

# FOLLOW "THE LEADER"

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surprise, he was passed over when demographically-similar but half white/half-black St. James Parish...(how's that for irony?)...was discovered in need of a pastor. But to top that, when came resignation of the pastor he was assisting at St. Dorothy's, Clements was denied again. Black priests of the diocese went ballistic, but were rudely refused even a meeting with Cody, who told Fr. Clements to go home, shut up, and assist.

The snub stirred outrage, and in mid-January of 1969; filled with angry thoughts of the birthday Dr. King would not see that year, as well as optimism gleaned from his

"Dream", black Catholics 'created them a scene.' With a huge crowd of Protestant, Muslims, Jews, White Catholics and non-churchgoers, they packed St. Dorothy's church and prayed a magnificent "Mass for Black Unity," concelebrant by outstanding black priests from Chicago, New York, Ohio and other states, and with them, helping to lead this rainbow coalition of worshippers, was Rev. Jesse Jackson...the lot of them surrounded by Black Panthers and Chicago cops, together, lining the sanctuary. My people, this was powerful stuff, as self-determination was the homily during the Church's 'greatest prayer.'

Father Clements got his parish,

Holy Angels, and Chicago went on to become the first major Northern diocese to assign most of its black priests to pastorates in African-American parishes. He set precedent when, after nearly two millennia he became the first priest to adopt a child, then two more...sort of "Father Knows Best" meets "My Three Sons"...and in fact, CBS made a movie about the story. If all that's not enough, he is a chief of Nigeria's Yoruba tribe.

Arriving Monday night at St. James drooling in anticipation of the revolutionary rhetoric, I spotted this familiar warrior-cleric just behind the altar. He appeared to be nervous, but, as I watched it was clear he was

simply pumped up sky high. Sitting, but with right leg bouncing to the music, rocking, then rolling, the was 'raised' by the emotion of the choir, and the brave congregation which had driven, and walked, through flooded streets to be there. He'd left behind 80 degrees in Nassau for a "monsoon" in Nevada, and had a one-word assessment of the weather when he deplaned at McCarran. "Damn", he said, as hope withered for a full house at the revival. "Well, I thought, 'he sure opened strong at the airport,' fastening my own seat-belt as I got ready to hear the word.

But then, my heart sank, as he gushed, "Jesus is alive and well, and living in Las Vegas." I was stunned to discover Jesus had opted for "Sin City" over, say, Henderson, but appalled that the militant has apparently gone soft, and barely heard him when he told us the theme of the three days...Discipleship.

Recalling a '60's South Side street gang, known then as 'the Disciples,' he spoke of how the true mark of a disciple is his devotion to the leader, and how he is follower as much as friend. Therefore he must have faith in the leader, whoever that leader might be.

He described a drought in Kansas, where farmers, three days from catastrophe, met on the third day in their church to pray for rain. They praised God when they came out for, indeed, rain had started to fall. But God, said Father Clements, was

probably steamed at them all, all but for one, an eight year-old-girl who emerged...with her umbrella. No one else had brought one.

'Rev' yelled, "JESUS IS THE ANSWER." Near rapture, he pronounced The Name breathily, repeated it over and over, and had us do the same. Then, he made us spell it, aloud, J-E-S-U-S. Finally he asked, I think, rhetorically, "Do you believe that Jesus will make a way where there is no way?" He then left us to ponder the question, and answer.

Reconciliation: Tuesday night's topic, and as things has gotten hot at work, the last thing on my mind. But Father began to relate the tale of a Sunday back in the 60's in Chicago's Marquette Park community, when he and Dr. King were marching for equal housing. Many others joined them in that hostile neighborhood, among them, my mother, and though we didn't know him then, the man who would later become my father-in-law. Snarling white residents, lining both sides of the street, foamed at their mouths and showed their worst, I think, just because Dr. King had come to call.

Meanwhile, as they marched, an annoying sound caught Clements' attention. To his right, and, remarkably, keeping pace, was a short, gray-haired, elderly white woman, her squat form leaning toward him. Sweating and glaring, her eyes cold and fixed on his, she was hysterical, furiously shaking her

fists and shrieking, repeatedly, "nigger priest...nigger PRIEST ... NIGGER PRIEST!"

Unimpressed with her vocabulary but amazed by her rhythm, he noticed her invective was in time with his footsteps, so...he kept cadence. On they went, "nigger priest!" (one-two), "nigger priest!" (three-four)...until he heard his drill-sergeant-from-hell no more. Having grown accustomed to her voice he turned to see what had become of her, and was shocked when he saw this tiny, old, cloth-coat wearing bundle of rage had stopped, and was bent over the curbside...vomiting.

