



# RELIGION

SCRIPTURE OF THE WEEK:  
Ezekiel: Chapter 33

## "Confessions Of A Former Racist"

by Ulysses Tucker, Jr.

When I graduated from Roosevelt High School in 1975 and enrolled at Southeast Community College, Fairbury, Nebraska, I had no idea that there were so many white people in the world. I did not like white people because they were to blame for all that was wrong in my Washington, D.C. community. The drugs, poverty, unemployment, and ill-equipped schools. He was the "blue-eyed devil" the Black Muslims preached about on our street corners, the race that killed off or paid off our black leadership, and the man who enslaved our people. Yes, I threw bricks at white National Guardsmen as a teenager during the 1968 riots, painted anti-white slogans on the side of buildings, looted stores, and loved every moment of it. I hated white people and my neighborhood, family, and friends reinforced this attitude.

Fairbury, Nebraska is a small farm community located about 70 miles southeast of Lincoln, the state capital, and ten miles from the Kansas border. During the early to middle seventies, there was a large influx of inner-city athletes lured to junior colleges to play basketball and other sports throughout the Midwest. We would play basketball games and all of the players on the other team would be from the same city. New York City, Chicago, Cleveland, and Philadelphia to name a few. It was much easier for these institutions to recruit the marginal student-athlete than those in the upper percentile of their high school graduating class because all we wanted to do was play sports and chase the pro dream.

In admitting these marginal student athletes, an institution could qualify for Federal Educational Funds because they had minorities attending class on their campuses and more importantly, they could generate revenue from sports on a local level. It would be safe to say that many of the coaches could care less if any athlete graduated or not. It was the same old story regardless of who we played. Guys would play sports for a few semesters and head back to the urban jungle, only to be replaced by fresh blood as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

Needless to say, Fairbury reinforced my racist "D.C. attitude." People would call me "nigger" in the daytime and cheer for me at night when I played basketball. There were never more than three of us on the court at one time and five blacks should have started. We had six on the team. I started four games out of 71 in two years and earned All-Conference honors and was a Honorable Mention on the All-Region team. We did all the hard work and the "local white boys" held the trophies high. Off the basketball court, the adjustment was even tougher both academically and socially because of our limited interaction with whites. I had never sat in a classroom with a white until I was a freshman and I had only one white teacher up to that point. It was total culture shock for the six of us. There were some whites who went out of their way to help us but the bad outweighed the good.

By the time I reached the campus of the University of Portland, I was a bitter, confused, paranoid, and skeptical individual when it came to interacting with white people. I selected Oregon because it was the farthest I could get away from the Midwest and my past in Washington, D.C. I had several scholarship offers at midwestern universities and at home but I decided that coming as a "walk-on" to UP was the best thing for me. I considered home a "hell hole" and the Midwest racist. I had a tough time growing up as a kid. I lost both parents before the age of 14, endured custody fights for the seven children in my family, and grew up a violent individual with a penchant for criminal acts. I brought a "coast to coast" chip on my shoulders to Oregon. I was very uptight.

Campus life at UP was different to say the least. I became more confused because the white students were very friendly. I could not under-

stand why. I braced myself to be called "nigger" and white students shocked me by inviting me home for dinner, fishing, to the "T-Room", sailing, skiing, and to my disbelief, on dates. My world view or perspective about white people was crumbling before my eyes. To further complicate matters, I fractured my foot in a pick-up basketball game and I never regained my junior college form that year. I withdrew socially, regressed academically, and did good finishing the semester. My GPA dropped to barely a 2.0 compared to the 3.1 graduated with in Nebraska. I was a lost soul.

Virtually broke and unable to afford the 3,000 mile trip home, I bummed a ride to Sacramento, CA. where I took refuge with my best friend from high school who had just accepted a job with a computer company. Unsure of my academic-athletic future, I spent the entire Christmas holiday reflecting and trying to get my life in order.

