

First and last name

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AP English Language &amp; Composition

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*Just Mercy* Dialectical Journals

Passage #1	Response #1
<p>“I could hear him [Henry] as he went down the hall:  <i>Lord life me up, and let me stand            By faith on Heaven’s tableland            A higher plane, that I have found            Lord, plant my feet on Higher            Ground.’</i></p> <p>...In the moment, Henry altered something in my understanding of human potential, redemption, and hopefulness...</p> <p>...Proximity to the condemned and incarcerated made the question of each person’s humanity more urgent and meaningful, including my own.” (pg. 12)</p>	<p>Reading these lines on page 12 in just the introduction of the book definitely struck me as one of the more poignant points from Stevenson and a very powerful point about human beings and our own individual humanity. Oftentimes, criminals, especially those on death row, are considered really bad or evil individuals, and we give very little thought to viewing them or considering them worthy of having any humanity, any dignity, or any worth. However, learning and gaining an understanding of even just one man on death row from the perspective of Stevenson challenges our own limited viewpoints, especially since most haven’t had these types of experiences. In addition, these words, and especially the lines from the hymnal that I grew up singing in church as a little girl, make me pause to consider my beliefs as a Christian. Don’t all men and women, despite their actions, deserve to be treated humanely? Should I not view them as criminals but, instead, as individuals who deserve the love of Christ and His grace and mercy? Just like the author, I, too, am questioning not only Henry’s humanity but my own as well, especially in regard to what it means to be a human and each person’s morality. Moreover, this introduction has been one of the most intriguing for me to read as it has heightened my curiosity to understand more of Henry’s story and background, which has also, funnily, reminded me that everyone has a story and a background, and often, by knowing them, I understand the humanity of that particular person.</p>

Passage #2	Response #2
<p>“I started writing my complaint determined not to reveal that I was an attorney. When I replayed the whole incident in my mind, what bothered me most was the moment when the officer drew his weapon and I thought about running. I was a twenty-eight-year-old lawyer who had worked on police misconduct cases. I had the judgment to speak calmly to the officer when he threatened to shoot me. When I thought about what I would have done when I was sixteen years old or nineteen or even twenty-four. I was scared to realize that I might have run. The more I thought about it, the more concerned I became about all the young black boys and men in that neighborhood. Did they know not to run? Did they know to stay calm and say, ‘It’s okay’”? (pp. 42-43)</p>	<p>Forty pages into the book and I found this particular scenario, which began on page 39, extremely significant, especially considering the past couple of years regarding Black Lives Matter, some of the shooting deaths of black men who ran, and some of the public’s responses to them. “If he had nothing to hide or didn’t do anything wrong, why would he run?” It is extremely easy for any person to make assumptions in this type of situation; however, when I read this from the lens of Stevenson, a black educated attorney, and understand that even he, in that split second/in that particular moment, was tempted to just run, even though he had done nothing wrong, it defines some of the anger and frustration of minorities, particularly black men, and the reason why he felt that knee jerk compulsion to run. I have never experienced a moment where a police officer reacted in the same manner that these two officers did with Stevenson. I have never worried about being shot or even been concerned about this scenario even occurring; therefore, reading about it and reading Stevenson’s emotions and thoughts regarding the entire ordeal have forced me (in a good way) to consider other situations similar to this in a different light and from a different point of view. But this is the purpose of books...changing our perspectives and helping us recognize that, very rarely, nothing is what it seems and that most of life is simply not just black and white.</p>

<b>Passage #3</b>	<b>Response #3</b>
“.” (pg.)	