

'REMEMBER AFRICVILLE'

By Taj Shotwell

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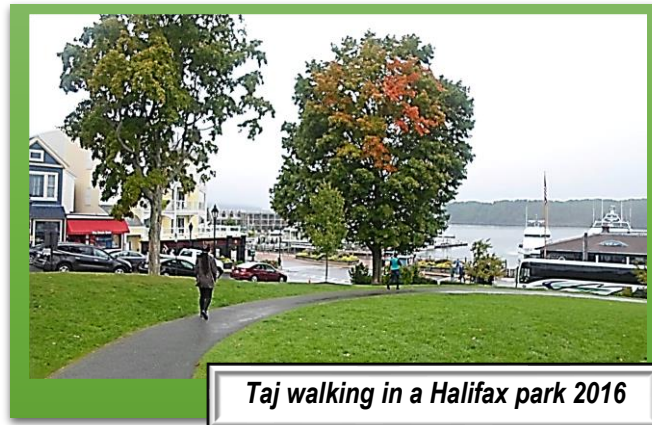
My friend, Beverly and I traveled to New England and Canada, In Halifax, Nova Scotia, the weather was cooler than Florida. We asked, "Where are the Black People?" and were taken aback, Most countries were built on the backs of Blacks. Off the tour bus and into a cab we headed to a town called Africville, The cab driver assured us that Nova Scotia was a better place to live.



He claimed no major violence or guns, and better medical and schools, If what he said was the truth, it sounded very cool. We arrived in Africville, a small church was all that we could see, The church is now a museum-- it houses Africville's history. Along the shore were a camping trailer and large protest signs. And a friendly Black man and his dog were in the trailer, they seemed fine.



First, we toured the museum where we learned more Black History, We were guided through the events and never expected what would be. Through the 'Underground Railroad' some Africans escaped USA slavery, They traveled to Canada where the British promised them liberty. "If you help to build our country you will remain free, And you can have your own land to do as you please." As the years passed the Africans endured more life-lessons, Until the 1960's, the African-Canadians lived in Halifax' northern section. Africville was a beautiful 500 acres settlement, along the oceanfront. Each owner paid the government property taxes, upfront. (MORE)





Taj walking
to Africville
Museum
2016

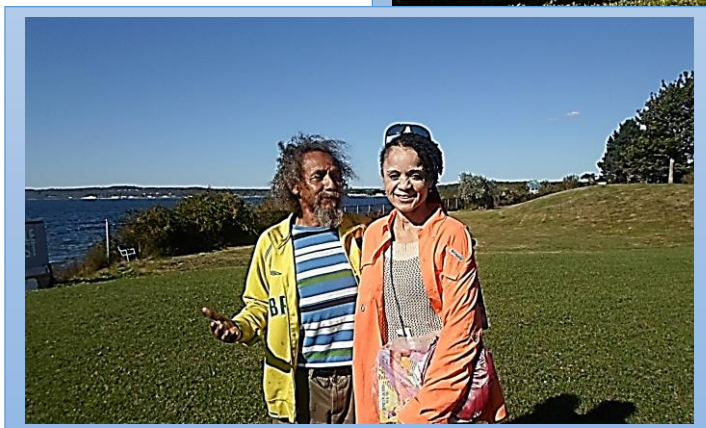
**Black People built their homes and grew their own food,
Businesses, schools, and a church were built the best they could.
It reminded me of my hometown, Orange Mound, in Memphis,
A thriving big family environment, with people like us.
The government made no contribution to the town's upkeep,
No electricity, drinking water, roads, or sanitation in good faith.
Nova Scotia became luminous and continued to soar,
But the Canadian Majority saw Africville as an eye-sore.**

**The Government offered a few hundred dollars for each family's property,
But when the Black People refused to sell, it caused greater disparity.
Early one morning in Africville, when no one was stirring around,
The British bull-dosed the church, yes, flattened it to the ground.
Later, they returned to knock down the homes, house by house,
By 1969, over four hundred family members were forced out,
Forced to live in condemned and low-income projects,
Some of them left with just the clothes on their backs.**

(MORE)

**No grass in sight and now hidden from the majority society,
Over time some moved and mixed in other communities.
Many died without their family uniting, never seeing a brighter day,
Some rebelled and prayed equality would come their way.
In 2003, as restitution for the Canadians' bad deed,
And far too little as many will still agree,
Two acres and a rebuilt church were returned to Africville,
Yet the residents don't have their homes for generations to live.**

**We visited the protester in the trailer on the property,
Mr. Eddie Carvery was a young man when his family was displaced, unjustly.
He talked like US, looked like US, and shares similar strife,
Mr. Carvery is now 71 years old and health issues consume his life.
But soon as he left the hospital he returned to protest,
"Tell the US to remember us, It's still a struggle for all Blacks."
We were touched by the Black History we learned that day,
I'll always Remember Africville and pray God's Blessings will shine its way.**



**Above: Mr. Eddie Carvery with
Dr. Beverly Barber and on left with
Dr. Taj Shotwell, Africville,
Nova Scotia, 2016**

THE END