KAIZEN
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Our writers share their own opinions on the upcoming presidential election. The following article is the opinion of Justyna Ball. The News of Poland does not offer an endorsement of any of the candidates.

Rain tumbled into snow when we finally found the end of the line. We made our way through Hartford’s Civic Center several times. Some precarious ones held umbrellas. Most, as usual, had none. We huddled together without any clothes on our faces. Some, predicting long wait, grabbed coffee at a nearby DD. We just said good-bye to the line and walked straight to the Worship Center where we had to study. We were late as the doors opened an hour ago. The weather was cold and wet, but our spirit was surprisingly good.

Holding onto each other, we gaped for air while waiting only a few minutes from the stage, breathing, circling the building. You cannot cut people off and pretend that they aren’t there. They all want to enter. How are we all going to fit? Let there be a miracle? As we walked, faces passed as images in a photograph. I have never seen such diversity in one place.

There were young and old people, men and women, black and white, single and families, rich and poor. Some who I found to be very eccentric were dressed in four-season, soccer moms and hockey dads. Judging from the clothing, off to the side, there were six policemen, four unknown, and four factory workers who finished their shift, fancy and not so fancy looking people in all shapes and colors. It was quite an array of our society.

A white grandma was holding hands with her grandson, making sure their hats and mittens stayed on. Entire families all came to listen to this man speak. Father and mother and big mamas and black mamas all came to cheer.

And yes, after some 20 minutes in line, a miracle indeed happened! The several doors next to us opened, and we were separated from them only by two lines across, of chilled to the bone people, yet everybody stood still. It was funny. People were looking at each other as if they were waiting for somebody else to do the first move and cut off the line. Some looked around before slowly moving toward the door. People, in general, are nice as they do not want to cut in front of you, but you want to make sure you are in the line for the moment, so you let your worries of what others may think go. Maybe we all just accepted the idea that such a coincidence was inevitable, so to say. I looked at Jakec, Jakec looked at me, and we both tried to open our line.

And the crowd poured in…

There was a mother with a child in wheelchair before me. I was nervous about what would happen if the crowd got too excited and too Pushy. In my mind, I saw headlines: “People injured, trumped at the premiere”; atrocities; “How could this be? Nothing like this happened. People walked slowly, leaving enough room for each other to be able to breathe a little after a while, security gave up checking.

The human wave gushed and completely filled the convention center. Seated, I sighed with disbelief, such a great view and we have no camera! Francis has been my family photographer! It better be good.

I asked several people to e-mail their pictures, and one turned out to be a海滩 who was… Polish. As other candidates departed, at this point, in the end of the premiere, a man was a woman running, a black man and one born in Panama.

And here we are for Barack Obama. The son of a Kenyan father and a Kansas mother came to my attention as a keynote speaker at the last democratic convention in 2004. He was a place holder to the Clinton, unknown,” he said back then. “My father was a foreign student, born and raised in a small village in Kenya. He grew up herding goats, went to school in a tin-roof shack. His father - my grandfather - was a cook, a domestic servant to the British. My grandmother had larger dreams for his son. Through hard work and perseverance my father got a scholarship to the Bennington College, in Vermont, America, that shone as a beacon of freedom and an opportunity to so many who had come here before.

While studying here, my father met my mother. She was born in a town on the other side of the world, in Kansas. Her father worked on oil rigs and farms through most of the Depression. The day after Pearl Harbor, my grandfather joined the military; my grandfather started to work on his new steel galvanizing process. While making its way across Europe in 1934 that a revolutionary product invented by a man called Sendzimir is coming from a little town in upper Silesia. In the meantime, while in Paris, an industrialist by the name Bob Soborg, the General Manager of Amoco Steel in Ohio got interested in that product and traveled to Poland to speak with Sendzimir.