

Summer Reflexions... Lift LA

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This summer was bittersweet for many reason both personally and professionally. Even though our representatives at the state capital did not vote in the way I wanted them to, still some good came from all those trips to the capital and back. For one, I got to hear funny stories from my boss and her early years in high school and college. My boss also gave rides to a bunch of local activists and we exchanged social medias and phone numbers.

Those rides to and from Baton Rouge, I really learned so much about myself. It has been a long time since I opened up like that to anyone let alone my boss and people I just met. When it came to Repro-News, reproductive justice topics, and everything in between in the car it felt like I was sitting in on a talk show. We were experts on our lives and our experience with reproductive justice. I got to perform all my identities all at once. In my boss' car it was a brave space not a safe space. I could say what I wanted and be validated. And they didn't just validate me because I was Black, or a woman, or anything. They validated me because I am resilient, strong, and my experiences are real.

I learned my marginalized experiences strengthen me. My main takeaway is that I am not a feminist because feminism never included any space for me. I am a womanist, humanist, and a good friend when you need one.