

# Why Didn't My Mom's Life Matter?

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My Mom worked long hours at low paying jobs all her life and one day she had a chance to become somebody and have a better job, but she was told someone else's life mattered more than hers.

My Mom worked long hours at low-paying jobs to assure that I had everything I needed. She's been gone a few years now and when I think back there's one aspect of her that I remember above everything else. She was always tired. She worked as long as sixteen hours per day, mainly as a waitress. When she came home she did the cooking and cleaning and all the normal household chores. Often my father would help her, but he also worked long hours trying to get ahead.

When I was about eight she came home, one day, and she was more excited than I had ever seen her. She'd learned that the Post Office was going to be hiring and that she had to pass a test to get the job. Then she got to the good part; the part that had her so excited. If she got a high enough score on the test, and got one of the available jobs, she'd be working only eight hours per day and she would be earning approximately double, or even a little more, than she was currently earning. She saved what she thought was the best part for last. On top of all that she would get healthcare for the entire family, with the exception of my uncle, of course. She was actually giddy. She was already planning how to spend the money. All she had to do was study hard and pass the test. She had never failed at anything she'd ever tried so to her, this was a sure thing.

She studied for at least a half hour every night no matter how tired she was or how many hours she'd worked. The night before the test she was sure she'd get a good score. She felt she knew the material well enough to guarantee that. It was a different story the next morning. She was nervous to the point of being frightened. She wanted to pass so badly so she could do more for her family.

According to her she was extremely nervous the entire time she was taking the test and she was afraid that could have had a negative effect on her score. Yes, I inherited the "worry" gene from my Mom. She was the last to turn her test in and her hands were trembling so badly she dropped it when she handed it to the examiner. The examiner had noticed how much she was shaking and tried to calm her down. My Mom told her all she needed was to know if she had passed the test. The examiner explained that the scores would be released soon and that she had to wait. She thanked the examiner and started to leave. The examiner stopped her and explained that she wasn't allowed to do this but, if Mom could wait a few minutes, she could check the test and tell her what grade she had gotten. Mom said she could wait for however long it took.

The examiner checked the test and told her she had gotten a 93% and had passed with flying colors. She also added that her score was high enough that she, the examiner, was almost positive she would easily qualify for one of the available jobs. Mom came home looking like she'd just won the billion-dollar lottery. I'd never seen her that happy before, or after, for that matter.

I don't remember how it was that she found out she didn't get any of the three jobs. I think something came in the mail. She was upset but not as much as I would have expected. She was positive there was some sort of mistake and off she went to get that mistake rectified. It took some waiting, but she got to see the examiner that had scored her test early.

Mom said that the second the examiner saw her she looked as if all she wanted to do was find a place to hide. She did not want to talk to Mom. Mom said that was the second she realized that this problem wasn't going to get fixed and she really hadn't gotten any of the three available jobs. Still, she hoped for an explanation. She needed something to tell her family that explained why she had failed them. The conversation went something like this. I remember how she related the story well enough to approximate the dialog. Mom took a seat across the desk from the examiner.

**Mom:** *"Was there a mistake. Did I not score as high as you thought?"*

**Examiner:** *"No, Mrs. Kurata, your 93% was the highest score we've had in some time."*

**Mom:** *"I don't understand. If it's merit based, and I had the highest score shouldn't I have qualified for one of the three jobs?"*

Examiner: *"It's not 100% merit based." Mom said the examiner was now the nervous one.*

Mom: *"Then what is it based on? What did someone else have to do to get the job I should have gotten?"*

Examiner: *"They didn't need to do anything. Some minorities get special consideration."*

Mom: *"So someone got to jump ahead of me because of the color of my skin?"*

Examiner: *"We don't look at it that way, Ma'am."*

Mom: *"So they got to jump ahead of me because of the color of their skin?"*

Examiner: Silence

Mom: *"I have one last question. What was the lowest test score of anyone who got one of those three jobs?"*

Examiner: *"57%."*

My Mom was a simple lady. She didn't understand the complexities of Government. She tended to look at everything in a straightforward, common sense manner. She saw this story as a simple progression.

- If she took and completed a test she qualified for the job she desired
- She took said test, passed it, and received the highest score of the group tested
- Since she met or exceeded all requirements she expected to receive the job

In a nation that honestly believed in small government she may have been correct, but she didn't meet that requirement. Instead she was a citizen of a nation whose government's main aim was to be self-propagating, self-perpetuating, self-aggrandizing and, above all, self-promoting.

The government recognized a problem in our society; a disparity of "opportunity" between segments of our society, which they chose to identify by race at least partially as a result of urging by the [NAACP](#). The problem, most likely, could have been solved by addressing educational needs but that's a slow process. Education takes time. Governments, and special interest groups, like quick, flashy "fixes" especially if they don't really fix anything. Lawmakers like little better than pounding their chests, pointing their fingers, and declaring loudly and obnoxiously, *"Look what I did for you."* Affirmative action was just such a false remedy. Another reason education couldn't be addressed is because the education system was being morphed into an indoctrination system which was a much more important project and would have an even more injurious effect on our nation.

By defining the disparity of "opportunity" along racial lines the Government committed the crime of breaking its own law(s) disallowing differential treatment based on sex or race. What could be more discriminatory than hiring based on the color of one's skin no matter which color prevailed? By the same token, when it comes to blatant pandering; what could be more effective than doling out jobs based on the color of a man or woman's skin?

For all the Government's hypocrisy, all it's ever done was fan the flames of racial discord in an effort to keep "we the people" at each other's throats so we're too busy to put those same hands around the spindly, pencil necks of our illustrious public servants. Know what's really sad? It's working... for them.



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