

Woolworth's Lunch Counter Sit-In

Demonstrations in Jackson had to begin on Tuesday, May 28, 1963. With the breakdown of negotiation efforts on Monday, it was necessary to start direct action the very next day. The Jackson newspapers were already saying that despite all the threats Jackson blacks could not produce any significant number of demonstrations. In the sense of strategic timing, this was the worst possible week to begin anything. Nothing could have started earlier because the bond money for anticipated arrests from the national NAACP did not come until late May. The period of speeches, mass meetings, attempted negotiations and such was longer than we intended, but the tension had not worn down. But if there were no major demonstrations this week, then it would be hard to build up momentum again. And yet, Tougaloo College had just ended its spring semester and most of the students had left the campus. A smaller number would be returning for summer school which did not start for another week. On the high school scene this was the last week of school, the worst possible time for students to risk jail. But we had to begin.

The general strategy was to start out with a few small demonstrations each day. We would have to be careful about the number of arrests since bail bonds were scarce. We also did not think there would be very many demonstrators able to risk jail. We would try to take advantage of the recent Supreme Court ruling invalidating the arrests in the 1960 sit-ins and have selected, well-publicized sit-ins. A few picketers might be arrested each day. With careful use of people and carefully selected sites for activity, a small number of demonstrators could keep the whole community aroused. In several weeks there might be more college students and high school students available. After many weeks we might reach

the stage where we could have mass protest marches, probably chiefly teenagers out of school for the summer. As the children took a stand for civil rights and were jailed for their actions, we could count on their parents becoming involved. As it became clear that a significant movement existed in Jackson the time would come, perhaps in mid-summer, to call in Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., for a really massive confrontation with Mississippi racism. Medgar Evers and Doris Allison agreed with John Salter and with me that eventually we would want to have Dr. King working in Jackson. We would need the help of every civil rights group in America. But initially this would be an NAACP project, the first major direct action campaign for the Association.

The plans for the first day of demonstrations were very carefully made -- and the goals were very small. There would be an integrated group of five pickets who faced certain, "instant arrest." There would also be a small scale sit-in at Woolworth's lunch counter. Three Tougaloo College students willing to risk arrest volunteered for this: Memphis Norman from Wiggins; Pearlina Lewis from Jackson; and Annie Moody from Centerville. Both of the women had been leaders in the campus civil rights movement the past year. Memphis had not been very directly involved but had supported the movement. He was the student assistant to Borinski and had stayed on campus during this vacation week to make preparations for the sociology summer school program. When he realized the need for volunteers for the demonstrations, he quickly agreed to join up.

At 10:00 AM, we were all gathered in the NAACP office on Lynch Street. We called the press to say there would be demonstrations on Capital Street after 11:00 that morning. We knew the press would notify the police. We did not give the exact locations

of the demonstrations because we wanted some visibility before Captain Ray called in the "instant arrest" squad. Medgar Evers and John Salter would stay at the office. I would go into town to observe the demonstrations and arrests. In this job of "spotter" I would avoid arrest so that I could make telephone reports to Salter and Evers. I wore my ministerial clerics (which SNCC people often called "bullet proof vests"). The police were watching outside Evers' office, but they did not know what to look for. Our promised demonstration might be a single demonstrator or might be some kind of mass march. All cars that left the office were followed into downtown Jackson. But all the passengers looked the same. Some non-demonstrators went in to town to just walk around the streets looking in store windows. Police had to follow everyone and were not yet ready to arrest someone for just being in a car. The demonstrators went in different cars, were let out at various places in the business area, in a very casual way. But everyone had watches and planned to meet at specific places at a certain time.

At exactly 11:15 A.M. the three students, who had been making casual purchases in different parts of the Woolworth's store, all walked up to the long white lunch counter, quietly sat down, and waited to be served. Most of the 52 seats were empty. But there were seven white customers. Five of them left the counter immediately, but two remained. One young white girl casually finished her banana split, then quietly walked away. The white waitresses tried to ignore the new customers at first. Then one waitress finally asked them what they wanted. Annie Moody, selected as spokesperson for the group, asked for service. The waitress explained that there was a counter for colored on the other side of the store, then hurried away to the back of the store where she was quickly joined by the other

waitresses after they had turned off the lights at the lunch counter.

