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# Chapel Transcript: February 18, 1972 - Black Awareness Chapel McCrary Singers

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# **ORU** Archives

2/18/72 McCrary Singers

**Chapel** 

<del>B</del>lack awareness chapel

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# Chapel 2-18-72 Black Awareness Chapel McCrary Singers

...a group of five people, three brothers and two sisters, who came all the way from California to share with us this morning. They have appeared in churches, in schools, in college campuses across the nation. They have been on TV and radio. They are called the McCrary Singers from California and I would like for you to give them a warm Oral Roberts welcome. They are not only great singers, but they are great people. I got a chance to talk with them and they are really great people to know. We have today four speakers, student speakers, I'm' sure you will know but I'll tell you their names anyway, who come to you prepared with short talks on how they feel and just a brief thing of how they feel about school and campus and their life. We have James Slade, he's from North Carolina. He's a theology major. He's a transfer student from Shaw University. James, would you come and speak with us right now. JAMES: Some of us find pleasure in loving. Some of us find pleasure in hating.

Some of us find pleasure in acting superior. Some of us find pleasure in humbling ourselves before God, realizing the best are as filthy rags. It is not by works of righteousness we are saved, but by the grace of God. In essence, some of us know Jesus and some of us think we know Jesus. Proud this morning to be associated with a culture of people guilty of loving, culture of people who in the midst of a hundred years of God-forbidden, unforgettable slavery, are still able to say, we understand. We love you. We forgive you. Proud this morning to be a victim of prejudice and persecution. Proud to be the servant. Proud to take the back seat. Proud to be the humbled one. Scripture tells me, he that humbles himself shall be exalted. And he that exalteth himself shall be abased. It said the first shall be the last, last shall be first. Those that are crying shall be laughing, those that are laughing shall be crying. Now, brothers and sisters, with the uncurly hair, the day is coming when there will be no more suburbs to run to, no more railroad tracks to cross. Will you be ready? Will you be ready? Thank you.

VOICE: As I said, he's a theology major and has proven it. Our next speaker is a young lady who was head of a fashion show last night. I want to thank all of you who came to the fashion show and I hope you enjoyed it. Her name is Charlotte Hall.' She's from Milwaukie, Wisconsin and she's a sociology major. Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE: Along the same lines that James has spoken, when I came to ORU I came here hoping and expecting a whole lot just like many of you did, but when I got here I found out people were saying to me, Skip over your problems, you know, don't worry about them, just pray about it. Well, prayer doesn't do everything for you and I've come across a poem that Mr. Don L. Lee, he's a black poet, and he talks about prayer and black salvation. He says, Whom shall I confess to? The Catholics have some cat they call the father, mine cut out a long time ago like his did. I tried confessing to my girl, but she's not fast enough except on hair styles, clothes, face care and television. If ABC, CBS and NBC were to become educational stations she probably would lose her cool and learn to read, comic books. My neighbor 36-19-35 volunteered to listen, but I couldn't talk. Her numbers kept getting in the way. To a booze friend I went, listened he didn't, advised he did. To an ORU friend I went, listened he didn't, advise they do. Pray, pray, pray and keep one eye open. I didn't pray, I kept both eyes open. Visited comrades at Ft. Hood, there are no cries here, no one would hear you anyway, they didn't. We tried to speak. Don't want to make war. Why? When you could do like make life, this would be useless too. When I was 17 I didn't have time to dream. Dreams didn't exist. Prayers did, as dreams. I am now 17 and 8, I still don't dream. Father, forgive us for we know not what we do. Jesus saves, Jesus saves. Jesus saves S & H green stamps. Think about it.

VOICE: Thank you, Charlotte. We have another young lady to present a poem to us. Her name is Mattie Thomas. Mattie. MATTIE: This poem was written by a very famous Negro poet. It is indeed a pleasure to say it to you. The Creation, by James Weldon Johnson. And God stepped out on space and He looked around and said, I'm lonely, I'll make me a world. As far out as God could see, darkness covered everything, blacker than a hundred midnights down in a cypress swamp. Then God smiled and the night broke and the and the light is still shining on the other and God said, That's good. Then God reached out and took the light in His hand and He rolled the light around in His hand until He made a sun and He set that sun blazing in the heavens. And the light brought us so I gathered it up in a and flung against the darkness. in the night with the moon and the stars. Then down between the darkness and the light He hurled the world and God said, That's good. Then God Himself stepped down, the sun was on His right hand the moon on His left. The stars were clustered about His head and the earth

was under His feet and God walked. And

Then God stopped and He looked at Himself, that the earth was hot and barren so God stepped over to the edge of the world and He out the seven seas. He batted His eyes and the lightning flashed. He clapped His hands and the thunder roared and the waters above the earth came down, the cooling water came down. Then the green grass and the red flowers blossomed and the pine tree just singing to the sky and the oak spread out its own. And the lake called down to the ground and the river ran down to the stream and God smiled again and the rainbow appeared and

