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**PHOTOGRAPHY** submitted by Dr. Wyndham Whynot 18—19

**FINE ART** submitted by Dr. Jimmy R. Jenkins, Sr. 9

**FRONT COVER DESIGN:** Staff
Educate, Educators, Education

Family is more than just blood
Family is me, you, him, her, us
Mother is more than the woman who gave birth to you
Mother is the person who scolds, molds, and holds you
Father is more than the man who fertilized the egg
Father is the person who preaches, teaches, and always beseeches for the very best in you
Don't close your eyes to the people around you
Open your mind, show some respect, and accept the gifts bestowed upon you
They leave their homes and families to be here
You say they are not your family
Not your mothers
Not your fathers
You are wrong!
They are more than blood
They are me, you, him, her, us
They didn’t give birth to you?
Oh, but they did
They gave birth to your mind
They scold, mold, and hold you accountable
They preach, teach, and reach beyond your limitations
Open your eyes
Take what is being offered to you
And be all you can be!

- Jashawn Finch
Brotherhood

Brotherhood is a test, an abiding friendship
A relationship that call for and gladly gives
Its best in the hour of need.
It’s a spiritual fellowship that binds us together
Upon it rests the social welfare of each and every
Brother

- Donovan Montgomery

Surfing

I am king in the sea
Surfing the biggest wave
The heavens watching over me
Proud and eager, I go my own way
Into the sun I will disappear
Vanish like the wind
Seagull calls I hear
To win you have to begin
Bright as a chandelier

- Kevin Barnette
Fatherhood

The role of fathers has definitely changed over the years from the “perfect” role models who took pride in their responsibilities for their children’s lives to, in too many cases, the exact opposite. Just in case you’ve been under a rock for the last few years, I will clarify the way the definition of fatherhood has changed so drastically. I will compare and contrast the traditional 1950s era father figure to the often seen 21st century father figure, and, in so doing, discuss the former as being Caucasian and the latter as African American to indicate how changes in demographics, culture and mindset can affect how a man treats his children.

The typical 50s era father was portrayed as a strong and capable Caucasian man who was dependable and trustworthy. He married his wife while still young and often served in the military. He may have left his wife while pregnant with his first child while he went to war. When he returned, he bought a suburban house with a white picket fence and a dog, using his G.I. benefits. He loved his wife and insisted that she stay home to care for the children while he worked to support their growing family. This man had a very high level of patience and tolerance when instructing his children. He was never too busy for his family and always attended baseball games, dance recitals, and family functions. He was the rock of his family, the stronghold and counsellor who had all the answers. Despite any flaws or faults, he was the perfect father in his family’s eyes.

The all-too-common young father of the 21st century is an uneducated African American from the streets. He may have gotten his
girlfriend pregnant while they were teenagers and has no clue how to be a father since his own father stepped out on him and his mother years earlier. Still so young to have a child and with no idea what to do, he has a lot on his mind. His family and friends get into his head to make him think the child may not be his. Also, the sweet thought of knowing he could have his old life back makes him deny the child, even though there’s every possibility he could be the father.

He constantly denies the child a father figure and gives the mother no support. Fed up, she takes him to court, demanding that he pay child support. Although he is proven to be the father, this troubled teen with no job is in a tight situation. Pay up or go to jail? he asks himself, terrified of both options. He reluctantly chooses to steal and sell drugs to support his child and actually makes decent money through illegal activities until he gets caught.

This young man ends up in jail on multiple charges with an accumulated sentence of twenty-five years. Just like that, his fatherhood comes to a screeching halt. His girlfriend refuses to bring the child to prison where the father he never knew rots in a cell. She is left to raise the child without his father’s help. When the father finally gets out of prison, his son is in his twenties and still longing for a father’s embrace and wisdom. They find each other and hopefully develop their long overdue relationship.

Although these two scenarios seem drastically different, in some ways they are similar. For example, the 1950s father may have been absent for a number of years, only to return to a child he didn’t know, necessitating the effort needed to develop a relationship with a
then much older child than the one he left. The modern father has also been apart from his child – though perhaps for substantially longer - and will have to relate to an older child or young adult he has not had the chance to know.

