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Unrest!
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Defund the Police!
Covid-19!

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THE
POLICE!



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New York
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**NY-Caribbean
BLM Protest**





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Communities are as rich and diverse as their needs. That's why completing the 2020 Census matters. Every household counted contributes to their community's funding for critical public services like healthcare, special needs, and public transportation. Census takers are now visiting homes to help households respond to the 2020 Census. All census takers will be wearing masks and following local safety guidelines. This is your chance to make a change, don't miss it! **It's not too late.**

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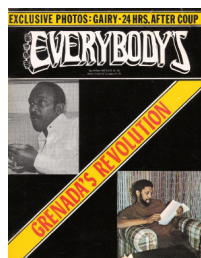
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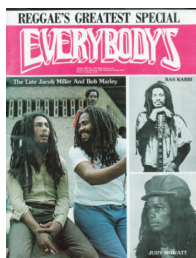
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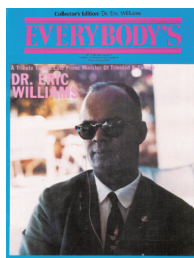
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1979



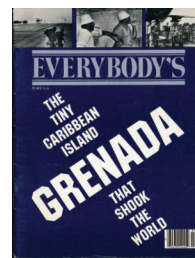
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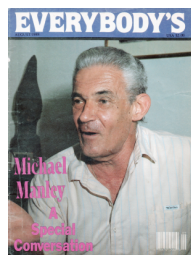
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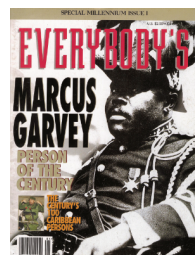
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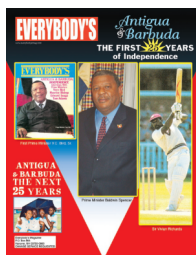
1983



1988



1999



2006



2007



2020



2020

Your Contribution Is Appreciated

Owing to requests by Caribbean immigrants of the 1970s for a nationwide Caribbean-American magazine, I established EVERYBODY'S Magazine in 1977. Today, 43 years later, EVERYBODY'S is still around although not as frequently as before.

During the 43 years many publications folded. I miss my Ebony and Jet, two of the greatest Black magazines ever. Do you want EVERYBODY'S to continue?

I thank readers across the U.S. who voluntarily send contributions to sustain this magazine.

Can you kindly send a contribution to receive or continue receiving it? Please send what you can afford. Most readers send \$15 while others send far more. Whatever you send will be appreciated.

Make check payable to EVERYBODY'S Magazine, 1630 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, NY, 11226. (You can reach me at herman@everybodysmag.com or direct (718) 930-0230)

Sincerely,

Herman Hall

Herman! I'm tired of my friends and family **BORROWING** my EVERYBODY'S that they **NEVER RETURN** so I'm enclosing a bit more so you can send it to one of them.

Enclosed is my contribution for \$ _____ towards the longevity of EVERYBODY'S

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LET'S ORGANIZE

Roger Toussaint remains militant as ever. A powerful article. Hopefully, a younger generation will continue the struggle.

*Charles McBain,
East Orange, NJ*

Roger Toussaint is 100% correct when said, "we are in real trouble people. Let's Move Forward and Build Our Movement."

*Christine Modeste
Bronx, NY*

I enjoyed "Let's Organize and Build A Movement to Fight Back!" by Roger Toussaint. His article is also relevant to people in the United Kingdom. I agree with what he pointed out, "For decades Caribbean-born workers in NY, as around much of the US, have heavily populated the health care sector, as well as the service economy."

My grandparents, part of the Windrush immigrants, like other immigrants from the British colonies in Africa and the Caribbean came here to help Britain restore its economy after the War. Have you seen that the racist government of Prime Minister Boris Johnson and the previous Conservative Government have attempted to deport the same Windrush immigrants who help built post-war England?

As David Lammy, Labour MP for Tottenham and shadow lord chancellor and shadow justice secretary said, "if Boris Johnson is serious about Black Lives Matter, he should act now – not make an announcement buried in an article about Winston Churchill."

What we people of color across the UK need to do is organize and build a movement to fight back as Toussaint is advocating for America.

*M. A. Charles,
Brixton, London*

COVID-19 EDITION

I'm saving your Covid-19 edition for my grandchildren. The photographs by Leonard McKenzie were perfect and although we are in the Facebook, YouTube, smartphone era, there's nothing more commemorative of an event documented in print.

Ny...@...

REPARATIONS: NOT ON COVID-19 FATALITY LIST

In your June/July issue, you carried an interesting "commentary" by Martin P. Felix, Reparations: Not on COVID Fatality List. I understand Felix's concern. He

feels that Caribbean people must receive reparations for the unpaid labor of their ancestors and the abused pelted on them by slave masters. I think, while reparation is in order, it will never be given. Our generation must begin to question the policies of our leaders who are selling us out.

The same independence and freedom our ancestors gave their lives for are now eroded by the current batch of Caribbean leaders. Already, ordinary Caribbean people are having problems using the beaches. The leaders sell passports for as high \$500,000 to rich white people. The purchasers also purchase the prime lands depriving our people from purchasing them. Pretty soon, Caribbean people, especially in the small islands, will be providing the menial jobs and their respective countries will be controlled by foreigners represented by a small black upper class.

Rather than spending time demanding reparation that we may never get, we should begin to focus on the increasingly number of Caribbean leaders who are selling our birthrights and exploiting their people.

*Desmond Brathwaite,
Toronto, Canada*

SPICE ISLAND MODEL

As a reader of EVERYBODY'S for more than a decade, I know you are a serious magazine. Nevertheless, your young model, Charles, provided a refreshing cover.

*Ruthlyn M,
Mount Vernon, NY*

To help us cope with political, social and pandemic issues, we need more covers similar to your June/July issue. More models are welcomed.

Uj...@...



Letters to the editor are always appreciated whether critical or praiseworthy. No phone calls please. We regret that owing to limited space we cannot publish every letter. We edit letters for clarity. We do not publish what is posted on the magazine's social media pages. Email preferred: editor@everybodysmag.com.

Caribbean-American Politicians Must Read About Bertram L. Baker Before ...

By Herman Hall

Boss of Black Brooklyn: The Life and Times of Bertram L. Baker

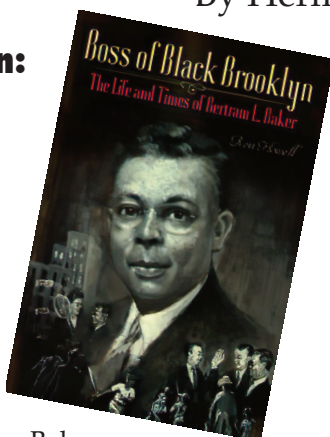
By Ron Howell

Fordham University Press, NY

Hardcover; 205 PP - \$23.90,

paperback

www.fordhampress.com



Journalist and Professor Ron Howell's exhaustive biography of his grandfather Bertram Baker, **Boss of Black Brooklyn: The Life and Times of Bertram L. Baker**, goes far beyond bloodlines. Howell provides a glimpse of the 18th century West Indies, the contributions of British and French West Indian islands in helping the Thirteen American colonies seize independence from Britain and the influence of 20th century West Indian immigrants like Bertram Baker and others in New York State politics, religion, and sports.

For all those politicians of Caribbean ancestry, and those born in the Caribbean, living in New York City, especially Brooklyn, once they read **Boss of Black Brooklyn**, they would stop exaggerating their importance and comprehend Baker's humility though he truly had a lot to boast about as is now revealed in this timely biography. For young Caribbean-Americans who aspire to seek public office, not necessarily for the public good, but to enjoy the high salaries of the New York State Legislature and New York City Council, they too should study Baker's remarkable life as revealed in Howell's riveting book.

Founding Father Alexander Hamilton, Bertram Baker and principled actress Cicely Tyson are bonded to Nevis, the sister island of the nation of St. Kitts and Nevis. Hamilton and Baker were born on the then British colony in 1755 and 1898 respectively. The militancy of enslaved Tysons and the entrepreneurship of Clarison Tyson, a free black woman in 1824, would make one understand where Cicely Tyson, born in Harlem in 1924 of Nevisian parentage, inherited her moral compass.