God raised His arm and raised His hand over the sea and over the land and He said, , , and quicker than God could drop His hand fishes and fowls, fish and bird, swam in the sea, run the forests in the woods and

wings. And God said, That's good. Then God walked around and God looked around on all that He had made. He looked at His sun, He looked at His moon, He looked at His new stars, He looked on His world of all its living things and God said, I am lonely still. Then God sat down by a deep wide

#### Page 3

river He sat down with His head in His hands, thought and thought until He thought, I'll make me a man. Up from the river piece of clay and by the base of the river He kneeled Him down and there the great God Almighty, He and fixed it in the . He night. He round the earth in the middle of His hand. This great God, like a mammy bending over her baby, kneeled down in the dust, holding a lump of clay until He shaped in His own image and into it He blew the breath of life and behold, man became a living soul. Amen, Amen and Amen.

VOICE: Thank you, Mattie. Our next speaker is a young lady from North Carolina. She transferred last semester. Her name is Joyce Sumner and she's a sociology student. Joyce.

JOYCE: I didn't prepare a speech. I just want to make some comments. As Tom said, I transferred here last semester.

# End of Belt #1

I attended a school in North Carolina and I came here because I was looking for a school that had some spiritual standards and so I chose ORU and I like it here a lot. As a black student I feel that ORU has a lot to offer any young person. When I came here I was really concerned about whether or not ORU would be accredited. A lot of people have asked me when I went back home, everybody says, how is the situation out there? And when I came here I ran straight into the

. I found someone the very first day that didn't like black folk and so I just thought about Christian people supposed to be on this campus. I looked everywhere and I also feel that this campus probably has less than any other campus in Amerca, but I feel as Christian young people we've really got to fight hard. We've really got to work against it. It's here and I feel like this week, the week activities that we've just performed that they are going to help prejudice. And I really want you to think about the situation. We do have and I

here and I understand that next semester we are going to be getting two new sociology professors in and I would like if not both of those professors to be black, at least one of them. I'm optimistic about that. I feel that we need more black professors here. We need a lot more black things that we don't have and all the things we've been doing this week we are doing it for the glory of God and I feel that the Lord is going to bless us. We are going to sit closer together as a Christian student body. We can understand each other better and we are going to learn to love each other better. And we are optimistic about the thing. We ought to really work and pray about it. Someone said, We just can't pray, that's true. The Bible says, Faith without works is dead, but we've really got to work it out. And like I said, I'm optimistic. Thank you. VOICE: Thank you, Joyce, for those inspiring comments. Our last person is a young man who is from Tulsa. He was born in Oklahoma, the direct area, I don't know, but it's in Oklahoma. He's a senior and he has a double major in sociology and art. His name is Mack Holland. Mack.

MACK: Thank you, Tom. I want to share with you a few thoughts that have been going through my head and my feeling of what black is. And there are some more comments I'll have to make at the end of this. To me black represents respect. It represents freedom, it represents self-determination, it represents the affirmation of the essential worth of being human. It represents solidarity. And most of all, it represents love. I realize that I'm in a world where I have one right and that is demanding the right to be treated as human. And it is my duty also to not renounce this right. I have a choice in whether to be accepted or treated as a human being, or to tolerate the consequences. One of the ironic phenomena of this supposedly Christian nation that I've experienced through the system and structures that exist is that the enslavement that it imposes upon black people and other minority groups is an enslavement of itself. To me black is self-determination and the affirmation of the essential worth of blackness. This is to say that the black man will no longer accept degrading labels and

stereotypes of society. I say black is an expression of solidarity with the human race. This is in connection with the creation, believe it or not, because in black theology it's revolutionary. And a revolution is centered around love and it's centered around the third world concept. And the way that the solidarity with humanity works in is that for God to love the black man is that God has made him somebody. Therefore, there is no need for the black man to hate himself, because God has made him somebody. And God has made him out of love because He didn't have to create him in the first place. And the black man should pride himself in blackness because it's a special creation of God. The black man didn't make himself black, but his mighty Creator. And we often speak of our God's love and God's power and you hear this term black power and chills run down your spine and all kinds of negative concepts run through your mind, from association of things you've seen and heard, some valid, some invalid, but to the black man God's love is power and this power is expressed in his actions and reactions to humanity actions. And for the black man to respond to God's love in faith means that the black man has accepted the truth of the image of himself, which is revealed in Jesus Christ. Time is running near when there will be no more time when you will see "white religious liberals" and middle class blacks sitting in churches discussing the racial issues. The trend of the black theology revolution is calling for action, action wich will supposedly help eliminate this little phrase that I've been hearing quite a bit lately and that is, wow, you know, that chapel speaker was really nice, you know, but the only thing is, I've heard that stuff over and over and over and over again. Have you ever thought about why is he saying the same things over and over and over again. But if you look a little bit deeper y ou will see that the first time it was said nobody listened. The second time it was said somebody listened but didn't respond. The third time it was said it was out of frustration and plea for you to respond, to listen, to care, to become non-apathetic. And hear it, but maybe one day if we as people try to eliminate some of these causes, you may not