Although the circumstances may have changed, fatherhood is the opportunity to make an impact on someone’s life and to love them unconditionally. To both learn and teach patience, respect, and love. Love conquers all, heals old wounds, and repairs broken hearts. The ability to show love, most of all, is the skill men need to be successful at fatherhood.

- David McLaughlin

Round Two

I come from the slums
A place of drug dealers and bums
It’s common to be killed or be on the run
To be where I am, I had to grind out of the mud
But I’m better than I was
I work hard for myself and my fam
The only ones on earth who seem to give a damn
I messed up at first but now I know what to do
I’m glad I wised up Because Now It’s Round Two

- Kameron Bellamy
- Dr. Jimmy R. Jenkins, Sr.
Response to “I Have a Dream”

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. began his “I Have a Dream” speech with excellent delivery techniques such as inflection and dramatic pauses. He also used facial cues to stress varying levels of seriousness. Dr. King pointed out America’s promise that all people – rich, poor, black, white, Jew, Gentile – be included in the definition of freedom and that all people are affected by racism and social injustice. King’s repetition of “Now is the time” indicated the urgency of making a positive change toward democracy for all. He also repeated that his people “cannot be satisfied” until justice is obtained. He established additional credibility to his message by including quotations from the Constitution and the Bible.

Dr. King made sure the crowd was aware that not all white people are ill informed by acknowledging their presence in support of the cause of which he spoke. King was masterful in his appeal, making sure he was not offensive to anyone. He spoke respectfully to all groups and continuously used the word “we” to signify inclusion while referencing experiences with injustice. One could hear the plea in the words “I have a dream” and how he was asking for what all Americans should have, rather than just some. His tone righteously commanded a change. He referred to many different parts of the country where freedom should ring and used hand gestures to make his point.
Martin Luther King succinctly packed a great deal of information in his speech and stayed on point, ensuring that the audience would walk away informed and empowered but not overwhelmed. After setting the mood through proper tempo, inflection, and deliberate enunciation, his gradual increase in projection indicated the highpoint of his message. Dr. King stood firm, looked directly at the crowd, raised his arms, and balled his hands into fists. He closed with a line from a “Negro spiritual” and departed from the podium. This said it all: I am not here for you to love me but to let you know that change is necessary.

- Robin Bailey
The Power of Inclusion

On the afternoon of August 28, 1963, Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. delivered one of the most profound speeches ever written: "I Have a Dream." This speech focuses on the Civil Rights Movement's efforts to better the lives of African-American citizens of the United States. The turmoil due to racial injustice and prejudice of African-Americans during that time period was palpable. Through strong will and leadership, King was living proof that by peaceful protests, lives could be changed, not just in the present but for future generations.

Martin Luther King Jr. was undoubtedly a great orator. The voice projected through those microphones grabbed and held the attention of over 25,000 civil rights supporters gathered by the Lincoln Memorial. Since the beginning of his speech stressed how, more than one hundred years after the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, racial justice had yet to be realized, King's message could not have been delivered at a better location than at the memorial dedicated to the original writer of that document. That venue was ideal also because of its proximity to our nation's capital building, the epicenter of change.

King stood as a strong Black man with a confident attitude, ready to lead his race to the positions in society that they deserved. Metaphors, such as "a promissory note," got his point across and his use of the dramatic pause allowed the crowd to fully take in his profound statements.

King had the ability to be audience-centered: to appeal to the crowd's entirety, not just to those of his own race. He acknowledged the white presence in the crowd, showing his awareness that not all white people supported racial injustice
and bigotry: “. . . by evidence of their presence here today, they have come to realize that their destiny is tied to our destiny.” King established credibility throughout his speech by literally practicing what he preached. On numerous occasions, he asked for peaceful, not violent, protest: “. . . rising to majestic heights by meeting physical force with soul force.” Being able to remain calm while speaking about such a controversial topic allowed King to connect with his audience and to set an example for those of his own race. Additionally, since African-Americans, specifically, had been dealing with and fighting oppression for generations, to have a leader who used his knowledge and power to further advance their lives through peaceful protest gave them hope.

