

Race Relations: If Democrats Would Get Out Of Our Way

To keep blacks feeling like victims in an forever racist America, Democrats keep the flames of racial division burning. Blacks are only 12% of the population. This means white voters gifted the first black president two terms. Despicably, Democrats continue to tell blacks, "Keep voting for us to keep racist white America off your backs." Contrary to Democrats' lie, we have come a long ways baby in race relations in our country. Living, working and playing together, a majority of Americans work out their racial issues. We need race-baiting Democrat politicians to get out of our way.

In 1952, Dad was among a handful of blacks who broke the color barrier to become Baltimore City firefighters. Dad was stationed at 6 Engine. Filled with hate and resentment over his presence, the white firefighters humiliated Dad at every turn.

Outrageously, Dad was assigned separate eating utensils, bathroom and sleeping area. Dad kept a jar of Sanka instant coffee because he was forbidden to drink from the same coffeepot as the white firefighters.

Dad was also the assistant pastor of an east Baltimore storefront church. To escape the constant harassment by the white firefighters, Dad retreated to the firehouse storage room to pray and study his Bible. Sarcastically, the firefighters named the storage room "Marcus' Chapel".

One day, Dad could not find his assigned spoon. He grabbed a spoon and placed it in his coffee and went to get cream. When Dad returned, John was holding the spoon from Dad's cup of coffee. Angrily, John ordered, "Keep your black hands off our spoons". Then, John threw the spoon into the sink. Dad let the

incident go.

On another occasion, John verbally attacked Dad for putting his foot on the edge of a chair to shine his shoes. This was the last straw for Dad. He challenged John to settle their differences outside after work. The captain caught wind of the scheduled duel of fists. He ordered both men to go home after their shift.

Dad told me that he went to the storage room and prayed about John. He prayed, "God give him to me."

After two years, a new young white firefighter was assigned to 6 Engine. He came upstairs to Dad's bunk and invited Dad to have coffee with the other firefighters. It was Dad's first coffee from the main coffeepot.

Dad won Firefighter of the Year two times. When Dad was 90, I asked him to explain how he won. A lieutenant firefighter panicked in a burning building and jumped out a window. Dad grabbed his legs and held him until help arrived. Dad passed away before telling me what he did to win Firefighter of the Year a second time.

On one occasion, the captain ordered all the firefighters out of a raging burning building. Dad's mask malfunctioned. He could not breathe or see. Dad said the devil spoke to him saying, "Everyone has to go sometime and you're going to go by fire." Dad prayed, "Jesus" and passed out.

Safely outside, a firefighter asked, "Where's Marcus?" John flew back up the ladder into the inferno. Dad said he regained consciousness hearing someone yelling his name, "Marcus! Marcus! Marcus!" He saw the light of John's flashlight and yelled, "Over here!"

John and another firefighter carried Dad out of the building. Dad said he will never forget the peace and safety he felt hearing John's voice, "We got you. You're okay. We got you!"

Dad's body and clothing were so filled with smoke that the emergency room staff had to open windows. Dad made a full recovery.

Dad and John became lifelong friends. When John passed away in later years, Dad spoke at his funeral. God answered Dad's prayer. He gave John to Dad.

Racism will exist along with every other sin until Jesus returns. Thanks to pioneers like my dad, blacks are thriving in every area of American life. We just need Democrats to stop scheming to divide us.

Watch the Countdown to [Lloyd's Dad's Legacy](#).

Lloyd Marcus, The Unhyphenated American

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