**What Black History Month Means To Me**

Your Name (First M. Last)

Date

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 Every year in the month of February this new debate starts about the Black History Month, some speak in its favor while others simply oppose this idea of celebrating one particular community. Despite the fact that many lack American support the celebration of this day, a small number of them don't agree with this idea of celebrating just one month, as in their opinion it's unfair to limit celebration to one month when it is neglected in eleven months of the year. As someone who is working as a nurse manager in a hospital where I am the only black African women, this day matter to me a lot.

 My history makes me, me. It's in my blood. All my life I have faced inequality at many stages of my life, in school and in a career. Still in this time where everyone verbally supports diversity and inclusion, practically it is avoided and not given its due importance. Things have changed for black African Americans but still, they are not where they should be.

 For me celebrating this one month, makes me feel powerful, strong and important. All the year where our community stays behind the curtains, this one month makes us feel visible. It’s a reminder to me that my community is strong and it has given a lot of sacrifices for us to be here where we are now. We have fought for inequality and injustice. We were misrepresented and still, we face this separation but definitely, we have a long way through our sacrifices. For me, this day reminds me that we should keep striving for our rights and equality as rightful American citizens and not feel discouraged by racism and wrong representation on media. It gives me the energy to keep making difference in my community through hard work and dedication exactly like my ancestors and keep striving for equality.

 It’s a time to rejoice and move towards the future. We should keep celebrating it till we reach the actual equality and change that we have been striving for.