here mentioning the same things over and over and over again. This is one thought that ran across my mind, to get rid of something, you know, actions needs to be taken, therefore, nobody has any cause or reason to repeat the same old thing. And a good example of this is something I've experienced and I'm sure you have too, you've walked in public places and in the process of looking for a job and you see upon the wall a big sign in orange and black letters stating that we are equal opportunitists, you know, we hire the minority. Have you ever thought about if they really weren't discriminatory, if they really weren't prejudiced and if they really hired the minority then why would they need that sign on the wall? James Coleman in his writing Black Power and Black Theology took some excerpts from the writing of Tilledge, Paul Tilledge and in this little essay Tilledge was talking about, he was summarizing the courage to be, which is the act in which man affirms his being in spite of those elements of his existence which conflict with his essential affirmation. This is a basic concept behind black theology in its revolutionary phase. humanization type of concept and because it's an attempt for the black man to affirm his belief and to be recognized as a and serve any of the labels that the power structure has labeled him, for instance, as a non-being. Tilledge goes on to say that he was not capable of a powerful self-affirmation in spite of his non-being conflicts, is forced into a weak reduced self-affirmation. In other words, this person has an mind, a destroyed self-concept, but that day has long passed because we are. Thank you.

TOM: Right now I'd like to introduce to you or present to you a familiar face on campus, his name is Brother Bob.

BOB: I don't think there's ever been a week that's been so thoroughly prepared, perhaps last week's homecoming week tied it, but these kids have worked themselves silly, they've stayed up all night long preparing things. They've struggled, they've prayed, they have prayed and they've really just done every-

climax of the whole week and tickets are going fast. These tickets sell for \$1.00. However, because of the Oral Roberts student body such as it is, Brother Tom and his committee have reconsidered this price and have made it free of charge with a 75¢ donation. Tonight's soul festival is going to be the soul festival of all soul festivals. I'd like for you right now, I'd like for the committee that planned this Black Awareness Week to stand and I want you to give a hoot and a holler, ORU applause for them. Committee, stand up. Brother Tom

TOM: Thank you, but it took you all to come out and enjoy it and participate in it, so give yourself a pat on the back and I thank you, too. Tickets can be available in the Business Office and in the cafeteria during the noon and the dinner meal and you can get them there. But, would you like to hear the McCrary's sing again? All right.

## End of Belt #2

Brother Bob asked us to do a song that you probably wouldn't hear in your churches, but we are going to do it and it's a beautiful love song, it's really great and it features my sister Charity and it's entitled, You are Everything. BOB: Carlton Pearson is going to be preaching Sunday night in vespers. You know, there's something we need to do and we've never done it at ORU yet. Somebody died a few weeks ago, somebody that's very dear to us because she began that great rebirth of Oral Roberts University in the whole Oral Roberts' ministry on television a few years ago and has always been a part of us and still lives on as a part of our hearts. She started singing when she was just a little girl scrubbing floors in New Orleans. She scrubbed away until somebody heard her sing and she started singing in church, then she started singing in bigger churches. One day away back in August of 1963 she stood on the steps of The Lincoln Memorial among a bunch of people who started marching down the sandy coast country of Mississippi and Alabama, marched their way across the red hills

of Georgia, all the way to Washington. She joined hands with a lot of people that day, white and black alike and she sang her song of freedom on the steps of Lincoln Memorial. And some of us really felt something tear away from our hearts whenever Mahalia stepped across the curtain and started singing on the other side. I guess it's because her song has been lost to our ears, but I tell you one thing, I bet they had a soul festival the first minute she got on the other side. Let's just have a moment of silence in memory of Mahalia Jackson, and let's just\*ask Mahalia to sing a special song of freedom today. Let's ask Jesus to just tell Mahalia that we love her and that we are just glad she's still singing. And let's ask Jesus to tell Mahalia that we are going to take up where she left off and black and white alike are going to sing that song of freedom and do more than pray, answer some of these prayers that these people, our brothers and sisters, have been praying for a long time. We can do it and God knows if we can't and don't, nobody will.

VOICE: Heavenly Father, we thank you this day that we are able to share again under your name. We thank you, dear heavenly Father, for the students here who have been so receptive and so eager to learn and to be a part and to come together. Bless us this day as you know in your own way, let your will be done, that we all might grow together and become one. Thank you, dear heavenly Father, for everybody, everything that you have brought here for your viewing and your safekeeping. We ask your hand of mercy to guide and be around us. Heal Bill and bring him back to us. He's been a good friend to me and I've known him and I'd like to s ee him again, your will be done. Bless these people, bless our choirs and bless the faculty and administration and our president and our school. In Jesus' name we ask these things and give these things and ask these blessings, Amen.

1