The trip to California turned out to be the best thing for me. There, I had one of the greatest revelations of my young life. I realized that there were

some good whites and some bad whites. By the same token, there are some good blacks and some bad blacks. There is good and bad in all races. I had been labeling all whites as being bad simply because they belonged to the race! I realized that I had to learn to accept people for who they were instead of labeling them as bad because of their race. I realized that stereotyping clouded my judgement and destroyed potential communications situations. I changed my entire outlook and view of the world in fifteen days!

Once back on campus for the second semester, I was more comfortable with my environment, open with my feelings, secure in the communications process, friendlier, and creative. My GPA skyrocketed to 3.79 and I received several opportunities to work in the media industry that were there all the time. I guess you can't see what you are not looking for. I was glad that I opened my eyes. Ultimately, I received by B.A. & M.A. and worked at KPVT, as well as other media outlets around Portland, before taking my enlightened attitude to the south.

## Phd Candidate At MIT Also Studying For Priesthood

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—In a sense, Gregory C. Chisholm has a double major at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

He's a PhD candidate in mechanical engineering, where he also obtained his SB (1973) and SM (1975) degrees. And, since 1980, he has been preparing for the priesthood in the Society of Jesus, a Roman Catholic teaching order.

In fact, he already has combined his vocations by teaching mechanical engineering at the University of Detroit, a Jesuit school.

Mr. Chisholm, 37, an African-American raised in New York City, worked five years as an engineer for Bell Laboratories and the U.S. Department of Transportation after receiving his master's degree.

What made him decide to become a priest?

"It's a desire to be of service to people in a way that I think people are crying out for," he replied. "Not that I'm the answer to anyone's prayers, but most people I meet are searching for some kind of god, something beyond themselves."

"I happen to believe that God is transcendent," he continued. "Our physical world with its people and materials is something God has given us to help us find God."

Mr. Chisholm, now completing his PhD thesis, said he returned to MIT in order to be able to teach mechanical engineering at the university level, most likely at a Jesuit school.

"Mechanical engineering is a useful tool," he explained. "It will give me access to people I might not other-

wise have access to. It can be a useful way of evangelizing."

Mr. Chisholm has four years of studying remaining at Heythrop College, a Jesuit school that is part of the University of London, before he is ordained. He currently is living at the Loyola House, a Jesuit residence, in Boston. He said he may well serve as a priest in a parish setting some day, perhaps even while teaching.

"I have always enjoyed the opportunity to preach, and I imagine I'll find ways to do that," he said.

Those he preaches to should have no trouble seeing him. He is six feet, four inches tall.

While his combination of interests may be unusual, it is not unprecedented, he explained. "There have been Jesuits as well as other priests and nuns at MIT before," he said.

Nevertheless, he will be featured in a documentary film now being made for the Society of Jesus to stimulate vocations to the priesthood. The film crew was at MIT recently recording his role as graduate student in his busy life as student, teacher and priest-in-training.



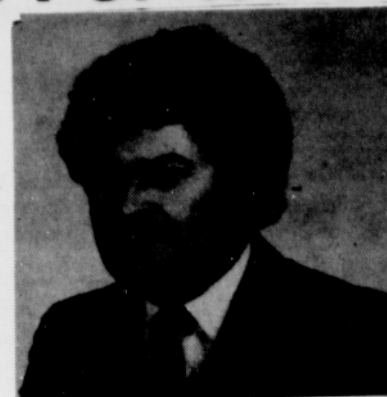
## North Portland Bible College Prepares For Winter Term

by Mattie Ann Callier-Spears

All past, present and interested students, faculty, staff and board members are invited to attend an informal gathering of FUN, GAMES, SHARING, and REFRESHMENTS.

Some call it "Epiphany," others say "Twelfth Night" or "Three Kings Day"; but, at NPBC, we're calling it Winter Term Tip-Off Party.

If by chance, you fall into one of the above categories—you're cordially invited to come out on January 6th, around 7:30 p.m. in the evening in Maranatha's Fellowship Hall located at 4222 N.E. 12th Avenue (13th Avenue entrance, downstairs).



