In the courtroom the young twenty year old male stood before the Judge for Probation Violations

‘It is what it is’ – What does it mean?

Ooowee!

As I sat in between this husband and wife during their counseling session, I was trying to understand why the husband, after each time his wife brought up some facts in regards to their marriage, he'd say, "It is what it is." She would quickly respond, "It is what it is to you, but it's not what it is to me."

Turning to my right looking at him when he made his statement, then turning to my left looking at her when she responded, I was getting dizzy, holding on to the cross on my Bishop's robe. I continued to let them vent, hoping and writing down at least eight times of this husband saying,

"It is what it is."

The wife stood up pointing her finger at him, yelling, "You're just like your father, lazy, don't want to work, always broke, full of excuses to not even go looking for a job." Asking her to sit down, calm down and stop pointing her finger at him, he quickly responded, "It is what it is." Jumping up again pointing her finger at him over my head she responded again, "It is what it is to you, but it's not what it is to me."

Asking her to sit down, calm down and stop pointing her finger the husband once again responded yelling back to his wife. "I didn't marry you to be my mother." "I didn't marry you to be my child," was her sharp response. This time, something came over me and it was not the Holy Ghost, as I found myself standing up pointing at the husband yelling as if I had gone crazy, "don't you say, ‘It is what it is’ one more time.” All three of us broke out laughing, as both the husband and wife told me to calm down.

I ask each of you my readers when, where, why and what does it mean when an individual says, "It is what It is?"

In this marriage counseling session and so many sessions that I do as a minister I've been hearing this statement over and over again by young adults and I'm coming to my own conclusion of what it really means.

In the courtroom the young twenty year old male stood before the Judge for Probation Violations. In a packed courtroom mostly full of individuals with the same color as me, you could hear a pin drop as this young man stood before the judge.

The Probation Officer was called up to talk about what this young man had not done as ordered by the court. He was looking at going to prison and serve three years if he could not justify why he did not follow the guidelines of the court. From the way this young twenty year-old walked to the bench, I felt in my spirit that his blessing of being put on probation after being found guilty of his crime would now become a curse. I could see the freeway in my mind, of this individual in the State Van heading to one of the State Prisons.

The young man missed reporting to his probation officer for three months, which he told the judge he didn't have money to catch the bus. He also told the judge the reason he failed the drug test with drugs in his system was because the street he lived on everybody smokes weed and so it's all in the air and in his cloths. The courtroom erupted in laughter as the judge continued to write. The probation officer continued with more violations as the judge stood up waving his hands in the air stating, "I've heard enough." Looking at the twenty year-old male, calling him by name he asked, "What do you have to say in regards to all these violations?" Before the young man could say a word, the Judge continued, "Think before you answer my questions, ‘cause you're looking at three years if you don't give this court reasons for your not taking responsibility for your actions." Once again you could hear a pin drop in the courtroom as we all waited for this young man's answer. The young man raised his hands in the air then rubbing his head, leaning over and said, "Judge, only thing I can say is I messed up and It is what It Is."

The judge sat down and once again started writing. I was praying for the young man's precious mother who also was in the courtroom crying and wiping the tears from her eyes. Did she know something? Did she, like me, have an idea her son was going away for three years. “Another hurting mother,” I said, as the judge continued writing something.

The Judge, telling the young man to stand straight made it "cut-throat" clear as he addressed the young man. "All you have to say is, ‘It is what it is?’ Young man what you're saying is, ‘This is how I am, this is how I'm going to stay, which is not taking any responsibility to do anything for myself.’" The judge continued, "but I'm going to quote you today, so hear me well. You'll be serving your entire three years and not get out a day early and when you get out you'll come before me and if you don't have your G.E.D that you can get in prison, I'm sending you back to prison. Now I close by saying to you, "It Is What It Is." This judge now standing up once again as the young male was being escorted out by the officers told the entire courtroom, "I don't want no one else to approach this court and say to me, ‘It is what it is.’"

As I close out this column, I quote Nikita Warfield who stated, "Excellence is an art won by training and habituation. We do not act rightly because we have virtue or excellence, but rather we have those because we have acted rightly. We are what we repeatedly do. Excellence, then, is not an act but a habit."

Stay tuned for part II next week.

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