The remaining white customer, a middle aged woman, stayed at the counter for several minutes then walked over to the three blacks. No one knew what was going to happen. About ten white people were standing in the first aisle watching the demonstrators. I was standing with these people. A reporter for the Jackson Daily News was also there. We could all hear the lady speak in her calm, Southern voice, "I'd like to stay here with you, but my husband is waiting." As the lady left the counter a reporter asked her name but she refused to give it but said, "I am in sympathy with the Negro movement." The reporter went on over to the counter to talk with Ms Moody and get the names of the demonstrators. I went up to the lady and introduced myself as the Tougaloo College Chaplain and thanked her for what she had done. To my great surprise she told me she was from Vicksburg (my home town) but had lived outside the South for a time and now supported the civil rights movement. There were too many very unfriendly whites standing around for us to continue the conversation. She left the store.

Store officials soon roped off the whole lunch counter except where the three students sat. The Colored Lunch Counter (with only 30 seats) was also soon closed. For the next 45 minutes, the demonstrators sat quietly at the deserted, darkened counter. Shoppers continued their business in other parts of the store, but frequently paused in little knots of muttering whites, a few aisles away from the lunch counter. There were even some shoppers, white and black, who would take just one look at the counter, quickly look away, and go on making purchases as if nothing unusual was happening -- at least nothing that could possible involve them.

The Jackson Daily News managed to define the events of this first 45 minutes as "trouble."

"Trouble broke out here yesterday at 11:16 AM, 30 minutes after news services had been alerted that it would happen, when three Negro college students, strolled into Woolworth's Capitol Street store, made minor purchases and took seats midway of the 52-stool white lunch counter."³¹

In the next two hours there would be more "trouble" here than in any sit-in in the history of the Movement. But the official white viewpoint was that the "trouble" did not start when white hoodlums violently attacked the demonstrators, but when the blacks quietly sat down at the white lunch counter. A Daily News photo, showing the three students at the deserted counter, was labeled, "Incite Whites."³²

Captain Ray and a large number of Jackson policemen were standing outside Woolworth's. They could look through the glass doors and see the lunch counter demonstrators clearly. After just a few minutes, I realized that the police were abiding by the recent Supreme Court order and were not going to arrest the demonstrators. But pickets were another matter. I was talking to a friendly reporter, Kenneth Toler, Jackson writer for the Memphis Commercial Appeal. I told him that the pickets would soon be on Capitol Street and he should see that. He said to me, "I think I had better stay here. This isn't over yet. We can't have a sit-in this quiet in Jackson. Something will happen." I had decided that the demonstrators were safe and would just be ignored at the counter until they decided to leave. I wondered if they would decide to stay until the store closed that evening. I left the store to watch the street pickets, but I was too late. Another black student, also a

"spotter," came over to me and whispered that the pickets had actually formed a single file line and carried their signs, ("Jackson Needs a Bi-racial Committee") for almost a full minute before being arrested. At exactly 11:30 AM the pickets had unfurled their audacious banners. The integrated group was led by Rev. Eddie O'Neil, a black Baptist minister and the president of the Tougaloo Student Government. The two black women were Eddie Jean Thomas from Jackson and Doris Bracey, a student at Jackson State College; the two white women were both from Tougaloo College. One was Margrit Garner and the other was Jeannette King, my wife. They were arrested for "blocking the sidewalk." I was very proud of what Jeannette was doing and was disappointed that I was not able to see my wife holding her picket sign and being taken away to jail.

A crowd of whites had been slowly gathering in Woolworth's. Shortly after noon they were joined by a number of white students, probably from nearby Central High School. About fifty people were standing in the aisles near the counter. They began cursing and taunting the demonstrators. None of the black students even looked around behind them, the three just held their heads down and glanced reassuringly at each other. Sometimes they seemed to whisper together. Suddenly several white men rushed forward and attacked the students. One man slapped Annie Moody then pulled Memphis Norman from the counter. Memphis was hurled to the floor as the crowd shrieked in excitement and pushed forward for a better view. Both girls were knocked to the floor but quickly got back up to their seats at the counter.

Memphis Norman just lay on the floor, blood pouring from his mouth and nostrils, as a white man leaped up and down around his body, sometimes kicking his head from the side,

sometimes stomping down on his face. The man's gyrations had a kind of style, almost like a ballet or modern dance; his left arm arched gracefully over this head, as the other arm extended, pointing towards the black body, being kicked by his soft, white tennis shoes. He would quickly turn a little circle, holding his right leg bent slightly in the air, than, as the fingers of his left hand, aloft in the air, closed softly together, like the silent snap of invisible castanets, he would stamp his white foot in the black face and prance around the body.

