



by Mattie Ann Callier-Spears

RELIGION

SCRIPTURE OF THE WEEK:
II CORINTHIANS 9:7-15

O Freedom!

[The War Within]

BY MATTIE ANN CALLIER-SPEARS

Engaging in combat is not considered fun for anyone. Not anyone sane that is. During the course of an individual's life, he or she is apt to face many kinds of wars—because, just to be alive is a battle in itself.

In these trying times, the war in the Persian Gulf is receiving a lot of attention; and rightly so. But, there are so many other wars running ramped, on a local and intimate level, each and every day.

"Can't you tell me what love is? I have no place in this life because no one loves me." These are the words that I had the opportunity to hear a young person utter when she was asked, "Why are you so down?" She went on to say that there was a war going on inside of her. Her parents had divorced and she felt that maybe—just maybe, there was something that she could have done in order to have kept her parents together and their family in one piece. In the meantime, she sits alone in the midst of a very unhappy occasion looking like she is totally lost. Out of place. Not there. She not only caused many people to notice her but she, also,

refused to receive the assistance of those who were kind enough to offer help—for whatever it was worth. I sat beside her. Placed my arm around her shoulders. And—she began to cry. Sobbing deep, wet tears of anguish. With profound composure, her crying ceased and she began to speak of her inner conflict. This was her first step to freedom.

Another incident to be recalled—A young man, with a perplexed expression on his face, stood with his back placed firmly against a wall, with one foot up, anchoring his position, and both his hands in his pockets. He was nicely dressed. He seemed to have come from a well-to-do family. People were passing him. Some pressed into his space as they attempted to go around an approaching pedestrian. Their presence didn't seem to sway him one way or another. I was standing across the way—watching and observing the actions of this person. Moments passed. I began walking toward him. As I got closer to him, he turned his head, as if to look in another direction and avoid contact with my eyes. I said, "Hello!" My greeting was unanswered. "I have been watching you," I said to him with a smile. He kept his face turned away from me—so,

I went around to the side that he was facing. When I did this, he said, with a gruff voice, "

What's your problem lady? Can't a person be left alone without you bothering them?" He glared at me, as if to frighten me and make me go away but, I continued. "From way over there, I could feel your pain. What is the problem? Is there something that I can say or do to help?" There was a bit of silence. Then he looked down at me and responded, "No! There is nothing that no one can do to help me. This is my problem and I have to solve it all by myself. Do you understand?" His face came closer to mine as he asked that last question. I could see tears welling up in his eyes. I told him my name and invited him to walk to the other side of the walkway where we could sit and talk uninterrupted. He was wringing his hands as he sat on the bench, in the mall.

I won't divulge the topic of our conversation; but, before we parted company, I had led him to the Lord and had given him a way out just by sharing Christ with him. This was freedom.

I had gone to the Observer's office, one day, to turn in my copy. I peered out the window and witnessed a young woman

out on the street. She was running up to cars and trucks, stopping traffic and literally jeopardizing her own life. At first I, like the other staff members, was looking at the spectacle. It was like watching a wide-screen television. Some were laughing; while others remained quiet. The entire staff, at one point, were all up, out of their seats, and watching. I asked, "How long has this been going on?" One of my colleagues replied, "oh, she's been out there a long time. That's a shame!" Just then—the young woman, clad in a red pull-over shirt, which buttoned down to the chest, and blue jeans, ran to the corner, pulled down her jeans, to her knees, squatted and made lewd jesters to the on-coming traffic. She was running around frantically. From car to car, she ran. If a vehicle came to a stop, on the side street, she would run up to the passenger side and try to open the door. I shuddered, "My Lord! She is going to get hurt real bad. Has anyone gone out there to talk to her and find out why she is doing what she is doing?" The response was a unanimous, "Are you crazy? We have called the police and reported her being out there but they are just taking their time." Right about then, she started running

across the street, because she saw a truck coming, she pulled out one breast from her blouse. With her bust in hand, she ran after the truck and jumped onto the running board. This frightened me to death. I couldn't stand and watch this any longer. The police were taking too long to respond. "I've got to go out there before she kills herself. And we're all in here watching. This is awful." As I began to leave the building, several voices called out, "Mattie Ann! Come back here! Don't go out there. You don't know what she is going to do. Just wait for the police." I turned and said, "I've waited too long already. Somebody needs to stop her before she gets hurt. And anyway—as Christians, these are the ones we need to reach out to."

