## IS **YOU** THE ONE?

## By Roosevelt Fitzgerald

"Is you the one?" That question has been asked for centuries and by numerous groups of people. It might have been phrased differently but the basic meaning has always been the same. It has been asked most by those who have been oppressed. "The chosen people" waited for centuries for a savior who would deliver them from the throes of slavery and into the promised land. Throughout the period of American slavery, the op-

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pressed waited for deliverance. At those times when their optimism was put to the test, their anticipatory concerns were vocalized in song:

## He delivered Daniel from the lion's den Saved Jonah from the belly of a whale And the Hebrew Children from the fiery furnace Then, why not deliver poor me

The question continued -"Is you the one?" Each time a newborn would arrive, the question would rhetorically be put. Who would be the one to deliver Black people from the fiery furnaces of their oppressors? Through the seventeenth, eighteenth and on into the nineteenth century and beyond, they waited. From time to time, there appeared - as with the prophets preceding Christ recorded in the Old Testament - some who initiated the journey. Harriett Tubman, Frederick Douglass, Sojourner Truth, Washington, Booker W.E.B. DuBose, Marcus Garvey and others were among those who tried. They all set out from the destination of freedom and citizenship but, while they were in the target area, they did not hit the "bull's eye. It would not be until beyond the half-way mark of the twentieth century that

"YES" would become the resounding answer. It did not just happen.

Had he lived, he would have been fifty-eight years old.

At the time when ominous economic rumblings, not unlike those we are hearing today, were being made and when Las Vegas was busily preparing for initiating the construction of the Boulder Dam, Martin Luther King, Jr. was born in Atlanta, Georgia. At a time when the KKK was running rampant throughout the country and the life of a Black person was not worth a plug nickle, Martin Luther King, Jr. began his thirtynine-year trek through life.

He had a relatively sheltered life. His father was a minister and, for the times, his family was fairly well off. They lived in a nice home and the children were wellmannered. Through his life, Martin abhorred violence. While in elementary school, the bully walloped him but he did not fight back. Even as a child he did not subscribe to the belief of "an eye for an eye." In the common conflicts between siblings, he never actively participated. He was a good boy and everybody liked him - he thought.

He was first made aware of the differences in races when he was six. Two white boys with whom he had played, were told by their mothers not to play with him anymore. He could not understand what had happened. His mother's only reply was "not to forget that he was just as good as anyone else." When he was eight, while on a shopping trip to a shoe store with his father, they were told to go to the back of the store. His father, a proud man who had probably suffered those indignities before, did not want his son to have those kinds of experiences as part of his

daily bread. They left without making a purchase. There were many other incidents which occurred in his lifetime as they occurred in the lives of all Black people, which painted a vivid picture of the abundance of injustices which he and other people like him, had to endure. All of those prepared him for a rendezvous with destiny which he did not know awaited him.

As was the case in most southern towns, there were very little recreational outlets and even fewer for Black people. There were no bowling alleys, golf courses,

YMCA's or supervised

swimming facilities available

to Martin. Because his father

was a minister, he could not

hang out around the pool

halls and other "juke join-

ts." His time was spent at

home and at home he

studied. He was an exem-

plary student and his grades

were always superior.

Because of his talents he

skipped several grades and

completed high school in two

years. All of these events

were comparable to the shuf-

fling of a deck of cards. Each

movement rearranged the

order in which they would

At the age of fifteen, he en-

tered Morehouse College. It

was there that he decided

upon a life in the ministry.

Previously, he had had

and a star a grand star and the start of the

ultimately fall.

negative feelings about the ministry in spite of the fact that his father was himself a minister. "I had doubts that religion was intellectually respectable. I had revolted against the emotionalism of Negro religion - the shouting and the stamping. I didn't understand it and it embarrassed-me.

At Morehouse, he met Dr. Benjamin Mays and Dr. George Kelsey, who was professor of religion and philosophy. Those two men gave him a deeper understanding of social philosophy and religion. Because of their influence, he decided that

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perhaps the ministry would be acceptable after all.

Four years later, he graduated with honors. He was offered several scholarships to attend seminaries. He turned them down because his father felt that those scholarships should go to students whose families could ill afford to send them to college. His father used his savings to send Martin to Crozer Theological Seminary in Pennsylvania. He learned an important lesson during that exchange iust because help is available, it should not be taken unless it is needed.

His arrival at Crozer placed him in an environment unlike any in which he had ever lived - integration. He had a great deal of difficulty in adproblems with his white classmates. The problems understood by her, she gave were a result of the way in up her possible career and which he had been programmed after nineteen years of living in an oppressive, stagnant and demeaning society. He was aware of all the old stereotypes of Black people and he was determined that he would not manifest any of them. To counteract his anxieties, he went to the opposite extreme. He was never late, he never laughed, he was always neatly dressed, clean shaven, never sloppy and once, during a class outing, he avoided eating a piece of watermelon.

Perhaps more than anything else, he overcame those fears which caused one not to live but to simply follow a script. He did very well at the seminary. He was president and class graduated at the top of his class. The awards kept rolling in. He recieved a fellowship to study for a Ph.D. at Boston University. It was there that everything, which would ultimately become him, came together. In reading Aristotle, Plato, Rousseau, Locke and Hegel, he began to appreciate such thoughts as "strength through struggle, harmony out of pain." He also read Thoreau's 'Civil Disobedience' and understood the cause of the peaceful protest against the Fugitive Slave Laws which led to Thoreau's arrest. He also discovered Mahatma Gandhi. More than any other, Gandhi influenced the approach to life which he would take. Tatyagraha truth force of love force was profoundly significant to him. 'passive resistance was to become the force by which he would live - and die.

It was near the end of his work at Boston University that he met Coretta Scott. The usually quiet, reserved young theology student fell madly in love. He realized after their first date, that she was the girl for him. It might have been termed a 'whirlwind'' romance, but Martin realized that it does not take forever to determine if you like someone or not. They were married in Marion, Alabama at her parents' home on June 18, 1953. Afterwards, they returned to Boston to complete their degrees. She had trained to become a concert singer. She had always wan-

justing. There were no ted to become a singer but, for reasons not too clearly opted to be with Martin.



Martin Luther King, Jr.

And then there was the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church with Shakespeare, Socrates, Galileo and others. White citizens looked upon him as some kind of rabble rouser while Black citizens wondered silently and aloud,



Martin Luther King, Sr.

"who is this guy?" or, in better phraseology, "what manner of man?'

The cards were still being shuffled Some people didn't even know where They went about their normal chores As though they did not care The forces were a'gathering From every direction they came Not all were noticed by some But by some others just the same **Centuries of traditions** were coming under fire Those who had been docile Were beginning to aspire HE WAS THE ONE.