The shouting of the mob died down to a low giggle, a kind of communal snarl. The only other sound was low moaning from the body on the floor. Surrounding the man, like an obscene corps de ballet, were about a dozen men, in still, frozen pantomime positions, cigarettes dangling from their lips, waiting... The prima ballerina, a beautiful blonde belle, was poised in the wings, in the next aisle... Watching patiently over the whole scene were white FBI men observing the white Jackson policemen observing the white mob. There would be no "instant arrest" this time. Finally a plainclothes policeman intervened, arresting both Memphis Norman and his assailant, on charges of disturbing the peace. Memphis was taken to the jail and booked, still bleeding from head injuries, before finally being taken to a hospital. The white stomper turned out to be a former Jackson city policeman named Bennie Oliver. Ironically he had not adequately prepared for his debut performance. Had he been wearing hard soled shoes or boots instead of tennis shoes, he probably would have killed Memphis Norman.

All this took place in the glare of numerous floodlights from television camera crews. Individual newsmen added brilliant flashes of light from their cameras. The crowd grew swiftly in size, soon reaching over 300 people. Most of them could not get to front stage to

assault the two black women left at the counter. But they could provide the vital sounds of the orchestra and chorus. "Nigger bitch! Whore! Black whore! Communist, God-damned Communist! Go back to Russia!" The white women in the crowd sometimes joined the men in the cursing, sometimes just screamed out their hatred in high pitched shrieks, usually nonverbal but occasionally, like an emphatic piccolo, came a long, drawnout wailing, "She-e-e-y-i-i-i-t, She-e-e-y-i-i-i-t!" While some older Southern gentlemen provided a ground bass, solid chord of "Gahd Dayumn, Gahd Dayumn, Gahd Dayumn," the teenage boys chanted a more rapid, "mothuh-fuckuh, mothuh-fuckuh, mothuh-fuckuh, mothuh-fuckuh."

As the music swelled, the beautiful blonde belle swirled out of the edge of the crowd and into the center spotlight. She swept up to the counter and picked up a plastic bottle of mustard. Twirling, she held the ugly yellow plastic above her head and its crown of long blond hair. Then she cradled the mustard jar in her arms, like a dancer with a bouquet; suddenly she was straining forward, standing on the tops of her toes, as a jet of mustard arched through the air to make a brilliant stain on the black hair of Annie Moody's head; then Pearlina's head was splattered. As the crowd burst into applause the dancer turned towards them with a faint smile, almost made a little curtsy bow, then stepped off stage, back into the crowd.

Next came a trio of teenage boys. They grabbed up all the nearby food containers from the counter and quickly showered the two Negro women with salt, pepper, and sugar. The crowd cheered their daring leaps, high into the air, and the sharp style with which they aimed their refuse at their victims. After a few gyrations, this pas de trois of frisky little ones, cute as cegnets, gentle as hawks, rejoined the mob. They usually held hands but this

time their hands were too busy striking heads. Then the orchestra of hate played an interlude.

During all of this I was standing at the very back edge of the mob, walking around for a better view, and trying to get help. I went to the police standing outside the door. I asked Captain Ray to do something about the mob and to protect the girls at the counter. He seemed delighted at the situation and the fact that I had asked him for help. With his face in an even uglier grin than usual, he explained in a sort of whining voice, "But Rev. King, you know what the law is. Why the Supreme Court says that police can't interfere with a sit-in demonstration. Now the Jackson police are gonna do what is right, what the law says. That store is private property and I can't go in there unless the manager asks me. We'll just stay right out here on the sidewalk."

I tried to find the manager. The clerks told me several times he was not present. Finally I got to see one man who refused to give me his name or tell me if he was the manager or not. The clerks treated him as if he were some sort of authority, perhaps an assistant manager. I explained about Captain Ray. The man just looked at the mob and the scene at the counter and said, "That lunch counter was closed an hour ago. There's no reason for anybody to be sitting there. It's closed. That's all we are going to do." I told him we would find out his name and were going to sue both him and the Woolworth's store if he didn't help. He turned his back and walked away.

I telephoned the office to report the situation to John Salter and Medgar Evers. Medgar wanted to come and join the sit-in but was persuaded to stay in his office and try to get national attention on the situation. Then I phoned Dr. Dan Beittel, the President of

Tougaloo College. Beittel said he would try to reach the national offices of Woolworth's. I was really frightened for myself as I sat in phone booth in the back of the store. Several white men stood watching me but never attacked me. They probably could not hear my conversations. I then called Galloway Methodist Church trying to reach the Rev. Jerry Furr to ask him to try to get some white ministers to come to the store and to try to get the police to break up the mob. But it was lunchtime and I could never reach any of the ministers.

