

I was send an unpublished copy of the book "Girl Child in the UnPromised Land" and asked for an honest review. The book is a frank, direct, hard, and truthful read. It's no one for the faint at heart. It's not sugar-coated documentary of the horrendous effect the American society has had on the black woman and girl that continues to this day.

It goes deep into the psychological damage of the unrealistic notion of society in expecting a girl child born at a severe disadvantage in the world around her, yet she is expected not to express her pain nor complaint but to accept it all with a smiling face. And if she expresses it; it makes people uncomfortable. She talks about the downright selfishness of everyone who those like herself pain makes uncomfortable.

I think the book is brilliantly written and a book every woman could read. Rachel Hightower hold no barrels back. She's a true Virginia Woolf in her own way. I think the book should become the anthem to the black female struggle.

As a woman, I think the issues addressed in this book are subjects long overdue. Society has tiptoed around these issues long enough. It speaks about the psychological trauma of slavery, Jim Crow, and post-Civil Rights era (if anyone noticed the Civil Right Movements never addressed the special issues of Black girls and women faces in America.) Not even the Civil Rights movements fully addressed the issue.

On phrase stood out and glared me in the face. Hightower wrote: "I'm sick of everyone telling me how to be happy. I would be happy if you let me be. I'm not you but it's *you* who aren't happy unless I'm a black carbon copy of you. If I read old more crappy happy meme I'll scream. I'm sick of society telling me lies. Telling me that hard work pays off. That's the biggest lie that ever left hell. If that was true, every black family would be millionaires. Telling me how I should move on and forget the past and look forward to the future but how can I when the oppressive society I live in is constantly pick at the psychological scars coded in my DNA. When society refuse to leave the scar alone? The scar it inflicted on me for no other reason than my being born a black girl child in this unpromised land. Constantly pulling off the scar; exposing the festering wound beneath it. But those who harm others are always the first to play ignorant game of the damage they have done and act as thus it's the victim's fault as to why they're suffering. Patting themselves on the back and saying they aren't at fault and if I state my grievance I'm called a racist. It would take an awful stupid person to love someone who treats them worse than dogs? I'm a woman of high intelligent and behave accordingly."

Rachel Hightower traces the slave trade to many parts of the world not talked about in contemporary history. She said, "A sure way to tell the truth, if African slaves were ever there is the general attitude of the present day population toward those of darker skin. The evident unknowingly speaks for itself. "

Lastly, I wholly agree with the author when she wrote, "Everyone wants to talk about healing the nation. But a nation is like a body, it isn't healthy until all parts are healed. Until we fully address, (I don't mean half-heartedly address it as we have done for the past century) this issue and truthfully work toward healing the black woman's wounds, the festering sores of the past will always be looking back at and seeping toward us. It effects the entire body. It's an illness you can't run from no matter where you live."

It goes further back than colonial America. It goes back to the 7th and 8th century. Back to the days of the Muslim slave trade and the many wars fought to end the trade. History completely ignored these wars. She wrote there were no coincidence that certain people were selected to be attacked and sold.

Much of it was an ethnic cleaning. I'll let you read the book to learn more about which groups wanted to be removed from Africa and why?

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