Ron Howell describes Lilian nee de Grasse Baker, his great grandmother on her father's side as having a "coffee-with-milk-skin" complexion. Howell's grandmother Irene Baker, his grandfather Bertram Baker and Howell himself are of the same "coffee-with-milk-skin" pigmentation. It's a reflection of white French blood within the family now mixed with African blood. As the first black in the New York State Assembly, elected in 1948, it is claimed that Bertram Baker light skin complexion helped him to socialize with whites in the Assembly thereby en-

abling him to get legislation passed enhancing the upliftment of blacks in New York State.

The Baker and de Grasse family are molded in the history of Nevis and U.S., France, Tobago, Haiti, Grenada, Dominica, St. Lucia, Martinique and England. Bertram Baker's maternal ancestor, French Admiral François Joseph Paul, Comte de Grasse (1722-1788), was part of 18th century history. During the American War of Independence, de Grasse was part of Count d'Estaing French naval fleet that recaptured former French islands including Grenada from the British, kept the British fleet occupied in the West Indies and attacked the British at Savannah, Georgia.

Bertram Baker arrived at Ellis Island in 1915 and he would become one of the most powerful forces in the black politics of Brooklyn and a giant in the New State Assembly. "I've come to understand more fully and to appreciate Bertram's Baker political and public stature in those years: his rise from the life of a humble West Indian immigrant to become the first black person elected to office in the long history of Brooklyn," says former Massachusetts Governor Deval Patrick who is married to one of Bertram Baker's granddaughters.

"Bertram Baker was a pioneer we must never forget. His voice still speaks to us from the first decades of black political power in New York City ... I have no doubt that when I became New York City's first black mayor in 1990, Bertram Baker was smiling with satisfaction from heaven," observes David N. Dinkins, 106th Mayor, City of New York.

What makes **Boss of Black Brooklyn** an interesting read is Bertram's involvement with tennis. Indeed, the late Arthur Ashe, and the Williams sisters, Venus and Serena, owe a debt of gratitude to Baker. As the Executive Secretary of the all-black American Tennis Association, Bertram negotiated to get Althea Gibson accepted into the previously all-white tennis competitions. Gibson became the first black person to win the French Open (1956), Wimbledon (1957-58), and U.S. Open (1957-58) singles championships.

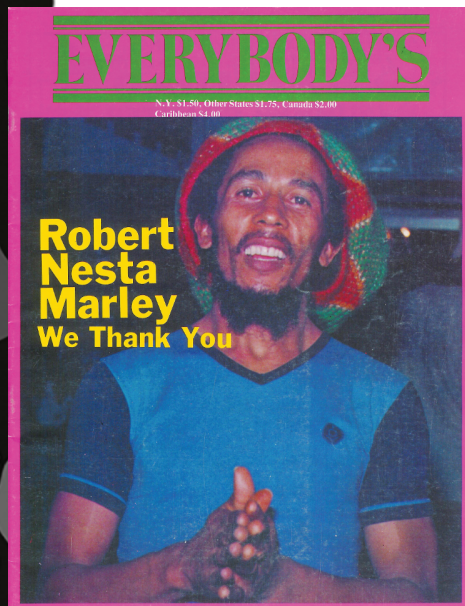
Howell asserts that Gibson credited her success to Baker. He "held a celebratory bash at his home on Jefferson Avenue, inviting activists and black political officials for breakfast, where he gave a toast to the new queen of tennis ... Gibson sat next to him at the dining room table, with Baker's family (including the author then, 8 years old.)" And, at the ticker-tape parade given by Mayor Robert E. Wagner honoring her for winning Wimbledon, Bertram "rode in the limousine with Gibson."

Baker once said his greatest satisfaction as a public servant was getting the New York State Assembly to create laws barring discrimination in the sale of houses and rental of apartments. His legislation was copied in the other states. Bertram L. Baker was, as **Boss of Black Brooklyn** shows, really a man of the people and his impact shines until today in New York and beyond.

When Bob Marley passed on in 1981,
EVERYBODY'S and Rolling Stone were the only two
magazines to dedicate an entire edition to Bob.

EVERYBODY'S edition won a national magazine
award for international reporting of Bob's funeral.
The late Congressman Mervyn Dymally introduced
a Resolution in the U.S. Congress congratulating
EVERYBODY'S.

Recently three boxes were found.
The boxes were not even opened.



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the spirit and
excitement of what
it was like to inter-
view Bob and to be
at his farewell at
Nine Mile.

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Lord Nelson at 89

Plans Performing Until 100

So, who is the oldest, active and internationally known calypsonian? If you say Mighty Sparrow, you are wrong. On July 29, Lord Nelson turned 89 and as he fondly says, "The Birdie, Sparrow, is a little boy when compared to me." One of the first persons to call Nello, as friends call Lord Nelson, to wish him Happy Birthday last July 29 was Sparrow.

Way back in the early 1950s Nelson was in the U.S. military and already living in America but being a military man did not prevent him from composing calypso.

Nelson proudly says that in conjunction with an old Grenada organization, the Grenada Benevolent Association established in the 1930s, they were the first to bring Sparrow to the U.S.

As an early American citizen, Nelson had no immigration problems, therefore, he took the opportunity to perform with many top African American and Latin bands and vocalists in the 1950s and 1960s such as Tito Puente and he appeared with Fats Domino, Nat King Cole,



L to R: Three of the few remaining icons of calypso, L to R: Rose, Nelson, Sparrow, at Dimanche Gras, Brooklyn Museum grounds, September 1, 2017.

Photo Herman Hall

James Brown and others. Indeed, later he would assert in one of his hits, "All Ah We Is One Family!"

Nello did not participate in calypso competitions in Trinidad & Tobago and some of his hits that were in the running for Road March were not counted since Nelson was no longer a citizen of Trinidad & Tobago. Nevertheless, he considers himself a proud national of Trinidad & Tobago

and he is the recipient of a National Medal.

Nello remains a solid supporter of this magazine having become a reader in 1977, the first year of EVERYBODY'S. "I plan to stop entertaining on my 100th birthday," he told EVERYBODY'S.

As for his two other special pals. Sparrow is now in his mid80s and Calypso Rose turned 80 on April 27.

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September 30

Last Day for Census Count

By Rosa Edwards

The time has arrived! It is now! The very last day to be counted in the 2020 census is September 30th. The next time you will have an opportunity will be in 2030. That's 10 long years from now.

So, why not be counted in the 2020 census? One easy way is to go on this magazine's website to get additional information from Mayor Bill de Blasio and others in New York City. www.everybodysmag.com

The U.S. Census Bureau is ending all counting efforts for the 2020 census on Sept. 30, a month sooner than previously announced. That includes critical door-knocking efforts and collecting responses online, over the phone and by mail.

Due to Covid-19, Democrats in the U.S. Congress suggested keeping the deadline date of October 31 but Congressional Republicans and President Donald Trump prevailed on the September 30 deadline.

Approximately 4 out of 10 households nationwide have not yet been counted mainly due to the coronavirus pandemic. The Bureau of the Census and state and municipal governments have less than two months to reach all Americans especially people of color, immigrants, renters, rural residents and other members of historically undercounted groups who are not likely to fill out a census form on their own.

Although President Trump is advocating only people born in America, those naturalized and immigrants who are here legally should be counted, it is a mere idea from the president. The constitution states all persons on American soil must be counted.

Critics of the president says Trump changed the October 31 deadline to September 30 to discourage minorities from getting counted. As a result, New York City Mayor's office of Immigrant Affairs and the NYC Census 2020 has created competitions among the five boroughs to see which borough will record the largest number of persons in the census count.

Some experts claim "Democrats in Congress and many census advocates have become increasingly concerned that the White House is pressuring the bureau to stop counting soon in order to benefit Republicans when House seats are reapportioned and voting districts are redrawn."

Based on the 2020 count, the controversial Electoral College votes and federal funding among the states will be determined for the next 10 years.

A communique from Mayor Bill de Blasio states:

NYC has been outperforming itself compared to 2010, but our work is not done. Currently, NYC's self-response rate is 54.5% and the national total is currently 62.8%.

