

# Windrush Experience

Roy Mackpenfield Part 1

Across the open seas I've trod, danger wades in every breath. Determined spirit and resolute faith, driven by rewards of yonder shores. Like - streets of gold, moons on sticks, money trees that always laden.

Growing up in a land of sun, trust in God was a dedicated practice my parents followed. It sure came handy – when, the mighty waves washed the deck, sending the ship tossing in the wind. Lord my God, to whom I pray, guide me through those darkest days.

Hundreds packed a swaying deck, like buzzing bees-protects their young. Anxious eyes and nervous feet sought reassurance to the way ahead. Times when trust is at its highest, God, I thought, if you are my strength, relieve me of the burden I bear.

The foghorns echoed, seabirds squawk, the giant ship had safely moored. Blackening clouds engulfed the landscape, teardrops streamed the watery eyes. Lily-white suits with seams sharp as razor weaved through a crowd of nervous faces.

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Part 2

The first encounter with the place, I was about to call home, was an experience that is not easily forgotten? The cold wind blew - body shivered, toes and fingers lost their purpose, confusion ignites a weary brain, and, set into motion - slavish undertones.

I'm thankful to my parent's compulsion, it provided the strength that kept me sane. I've trusted a man who has fallen foul, and left me to swill in a bucket of woes.

Prejudice, injustice, and discrimination  
hallmarks to society, I came to know.

The effect of war, created a clever exercise, catalyst to the politicians and merchants alike. And, the Windrush experience gave them an edge, to reinvent an age-old practice – slavery. Economic slavery, the answer to fill empty pockets, their targeted audience - Afro-Caribbean.