St. Patrick's Day

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"MOM! Why do I have to wear green today? I'm black!' Sam yelled down the stairs"

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss4/15
"MOM! Why do I have to wear green today? I’m black!" Sam yelled down the stairs.

"Sam, you know very well that you are Irish too," his mother called up from the kitchen. "Just put the green on."

Sam was not appeased, but he put the green shirt on anyway. He knew he was Irish, but he also knew the kids in his class only saw black when they looked at him. He remembered St. Patrick’s Day last year. When the teacher asked him to say why he was wearing green, the whole classroom erupted in laughter as he said he was Irish. For the rest of the day, all of the kids in his class made fun of him for wearing green. It wasn’t until the teacher pointed out he was mulatto, and that his mother’s Irish decent was passed onto him, that the other kids stop making fun of him. Well, to his face anyway.

That afternoon he heard a kid named Sean say, "Ugh, I hate that Teacher yelled at us; it’s not like we were doing anything wrong. If I find out he told her, I’ll make him wish he hadn’t!” Sam hadn’t told the teacher, but Sean still made him wish she hadn’t said anything.

Sam’s mother had laid a green sweatshirt with a huge, white Shamrock design on his bed to go over the green shirt, but Sam was over at his closet picking a black sweatshirt with a red dragon design off of one of the shelves. He had just pulled it over his head when his mother walked in.

"Sam, honey, why aren’t you wearing your green sweatshirt?" she asked in a soft voice.

"I don’t want to wear green," Sam shot at her. He was trying hard to fight back tears. He had never told his mother that Sean beat him up and he hated lying to her.

"Why don’t you want to wear green?" his mother asked, concerned.

"Because the other kids make fun of me when I wear green on St. Patrick’s Day, because they say I’m not Irish," Sam shouted through tears.

"Oh honey," Sam’s mother said, wrapping her arms around him in a hug. She held him close until he stopped crying. "You feeling a little better now?" she asked once he pulled away.

Sam nodded. He still couldn’t speak.

"Well, I noticed how you didn’t want to wear green," she began with a smile, "so it’s alright with me if you wear a different color today, as long as you wear this," and she opened her hand to reveal a Shamrock pin.

"But mom, that’s still an Irish symbol," Sam said with a worried voice.

"Yes Sam, it is an Irish symbol, but more importantly, it’s a Christian symbol." Sam looked confused so she continued, "St. Patrick used the Shamrock to teach the people of Ireland about the blessed Trinity."

"The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit?" Sam asked.

"Yes, that’s exactly it," his mom said with a smile. "And wearing green is just another way of expressing your Christian belief."

Sam looked at his mother. She gave him a big smile. He knew she would be okay with him not wearing green as long as he wore the pin; but now, he wanted to wear green from head to toe if he could. He took off the black sweatshirt, put the green one on and fastened the pin over his chest. He would be ready for question today. The reason he is wearing green is because of his faith. Sean couldn’t beat him up because he is Christian. Not when Sean is a Christian too.