Then I saw a white Methodist minister* standing at the edge of the crowd. He was a man I had known for years. I knew that he was a conservative on theological and social issues, but thought that he must be shocked at the violence at the lunch counter. I rushed up to him. He was not exactly pleased to see me. I explained the problem about why the police would not break up the mob, then asked for his help. I said that the mob was quieter now than a few minutes earlier. He agreed with that observation and said he had watched the whole thing. I suggested that he was the kind of person who could have great influence on the mob, if he would just go up to small groups of men and women at the edge of the crowd, introduce himself as a Methodist minister, and talk to them, he could begin to break up the mob. I said he could even tell the people that he agreed with them about segregation but that this violence was no way to solve problems. Then he should ask the people to leave the store. He obviously wanted to get away from even talking to me.

He finally said, "They're your demonstrators, why don't you tell them to leave, they're the ones causing the trouble. If they leave the counter, everything will settle down."

* his name probably should not be listed.

"But they can't leave, I replied. "If those girls even move, that mob will attack them again. They'll be killed before they could walk through all those people and get to the front door."

The minister quietly stated, "I will not do a thing for them -- or for you." He walked on over and joined the back ranks of the mob. I was absolutely convinced that he could have quietly gotten the crowd to break up and go away. It could have been done by someone the whites would identify with. I looked at him, standing silently with the mob. I wondered if he would offer to hold the coats of some of the gentlemen so their arms would be more free to hurl the stones. I would have respected him more if he had at least shouted one curse word -- but obscenity was beneath the dignity of a proper Methodist minister. I guess I should have been grateful that he did not identify me to the mob.

The crowd kept its focus on those sitting at the counter. But people on the edges kept trying to figure out who I was. I was dressed as a priest and I was white. But I clearly had not joined the mob. Several times people turned on me, "You're with them niggers, ain't you? I'll bet you're one of them." I would never answer these questions but welcomed the opportunity, little as it was, to try to talk with my accusers. "Those colored girls aren't hurting anybody. Why don't you leave them alone. Let the police take care of them."

"What kind of minister are you? Are you a Catholic? Are you with these nigger bitches?"

"I'm just a Christian minister and I'm from Mississippi," I replied in my best Southern accent. "Those colored girls surely know by now what everybody in here thinks of them. If we all leave, I'm sure they'll leave the counter too. Why don't we just all go

home or back to work?" A few whites, students and adults, did slowly leave the scene, but not my accuser.

The man turned away and back into the crowd. Soon he was shouting, "Black Bitches! Go home black bitches! Go home!" I know that a minister the crowd would listen to could have quietly broken up the mob in just the pattern I suggested to Rev. XYZ. He was exactly the same kind of person most of the white men present could identify with. They would have listened to him. The mob violence at the counter lasted almost three hours and was well reported in "live" broadcasts from the scene of the action on Jackson radio stations. There must have been many white ministers in the city who knew what was happening. If they had come to the store, they could have calmed the mob. Some ministers could have influenced the mayor and the police captain. The offices of the Methodist, the Episcopal, and the Roman Catholic bishops were within a few minutes of Woolworth's. That help never came and all the ministers of the White Mississippi Conference of the Methodist Church were in session at Galloway Church, less than three blocks away.*

* One young white student, Bert Scott, was so upset at the mob and inspired by the civil right demonstrators that he became a silent supporter. Several years later he was a Methodist minister who spoke out for racial justice and, years later, told me of his presence there and how he had been shocked and inspired.

But help for the demonstrators did arrive. In one of the high moments of the entire non-violent movement's history, an incredible scene occurred at the Woolworth's lunch counter. While the mob stared, shocked into silence, several white people walked out from the edge of the crowd and up to the counter. They quietly sat down on the filthy stools beside the two black girls. Then from the back of the store quickly came three young black men to join the demonstration. Now there was an integrated group of eight, including two white women, sitting at the counter, smiling greetings at the two black women. The white women were Joan Trumpauer, a SNCC worker and student at Tougaloo, and Lois Chaffee, an English teacher from the college. The white man was John Salter who had decided, after hearing of the violence, that he had to be with the students and share whatever happened to them. The new black volunteers were George Raymond, a CORE worker, and Tom Beard and Walter Williams, high school students.

