

**From the local newspaper, 2021:** *Marcia Howard is part of a volunteer security team that organized itself at the intersection of 38th and Chicago, where a steel fist sculpture has sprouted up in the middle of the road, right in front of CUP Foods, and traffic is closed off for a block in every direction. What started with an impromptu memorial has become a semi-permanent occupation. Howard and her neighbors have demands they want met before they open this intersection back up. The twenty four demands comprise the [Justice Resolution 001](#).*

**Marcia Howard:** I'm a Black person in America trying to get liberty. What happens to us? I have to stand on a corner at the age of 48 and say, "My life matters," and I still got white people arguing with me. This isn't work. This is me trying to forge a world that I want my grandchildren to live in. This is *the* work, but it isn't work. I think people outside of this zone can understand the power of protest, the power of the rally of occupying city streets, knowing that that disruption, however minor or major it is, is disrupting the routine of the status quo.

I am just a teacher. I am just a Black woman. I am just a protester. This is not a vanity project. This is not grandstanding. This is not anything for *my* ego. They killed George Floyd 263 steps from *my* front door, filmed by one of *my* former students, leading to the occupation of blocks surrounding *my* home. Trying to seek redress for injustices done to my people. I am here for the safety of this community and our pursuit of justice, and I'm unwilling to trade one for the other. That's all I'm here for. They give us the demands, we'll give them the streets, and I'll go home. Read the demands. Read the demands. Read the demands.

This corner is now a national historic landmark, but what the city wants is the protest zone without the protesters demanding things. They want that fist without a fuss. They want to placate us instead of giving us justice. They want to give us a new name for the intersection. But I'm telling you, that is not what we've been on a barricade for for 364 days. We've been there for justice. They asked us to leave. We said no. They asked us why we're staying. We said for justice. Then they asked us this question, which has kept us here for a year: What does justice look like? So we ran up and down the streets, in and out of the businesses, we asked the brothers on the cut. What does justice look like? What do you need? What do you want? What would make you thrive? And they gave us the answers, the residents, the businesses, and the brothers. And that is [Justice Resolution 001](#).

Right now, the city of Minneapolis is on the cusp of attempting to redeem itself, because Minnesota has now become the byword for abject police brutality. I live in a state that used to be known for Minnesota Nice and now the names Jamar Clark and Philando Castile and George Floyd and Daunte Wright sit in the mouths of people not just across the state, but across the country and around the world. But right now, if it keeps that fist, it can say now we are the Mecca for racial justice and healing. You get off a plane during your layover, and where do you want to see? You want to either see Mall of America, or George Floyd Square. The city knows what it's sitting on now.

I have patience. It's not just sitting at a barricade and singing "Kumbaya" around a fire. We actually have working groups that are contacting congressmen and holding secret meetings with our elected officials in order to move the needle with qualified immunity. And we're finding culturally competent mental health care workers in order to meet the other demand of integrated health that needs to get funded through this justice resolution. Read the demands. Read the demands. Read the demands.

**From the local newspaper, 2022:** *Voters in Minneapolis have resoundingly rejected a proposal to reinvent policing in their city, 17 months after the killing of George Floyd by police sparked massive protests and calls for change. Instead, Mayor Jacob Frey and the City Council last week agreed to a \$1.6 billion budget that includes just over \$191 million for the Police Department (MPD), restoring its funding to the level it held before George Floyd was killed in 2020.*

**Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. - Letter from Birmingham Jail, 1963**

I must confess that over the past few years I have been gravely disappointed with the white moderate. I have almost reached the regrettable conclusion that the Negro's great stumbling block in his stride toward freedom is not the White Citizen's Council or the Ku Klux Klanner, but the white moderate, who is more devoted to "order" than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice; who constantly says: "I agree with you in the goal you seek, but I cannot agree with your methods of direct action"; who paternalistically believes he can set the timetable for another man's freedom; who lives by a mythical concept of time and who constantly advises the Negro to wait for a "more convenient season." Shallow understanding from people of good will is more frustrating than absolute misunderstanding from people of ill will. Lukewarm acceptance is much more bewildering than outright rejection.

I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that law and order exist for the purpose of establishing justice and that when they fail in this purpose they become the dangerously structured dams that block the flow of social progress. I had hoped that the white moderate would understand that the present tension in the South is a necessary phase of the transition from an obnoxious negative peace, in which the Negro passively accepted his unjust plight, to a substantive and positive peace, in which all men will respect the dignity and worth of human personality. Actually, we who engage in nonviolent direct action are not the creators of tension. We merely bring to the surface the hidden tension that is already alive. We bring it out in the open, where it can be seen and dealt with. Like a boil that can never be cured so long as it is covered up but must be opened with all its ugliness to the natural medicines of air and light, injustice must be exposed, with all the tension its exposure creates, to the light of human conscience and the air of national opinion before it can be cured.