The census is easy, safe, confidential, and important, and New Yorkers should be familiar with census takers' role in the census count.

It is not too late to self-respond to the 2020 Census. While the Trump administration continues to attempt to interfere with the census, the best way to respond is to complete the census right now. There are no questions about citizenship or immigration on the census.

COVID-19 is a stark reminder of the importance of the census, including federal funding for health care. Census data is used to measure the spread of diseases, order

vaccines, and plan for contact tracing. And the census determines the size of our political voice in Washington D.C., Albany, and local district lines.

There was a drive in many states and cities in late July and early August to get everyone living in the U.S. counted. Here is the result.

Census PUSH Week – New York City Counties

County	Response Rate 24-July	Response Rate 4-Aug	Percentage (%) Point Increase
Queens	53.80%	54.80%	1.00%
Kings (Brooklyn)	50.90%	51.80%	0.90%
New York Manhattan	55.40%	56.30%	0.90%
Bronx	55.10%	55.90%	0.80%
Richmond (Staten Island)	58.60%	59.40%	0.80%

Census PUSH Week – Major Cities 100k+

State	City	Response Rate 24-July	Response Rate 2-Aug	Percentage (%) Point Increase
Massachusetts	Springfield	56.10%	57.10%	1.00%
New York	New York	53.80%	54.70%	0.90%
Connecticut	Waterbury	50.60%	51.40%	0.80%
Connecticut	Bridgeport	48.40%	49.10%	0.70%
Connecticut	Hartford	43.90%	44.60%	0.70%
Massachusetts	Boston	52.70%	53.40%	0.70%
New Jersey	Newark	44.90%	45.60%	0.70%
Rhode Island	Providence	46.80%	47.50%	0.70%
Massachusetts	Lowell	55.80%	56.50%	0.70%
Connecticut	New Haven	49.90%	50.50%	0.60%
Massachusetts	Worcester	52.20%	52.80%	

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NYC
Emergency
Management

My Caribbean Nurses

By Photojournalist Leonard McKenzie



Denise Allen, RN – Jamaica

Allison Sade Jumett, Lead Respiratory Therapist – Trinidad & Tobago



Tanesha Crosby, Respiratory Therapist – Jamaica

Gregory Isaacs, reggae icon, greatest hit, “Night Nurse,” is often played in the wee hours of mornings by radio disc jockeys saluting nurses working the overnight shift.

*Night nurse
Night nurse (Oh gosh!)
I don't wanna see no doc
I need attendance from my nurse
around the clock
'Cause there's no prescription for me
She's the one, the only remedy*

If Gregory Isaacs were alive, I wonder how he would react upon seeing how nurses are responding to the pandemic and demonstrating against social injustices.

When NJ, NY and CT became the epicenter of the Covid-19, Caribbean healthcare workers donned their garb and became soldiers in the war against the pandemic. They vigorously marched to the frontline to help save lives. That can be said of other immigrant healthcare workers across the U.S.

They are determined as healthcare professionals to face this deadly virus and to perform their duties diligently. They show courage. They reserve their emotion, display compassion and become patient advocate and family surrogate.

Still, they find time to demonstrate against social injustices.

I am honored to highlight Caribbean nurses at NY Community Hospital and in a Black Lives Matter protest.



Donna Fitzmartin, Director Respiratory Therapist – Trinidad & Tobago



Nerissa Brathwaite, Therapist – Barbados



Melva St. Thor, Patient Care Technician – Saint Lucia



Grenadian-New Yorkers - Cynthia, Shellyann and Olivia at Caribbean for Justice Black Life Matters rally, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn.



Caribbean nationals in the U.S. are not afraid to rally, but in the Caribbean, governments are discouraging protests for social justice to protect tourism. In some instances, beaches are becoming private property thus denying the freedom of ordinary citizens to use them.



Luceine Ferguson, RN, Barbados



Julieta Oates, RN - Panama

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Life in the Time of Covid

By Winthrop R. Holder



NYU-Langone Hospital - Black Lives Matter lunchtime protest, June 12, 2020.

Winthrop Holder

Though the town where I reside was one of the first in New Jersey to ask residents to self-quarantine, I ventured out fortnightly--at my wife's behest--to deliver groceries to and pick up dirty linen from our two adult offspring in Brooklyn and Harlem where Covid-19 was wreaking havoc among Blacks. Both were working from home, so we figured not having to deal with the laundromat and face-what SL White, a teenage frontline supermarket worker, describes in *EVERYBODY'S* June issue as (pg.22)--grocery "lines [that] wrap around the entire block" would be an additional cordon sanitaire.

Driving through the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, a Jewish enclave, and observing the relative lack of social distancing made me reflect on the rashness of my actions. Still, I considered my chore an essential service.

At my first delivery, in mid-March, when I attempted to do our traditional greeting, I could see the pain in my son's masked face as he pulled back and instead offered one of his feet for a shoe bump! It were

"...nobody teaches life anything." Rodrigo Garcia, A Letter to My Father.

Gabriel Garcia Marquez,
NY Times, May 6, 2020.

as if he was telling me that we should act as if living during the 14thC Black Death which Spencer Strub describes, in the March 25, NY Review of Books, as a time when, "Fathers did not visit their sons, nor sons their fathers."

Subsequently, I became the impersonal delivery boy: I sat in the car; opened the trunk: son and daughter remove packages; put in or take out linen; wave from a safe distance. Sometimes I wondered if my actions weren't driven more by a desire to escape for two hours-plus from being, as SL White suggests, a caged bird at my abode than by altruism.

Driving on the near-empty highways, I noticed the speeding cars. I thought the last place anyone should want to end up, during the pandemic, is the Emergency Room so I tried to be as cautious as possible. Still, on June

"One good thing about music, when it hits you, you feel no pain." "Trench Town Rock,"

Bob Marley.

15, I ended up at New York University Hospital and my stay led to these reflections.

MUSIC THERAPY

I realized how central music was to me. As Kim Johnson notes in *The Illustrated Story of Pan*, "The operative principle underlying the music Africans brought to the New World is that it must help people to live" and heal. He continues: "music must strengthen the bonds between people because only with and through others do, we become fully human."

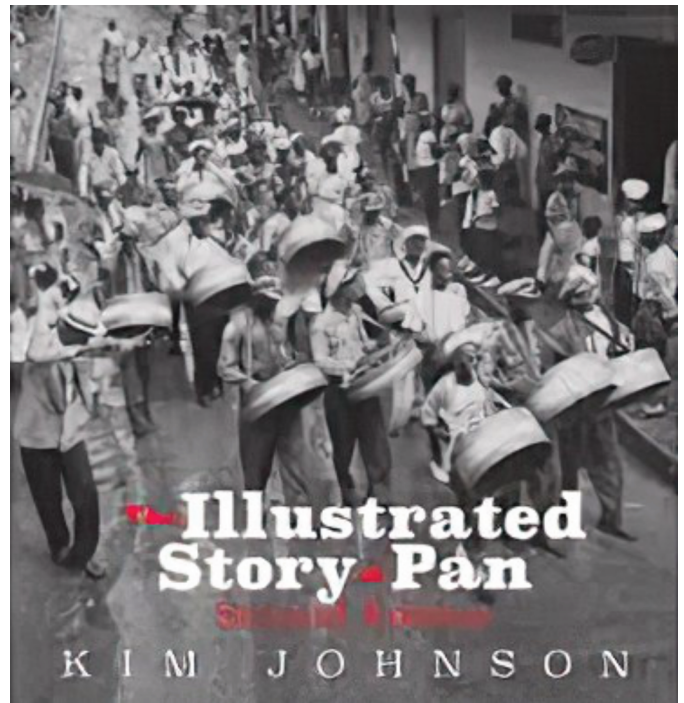
This sense came into full view when I received K. D. Anglin's "Why Bob Marley Music Sales Surged in Pandemic & Racial Unrest, 'Legend' Album Back at No. 1" from a colleague on June 23.

Before receiving the article, my daily wake-up mantra was Bob Marley's "Three Little Birds" followed by Michael Boothman's, "Saying it With Music" and "Song For My Soul" from his stunning but hugely uncelebrated album "Heaven."