It did not take long for me to reach her. She was now on the same side of the street as the office building. "Come away from there!" I yelled. "You are going to get yourself killed." She turned quickly and asked, "Who the hell are you?" Her speech was slurred. Her eyes were at half mast. She reeked of liquor and cocaine. I could see that she was young. I asked her why was she out there. Her response was being hurled at me in vulgar dialogue. I cut her off and

before I knew it, I was scolding her. "Don't you know that this is crazy and you are going to get hurt real bad or killed—if you should fall from one of those trucks or get run over by a car. I want you to cut his out right this minute! What is it that you need so bad that would cause you to do a thing like this?" She looked at me. In a quiet voice, she said, "All I need is ten dollars. I need to get a rock." I stood there and talked to her. She told me her name. She told me her mother's name and the church she attends. She told me her pastor's name and the address of the place where she needed to go to get this rock.

I explained to her that the only "rock" she needed was Jesus. I wanted to know if her pastor knew of her problem and what was being done about it. She said, "Nobody cares about what I do." I asked her, "What about your mother? What would she say if she knew that you were out here on Union Avenue (MLK Blvd) pulling down your pants and exposing yourself to the public like this? Don't you know that this is a disgrace?" She said, "Yes, but you don't understand. I've got to have a rock. I need it." [To be continued]



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National Black Evangelical Association Kick-off Breakfast



Pictured from left to right are: Bishop A.A. Wells, Dr. George McKinney and Rev. Aaron Hamlin
Photo by Varonica green

The NBAE will sponsor a kick-off breakfast on Saturday, February 2, 1991 from 9 AM - 12 Noon at the Sheraton Inn at the Portland Airport.

The guest speaker will be the National President, Dr. George McKinney. The public is cordially invited to

attend 'Free Will' donations will be accepted at the door. All persons interested in attending this function should contact the Portland Headquarters to place their reservations -- 28-0143.

Come out! Let's have a good show of support from the community.

Maranatha Church

4222 N.E. 12th Avenue, Portland, Oregon

Sunday Services

Sunday School
9:00 A.M.
Morning Worship
10:30 A.M.
Evening Worship
6:00 P.M.
Midweek Service - Wednesday
7:00 P.M.
Saturday - BASIC Youth Service
7:00 P.M.

"Marantha Live" Radio Program/Talk Show KPDQ 9.37 Fm 800 Am
11:00 P.M. to 12:00 midnight (Each Sunday)



Rev. Wendell H. Wallace
Senior Pastor



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Worship Services 8:00 A.M. & 11:00 A.M.
Church School 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 A.M.
Bible Study, Wednesdays, 116 N.E. Schuyler
10:30 A.M. and 6:30 P.M.

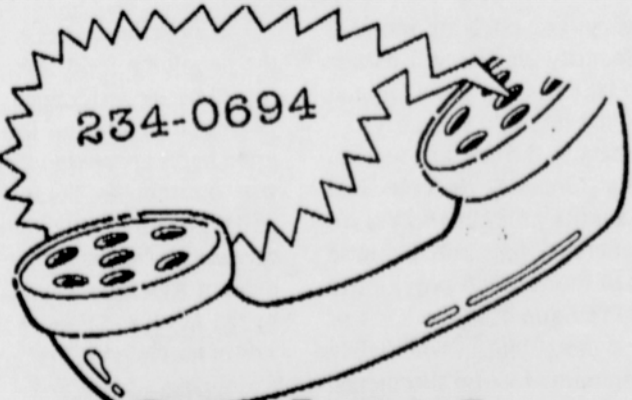
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ST. JOHN 7:38: "He that believeth on me, as the scripture hath said,
out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

BRING THE SICK, THE BOUND, THE SHUT-IN.
COME AND RECEIVE YOUR MIRACLE.

St. Paul Missionary Baptist Church

8101 N. Fiske Avenue
Portland, Oregon 97203

Church Phone: 289-0147

Study Phone: 289-1911

Sunday Service

10:45

Sunday School

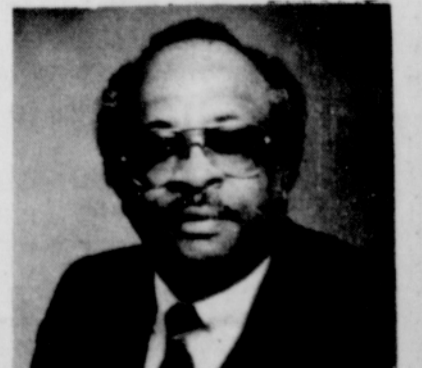
9:30

Bible Study

6:00

Evening Service

7:00 P.M.



Pastor, Rev. James C.E. Faulkner

Theme: Whatever you're going
to do for the Lord, *do it now.*

I Peter iv.11