



STORIES IN LIVING COLOR – TELLER INFORMATION FORM

LAST NAME: McCormack

FIRST NAME: Denise

AGE:

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PHONE (OPTIONAL):

LOCATION (CITY or TOWN, STATE): Bordentown City, NJ
(Country if outside USA)

IDENTIFYING ETHNIC GROUP: W

COMMUNITY (OPTIONAL):

Please put something in either or both of the above fields. The “community” field is meant for communities that experience discrimination such as religious groups, LGBTQ groups, etc.

SHORT DESCRIPTION OF STORY IDEA, THEME, KEY INTERSECTIONAL INFORMATION; Other tellers will contact you if what you put here resonates with them, their experiences, and their story idea(s)

At the time and place where I grew up, everyone everywhere looked the same, sort of. People distinguished pretty from plain, tall from short, old from young, and rich from poor. I attended a parochial school. The rituals of daily, weekly, and even yearly routines were much the same for everyone I'd ever come across, almost. During my freshman year of high school though, things changed. The high school had two black students. One student was my friend. The other I never met. Once, on one of my rare social excursions, our roles were reversed, and I had a moment of revelation that has stayed with me for almost 50 years.