This revelation only came to me when confronted with extreme pain/discomfort I remembered G. W. Allport quoted in Holocaust survivor Viktor Frankl's *Man's Search for Meaning*, "What alone remains is 'the last human freedoms'-- the ability to 'choose one's attitude in a given set of circumstances'".

That's what I did; engage the rich expansive tradition of African-derived music to temper my pain especially after remembering a friend telling me of the kaiso therapy in his mother's similar experience. I recalled my long southern trips in the 1980s and 1990s when calypso and reggae transported me emotionally while the car did so physically.

On Father's Day (June 21) a friend sent me "Song for My Father", which could not have been more uplifting. It reconnected me deeply with my own father: A grassroots philosopher and humorist who, though not completing elementary school--as I later discovered--nevertheless provided my cultural and moral education. For instance,



as a seven-year old, I didn't understand how Test Cricket could be played in Australia while it was night in Trinidad, so he used a worn world map and provided my first geography lesson about latitude, longitude, time zones and Greenwich Meantime!

From an early age he introduced me to the university concept via a bulletin he had from the University of New Brunswick, in the hope that perhaps one of his five children would attend university. Indeed, my father's eldest son visited the university campus to honor our father's vision.

OUT OF BREATH

In hospital every day when I took the nebulizer, which sprayed a mist into my lungs, I reimagined/reconceptualized it as a chillum pipe. I transported myself--away from the posh private room, with its stunning view of the East River, and its 64' TV which I didn't engage--to the hills of Jamaica for a reasoning session by listening to Peter Tosh's "Legalize It" with its refrain, "Singers smoke it/Doctors smoke it/Nurses smoke it/Judges smoke it" too. Sometimes when taking the medication, I would think of Shadow's "Hills Over Yonder", where "The trees on the hills more wonderful still/The clouds in the sky/the birds flying high." Thus, once it came time for the nebulizer a few of the youthful, competent, and multicultural staff would laughingly remind me to search for Tosh on YouTube. Such connecting with patients' eccentricities made me feel that at NYU, Black Pain Matters!

The staff's compassion and stellar service made me recall my earlier hospital visit for a Covid test. There was a lunchtime demonstration at NYU's Main Entrance by a wide cross-section of staff; service and security personnel, cafeteria workers, nurses, social workers, doctors, and others in support of Black Live Matters! I knelt too but left after 4 minutes 36 seconds--which seemed like eternity--to make my appointment.

"All that happens to us, including our humiliations, our misfortunes, our embarrassments, all is given to us as raw material, as clay, so that we may shape our art." *Jorges Borges*

Since I had forfeited a right to Caribbean folk medicine such as woman piaba known for its "pain-killing properties"(1), I had to find alternatives. I found new sources/sounds on YouTube which served as therapy sometimes being more effective, in my mind, than even the PCA, a device which allows patients to self-administer painkillers when needed. Three prominent tracts on my playlist were Tanya Stevens' "Do You Still Care?" and "The Other Cheek" for their sheer contemporality and resonating hope in social activism, and Earl Rodney's classic and tellingly resonant "Friends and Countrymen", with its seemingly discordant sounds, kept me focused on pain rather than pain.

When, in the midst of the tension, a player in the chorus exclaims, "I want some ice water" it echoed my cry. For during my fourteen-day hospital stay all I could have was chips of ice –and they were rationed. However, my Road

March was a 'spiritual' to which I was exposed in a Jamaican pastor's eulogy, "What A Hard Man Fe Dead!: "You pick him up/You lick him down/Him bounce right back." Indeed, Sparrow captures this resilient spirit in his offering, "Man Will Survive"! with its declamation, "nothing conquers the will of man."

Hugh Masekela's, "If There's Anybody Out There" forced me to reflect deeply on the Uprising in the streets for a recalibration of dignity in Black Lives and in all facets of society. Hearing from my hospital bed the youthful sounds demonstrating in the streets--despite Covid-19--I was overjoyed that this generation was weaponizing Kwame Touré's (Stokely Carmichael) words: "Our grandfathers had to run, run, run. My generation's out of breath. We ain't running no more."

End Note

1. Erneslyn Velasco and Lawrence Waldron's, "West Indian Weed Woman: Indigenous Origins of West Indian Folk Medicine" presented at XXVII Congress of the International Association for Caribbean Archaeology, 2017, At St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands.
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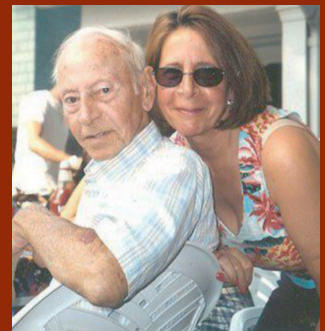
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BLACK LIVES MATTER

Photos by Leonard McKenzie



"The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" is a poem and song by Gil Scott-Heron. "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" is now "The Revolution Will Be Televised."

A Summer of ...?

**Protest! Chaos! Unrest!
Black Lives Matter!
Defund the Police!
Covid-19!**



On Fifth Avenue near Central Park, Manhattan.



Marching down 7th Avenue from the Village of Harlem to mid-Manhattan. But few young people including black youth have heard of Shirley Chisholm, Thurgood Marshall, Adam Clayton Powell and other civil rights leaders.



Former Congressman and Civil Rights leader Charles Rangel, a veteran of scores of protests for justice, at a BLM protest in the Village of Harlem.



A BLM protest started at the famous Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem and moved downtown Manhattan. It was organized by Rev. Calvin Butts, senior pastor. The church became famous through the leadership of the late Rev. and Congressman Adam Clayton Powell.



A Defund the Police rally near City Hall in Manhattan.



Defund the Police will be recorded in history as one of many slogans of the summer of 2020.



Members of the December 12th Movement, a black human rights organization based in New York City, at Rally in Harlem for BLM. The Movement organizes street rallies and forums. The annual Malcolm X 'Shut Em Down' marches in Harlem, the Million Youth March in partnership with the late Dr. Khalid Muhammad and the first Millions for Reparations Rally in Washington, DC are signatures of the organization.



More than 5,000 assembled in front the Brooklyn Museum at a Black Trans Lives Matter rally. It was one of many nationwide after two black trans women -- Dominique "Rem'Mie" Fells, 27, of Philadelphia, and Riah Milton, 25, of Cincinnati, Ohio--were murdered. About 90% of protesters in front the museum were whites.



A BLM mural at the famed basketball player, Earvin "Magic" Johnson Jr, Magic Theatres, in Harlem.



NYS Attorney General Letitia James at painting of BLM mural event



7th Avenue, Manhattan

Emancipation Day 2020

By Professor Sir Hilary Beckles



Professor Sir Hilary Beckles is Chairman, CARICOM Reparations Commission.

August 1, 2020 -- CARICOM Secretariat, Turkeyen, Greater Georgetown, Guyana

CARICOM Reparations Commission (CRC) joins with all citizens of the English-speaking Caribbean and all others who understand and promote racial justice and equality in observing 1st August as Emancipation Day. We do this at a most important and inspiring time in our history when the Black Lives Matter and Reparations movements are sweeping the globe. We do this also while the COVID-19 pandemic is aggressively ripping the plasters from the sores of racial injustice and social and economic inequality in many of the societies in our hemisphere – and elsewhere.

The observation of this Emancipation period combines commemoration and celebration – commemoration of the epic struggles of our ancestors on the mother continent Africa, in the Caribbean and elsewhere to rid the world of the scourge of chattel slavery. We are reminded that it took nearly a century after the abolition of the slave trade in 1807 before the final vestiges of this crime against humanity were eradicated in our region. We celebrate that achievement.

In the CARICOM region, 1st August 1834 is considered by many as the birth of the Caribbean. But it is again an opportunity to reflect on the issues associated with this birth. The CRC does not tire of stating the historical fact that the British government rewarded its planters, enforcers, investors and all others who promoted and profited from the enslavement of Africans with the sum of twenty million pounds – equivalent today of approximately two and a half trillion pounds. And further, that the debt the British government incurred to pay this sum, equivalent to sixty percent of its then gross national product, was not retired until 2015. This is important as it provides one of the bases for the CARICOM reparations claim against Britain.

But this is not the end of the historical importance of this emancipation period. The British Emancipation Act of 1833 made the British government irrefutably complicit in the enslavement of Africans, for that Act recognized in British law for the first time, that Africans were chattel, property which could be bought and sold, property for the loss of which they paid enslavers.

