

From The Pulpit

by Rev. Donald M. Clark

Text: "Whensoever I take my journey to Spain, I will come to you; but now I go unto Jerusalem to minister." Rom. 15:24, 25.

AND SO St. Paul had his castle in Spain. Paul wrote, "I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ. When therefore I have performed this, and have sealed to them the fruit, I will come by you into Spain. And I know that, when I come unto you, I shall come in the fullness of the blessing of Christ."

Every life has its secret hope, its hidden desire. Our work compels us to plod back to Jerusalem, we must go back to the demands of tomorrow, however much we long to be doing other things. But what would we do without our dream?

Do you remember One who "set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem?" It was the last place on earth that his steps would naturally have sought. Well, he knew what awaited him there. And do you not think that as he went he carried a dream in his heart?

The thought of Spain never made Paul indifferent to the claims of Ephesus or Lystra or many another place where he stayed and toiled.

THERE ARE a great many disappointed and embittered people in the world--people who are looking back with nothing but regret and looking forward with anything but hope. And why? Because they hacked their way through to Spain in opposition to the will of God and in deafness to the call from Jerusalem--hacked their way through only to find that their El Dorado was a mirage.

And there are others paddling along the highway to Jerusalem, taking the wind and the rain and the sun as they come. Some fine day they promise themselves to go far afield and see their friends and visit the Land of Heart's Desire. But not today. And in their hearts there is the most exquisite peace. For nothing can ever rob them of their dream. No bitter disillusionment can ever convince them that, after all, there never was a castle in Spain, or that it was a sorry affair of lath and plaster. Both dream and duty are theirs.

"Whensoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you. And if God so wills a longer journey still, well, eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man--the great dreaming, scheming, imagining heart of man--the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."



REV. D. M. CLARK

New Church's Dedicatory Sermon By Rev. Clark

Rev. Donald Clark of Las Vegas delivered the Dedicatory Sermon at the Faith Baptist Church in Henderson, Nevada Sunday, June 11.

Others who participated in Sunday's program were Rev. Bill Roberts, First Presbyterian Church; Rev. Neal Meyers, Pastor, First Methodist Church of Boulder City, Nev.; Rev. Robert Nicholad, Pastor, St. Timothy's Episcopal Church; Virginia Stevens, Faith Baptist Church; and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Prime, Music Director and Pianist, respectively, of the Community Church.

Theme of the Dedication Services was "What Is The Church?" Rev. Jim Reid is Pastor of Henderson's Faith Baptist Church.

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Mormon Racial Policy Attacked By Sec. Udall

SALT LAKE CITY - (NPI)--The Mormon's policy denying full fellowship against Negroes was attacked last week by one of the church's nationally known members--Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall. In a letter to the unofficial Mormon periodical "Dialogue," Udall noted that it is a "sad irony that the church denies full fellowship to Negroes (Not permitting them to join the priesthood) while extending it to virtually all devout Mormon men and youths."

ALTAR CALL

By EMORY G. DAVIS, D. D. NEGRO PRESS INTERNATIONAL

THEY NEED MORE THAN JESUS

"Opportunity Please Knock" is the title of a musical revue, featuring the infamous Chicago Blackstone Rangers (gangbangers) and talent they discovered; staged and directed by Oscar Brown, Jr. and Jean Pace of musical revue fame.

First billing was for five performances on a Friday, Saturday and Sunday. So great was the response--standing room only for each performance--that the revue will be continued at the First Presbyterian Church on Chicago's Southside indefinitely.

DESIGNED TO take the Rangers' minds and activities off shooting and cutting it out with their rivals, the Disciples, and to raise funds for the Rangers to invest in a restaurant--despite the fact that gang-banging for them has decreased during the periods of rehearsal and production--one wonders what other good of a more permanent basis will accrue from this involvement of a few of them.

This remains to be seen and is dependent upon more adults of more than the Oscar Brown type to dedicate themselves to doing something constructive with the Rangers and similar gangs; albeit that some of their school teachers would like them to get more involved in just plain reading, writing, and talking properly.

This writer and spouse attended the first Sunday matinee, paying \$2.50 per. The audience was 70 per cent white. All went well with the usual jazz, rock and roll, soul and some of Brown's hits, until in the middle, there were two typical rock and roll, hand-clapping spirituals--"I Shall Wear A Golden Crown," and "Don't Need Nobody Else."

One or two Negroes got warm and mildly shouted a few "Amens," but whities by the hundreds rose to their feet in thunderous applause. The singers encored the latter number.

MY FIRST thought: What whitey paid \$2.50 to see and hear, we'd seen and heard many a Sunday afternoon in Negro churches for free. We left the revue, wondering about whitey's response to the meaninglessness of the words, overwhelmed by the almost pagan beat and rhythm of the repetitious, loud, hollering "music."

If the Rangers and other gangs throughout the country "don't need nobody else" but Jesus, why are they in such a h--- of a mess? The fact that they needed an Oscar Brown to give them something to do that took their minds off gang rivalry, hostility and killing, indicates that more adults are needed to involve gangbangers in something creative, meaningful and developmental.

An Altar for Gangs is something hundreds of members of the institutional church could develop, instead of just going to churches on Sunday afternoon singing about what they DON'T need.

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