



## **This has to stop! Enough is enough!**

I was walking home from a 'Black Lives Matter'-protest when I passed a young man standing in the town square holding a large sign with "This has to stop!" written across it in giant letters and underneath, in slightly smaller writing: 'Enough is enough!' I was just heading over to the editorial office of the regional newspaper where I worked, to quickly file my report on the protests of that afternoon, but I had to address the young man.

"Just so you know, the protest against police brutality is two streets further down," I said to him, chuckling as I passed.

"Oh, but I'm not protesting against police brutality," he replied kindly, yet convincingly at me. Showing a big smile on his face.

I had already passed him, but I stopped, turned around, and walked a few paces back toward him. "So, what are you protesting against, then?" I asked him.

"I think it's enough, it has to stop!" the man answered, full of fervent conviction.

"Yes, I understand that. I can read it on your sign. But what exactly do you mean by 'it has to stop'?"

"Well, enough is enough, isn't that obvious? I think most people don't realize it, but it's time

that this should be made clear. It's been going on for too long and boundaries have evidently been crossed!"

I was starting to get confused. What was this friendly young man protesting against? I decided to give it one more try. "But if you're not protesting against police brutality, what are you protesting against?"

"Enough is enough. It has to stop. We can't go on like this!"

He sounded very committed and convincing, but I still had no idea what this young man was protesting against, all by himself. That didn't seem to bother the young man at all. He looked very friendly, but his body language and gestures radiated a powerful conviction.

I decided to leave it at that. Sometimes you just have to accept a situation for what it is, without being able understand or to explain it. "Okay, well, good luck then," I said to the young man.

"Thank you," he answered kindly. "Have a nice day."

He had already turned away from me and was staring intently into the distance as if he was looking for someone. As I continued walking, I passed a somewhat elderly woman who I had already noticed as I was speaking to the man, and who seemed to closely observe the entire scene.

She met my gaze with a friendly smile and kindly nodded at me as I was approaching her. "Are you also part of this protest?" I asked her. It sounded more cynical than I had intended.

"Oh, no," she said kindly. "That's my son."

"Your son? Then perhaps you know what he's protesting against?" I asked her, without trying to sound judgmental in any way.

"No, I have no idea. But does it really matter? I love seeing that he's found something that's given his life meaning. Since he decided that it has to stop, he's flourished and found a new purpose in life, or rather a mission! I so enjoy watching him when he's like this," she said, looking at me with a radiant smile.

**END**