The repetition of “I have a dream” that King used towards the end of his speech started a series of statements in which he emphasized his view of the future: his image of black children joining hands with white children, of true justice for the black race, and of freedom for “all of God’s children.” King ended his speech with “Free at last, free at last . . . “, a powerful closing to this moving speech that took the audience through a sort of journey from their collective past, to their present, and then to his view of the future: “Free at last.”

- Philip Harrison
True Story

Y’all don’t know what I been through
Only God feels my pain
My father’s blind
My son’s dead
I’s cold in the rain
My mother’s crippled
My family’s fighting
When would it change?
They’re taking shots on Facebook
Look how it came
A twitter account is next
I bet you I’m hearing my name
This world is evil enough
I’m praying help me sustain
A better life living for Jesus
So look where I aim ^^^
Point my fingers to the sky
That’s heaven and I’m not ashamed
My two older brothers, they need support
Money’s to gain
See I’m a sheep with a target
They open up at the range
Quick to pull it
CLICK, CLACK, and POW
Splatter dripping my brains
That’s what the devil wants
He can’t get that because God’s on my team
Focus on helping the church
Redeeming my family’s name
Saving souls that’s suffering pain
Got to take the grip off the chains
Snatch them and throw them in flames
Releasing the tension it brings
Confused simple and plain
I’m here to pray in His name

- Jerrod Brown

Lost Without You

Been without you for 13 years now and I don’t know how to feel.
    Took you a while to tell me why you were gone away
    And it took me a while to forgive you.
Seeing friends with both parents, I wondered where mine was
    Then I had to remember that mine was gone away.
    It hasn’t been the same and I don’t think it ever will be.
You missed me entering womanhood.
Missed elementary, middle, and high school graduation and now you’ll miss college.
    I wanted you to stay, but you chose to leave.
I am without you, Dad, and I always wondered what life would be like
    if you were here.
    But I can’t imagine that because you will still be gone.

- Tynaya Walker
Are They Heroes?

The novel *A Lesson Before Dying*, correlates to much of what goes on in today’s society. Though the story’s ending is unfortunate for Jefferson, this book holds a bittersweet lesson of hope and encouragement for African Americans who struggle with modern issues.

Grant, the story’s protagonist, has been given the responsibility of mentally “saving” Jefferson from low self-esteem and lost hope. As a hero, Grant stays strong in his beliefs regardless of the Reverend’s and his own family’s advice. He continues to develop when he finds himself really caring for Jefferson. Grant’s stories, advice and honesty slowly open Jefferson’s eyes to what is really important: maintaining a sense of self.

At first, Jefferson can’t see the light in any part of his situation. He doesn’t realize that he has to take control of his own life by fighting the negative feelings he has and realizing that he is more than a “hog.” He is a man, and, even if he has to die, he can die with self-respect and dignity.

Ernest Gaines’ *A Lesson Before Dying* can help anyone dealing with internal conflict or self-doubt. Its lesson is simple: you don’t have to be the way others see you.

- Brandi Gourdine
Living in the Subliminal

I am Black but afraid
Do I have a say in society?
Am I like the others?

Will I be gone like Trayvon?
Or will I rise again?
Is the world blind to

The color that is killing us?
They call them blessed, greater
So what am I?

I want to live but am afraid to
I am Black but afraid
The Subliminal World

- Delrico Hermans
YELLOWSTONE — Dr. Wyndham Whynot
A Tale of Two Lovers

Waking up in the morning is the same: Gloomy.
Alarm ringing, Mommy yelling, sisters fighting, Train horns blowing
Irritation setting in.
Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out
Today will be a good day
Yeah, like prosecution day for criminals
I shake it off because I know the sun is soon to come

It’s this guy, cliché, yeah, I know
But it’s this guy
I been eyeing him for a while
Sissy thinking about ratting me out
But I’m not ready for the ouch,
Nobody is ever ready for The Ouch
The Ouch
The Ouch is the rejection, the “oh not really my type”
The “oh, nah, that’s lil sis” - you know the overall kick in the gut.
Back to this guy
He is everything I like on the rocks
By mid-class I’m intoxicated with his energy.
I just can’t tell if he is really feeling me.