The intermission was over. Now came the climax of the ballet, the great bacchanal. A terrible cry of white anger and hate burst from over 300 white voices. The air was full of all the old music and obscenities, but this time there were new motifs, driving through the music with the intensity of a fungus: "Black bastards! Black bastards! Black bastards!" "Nigger-lover! Nigger-lover! Nigger-lover! Go to hell! Go to hell! Go to hell!" "KILL KILL KILL KILL! AAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

The white men and teenage boys quickly lunged forward. Pearlina Lewis and Joan Trumpauer were grabbed from their stools and pulled, by the hair, towards the doors. They struggled loose and ran back to the counter but had to take stools separated from the other demonstrators. A white boy struck one of the Negro high school students on the head with

some metal object, like a book end, that he had seized from a nearby sales counter. The Negro boy slumped forward over the counter, unconscious, then slowly, almost gracefully, slipped out of his seat and on to the floor into the ooze, and slime, and slop. There he regained consciousness before anyone could attack him while he was down. Holding on to the stool, he slowly pulled himself back up to the counter.

A new male dancer came forward to replace Bennie Oliver in the cast. He leaped high in the air, hands outstretched above his head, brass knuckles flashing in the glare of the spotlights. He came down behind John Salter and struck him quickly, once on the cheek, once on the back of the head. Salter never moved as the blood began pouring down his face and trickling in small streams down the back of his head.

The sight of blood inspired the blonde ballerina to come forward again, with even more grace than the first time. She did a slow pirouette holding aloft a dark red bottle of ketchup, as if it were a chalice of wine or of blood. Then, her ritual dance concluded, she slowly poured the ketchup over Salter's bleeding head, mixing the crimson colors. Grandly, she bowed, as if towards an altar, and stepped back into the crowd. Now some more women, some young, some old, rushed forward to join the men. One man empties a salt shaker directly into Salter's wounds. A woman adds pepper. A boy dashes up with a bottle of hot tabasco pepper sauce and a very young girl brought forth the vinegar. Salter's head and clothes looked like garbage. I could no longer distinguish the blood from all the other filth that clung to his hair, stained his shirt, or slowly slopped off his shoulders.

White boys darted behind the counter and soon had a fresh supply of the filthy looking mustard, an angry yellow color. Every demonstrator was soon adorned with a

golden halo of mustard. (Salter's crown earned him the title, "Mustard Man," in the brilliant words of the Jackson Daily News.) All the lunch counter supplies were soon exhausted. But the show had almost an hour still to run. White boys discovered cans of spray paint and came on to decorate the demonstrators in rainbow colors. One of the black boys wore a white shirt that soon bore the word "nigger" in bright red letters. "Hell" and "Shit!" were other words easy for the mob to spell out in pretty shades of blue, and pink, and green on the backs of each person at the counter. People in the chorus, at the edges of the mob, began to push and shove their way forward, with none of the grace of the earlier dancers. But those at the front were enjoying themselves too much to let others share the spotlight and the fun. Those at the back of the crowd began throwing metal ashtrays towards the counter. Most just sailed over the demonstrators, but a few heads were struck. Others in the crowd began ransacking nearby display counters for missiles and weapons. Whole counters of the plaster and plastic junk of America that Woolworth's sells as wall decorations for the modern home were available and soon in use. The counter with picture frames was next in line when the manager finally turned off the lights and began shouting that the store was closed. His stern voice boomed out over a public address system suddenly put to use, calling on all the "customers" to please leave the store. "Woolworth's is now closed. I repeat, this Woolworth's store is closed. Will all customers kindly leave. Please leave now. We are closed." When the sacred merchandise was seriously threatened, the proper businessman decided to bring down the curtain.

Within ten minutes the mob had dispersed and cleared out of the store. Many left by the back doors, things were rather crowded at the front door, what with about 50 white

policemen just standing around on the sidewalk. Only the newsmen remained in the store, still photographing the victims -- visitors at the counter. Dr. Beittel came in and walked up to the counter. I went up to John Salter and Joan Trumpauer and Annie Moody. I gave them a handkerchief and the girls began to clean their faces as I started to wipe the blood and garbage from John's wounds. The front page of the Daily News (and much of the world press) carried a picture of this scene, clearly showing the smeared demonstrators, but also identifying the Chaplain and the President of Tougaloo College at the lunch counter.) Dr. Beittel asked Captain Ray to come into the store and protect the demonstrators until we could get cars for them. He refused. But when we did come out of the store, the policemen formed a sort of line that held the white mob back, although the police made no effort to stop them from throwing the last few ashtrays and other souvenirs they had brought out of Woolworth's. We loaded everyone into Dr. Beittel's car and into my Rambler station wagon. The roof of my car would bear the stains of the mustard and ketchup and vinegar and salt for the rest of its days. The stains were a badge of pride for those who knew what they represented. We quickly returned to Medgar Ever's office. Those who needed medical help were taken to the nearby office of a black doctor.