The assessment of the value of their chattel in the Caribbean by the planters was forty seven million pounds of

which the British government could only provide twenty million. The remaining twenty seven million was paid to the planters through the period of apprenticeship where the former enslaved were forced to provide free labour to the plantations for the first four years of their supposed freedom. In other words, the enslaved paid with their sweat and blood more than fifty percent of the supposed cost of 'their freedom'. In the Caribbean region, many will understand the phrase and interpretation of 'put on put'. The case for reparations cannot be made stronger.

It is these considerations that prompted Sir Arthur Lewis, who we consider as the father of the reparations movement in the Caribbean, to forcibly impress on Britain that it has an unpaid debt to the region of two hundred years of free labour. It is that debt for which the CARICOM governments now demand settlement.

This period of celebration allows us all to bask in the creativity of our people, to recognize our contributions to world culture through intellectual pursuits, the arts and religion and sports and political organization – the barbarity of our past oppression, notwithstanding. The reflection must also provide the basis for the shaping of our future through development planning and the preparedness and commitment to build regional societies in which the challenges of poverty, poor health and education, poor housing and infrastructure are eradicated and our people are enabled to live the lives envisioned by those who struggled to make emancipation a reality.

The CRC again wishes all a meaningful commemoration and celebration in this Emancipation period.

August 1, 2034 or August 1, 2038 Worth Celebrating?

By Herman Hall



Ruins of sugar mills at the former Betty Hope estate in Antigua. For some people, the ruins of sugar mills across former British West Indian islands are reminders of slavery. Governments promote them in the name of tourism. Few of today's Caribbean children are aware of the symbolism of 18th century sugar mills.

In a late 20th century edition, EVERYBODY'S Magazine played devil's advocate by asking this provocative question: "In what year would the 200th anniversary of the emancipation of slaves in the then British West Indies be celebrated?"

Will it be August 1, 2034 to celebrate the British Emancipation Act of August 28, 1833 implemented on August

1, 1834? At midnight chattel slavery ended and the people in bondage commemorated the hour mainly through prayers? Yet, the former slaves were obligated to serve their former masters for a few more years, and without wages, through a system called apprenticeship. In reality, only slaves under six years old, and slaves who could no longer toil due to old age, were freed on August 1, 1834.

The other former slaves now called apprentices were divided into three classes based on their occupation as slaves. Two classes comprising houseslaves and slaves occupied in non-agriculture industries such as in trading houses would end their apprenticeship in four years, August 1, 1838.

For most slaves who toiled on estates and considered unskilled, Freedom Day was six years away, August 1, 1840.

For their financial loss plantation owners, most of them who lived in Britain, received 20,000,000 pounds sterling. The victims of slavery did not get a single penny.

Since there were minimal differences between slavery and apprenticeship, the former slaves continued to be exploited. Apprenticeship failed. As a result, apprenticeship ended on August 1, 1838.

Therefore, should the 200th anniversary celebration be on August 1, 2038?

This raises the question, is August 1, 2034 or August 1, 2038 even worth celebrating?

In today's Anglophone Caribbean most leaders of government are selling prime lands and expensive passports

mainly to white foreigners and nationals of China. Already citizens in several nations complain they no longer have easy access to beaches. Barbadian Calypsonian Mighty Gabby brought awareness to the problem in his 1982 hit, "Jack - Dah Beach is Mine." Since then nationals in different islands have complained including Saint Lucia. In July, demonstrations were held near the home of a rich foreigner residing in Grenada for fencing the beach near his mansion thereby preventing people from walking on the beach.

Historic landmarks where the slaves toiled on are uprooted by the people of wealth in the name of tourism. Racism which did not totally depart is raising its ugly head and many who are the descendants of slaves are finding themselves as second class citizens. In most cases governments shield the foreigners by curbing protestors.

There is a gradual festering of discontent created by some leaders who came into power in the post-independence era. By 2034 or 2038 that volcano of discontent may erupt leading one to ask: Is August 1 worth celebrating?

Childhood memories alternate with scenes of revolution and defeat in this complex work from a promising new voice. - 5.0 out of 5 stars Great read!! - Kirkus Review

It will certainly appeal to anyone with a lively interest in Julien Fédon's revolution, wider Caribbean history or the realities of plantation life in the pre-independence era. Stephen Park, Soca News, London, UK.

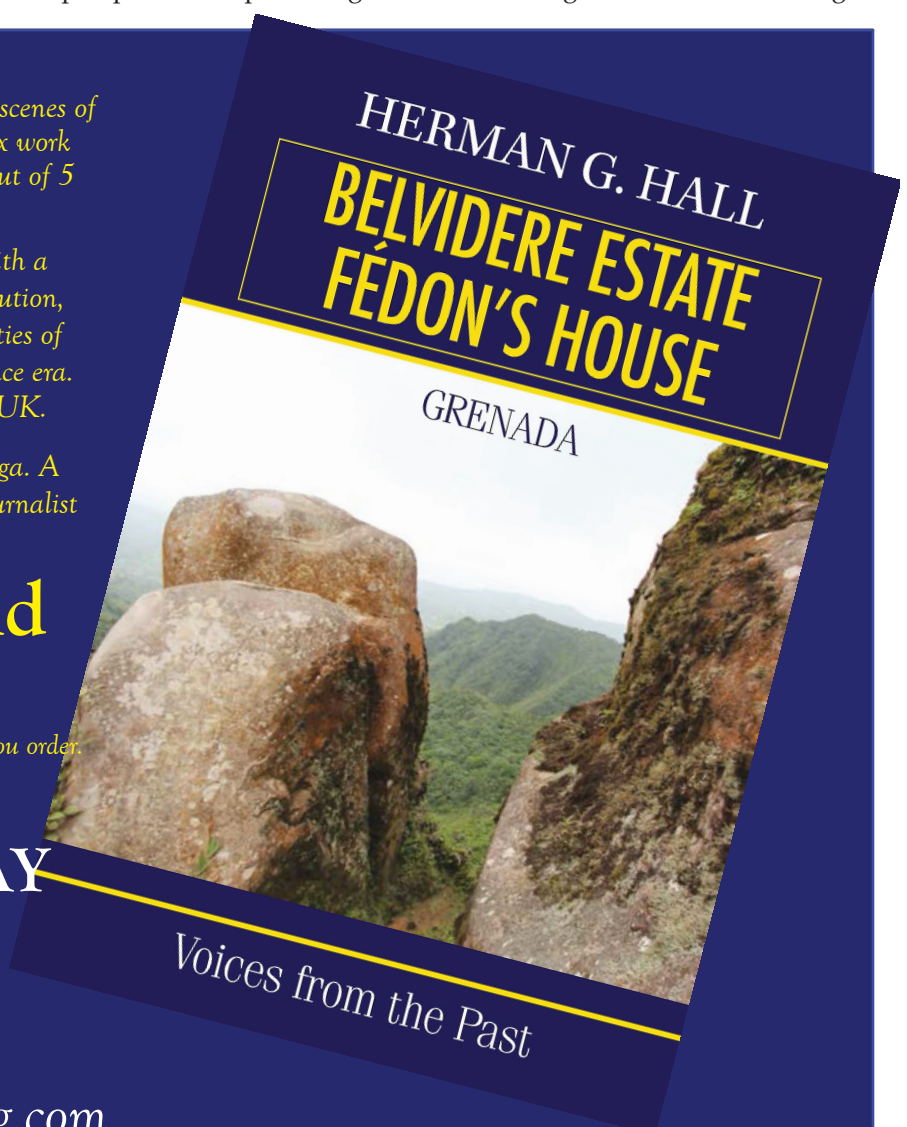
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GUYANA

Not Back to the 1950s & 1960s



Guyana's boundaries and map

By Wendy Gomez

When, in July, U.S. Secretary of State Mike Pompeo intervened in Guyana's election dispute by rejecting the result of the national election and asked President David Granger "to step aside," he was practicing what President John F. Kennedy did in 1961 – interfering in the internal affairs in the then colony of British Guiana (Guyana).