Rev. Raoul Robles

and the head of the Coalition of Black Men; Rev. James Coleman, pastor of Fellowship Church of God and the chaplain at Emanuel Hospital; Sis. Ida Simpson Daniels, wife of Bishop H.B. Daniels and coordinator of women's ministries at Greater Mt. Calvary COGIC; Sis. Elizabeth Nance, NPBC librarian/Office Manager and Christian Education Coordinator at Maranatha Church; Rev. Michael Lindsey, Academic Dean of NPBC and the Chairman of the Christian Education committee at Berean Baptist Church.

REGISTER NOW! Call (503) 288-2919 or use a registration form, available from any NPBC staff

member or booster. Registration for each term is \$10.00. Tuition for each course is \$20.00. All persons wanting to attend and are unable to pay their tuition in one lump sum can make arrangements for monthly payments.

## New Year's Revival

Celebration Tabernacle will hold a New Year's Revival on January 9th through January 15th. Services will begin at 7:00 p.m. nightly.

There will be guest speakers featured at each service. Local pastors and their choirs.

Come! Be involved in a full-gospel revival. Come! Expecting a spiritual renewal and a time to rededicate your life to Christ Jesus.

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LOCATED AT:

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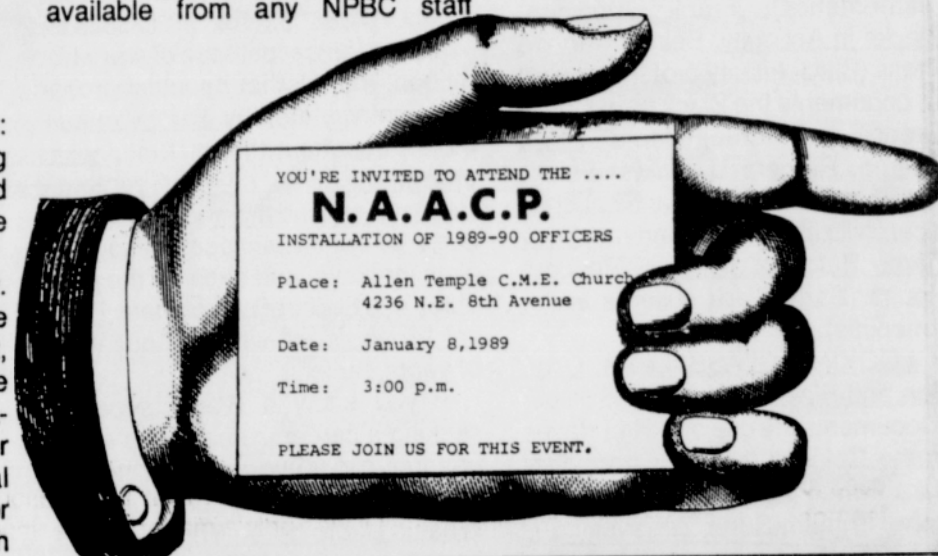
For more information, Call - 285-9635, Rev. Elbert Mondaine, pastor.



Dr. T.L. Lewis

Come meet the two new teachers: Dr. T.L. Lewis, pastor of the Morning Star Missionary Baptist Church and Rev. Raoul Robles, pastor of the First Baptist Church of St. Johns.

The returning teachers are: Rev. Phillip Nelson, pastor of Allen Temple C.M.E. Church; Nathan Barnett, pastor of Berean Baptist Church; Lee Arthur Madison, pastor of New Jerusalem Baptist Church and the director of the Center for Community Mental Health; Dr. James E. Martin, senior pastor of the Mt. Olivet Baptist Church



## People Are Talking Closed Churches

Many Are Closed And Dark

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Phillip S. Nelson, Pastor Psalm 34:3

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the Bible says ...  
Follow peace with all men & holiness without which no man shall see the Lord  
HEBREWS 12:14

Tuesday:	Bible Band	7:30 p.m.
Thursday:	Choir Rehearsal	7:00 p.m.
Sunday:	Sunday School	9:15 a.m.
	Morning Worship	11:15 a.m.
	Y.P.W.W.	6:30 p.m.
	Evangelistic Worship	8:00 p.m.
Tuesday - Friday:	Noon Day Prayer	
Friday:	"The Pastor Speaks"	7:30 p.m.
Saturday:	Morning Prayer	9:00 a.m.