Praise God

I think it would be very misleading to compare any religion service of today with a service during my growing up days or those year before my time. I hate to think about people of today that don’t realize what a church service, funeral service, or even a mid week pray meeting meaned in the days of the old. The hand clapping, the foot stomping, the shouting, and the Amen. Whin you put these together with the emotion, it only mean one thing: freedom from struggling all the week.

The best I can remember is sitting in the chorus and some sister begins singing a song. The spirit may move some one to start clapping ther hand and stomping ther feet. It won’t be long whin the feeling would fill the church. The song and prayer and stomping and clapping together would be so beautiful, one would only no that God had release a band of angel swooping over the little Shepton Church while God himself move into the church.

Being young, it was hard to no why I and the other kids would find ourself clapping our hand, patting our feet, and even crying. As I grew older I under stood why. I can remember thing like this: Some one would say, I’ve sweat all the week in that field for that white man. Now I’m going to enjoy God Day. After sweating all week and blister in hand and feet, this one day I’m free to sing. I can clap my hand because I happy. I can stomp my feet because I glad. I can shout because I feel alive and don’t have to worrie bout no body stopping me. This let all the last week burden out. I don’t have to think bout famley problum. I don’t have to worrie bout that bad field of cotton. And I don’t have to worrie bout no body telling me what to do.

So in any service, high emotion could strike any one because of the problum they were having or had all that week. Some time you could leave after service and some one would
say, I can go home and face the trouble now. God have lifted all my burden. I ain't gonner let the kid worrie me. I ain't gonner bother about my husband running around. And I show ain't gonner let that white man cotton field get me down.

These service may not effect one like it would the other. From time to time it could, but it sure could make every body go home feeling good. All that week you could hear some one say, Child, we sure did have good service Sunday. I can still feel it in my bones.

I can remember those old sister saying, Child, it not easy to go through what I went through this past week and not lose your religion, and that why I can feel like jumping and shouting Sunday.

I can look back and remember word like these coming from some of the old men and women. Saying, I've work all my life to raise my family, and now that I got a little some thing the white man want to take it away from me.

In my own life time it not hard to see what the old folk were talking about. You work and work like a slave. You don't get much pay for the work you do. Then you got to borrow money to keep your famley alive and kid in school. And whin you get sick or unable to use the muscles or stand on your feet all day, you are drop like a hot potato with out any consideration.

You might even look at the way thing are now. The rise and fall of the Black race. Every time there is an advance in one way there is also a fall back in another way. It not hard to realize whin you grew up seeing thing and live through the same thing. And remember why the old would say, I had hell all week, but the Lord knows I is going to prays my Lord Sunday.

It like the song: The world didn't give it (religion) to me, and the world can't take it away from me. I'm so glad man didn't make me, for he surely would forsake me. That why I'm so glad God made me and I can praise him whin I want to.