That night on the Jackson television stations, a censored version of the events was shown. National television carried vivid scenes of the violence, but Jackson had "cable trouble" and commercials during these scenes. When the local evening news came on, viewers were treated to the picture of empty seats at the lunch counter as a voice explained that this counter and all other lunch counters in Jackson had been closed because of the sit-in demonstrations. No scenes of violence, of course. This was the normal pattern for both

television stations. But, to everyone's surprise, the newspapers were full of pictures, front page, even showing the wild dance of Bennie Oliver over the body of Memphis Norman

The day after the Woolworth's riot, I received a special delivery letter from "A Friend in Christ."³⁵ This "friend," probably a minister of the Mississippi Conference of the Methodist Church, was probably some fundamentalist white minister who had been in the Woolworth's crowd along with the minister that I had recognized. I was not interested in knowing his identity. The letter was a perfect example of the epistles that appeared several times a week in both Jackson newspapers and is an excellent representation of the essence of the Religion of Mississippi. It may well have been written by a devout Layman and not a minister. Accompanying the epistle were two clippings from unidentified religious publications.³⁶ These were underlined in places and one was folded so that I could not miss the message on the back side:

"JUDGEMENT hangs over the head of everyone, both saint and sinner, who trifles with God and with His WORD."

The major message was on the front side. It was titled:

"CAN WE NOT SEE THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL?"

The heart of the lesson that followed was:

"Repentance or Ruin! Christ or Chaos! Pray or Perish!"

"Only fast moving action on the part of Christians today will stop the fast moving conquests of the Communists tomorrow"

Along with this message was a smaller clipping. This one proclaimed:

"WE NEED, THE AGE NEEDS, THE CHURCH NEEDS-----
Memorials of God's mighty power-----Which will silence the
enemy, dumfound God's foes, strengthen weak saints-----and fill
strong ones with triumphant raptures!"

Scissors had cut through the next sentence and I could only read part of the line.

"STAND up on your feet and fight! Fight..."

That final sentence seemed quite appropriate to the activity of the Magnolia Saints at the Woolworth's lunch counter.

Having read these inspired printed messages, I eagerly read the personal message in the epistle:

Dear Bro. King:

I have prayed much about this letter which I am writing to you, especially after the incident that I experienced yesterday at the Woolworth's 5 and 10 Store, where you were leading the sit-in demonstration. For some time I have been aware of your stand in this matter.

Let me say first, I am a Christian and stand for things of God; secondly, I am a true American, Democrat and Southerner, and I believe with all my heart in our way of life, according to the Bible, and such action of which you were the leader yesterday is not according to the Word of God.

As I was reading my Bible last night, I came across some verses of scripture which spoke to me very plainly. Everyone seems to be seeking what they call "freedom." But according to this verse from the Word of God, there is only one way that a man can be free, and that is through Jesus Christ -- the Lord and Savior. This does not imply in any way "social" freedom, as you and your followers are now seeking. It does mean "spiritual" freedom, and that we can be free from the wrath of God and the judgements that follow.

Also, I was reading another passage, "He who lives by the sword shall die by the sword." This means that when a person lives with hate and murder in his heart for his fellowman, he will die that way. This is a spiritual death.

I would like to say, in closing, I am not writing you through any form of hate of race, creed or color, for I do know God created everything in the beginning; but, also, that he separated everything according to its own kind -- even the animals and the birds and the fish, and everyone has his own place (underlining mine) and duty to perform in God's world that he has made. I am also aware that everyone has a soul and that God so loved the world that he did give His only begotten Son (John 3:16),

that whosoever believeth in Him (Christ) shall not perish but
have everlasting life.

Yours,

A Friend in Christ

I was to receive many such messages, from many different "Friends in Christ."
These were the kind of Friends in Christ who loved the "old time religion," the "faith of our
fathers," the old gospel songs, but somehow could never see any major difference between
"The Old Rugged Cross" and "The Old Burning Cross."