- Brionna Morgan
Moonlight

When I see you, though the moments pass soon, enough of the light that is in you shines through -
(picture a harvest moon, golden lantern framed by windracing billowclouds)
- that I want to lie back on a hillside lined with fine soft green-springtime Appalachian grass near a big intoxicating magnolia tree, and smile, like I'm a kid again who just likes looking at the sky, watching you shine on your journey, pretending the clouds are standing still and you're the one who's flying, racing them all through heaven and shining fit to turn the world to gold, making the world around you a little more a treasure, however far the distance or however short the time

- H. V. Fisher
Social Media

You can take it how you want it
The world we live in is based on social media
Instagram, Twitter and Facebook
It’s a world of stalking and liking
There’s always an update
Always a new guy who invented a new game
He’s now a millionaire because teens (and some adults) want to freeze
their brains
No more actual knowledge
Just clicking and swiping
These things called filters make you look ten times better
I see why catfish have been created
Because of social media and now this world has become x-rated
A new beginning?
Or a new fling
When will it stop? Or is it ongoing?
If so, I must learn to be a part of the ridiculous
Well, here goes nothing
I’ll take this selfie and get big-headed for 100 likes

- Perri Campbell
Sundays were fairly good to me while I was at college. I would wear my black skirt with fancy shirts and high heels. Everyone was hip to the shoe game, so I thought I should get with the program. I started shopping at the latest stores, and online bargains became relevant in my life. Thrift stores were in too. I found nifty creations that dated back to the 90s. That look was in. Fitted pencil skirts with a nicely pressed top to flow along the body line. Sometimes I matched flashy colored blazers with low-toned black slacks. Sundays were no problem when I was at school.

People back home knew I had gone off to school, and I came back with a brand new look and a new attitude. If the mothers in the church didn’t like my look, I didn’t care; I didn’t have to hear the comments so I paid them no mind. It wasn’t like I was skank and nasty with it; I dressed reasonably well. However, my grandmother thought otherwise.

It was my fourth time going to service since the summer vacation started. I had gotten away with my outfits for church for the past three services. On the first Sunday, I wore white. The second Sunday, I wore pants with a heel. Then on the third Sunday, I spiced it up with a blazer for Mother’s Day. On the fourth Sunday, I thought it wouldn’t be a problem to wear a black pencil skirt with my pink baby doll blouse. But it was a problem.

From my suitcase, I unfolded my summer clothing, pulled back the zipper and dug out my black pencil skirt. I draped it over my shoulders planning to iron it with care. My pink blouse was sitting on a chair along with the Charlotte Rousse black five-inch heels I had bought. My grandmother stood there leaning into my bedroom doorway while I danced around the room. She stood there in her flowery gown, mean mugging, with the hardest look on her
face. I thought she might mention something about my cute shirt, but no words came out. She just stood there. It was almost as if she was waiting for me to scream at her over the loud music, but I didn’t. Once I finally found the iron, I pulled the ironing board from the hall closet and determinedly ironed the wrinkles out of the black skirt. I sang along to the gospel music that gave me even more excitement. I made sure every wrinkle was gone from the skirt and no starch spots were visible. By the time the radio commercials came through the speakers, my grandmother had vanished. I paid no attention; I was just waiting for the music to return. I figured that since she hadn’t said anything, my outfit or whatever I was doing was okay. I was in my zone so I had tuned out everything but the radio. I didn’t feel any vibes from Grandmother nor did I hear my mother calling me for breakfast. I saw only the steam from the iron and the black skirt that lay ready for use.

I ate and finished preparing for Sunday church. I finally got my earrings to match my blouse and put my stockings on. I followed up with my blouse and black skirt. I was pleased I had done it again. I was brand new. My mother, grandmother, and I were Sunday-best ready. Just then, five minutes after I put my skirt on and glided across the floor in my heels, my grandmother finally made her move by summoning me into her bedroom. I surely thought it was just to zip her dress up or something. I knew she was getting older and couldn’t move as fast as she used to. I walked into her room, and laying on her quilt was the ugliest black skirt I had ever seen. She really didn’t need to say anything about the skirt and why it was on her bed. I had figured it out but still wanted her to tell me.

