

The Time to Do Right is Always Ripe

Vol. 3 Issue 2

Biographers of the anomalies we like to call Freedom Fighters quite often chronicle their lives in such a way that they are summated as being



extraterrestrial freaks of nature, as if their very existence were as random and combustive as the Big Bang. These extraordinary people were indeed key players in the proactive enterprise. With each defiant blow against social, political, and economic status quo, they cemented their brick in the very foundation of our society, enabling it to stand, though gimped, on its own two moral feet. Although their stance was without question uncanny and noteworthy, even their conception and childhoods are reported like Greek folklore. Without drawing some correlation between fact and feat, man and myth, it drives an even deeper wedge between the icons frozen in history and those today, who, in fact, follow in their footsteps of service.

Before any of these people had seen any mountain top, they had to be groomed and tilled in the valley. The life of Gandhi reflected one of great meditation and sacrifice. Then he arose as leader of the common man. The life of Jesus- yes, he was a revolutionary- was also one of tremendous introspection and consecration. We see Jesus reemerge at age thirty and three years of ministry landscapes two thousand years of history. El Hajj Malik El Shabazz (Malcolm X) reconnected his early childhood experiences as the son of two avid followers of Marcus Garvey with his newfound wisdom, revelation and redemption, to become father to the black power struggle. In spite of what the power of movie magic may have done to capture their lives, all of these men were quite human. They encountered adversity, disappointment, even fear. Was it not Jesus who asked that his cup be removed? Why then, under the guise of humility, do we place them atop mountains and on pedal stools they never placed themselves? Why do we move to attribute their greatness to some astrological alignment, or give credence to a dark period of history that somehow birthed its own foe? We determine that Jim Crow *needed* Rosa Parks as the sun *needs* the moon.

The bleak forces that beset the oppressed were standing, alive, and independent. Had not Gandhi meditated, Jesus consecrated, and Malcolm levitated, the same bleak forces would have remained, still standing, alive and independent. With careful regard of the will of God, the reality of its unfolding still rests in the free will of man. Gandhi could have easily elected to carry on with a promising career as an attorney. Jesus could have wound up as an eerily talented carpenter. Malcolm could have returned to his profession as a "locksmith".



Knowledge of the Proactive Enterprise, Inc.

It is undeniable that the conditions of their time were ripe for what proved to be a revolutionary period, but had they refused to step up to the plate, righteous cause may well have struck out.

Today, the conditions are again ripe for a revolution, internationally, nationally and locally. We are bedeviled by the checkered war on terror, grappling with the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, and, in our own backyards, are within earshot of the ever-increasing danger in Clayton County, Georgia. We are surrounded by enough hopelessness to indeed follow us into another generation. We are surrounded by enough poverty to conceive *Fourth* World countries. We are surrounded by enough insufficient political capital to slingshot us back to the post-Reconstruction era. With so many resources, there is so little direction. With so many solutions there is so little salvation. And perhaps what strangles progress the most is, amidst such terrific conditions, there is so little character. The lack of character to speak on and or against unpopular issues, in the face of great opposition, without a flank of news reporters or protestors is what will shrink the muscle of not only black leadership, but the entire fraternity. This weakening of will trickles down from the President of the United States to some of the principals of Clayton County Public Schools.

Like Katrina, we are becoming increasingly numb to the small devastations occurring in Clayton County, Georgia. Shootings always follow up with the pageantry of candlelight vigils. It's the middle class version of pouring out liquor. Residents of Clayton County once spoke fondly of their beloved community, *their* schools of excellence, *their* picturesque communities. Now many are too ashamed to mention where they live. Like Katrina, the tragedies, though ugly and grim, have lifted the veil from the eyes of middle class blacks and browns thinking they had escaped to the island of suburbia and from the troubles of "the inner-city." Now they witness their own dismemberment every night at six o'clock for the whole world to see. It's embarrassing.

Like the world, like our nation, the citizenry of Clayton County must ask, "Where is my character?" These conditions call for all who hide behind the veil of class, who now feast on their presumptions of *those people*. *Those people* are now your neighbors. *Those people* send their children to school with yours. In fact, *those people* are just like you. They came to the county of Clayton for similar reasons. Stop running from *those people*, Clayton County. And remember, at one point, you were, and in the eyes of many still, *those people*.