moved him and his 3 siblings from the Baltimore projects to live with her because their parents are drug addicts. She laid down the law to her grandson that his Baltimore thug attitude would not be tolerated in her home. Grandma's tough love parenting worked.

If you watched the Democratic presidential debates, you could conclude that everyone and everything in America is racist. In my tiny town of Trump voters, everyone appears to embrace and support the 4 black kids who escaped the hood of Baltimore.

Folks, I have high hopes for this kid, the runner. I see greatness in him. He has a calm spirit. He is academically solid and trains hard, running several miles every day. I gave him fatherly advice to stay focused on his dreams. He replied, "Yes sir."

It is amazing what a child can achieve once he is distanced from the destructive atmosphere of a Democrat-controlled city. Despicably, Democrats and fake news media relentlessly seek to fill black youths with victim mindsets – hate for their country and hate for Trump voters.

I trust that God will give me more opportunities to mentor my young runner. Prayerfully, I will open his eyes to the truth that he is blessed to be an American and that America is the greatest land of opportunity on the planet for all who choose to go for their dreams. I look forward to seeing my runner on team USA in the Olympics. That will be awesome!

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