“What’s this?” I asked.

“That little thing is too short. Try this,” she said.
I couldn’t believe she was doing this. Fifteen minute before we would be leaving for church and she was trying me this morning. I thought going away to college proved that I had matured and become much more trustworthy to put together a nice Sunday morning outfit. The skirt wasn’t short at all. It was fitted. But I knew better than to argue with Granny. Anything that was not sweeping the ground was “too short.” Yet I was determined not to let her win this time. There were plenty of times when she had dictated what I would wear. I respect my grandmother, but this time, I was not giving in. Did she not trust me? I had already done the leg and arm test and passed. I then passed the length test, which I performed right before her eyes. I stood there, arms down, my hands along my legs. Turns out, the skirt was not short at all. The skirt reached beyond the tips of my fingers. She was tripping this Sunday, and I wasn’t having it.

“I’m not putting that on. My skirt is fine.”

“This is a nice skirt. Everyone is wearing this. Besides, it looks better than that little thing.”

I wish she would stop thinking that my skirt was so little. I had passed the short skirt test! I had even already asked my mother and brothers if my skirt was too short, and they said no. If my mother said it was fine and my brothers didn’t see the problem, why did my grandmother have to think so differently? So negatively? She picked up the longer skirt with her little hands and held it against my waist.

“See, there’s nothing wrong with this.” The skirt reached the bottom of her bedroom floor and was twice the size she was. It was the saddest thing I had ever seen for a skirt. And she expected me to wear this? I couldn’t.
“I just didn’t want church folk looking at me and saying something about your short skirt. You know they like to gossip.”

In reality, my grandmother was a part of that group, so she would know. I didn’t care what the church-talking hens were saying. To be honest, I was the best dressed young adult at the church. I never went in sandals or strapless dresses like the other young women. Instead, I wore makeup, heels and skirts. I thought I deserved a little more credit because I had gone off to school and made something of myself. Bottom line is, my skirt was not short.

“I’m your grandmother. I know more than you.”

By this time I was furious. Yes, my grandmother always thought she knew more than me. Even though that might be the case, one thing I know is fashion in 2014. She claimed that this ugly skirt was trending and everyone was wearing it. She should know by now that I don’t do what everyone is doing anyway - that would make me unoriginal.

“Fine! You want me to put on this ugly skirt so bad?! I’ll do it because I want to respect my elders! I’ll put it on out of obedience, but I’ll never let you dress me again!”

By the time we arrived at the church, the choir had begun rendering their musical selections. I was not in my rightful place as a choir member. So I walked into the choir stand furious about this ugly skirt. The gouging eyes of my grandmother and the other church hens watched me as I stepped to the back row. I was so uncomfortable and distracted by this long piece of material that I could barely focus on my notes. As I watched the crowd, I noticed my grandmother smiling and rocking to the choir’s melody. She pointedly glanced down at the black skirt and grinned in satisfaction. The ugly black
skirt had become a part of my wardrobe after all, and my grandmother was proud of it. I sighed. She had won again.

- Najeema Muhammed-Bey

Next Time

The next time I see you I wanna smile
I wanna be the one you hold
The next time I see you I wanna tell you so much
Maybe we’ll have a heart-to-heart so deep I’ll cry

The next time may not be tomorrow
But as long as you remember me, I’ll be happy
Finding a way to accept that you’re gone
The next time I see you I won’t hold you too long

I’ll just tell you I love you and I’ll be fine
Next time, next time, next time
It’s like a song on repeat in my head
Next time we’ll be happy together

- Terron Crestwell
Crucified

The rood?
The cross?
   Yes.
   I carried
   that to
   Calvary.
I was whipped
and hung from it.
With nails in both hands and feet I hung, bled and died for all of you.
   I didn’t do any wrong, but for my people it was only right.
   I rose on
   the third
day with
   all power,
   created
   Everything
   in my image
   and called
   it good.
   Yeah it hurt,
   but for the
   people I love
I’ll do anything.
   Crucified.

