

CHAPTER 59

Pondering- once again back aimlessly wondering around an east side street, feeling the pain of my imminent defeat; chain smoking through the majority of my Newport cigarettes, while searching for a bite of nourishing free food to eat

It was a bit past noon, when I had finally stopped the beat- of both weary feet; just outside of First Baptist Church, on the corner of M-L-K and New York Street

On display for all to see, the outside of the church building was covered in thick black- blue- and bright red- spray paint graffiti; proclaiming such things as- *'JESUS AND JOHN WERE HOMOS'*-

'PALE MAN'S RELIGION'-

'CHRISTIANS ARE GAY'

and- *'THOU SHALL STEAL FROM THE NEEDY'*

.....Among other blasphemy

I entered the church doors, wondering what type of scum-bag would find such things funny; there was nothing truly sacred anymore, besides drugs- music- sex- and money

I stepped into the church's vestibule first floor, and slowly made my way into its expansive most holy inner core; where I momentarily stood idle in the doorway, instantly spotting the old man that I had come there looking for

The Rev Eugene Moore- stood alone, whistling a gospel tune- while sweeping the floor; beneath a large portrait of Christ the Savior, near an open backroom pulpit door

Reverend Moore- the good preach, was one of the only three relatives I had- whom still lived within the city of Long Beach; my two other kin folk were his sons, Petty officer first class Melvin Moore- and William Moore the useless family leech

As I made my way down the aisle, feeling a bit like some troublesome juvenile; he stopped his sweeping and gave me a disappointed look, with no hint of a smile

“In- jailOutta- jailIn- jailOutta- jail For the love of God- I don’t know what’s wrong with you black men now a ‘days”, he did wail; as I sat before him on a front row pew, with his stern disapproving brown eyes frowning down upon my shameful black tail

“The way you misbehaveBoy- I know my sister Doreen- is turnin’ in her grave.....;it’s like ya’ll dun forget the black strugglesAnd our ancestors being sold to slave.....

(.....)

.....The lynching- the beatings- the murders- the segregation and hateAll because of the melanin level within our skin.....;Come on nephew- stop lettin' Satan and his evil minions- WIN!It aint never too late to be redeemed- and born again”

“I know- I knowBut I swear to God- Uncle Gene!This time will be different though”;

“Last time- you said the same exact jive You sound like a broken record little Joe”

“I’m serious Uncle Gene!I got myself some solid infallible plans this time around- I’m sure you know what I mean.....; I’m gonna get a real job and get all my own stuffStart my own successful business and do everything legit and clean!”

“Nephew!Change starts deep within a man’s heart- not with money and worldly possession.....;And do you know what the root of sin is?.....”, he preached- with a rhetorical question

(.....)

.....Now any other day I’d humor youAnd I’d give you a few encouraging words- the good lord knows I’d try”, he did sigh; “..... But these days I just ain’t got the patience for it- Little Joe My plate is full right now- and I got bigger fish here ta fry.....”

He momentarily stopped talking, as a loud police siren quickly passed by; before he continued on with his speech, after releasing a long dragging sigh

“.....Right now- my hands are tiedWith the recent church vandalism- and all that rhetoric that keeps getting spray painted outside.....;Each and every time that this God awful blasphemy gets painted overeven more of the crap gets quickly reapplied”

What about the police?can't they assist- in getting all these vandals to desist”;

“They don't care about petty crimes like thisTruth be told- most of them are Atheist

(.....)

.....I get in one religious debate down at Church's Chicken with a shoe-less heathen over whether God truly exists.....;I told him that we walk by faith and not by sighthe got upsetcalled me blind- and ignorantnow all this madness persists!”

When the good rev spoke of his shoe-less hobo antagonist, I balled up my fist; to hear that they were also bothering my kinfolk, had me angry- I was pissed

.....They had to be stopped!