

# The Life of a Young, Black Conservative

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Written by Jerome Hudson

While attending a black fraternity party, I recently learned it's a bad idea to profess one's affinity for Glenn Beck, Bill O'Reilly, Rush Limbaugh, and Sean Hannity.

Worse, according to current polls, it appears I may be the only black 22 year old in America who will be voting for Sen. John McCain.

It's not that I was unaware that being a black conservative Republican puts me in the ultimate "minority." After all, Shelby Steele's classic article "The Loneliness of the Black Conservative" has become an article of faith that I've all but committed to memory.

But I guess I had made the mistake of buying into all that liberal yammering about being "open minded" and supporting "diversity" that I'd deluded myself into believing that a civil, discussion about the herd-like ideological mentality of so many of my contemporaries suffer from was possible.

Boy, was I wrong. Big time!

My official "Negro" card got stripped away. I instantly lost my "blackness." And now, consequently, I now am greeted with this: "Hey, y'all, here comes The Black Republican."

And that's when I think to myself, Hmmm...so this is how it feels to be an "Uncle Tom."

Still, being labeled "The Black Republican" is undoubtedly a promotion from: "Hey, why are you dressed so nice? You got a job interview or something?" Or, worse, "Man, why are you talking like that? You sound white? Who do you think you are? A conservative Kanye West?"

But my path to ideological emancipation began where all the most important things always begin—with my father and mother. Growing up, my Army drill sergeant father was a firm believer in tough love. My parents instilled in us Christian values. But I

believe that first part—having an involved mother and father—was critical. With 70% of all black babies being born out-of-wedlock, it's no wonder black poverty remains entrenched, welfare has become a way of life, and that many of my fellow young black male counterparts choose gangsta life over college.

But it wasn't until college that I realized I had been ensnared in what John McWhorter calls the "Cult of Victimology." One of my professor's pointed me toward a world of literature I'd never been introduced to: Thomas Sowell, John McWhorter, Shelby Steele, Star Parker, Angela McGlowan, Larry Elder, Walter Williams—they obliterated the Leftist foolishness that floods my community.

*It was then that my eyes were opened to the truth, a truth that my father was willing to give his life for, a truth that hundreds of thousands of American soldiers have paid the ultimate price to pass on to future generations. And that truth is this: America remains the greatest country that God gave to man.*

So imagine me, a member of various organizations that largely consist of young black Americans, most of whom are womb to the tomb Democrats and liberals, speaking openly about the many opportunities and blessings we enjoy in our great nation and refuting Michelle Obama's supposition that America is a "downright mean place.."

Can you say.....social suicide?

"So Jerome," the partygoers asked, "you're REALLY a Republican?!"

Duh!

Of course I'm a Republican! And your great grandparents were too!

Yes, I'm a member of the Anti-Slavery Party, the party responsible for: the 13th (abolished slavery), 14th (gave former slaves full citizenship rights), the 15th Amendment (gave slaves voting rights), the Civil Rights Act of 1871(protecting southern blacks from the Ku Klux Klan), the Reconstruction Acts, and the 1866, 1875, 1957, 1960, and 1964 Civil Rights Acts.

And no, my brothers and sisters, yesterday's southern Democrats are NOT today's Republicans! If so, former Klansman, Sen. Robert Byrd—the highest ranking senate Democrat and President Pro-Tempore of the Senate—apparently didn't get the memo and forgot to switch parties.

But it's more than just the history. I'm proud to stand for self-empowerment, personal responsibility, strong family values, small government, low taxes, free markets, a strong military, and individual achievement etc.

And don't even get me started on which side stands up for the precious 1.4 million unborn children (32% of whom are black), who will be casualties in the war inside the womb. When I see these so-called "black leaders" bashing conservatives for "racist policies," I wonder how they justify cheering on the political team who proudly defends the annihilation of 13 million black children since 1973.

And conservatives don't care about black people? I don't think so!

No, I think I'll ride with the team who says enough with the welfare cancer that has destroyed people's innate desire to achieve. Yes, I'll ride with the folks who respect me enough to consider me their equal and not insult me with Affirmative Action racism. Yeah, I'll ride with the gang who would rather create effective policies than emotional "feel good" symbolism that robs individuals of their desire to aspire.

So while it may take a little getting used to walking into college parties where I'm known as "The Black Republican," I now realize I am a newly inducted member of a rich tradition of ideologically emancipated black conservatives. And guess what? I'm more than cool with that. I'm proud, actually.

"The conservative Kanye West"?

Hmmm....

Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?



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