   - Tynaya Walker
Life and Happiness

Life in all of its twists and turns
Teaches you lessons you never fathom you’d learn
    From the little innocent child
    Thoughts lost in the clouds
To the productive member of society where all your dreams thrive
    The lessons will never change your drive
    You live, learn, and survive

A mental or emotional state of being
    True clarity while you’re seeing
    Hopeful ambitions have you believing
Equivalent to a bird taking flight while you’re dreaming
    Being . . . seeing . . . believing . . . Dreaming

- Shondra Redfern
As I stare at you
The passion runs through my veins
The glow in your eyes
Shines like the stars in the sky
When my lips touch yours
I lose control of all my thoughts
When you hug me tight
I always feel safe
You kiss my forehead
Then the night comes to an end

- Kiana Winston

Happy Place

Where’s your happy place?
A place open to anyone
Where you leave your burdens at the door
Where you’re not judged but told to come as you are
A place to call home when home doesn’t feel like home
Where you’re free of stress
A place that is inspirational, powerful and warm
My church is my happy place

- Jaylan Ballard
Life

I’m sorry for things we did
I’m sorry for things I said
I’m sorry for the words I’m about to say
While sitting here in bed

The things I already told you are the truth
You did mean something to me
But more and more I realize
There are things you refused to see

I wanted you there
I wanted you to care
I wanted us to be a pair
Us against the world

But you’ve made it clear
That you don’t want what
I wanted. And I know it’s
My fault. No one else to blame

- LaGia Brewer
A Look at *Selma*

Who shot Jimmie Lee Jackson? As the film *Selma* eloquently depicts one of the most significant events for civil rights activism on the dawn of its 50th anniversary, the question and response to who shot Jimmie Lee Jackson is relevant today, just as it was in 1965 as portrayed in the film, when it rang from a pulpit in Alabama from the mouth of civil rights leader, Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

On February 18, during a nonviolent evening march in Marion, Alabama, demonstrators were violently attacked by Alabama state troopers, during which 26 year-old Jimmie Lee Jackson was shot two times in the stomach by a law enforcement officer. The marchers were leaving Perry County Jail where activists James Orange was being held, and after prayers and hymnals, the demonstrators attempted to return to church but were interrupted and chased by hostile officers who physically beat and tormented them. Jimmie Lee Jackson, an Alabamian who unsuccessfully attempted to vote five times, died eight days later from the gunshot wounds, and as Dr. King delivered his eulogy he questioned, ”Who shot Jimmie Lee Jackson?” Furthermore, he challenged the audience not to allow Jimmie’s sacrifices to have been in vain. He affirmed, “We will win.”

Thus, the first of the three marches and what soon became known to this nation as “Bloody Sunday” befalls. On March 7, 1965, approximately 600 assembled at Selma’s Brown Chapel led by Hosea Williams and John Lewis at an attempt to march 54 miles from Selma to Montgomery. Walking two-by-two, the marchers who soon crossed the Edmund Pettus Bridge that leads out of Selma, were face-to-face with the sea of law enforcement officers armed with tear gas, electric cattle prods, and night clubs, ready to enforce the order of Alabama Governor, George Wallace. Under the direction and two minute faulty warning of Major John Cloud, state troopers and local police charged the unarmed protestors on horses and with malice, while many white civilians cheered and supported the officers’ actions. The demonstrators, who were as young as eight and as old as 80, initially gathered to ensure equal voting
rights; but were now scattered in a desperate gasp for life, for many of them believed they were dying as they could not breathe.

Television cameras recorded this assault, reporters covered the blow-by-blow brutality, and some television networks interrupted their regularly scheduled programs for a live broadcast of “Bloody Sunday.” This shameful show, not only revealed the growing hostility of segregationists toward the campaign for equal rights in the South, but it too, galvanized world and national opinion against white racist violence.

