

Dear Africville

I never really met you, but hoped someday I would get the chance to. I remember growing up with your shadow in my backyard. Once a year I've seen the brightness and strength of your halo, but today it has dimmed. I have the utmost respect for the society who has fought long and hard to try to right your wrong, but I see the algorithm that was chosen to reach this 'agreement' as unfit. Have you died? The last time I checked you were so resilient. So why is it now, after so many years, you submit to two gravestones—a museum and church doll house—where former residents still only have the opportunity to 'visit' you? Is it really too much for the city of Halifax to return you to your former glory and help rebuild the community that it itself confessed it wrongly dismantled? Is rebuilding homes, lives, stories, and history less important to the city of Halifax than retaining its dog walk park? Yes. Dog. Walk. Park. Really? It's 2010, and society says: "It's time to move forward." I couldn't agree more, but why does it feel like the steps forward step back? Forty plus years later, and some say that today is a good day. No. Today is not a good day, Halifax. For me, yesterday was a good day: at least yesterday optimism existed in my thoughts of one day having the privilege to meet you. And so, Africville, I say to you this: when I see your name in your never-ending story to print, my eyes will remain vacant and dry, but until you are rebuilt, my ears will forever hear the sound of your teardrops.

Sincerely,

me.