

Prejudices of Our Hearts **By Roy Goodlet**

It was my senior year at Kentucky Christian College, and our Concert Choir traveled to Knoxville, Tennessee to sing for the National Missionary Convention. We sang on stage in a large auditorium, and the people in the audience did not fill in the front seats, but began about six rows back, except for one man. Right in the middle of the front seats was an elderly black man wearing a trench coat. He was falling asleep. I figured it was a gentleman who walked in off the streets looking for a nice warm, dry place to sit and rest. I remembered his face. After I graduated from college and began a youth ministry in Louisville, Kentucky I went to my first area preachers' meeting. One of the men sitting in that room was that same black man. His name was Isaiah Moore, a professor at the College of the Scriptures. At this time he was about 90 years old. At one of our city wide Thanksgiving services Isaiah was asked to speak, and the area preachers took up a collection to buy him a new suit that cost \$100. Before he spoke he said that he had been born not long after the civil war. His parents died when he was young and he lived with relatives. He said that the only clothing he had to wear when he was young was a dress with holes in it. Then he said, "The reason I am smiling is because tonight I am wearing a one hundred dollar suit." Then he disappeared. You could hear him, but you couldn't see him. He was on his knees behind the pulpit praying before he delivered his message. Isaiah Moore died when he was 93 years old, in a car accident. At his funeral he was referred to as the "little giant." This short man, who was born into a poor, black family baptized about 6,000 people into Jesus Christ.

Martin Luther King Jr. said he had a dream, but Jesus had one long before him. Jesus' dream was that all people of all colors, races and cultures could stand on the same level and proclaim the same God as their Father. When it comes to being a Christian, the color of a person's blood matters more than the color of their skin, and I don't believe there are too many different color shades of human blood. In most ways everyone in this world are alike. We smile alike, cry alike, love alike and even hate alike. If you took away our skin we would be internally alike. We just have to get by what we see on the outside.

What would we do if we got to heaven and everyone had gray hair or possibly even purple, spiked hair? Or had slanted eyes? Or the praise music was all country or heavy metal or classical or even bluegrass? What if everyone had black skin or spoke Arabic? Would we say, "This is not the place for me?" Well, I am not going to worry about heaven, because I know it is going to be great, but I believe this world and this church ought to be a taste of heaven.

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