We were, all of us, spellbound. Knowing he'd made his point, Father Clements rolled his shoulders forward, bowed, and brought his hands together, slowly, in that dramatic prelude our preachers do so well just before they lower the boom. Then, lifting his head, he nailed us. "Brothers and sisters," he said, "that's just too much hate." The silence was invaded by a 'yes sir' from the rear, then another down front, until 'yes sir's, applause and 'thank you Jesus's rang throughout the church. I tell you, it was so moving I felt...well, Protestant.

We spent early Wednesday together, and I got the advice I'd been after since January-although who'd have thought I would hook up with my sage in the heart of "Glitter Gulch?"

That night, in an emotional cl-

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## KIMBERLY

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ORS! I have to say that I had my own BOBBY BROWN TOUR GUIDE who exposed me to the preliminary activities that took place before the show began. I met BOBBY'S SISTER "CAROL" who is BOBBY'S younger sister that he put on his tour to perform her rapping techniques. She really had it GOING ON! When I first met her she immediately gave me a hug BEFORE I WAS INTRODUCED. THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! COMMON HUMAN RESPECT FOR BEING JUST THAT, A HUMAN! It was interesting to walk through BOBBY'S TOURING BUSES. I mean they looked like they should of been on "LIFE STYLES OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS." They were fully equipped with screen television sets, C.D. stereo systems, kitchens, twin and king size beds and magnificent art deco furnishings. CLASS, NOTHING BUT CLASS!! It was interesting to discover that BOBBY prefers to ride on the bus with his concert crew instead of flying. It was mentioned that he doesn't like to fly, and that when he rides the bus he has an opportunity to sleep longer before reaching the next concert state. Yes, BOBBY also had his father, cousins, and brother-in-law working and traveling with his tour. It was truly a FAMILY AFFAIR. I also had the opportunity to meet a 17-year-old young man who BOBBY invited on

the tour to show off his rapping talents in the show. He was extremely nice and just excited to be accompanying BOBBY on this world wide extravaganza. I asked this young rapper, "How did you manage to hook up with BOBBY?" He replied, "I was introduced to him and I started rapping, and he asked me if I would like to go on the road." Everyone on BOBBY'S TOURING CREW was very young in age, and they all seemed to have their own HIP-HOP way of life. One that exudes LOVE, LIFE and HAPPINESS! Their knitted stoking hats bounced around the Las Vegas' hotel giving new life to an other wise boring Vegas' atmosphere. BOBBY also set the Las Vegas' black jack tables alive with his winnings of \$15,000. Well, you know I had to find out the REAL SCOOP on why SHABBA was being interviewed by a publication who asked him his opinion about homosexuality. SHABBA was quoted as saying that he is a Christian, and does not believe in homosexual activities. Hence, one of the sponsors for the tour received some serious heat from some gay right groups who put pressure on them to remove SHABBA from the tour. So, there you have it, POLITICS WINS AGAIN!! BOBBY was mentioned as really fighting HARD to keep SHABBA on his tour. Last but not least, I had to find out if BOBBY'S love for WHIT-

NEY was LIVE or MEMOREX. Hold on to your glasses, according to BOBBY'S TOURING CREW MEMBERS, who didn't know I was a writer, "Their love is ALL THE WAY LIVE!!" As the concert lights went dim, and a huge BOBBY BROWN sign stretched across the stage, I was on my way for that BOBBY BROWN MUSICAL "GET AWAY!" After the show my dancing feet screamed, "NO MO!" As I shook BOBBY'S HAND back stage a sincere warmth came over me, and he replied, "Nice to meet you." And I stated, "Well, it's nice to really KNOW YOU!" Remember if you would like to know something about your OH-SO-LA-LA CELEBRITY write me at 716 South 6th Street, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101. I WILL ALWAYS BE YOUR ENTERTAINING GIRL HERE TO ROCK YOUR ENTERTAINING WORLD! IF NOT HERE AT THE "FAMILY AFFAIR!"

### NAACP ELECTION

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office. All NAACP members whose memberships are current as of March 15, 1993, and on the day of the election, will be eligible to vote in the new election, according to Penn.

The new election will take place at the Heritage Lounge, 1042 West Owens Avenue, and the polls will be open from 1p.m. to 5p.m.

Members are being asked to bring some form of identification in order to receive a ballot.