The then president of the U.S. was concerned that a Cuban style government would emerge on the South American mainland especially when the two principal political leaders -- although they opposed each other -- both embraced socialism. Kennedy couldn't afford for communism to spread in the Americas so he supported the lesser of the two evils, Forbes Burnham over the avowed communist, Dr. Cheddi Jagan. Years later, declassified CIA files showed Burnham was on the pay list of the CIA.

By the 1950s, England was abandoning its stranglehold on its British West Indian colonies paving the way for the U.S. to jump in as the new hegemon. On June 30, 1963, President Kennedy and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan at the end of their summit in England listed the topics discussed in a communique, however, the first and the burning topic discussed, British Guiana, was not mentioned. It was too sensitive. MacMillan endorsed Kennedy's covert scheme to remove Cheddi Jagan, British Guiana's left-leaning but democratically elected leader, from power. In short, the colony of British Guiana with the blessing of England was used to curb communism in the region.

The tactic Kennedy, his Secretary of State Dean Rusk and the CIA used to restrain the influence of Chief Minister Cheddi Jagan in an already fragile environment was stirring up racial unrest -- between the African and East Indian populations.

More than sixty years later another American administration, the Donald Trump regime, evidently influenced the Guyanese election under the pretext that democracy must prevail. This time it used the People's Progressive Party, the party it once destabilized, established by Dr. Cheddi Jagan on January 1, 1950.

On March 2, 2020, national election was held. A team from Caricom, a regional body, consisting of Caribbean



President John F. Kennedy and British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. Photo-BBC

prime ministers, monitored the election. The Opposition People's Progressive Party/Civic (PPP/C) claimed it won. Thru innumerable legal challenges by the governing party and opposition, the result of the election was held up in the courts and A Partnership for National Unity + Alliance For Change (APNU+AFC) coalition continued governing.

There was a recount monitored by Caricom. The result announced by the Guyana Election Commission (GECOM) went in favor of the opposition but the governing party said spoiled votes were included in the recount.

Embattled President David Granger explained his position. "I didn't say if the rain is falling or the sun is shining, if it comes by day or night. I am obliged to the declaration of the chairman of GECOM...over the last 20 months I've insisted that once the Chair of GECOM makes a declaration, I will comply with that," he emphasized.

But APNU+AFC campaign manager Joseph Harmon stated that his party will only accept a "valid vote count. We iterate that when the matter goes to GECOM that only valid votes will be counted in the final declaration made by the Chairman of GECOM. Fraudulent votes cannot be the basis for a final declaration to be made. This is our firm position."

The Trump administration couldn't wait for the process to continue in the Guyanese courts and the Caribbean Court of Justice. It demanded the immediate relin-



Donald Trump and Secretary of State Mike Pompeo.

Photo-White House

quishing of power by the government. Secretary of State Mike Pompeo told the media that the Trump administration is limiting U.S. visas of "individuals responsible for or complicit in undermining democracy in Guyana." Displaying the same type of contempt the administration shows for the American legal system, Pompeo continued, "The Granger government must respect the results of democratic elections and step aside." President Trump then banned "senior individuals" meaning top Guyanese government officials from entering the U.S.

The U.S. brought the issue to the Permanent Council of the Organization of American States. Bradley A. Freden, Deputy Permanent Representative of the United States told the Council, "the Guyanese courts mandated a recount, which both CARICOM and the OAS observed. We were pleased to support the OAS role in this effort. However, Mr. Chairman, the International Republican Institute, which had observed the elections, was barred from entering the country. The Carter Center, with decades of experience and credibility observing elections in Guyana, was similarly barred. The reasons for these actions still remain unclear. Nevertheless, the recount proceeded and CARICOM and the OAS concluded that the opposition had indeed won Guyana's national elections."

The Canadian, Brazilian, British and several governments in the region acknowledge that PPP/C won the election and Irfaan Ali must be sworn-in as president. They placed behind the scene pressure on President Granger to demit office in contrast to Pompeo who went public.

As a result, people in the region were querying the U.S. interest in Guyana when President Trump has so much on his plate.

The popular speculation is that the U.S. wants to control the large reserves of oil discovered in Guyana and it believes, a PPP/C government will do its bidding. The country is expected to produce 750,000 barrels of oil per day by 2025.

Sources affiliated with the State Department have confided to EVERYBODY'S of a divide within Pompeo's State Department concerning Guyana. Surprisingly it is not about oil, it is about Venezuela.

President Donald Trump and Mike Pompeo failed to entice Caricom to endorse the U.S. plans for invading Venezuela. Pompeo held a meeting in Jamaica to get moral support from Caricom. The prime ministers of Bar-



President Irfaan Ali



Former President David Granger.

Photo Stabroek News

bados and Trinidad & Tobago did not attend. Jamaica's Prime Minister Andrew Holness reluctantly agreed with Trump in order to protect Jamaica's fragile economy. He may have misjudged Trump.

A few weeks later, in the midst of Covid-19, much to the chagrin of the Jamaican government and embarrassment of Holness, Trump began deporting undocumented Jamaicans whether or not they had the virus. And, the Jamaican government had to find resources to quarantine the deportees.

Like Trinidad & Tobago and Barbados, the David Granger government was opposed to using Guyana's soil to help Trump overthrow the Venezuelan government. Although Guyana and Venezuela have a boundary dispute, a relic of colonialism, President Granger remained steadfast that Guyana must not be used by the U.S. to create a regime change.

Sources affiliated with the State Department have confided to EVERYBODY'S of a divide within Pompeo's State Department concerning Guyana. Surprisingly it is not about oil, it is about Venezuela.

But the Trump administration has found a friend in Guyana, the PPP/C and Washington hopes a PPP/C government will comply.

Meanwhile, the Trump administration is not happy with the government of Trinidad & Tobago for its relationship with the Nicolás Maduro government. The result of the Trinidad & Tobago election may influence Trump's next move on Venezuela.

But on August 2, five months after the election held on March 2 and after five long months of tension, President David Granger hoisted a white flag when he finally accepted the report of the Guyana Election Commission that his party lost the election. He urged members of his defeated APNU+AFC "to continue to conduct themselves in a lawful and peaceful manner."

In the late afternoon Dr. Mohammed Irfaan Ali was sworn-in as the new president.

There's one bit of good news! Unlike the 1950s and 1960s when estates went up in flames and strikes and riots fueled by President John F. Kennedy policy, 2020 is dissimilar: the five-month election dispute did not widen the divide between the African and East Indian population.



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Former President Barack H. Obama delivering the eulogy at Congressman and civil rights icon John Lewis funeral.

Photo Forbes

Honoring Civil Rights Icon John Lewis

By Former President Barack H. Obama

In 1976, Congresswoman Barbara Jordan became the first woman to deliver the keynote address at a Democratic National Convention. Apart from her eloquence, she stirred the conscience of the nation about civil rights and injustices. Her landmark speech was played and printed in the coming



John Lewis was, at 23, the youngest person to speak at the historic March on Washington in 1963. —

Photo VOX

months around the world. This magazine was about to be launched and would be publisher, Herman Hall, was on the convention floor as a reporter for WLIB Radio. Jordan's speech was published in the magazine's inaugural edition, January, 1977. As EVERYBODY'S magazine faces its sunset, we believe it is fitting to present the eu-

Like John, we have got to keep getting into that good trouble.

logy of a civil rights icon John Lewis by America's first person of color president, Barack Obama, who was elected due to sacrifices of civil rights leaders such as King, Lewis and Jordan.

July 30, 2020 -Ebenezer Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga. -- James wrote to the believers, "Consider it pure joy, my brothers and sisters, whenever you face trials of many kinds, because you know that the testing of your faith produces perseverance. Let perseverance finish its work so that you may be mature and complete, lacking nothing."

It is a great honor to be back in Ebenezer Baptist Church, in the pulpit of its greatest pastor, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., to pay my respects to perhaps his finest disciple -- an American whose faith was tested again and again to produce a man of pure joy and unbreakable perseverance -- John Robert Lewis.

To those who have spoken to Presidents Bush and Clinton, Madam Speaker, Reverend Warnock, Reverend King, John's family, friends, his beloved staff, Mayor Bottoms -- I've come here today because I, like so many Americans, owe a great debt to John Lewis and his forceful vision of freedom.