Moreover, the film Selma highlights the second attempt of demonstrators on March 9th, known as “Turnaround Tuesday.” Under court injunction not to continue the march, Dr. King, local activists, and multi-cultural clergymen and volunteers from around the nation knelt to conduct a public prayer, only to turn around and not advance towards the officers who were waiting at the end of the bridge. Lastly, the final march; after conference calls and meetings, court hearings, legal proceedings, and finally a request for the passage of a strict voting rights bill by US President Lyndon B. Johnson, consisted of five-days -beginning on March 21st and ending March 25, 1965 at the capitol building in Montgomery, Alabama – with the protection of Alabama National Guards. The demonstrators succeeded in their task.

Or, did they? Dr. King questioned, “Who shot Jimmie Lee Jackson?” My response, the gun that killed Jimmie Lee Jackson in 1965 and the gun that killed Michael Brown in 2014 is one and the same. Furthermore, the choke-hold that withheld the gasp for breath needed by the late Eric Garner, is the inhalation needed for the protestors who were tear-gassed on March 7th. What happens when it’s a horse of another color?

The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was signed with blood written in ink of persons such as Jimmie Lee Jackson, Viola Liuzzza, James Reeb, and the hundreds of others who fought and died for equal voting rights since the Reconstruction Era. But has that pen run dry? The film Selma demonstrates an array of strategies for any persons or groups to make a difference in their lives and combat injustice. What can we learn from Selma?

I shot Jimmie Lee Jackson. Today we proudly proclaim that black lives mat-
ter; however, as a race, statistics have shown, we do not make efforts to simply exercise our constitutional right of voting to indeed make a difference in our lives. Most recently, 204 of 21,000 residents of Ferguson, Missouri registered to vote from the time of the fatal shooting of Michael Brown to the October 8, 2014 registration deadline. Black lives matter. Vote!

The President shot Jimmie Lee Jackson. After Selma, there were several demonstrations around the nation to show support of the Selma protests. This too is true for the Michael Brown and Eric Garner cases. However, in Selma, the White House was inundated with calls, telegrams, and letters. Tourists came to the White House to stage sit-ins, and even demonstrators lay across Pennsylvania Avenue blocking evening rush hour traffic. Ultimately, there was a constant push for legislation, whereas pressure was on several states, but much of the focus, was on the President.

Those who stood by with influence shot Jimmie Lee Jackson. Celebrities are people who are made famous by people and therefore they have a responsibility to the people. Vaguely highlighted in Selma are celebrities with political and social consciences who were drawn to the movement, and began raising funds and making personal appearances on behalf of the civil rights struggle. Persons like Harry Belafonte, Jackie Robinson, James Baldwin, and many others lent their names to the cause of equal rights. Where are these celebrities today?

The church shot Jimmie Lee Jackson. In times of injustice, it is essential to promote a unified front with all people. There is one race, the human race and human rights are just that – human. The leaders of faith, found other leaders of faith, and for the cause, they focused on the things that bound them as humans. In addition, with this faith, the church led. The church has not found its way to the forefront of today’s social issues. There are limited, if any, strategies and/or services wholly implemented or even mentioned by clergy as a united body as it relates to social issues of everyday American citizens.

The media shot Jimmie Lee Jackson. Since the inception of black images
appearing in the media, American society has distorted who we are. These presentations of blacks are so believable; blacks have been psychologically engineered to believe, accept, and assimilate them. When we physically see the Mike Browns and Eric Garners throughout our society, what do we really think of them? Moreover, today in media, everyone has access to “live footage.” “Bloody Sunday” was able to touch the hearts of a nation because it was seen by a nation. Maximizing on live media outlets was a clever tactic of the activists. The organization of nonviolent protests, uniquely designed to provoke whites into racist violence against blacks and “black lovers” – in an effort to promote peace for all mankind, was genius. The nation personally witnessed the undeniable brutal acts of not only law enforcement officers, but white segregationists and racists who firmly supported them. In our society of old western mythology, the great tragedy is the horses’ deaths, not the men’s. In our reality, our tragedies are that of man. If we must die, let it be with the gun pointed toward the horse. Instead of shooting Jimmie Lee Jackson, let us make friends, share resources, keep the faith – and shoot the horse colored with hate, prejudice, and injustice.

- Dr. Da’Tarvia Parrish
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- Khalil Blackwell
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