

And God Said

These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens,

And every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew: for the Lord God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there was not a man to till the ground.

But there went up a mist from the earth, and watered the whole face of the ground.

And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.

And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.

And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.

The name of the first is Pi'son: that is it which compasseth the whole land of Hav'i-lah, where there is gold;

And the gold of that land is good: there is bdellium and the onyx stone.

And the name of the second river is Gi'hon: the same is it that compasseth the whole land of E-thi-o'-pi-a.

And the name of the third river is Hid'-de-kel: that is it which goeth toward the east of Assyria. And the fourth river is Eu-phra'-tes.

And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it.

And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat:

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.

And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him.

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept: and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof;

And the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man.

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.

And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.

EDITORIAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2 COLUMN 1 churches making us welcome to register people to vote. This is done at the churches expense, not the politicians, not people that are working for a federal office or state grants or federal grants.

In the NAACP office, they are not trying to tell you how to vote or whom to vote for. All they are asking you is to please register to vote.

From time to time there will be more by the Publisher about voting and about not voting because the man is a Republican or a Democrat. It will be where you can use your own mind as to how you would want to vote. I would strongly urge the people of West Las Vegas to please come out and vote on election day.

MORE TO COME NEXT WEEK.

Prayer Poem

Joseph Henry Gilmore (1834-1918) was a Baptist minister. He wrote the famed hymn of trust, "He Leadeth Me" in connection with a sermon on Psalm 23 at the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia.

Gilmore's wife quietly had the hymn published; and Gilmore himself was surprised three years later upon hearing it sung in the Second Baptist Church, Rochester. The words read:

"He leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
Ee'n death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me."

Join with the company of those who trust in the Lord, as you worship in your church or temple this week.



BLACK POETRY

IDENTITY

For three hundred years or more
When we were snatched from the African shore,
And brought to foreign lands to be
Slaves of labor and of greed,
Our names and heritage were lost.
We paid the price, at a terrible cost.

The men were whipped and dehumanized
And when they rebelled, were hung high as the skies;
Our women were raped and brutalized,
By white men, even then, who recognized
That black was beautiful to see
Possess and have, in their company.

This went on for years and years,
Blacks being controlled by constant fears,
Until the war between the states
Decided briefly the black man's fate.

Things then improved, but not very much.

The black still didn't have "anything," as such,
Some place to really call his home.
That's why so many had to roam,
Searching and searching, hither and yon,
For an identity that had long been gone,
When they were snatched from that far off shore,
Its loss became a grievous sore.

—Edgar J. Willmott

(Identity of a positive nature is required by every person. The African part of our black heritage must be seen in a positive light.)

Black poets, who may wish exposure to our reading public, may send copies of their poetry in groups of 12 poems or more—for editing and with permission to use—to Media Resources, Box 157, Selkirk, N.Y. 12158. No copies may be returned due to staff limitations.

WORDS OF LIFE

Biblical Inspiration

For The Week

"Trust in the Lord forever"—Isaiah 26:4

1. Trust grows with age. It was Benjamin Franklin who said, "The longer I live, the more I am convinced that God governs the affairs of men."

Written more clearly with the advancing finger of time upon every succeeding day of our lives is the once fog-bound word, "Trust!"

2. Trust is the opposite of self-reliance. Some would boldly declare with the poet, "I am the Captain of my fate! I am the Master of my soul!" Yet "trust" calls inherently for self-surrender.

We may hold up our important little end of things. But as "in the beginning," so, "in the end" it is God whose power proves all-sufficient for our every need.

3. Trust makes for serenity. How many of us have heard Marian Anderson's magnificent voice sing with sublime beauty and with a serenity born of her own trust: "O rest in the Lord. Wait patiently for Him; and He will give thee thy heart's desire!"

Trust, then, in the Lord forever.



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