Now, this country is a constant work in progress. We were born with instructions: to form a more perfect union. Explicit in those words is the idea that we are imperfect; that what gives each new generation purpose is to take up the unfinished work of the last and carry it further than anyone might have thought possible.

John Lewis -- the first of the Freedom Riders, head of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, youngest speaker at the March on Washington, leader of the march from Selma to Montgomery, Member of Congress representing the people of this state and this district for 33 years, mentor to young people, including me at the time, until his final day on this Earth -- he not only embraced that responsibility, but he made it his life's work.

Which isn't bad for a boy from Troy. John was born into modest means -- that means he was poor -- in the heart of the Jim Crow South to parents who picked somebody else's cotton. Apparently, he didn't take to farm work -- on days when he was supposed to help his brothers and sisters with their labor, he'd hide under the porch and make a break for the school bus when it showed up. His mother, Willie Mae Lewis, nurtured that curiosity in this shy, serious child. "Once you learn something," she told

her son, "once you get something inside your head, no one can take it away from you."

As a boy, John listened through the door after bedtime as his father's friends complained about the Klan. One Sunday as a teenager, he heard Dr. King preach on the radio. As a college student in Tennessee, he signed up for Jim Lawson's workshops on the tactic of nonviolent civil disobedience. John Lewis was getting something inside his head, an idea he couldn't shake that took hold of him -- that nonviolent resistance and civil disobedience were the means to change laws, but also change hearts, and change minds, and change nations, and change the world.

So, he helped organize the Nashville campaign in 1960. He and other young men and women sat at a segregated lunch counter, well-dressed, straight-backed, refusing to let a milkshake poured on their heads, or a cigarette extinguished on their backs, or a foot aimed at their ribs, refused to let that dent their dignity and their sense of purpose. And after a few months, the Nashville campaign achieved the first successful desegregation of public facilities in any major city in the South.

John got a taste of jail for the first, second, third...well, several times. But he also got a taste of victory. And it consumed him with righteous purpose. And he took the battle deeper into the South.

That same year, just weeks after the Supreme Court ruled that segregation of interstate bus facilities was unconstitutional, John and Bernard Lafayette bought two tickets, climbed aboard a Greyhound, sat up front, and refused to move. This was months before the first official Freedom Rides. He was doing a test. The trip was unsanctioned. Few knew what they were up to. And at every stop, through the night, apparently the angry driver stormed out of the bus and into the bus station. And John and Bernard had no idea what he might come back with or who he might come back with. Nobody was there to protect them. There were no camera crews to record events. You know, sometimes, we read about this and kind of take it for granted. Or at least we act as if it was inevitable. Imagine the courage of two people Malia's age, younger than my oldest daughter, on their own, to challenge an entire infrastructure of oppression.

John was only twenty years old. But he pushed all twenty of those years to the center of the table, betting everything, all of it, that his example could challenge centuries of convention, and generations of brutal violence,

and countless daily indignities suffered by African Americans.

Like John the Baptist preparing the way, like those Old Testament prophets speaking truth to kings, John Lewis did not hesitate -- he kept on getting on board buses and sitting at lunch counters, got his mugshot taken again and again, marched again and again on a mission to change America.

Spoke to a quarter million people at the March on Washington when he was just 23.

Helped organize the Freedom Summer in Mississippi when he was just 24.

At the ripe old age of 25, John was asked to lead the march from Selma to Montgomery. He was warned that Governor Wallace had ordered troopers to use violence. But he and Hosea Williams and others led them across that bridge anyway. And we've all seen the film and the footage and the photographs, and President Clinton mentioned the trench coat, the knapsack, the book to read, the apple to eat, the toothbrush -- apparently jails weren't big on such creature comforts. And you look at those pictures and John looks so young and he's small in stature. Looking every bit that shy, serious child that his mother had raised and yet, he is full of purpose. God's put perseverance in him.

And we know what happened to the marchers that day. Their bones were cracked by Billy clubs, their eyes and lungs choked with tear gas. As they knelt to pray, which made their heads even easier targets, and John was struck in the skull. And he thought he was going to die, surrounded by the sight of young Americans gagging, and bleeding, and trampled, victims in their own country of state-sponsored violence.

And the thing is, I imagine initially that day, the troopers thought that they had won the battle. You can imagine the conversations they had afterwards. You can imagine them saying, "yeah, we showed them." They figured they'd turned the protesters back over the bridge; that they'd kept, that they'd preserved a system that denied the basic humanity of their fellow citizens. Except this time, there were some cameras there. This time, the world saw what happened, bore witness to Black Americans who were asking for nothing more than to be treated like other Americans. Who were not asking for special treatment, just the equal treatment promised to them a century before, and almost another century before that.

When John woke up, and checked himself out of the hospital, he would make sure the world saw a movement that was, in the words of Scripture, "hard pressed on every side, but not crushed; perplexed but not in despair; persecuted, but not abandoned; struck down, but not destroyed." They returned to Brown Chapel, a battered prophet, bandages around his head, and he said more marchers will come now. And the people came. And the troopers parted. And the marchers reached Montgomery. And their words reached the White House -- and Lyndon Johnson, son of the South, said "We shall

overcome," and the Voting Rights Act was signed into law.

The life of John Lewis was, in so many ways, exceptional. It vindicated the faith in our founding, redeemed that faith; that most American of ideas; that idea that any of us ordinary people without rank or wealth or title or fame can somehow point out the imperfections of this nation, and come together, and challenge the status quo, and decide that it is in our power to remake this country that we love until it more closely aligns with our highest ideals. What a radical ideal. What a revolutionary notion. This idea that any of us, ordinary people, a young kid from Troy can stand up to the powers and principalities and say no this isn't right, this isn't true, this isn't just. We can do better. On the battlefield of justice, Americans like John, Americans like the Reverends Lowery and C.T. Vivian, two other patriots that we lost this year, liberated all of us that many Americans came to take for granted.

America was built by people like them. America was built by John Lewises. He as much as anyone in our history brought this country a little bit closer to our highest ideals. And someday, when we do finish that long journey toward freedom; when we do form a more perfect union -- whether it's years from now, or decades, or even if it takes another two centuries -- John Lewis will be a

And, yet as exceptional as John was, here's the thing: John never believed that what he did was more than any citizen of this country can do. I mentioned in the statement the day John passed, the thing about John was just how gentle and humble he was. And despite this storied, remarkable career, he treated everyone with kindness and respect because it was innate to him -- this idea that any of us can do what he did if we are willing to persevere. He believed that in all of us, there exists the capacity for great courage, that in all of us there is a longing to do what's right, that in all of us there is a willingness to love all people, and to extend to them their God-given rights to dignity and respect. So many of us lose that sense. It's taught out of us. We start feeling as if, in fact, that we can't afford to extend kindness or decency to other people. That we're better off if we are above other people and looking down on them, and so often that's encouraged in our culture. But John always saw the best in us. And he never gave up, and never stopped speaking out because he saw the best in us. He believed in us even when we didn't believe in ourselves. As a Congressman, he didn't rest; he kept getting himself arrested. As an old man, he didn't sit out any fight; he sat in, all night long, on the floor of the United States Capitol. I know his staff was stressed.

But the testing of his faith produced perseverance. He knew that the march is not yet over, that the race is not yet won, that we have not yet reached that blessed destination where we are judged by the content of our character. He knew from his own life that progress is fragile; that we have to be vigilant against the darker currents of this country's history, of our own history, with their

He knew that every single one of us has a God-given power. And that the fate of this democracy depends on how we use it;

whirlpools of violence and hatred and despair that can always rise again.

Bull Connor may be gone. But today we witness with our own eyes police officers kneeling on the necks of Black Americans. George Wallace may be gone. But we can witness our federal government sending agents to use tear gas and batons against peaceful demonstrators. We may no longer have to guess the number of jellybeans in a jar in order to cast a ballot. But even as we sit here, there are those in power are doing their darnedest to discourage people from voting -- by closing polling locations, and targeting minorities and students with restrictive ID laws, and attacking our voting rights with surgical precision, even undermining the postal service in the runup to an election that is going to be dependent on mailed-in ballots so people don't get sick.

