

“There’s not a Negro mother alive that isn’t scared for her son. Scared that there will come a day when he won’t be able to control that black rage inside; scared he’ll end up hurting himself or someone else. Scared he’d end up in jail, or somewhere lying in the street dead from being stabbed or shot. Scared that he might be hunted down like a dog and lynched from a tree by a white mob. Every time they hear a gunshot or hear about a shooting, they pray their son is all right. They pray that the police haven’t beat him up or shot him. You’re scared to pick up the phone late at night when it rings, because it might be someone telling you your child is dead. There’s not a Negro mother alive that isn’t afraid for her son.”