

4-18-68

The Empty Pew

—Jene Miller

The death of Martin Luther King is the perfect vindication of his whole life.

He has consistently preached that violence only breeds death. Because there are those who are willing to serve the God of hate, America has lost its Mahatma Ghandi.

Because we would not listen to the call for non-violent ways, we must face the terror-filled streets of violent change.

The death of Martin Luther King is an inescapable indictment against the apathy of those who love liberty.

The homes and ghettos of white America are filled with those who hold no grudge against the Negro's love of freedom.

The hope of white America was that the black man would give more time to appease the hate-filled and ignorant.

The voices of white America gave only token condemnation of the black souls of prejudice wrapped in white skins.

The death of Martin Luther King was as truly in behalf of the freedom of the American people as any soldier in Vietnam.

The hand which pulled that trigger was as truly an enemy of liberty as any tyrant's minion on earth.

Dr. King had begged his fellow-Americans to open the doors of hope, employment, housing, and citizenship.

Dr. King had consistently opposed the raucous voices of hate among his own people.

The death of Martin Luther King had to happen at Easter-time. Pilate tried to save another Martyr to non-violent justice by making the people choose between Jesus or Barabbas.

Barabbas was the violent revolutionary who had led armed men against the powers of Rome in the name of "freedom."

The people chose the voice of violence and Jerusalem died.

The death of Martin Luther King is judgement against every servant of hate, regardless of the color of his skin.

It is the call to diligent defense of every person's liberty, lest guilty and innocent alike drown in a sea of blood.

For no man deserved less to die so violent or cost a land so much by dying.

And, as a Roman soldier said of the other Martyr's dying: "Truly this man was a son of God." (See Romans 8:14).

Jesus wept: "Would that even today you knew the things that make for peace." (Lk: 19:42)