Now, I know this is a celebration of John's life. There are some who might say we shouldn't dwell on such things. But that's why I'm talking about it. John Lewis devoted his time on this Earth fighting the very attacks on democracy and what's best in America that we are seeing circulate right now.

He knew that every single one of us has a God-given power. And that the fate of this democracy depends on how we use it; that democracy isn't automatic, it has to be nurtured, it has to be tended to, we have to work at it, it's hard. And so, he knew it depends on whether we summon a measure, just a measure, of John's moral courage to question what's right and what's wrong and call things as they are. He said that as long as he had breath in his body, he would do everything he could to preserve this democracy. That as long as we have breath in our bodies, we have to continue his cause. If we want our children to grow up in a democracy -- not just with elections, but a true democracy, a representative democracy, a big-hearted, tolerant, vibrant, inclusive America of perpetual self-creation -- then we are going to have to be more like John. We don't have to do all the things he had to do because he did them for us. But we have got to do something. As the Lord instructed Paul, "Do not be afraid, go on speaking; do not be silent, for I am with you, and no one will attack you to harm you, for I have many in this city who are my people." Just everybody's just got to come out and vote. We've got all those people in the city but we can't do nothing.

Like John, we have got to keep getting into that good trouble. He knew that nonviolent protest is patriotic; a way to raise public awareness, put a spotlight on injustice, and make the powers that be uncomfortable.

Like John, we don't have to choose between protest and politics, it is not an either-or situation, it is a both-and situation. We have to engage in protests where that is effective but we also have to translate our passion and our causes into laws and institutional practices. That's why John ran for Congress thirty-four years ago.

Like John, we have got to fight even harder for the most powerful tool we have, which is the right to vote. The Voting Rights Act is one of the crowning achievements of our democracy. It's why John crossed that bridge. It's why he spilled his blood. And by the way, it was the result of Democratic and Republican efforts. President Bush, who spoke here earlier, and his father, both signed its renewal when they were in office. President Clinton didn't have to because it was the law when he arrived so instead he made a law that made it easier for people to register to vote.

But once the Supreme Court weakened the Voting Rights Act, some state legislatures unleashed a flood of laws designed specifically to make voting harder, especially, by the way, state legislatures where there is a lot of minority turnout and population growth. That's not necessarily a mystery or an accident. It was an attack on what John fought for. It was an attack on our democratic freedoms. And we should treat it as such.

If politicians want to honor John, and I'm so grateful for the legacy of work of all the Congressional leaders who are here, but there's a better way than a statement calling him a hero. You want to honor John? Let's honor him by revitalizing the law that he was willing to die for. And by the way, naming it the John Lewis Voting Rights Act, that is a fine tribute. But John wouldn't want us to stop there, trying to get back to where we already were. Once we pass the John Lewis Voting Rights Act, we should keep marching to make it even better.

By making sure every American is automatically registered to vote, including former inmates who've earned their second chance.

By adding polling places, and expanding early voting, and making Election Day a national holiday, so if you are someone who is working in a factory, or you are a single

mom who has got to go to her job and doesn't get time off, you can still cast your ballot.

By guaranteeing that every American citizen has equal representation in our government, including the American citizens who live in Washington, D.C. and in Puerto Rico. They are Americans.

By ending some of the partisan gerrymandering-- so that all voters have the power to choose their politicians, not the other way around.

And if all this takes eliminating the filibuster -- another Jim Crow relic -- in order to secure the God-given rights of every American, then that's what we should do.

And yet, even if we do all this -- even if every bogus voter suppression law was struck off the books today -- we have got to be honest with ourselves that too many of us choose not to exercise the franchise; that too many of our citizens believe their vote won't make a difference, or they buy into the cynicism that, by the way, is the central strategy of voter suppression, to make you discouraged, to stop believing in your own power.

So, we are also going to have to remember what John said: "If you don't do everything you can to change things, then they will remain the same. You only pass this way once. You have to give it all you have." As long as young people are protesting in the streets, hoping real change takes hold, I'm hopeful but we cannot casually abandon them at the ballot box. Not when few elections have been as urgent, on so many levels, as this one. We cannot treat voting as an errand to run if we have some time. We have to treat it as the most important action we can take on behalf of democracy.

Like John, we have to give it all we have.

I was proud that John Lewis was a friend of mine. I met him when I was in law school. He came to speak and I went up and I said, "Mr. Lewis, you are one of my heroes. What inspired me more than anything as a young man was to see what you and Reverend Lawson and Bob Moses and Diane Nash and others did." And he got that kind of -- aw shucks, thank you very much.

The next time I saw him, I had been elected to the United States Senate. And I told him, "John, I am here because of you." On Inauguration Day in 2008, 2009, he was one of the first people that I greeted and hugged on that stand. I told him, "This is your day too."

He was a good and kind and gentle man. And he believed in us -- even when we don't believe in ourselves. It's fitting that the last time John and I shared a public forum was on Zoom. I am pretty sure that neither he nor I set up the Zoom call because we didn't know how to work it. It was a virtual town hall with a gathering of young activists who had been helping to lead this summer's demonstrations in the wake of George Floyd's death. And afterwards, I spoke to John privately, and he could not have been prouder to see this new generation of activists standing up for freedom and equality; a new generation that was intent on voting and protecting the

"If you don't do everything you can to change things, then they will remain the same. You only pass this way once. You have to give it all you have."

right to vote; in some cases, a new generation running for political office.

I told him, all those young people, John -- of every race and every religion, from every background and gender and sexual orientation -- John, those are your children. They learned from your example, even if they didn't always know it. They had understood, through him, what American citizenship requires, even if they had only heard about his courage through the history books.

"By the thousands, faceless, anonymous, relentless young people, black and white...have taken our whole nation back to those great wells of democracy which were dug deep by the founding fathers in the formulation of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence."

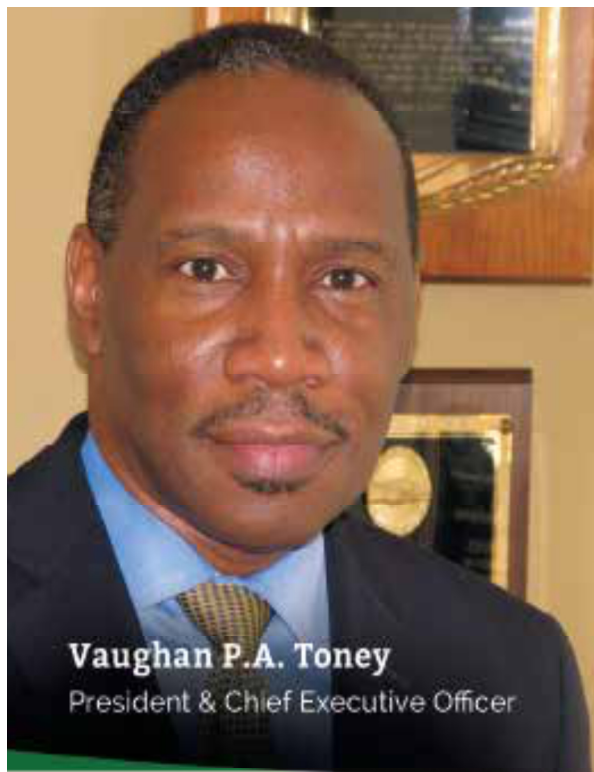
Dr. King said that in the 1960s. And it came true again this summer.

We see it outside our windows, in big cities and rural towns, in men and women, young and old, straight Americans and LGBTQ Americans, Blacks who long for equal treatment and whites who can no longer accept freedom for themselves while witnessing the subjugation of their fellow Americans. We see it in everybody doing the hard work of overcoming complacency, of overcoming our own fears and our own prejudices, our own hatreds. You see it in people trying to be better, truer versions of ourselves.

And that's what John Lewis teaches us. That's where real courage comes from. Not from turning on each other, but by turning towards one another. Not by sowing hatred and division, but by spreading love and truth. Not by avoiding our responsibilities to create a better America and a better world, but by embracing those responsibilities with joy and perseverance and discovering that in our beloved community, we do not walk alone.

What a gift John Lewis was. We are all so lucky to have had him walk with us for a while, and show us the way.

God bless you all. God bless America. God bless this gentle soul who pulled it closer to its promise.



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