WHEN THE ATTEMPTS AT INTERRACIAL WORSHIP BEGAN IN THE FALL OF 1963 AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, MY EMOTIONAL RESPONSE REMINDED ME OF SOMETHING I HAD NOT THOUGHT ABOUT VERY DEEPLY IN RECENT YEARS. THAT WAS THE FACT THAT I WAS BORN AND REARED A REBEL. AS I BEGAN TO HEAR ABOUT METHODIST MINISTERS WHOM I KNOW — MEN WHO HAD NEVER LIVED IN THE SOUTH, AND SOME OF WHOM HAD NEVER BEEN THERE BEFORE — WHO WERE GOING TO JACKSON CHURCHES AS OUTSIDERS I FELT VERY STRONGLY THAT A GREAT DEAL WAS AT STAKE HERE WHICH DID NOT MEET THE EYE. FOR ONE THING, I KNEW THAT MANY OF THESE MEN ARE PASTORS OF CHURCHES IN THE NORTH WHICH ARE NOT INTEGRATED. I ALSO FELT VERY DEEPLY THAT WHAT WAS NEEDED WAS DEEPER UNDERSTANDING OF THE SOUTH BEFORE ANY LESSONS COULD BE TAUGHT, IF, INDEED, THE SOUTH DID NOT KNOW THE LESSONS.

Therefore, during the first few days of the Jackson events I had lunch with the group of men who had, in a sense, sponsored the men in their trips to Jackson, and some of whom went later. I recommended that a seminar be organized between men from North and South, and through such a means enter into an adventure of greater understanding. They expressed interest, but were so engrossed in getting funds for jail bonds that it soon became obvious that they would not be diverted. Feeling that great harm was being done, I began to talk to other men, including Dr. Robert B. Pierce, and it became our conclusion that we should write to Bishop F. Gerald Ensley, who is chairman of the Board of Christian Social Concerns, urging him to set up such a seminar and have the Board sponsor it. This I did, as did others. He responded, and the seminar was arranged so that we may come to a greater understanding of each other's deepest desires for the Church, the Nation, and the World. We are concerned about the brokenness of the Church, and how it can become more inclusive, and we are also concerned about whether or not organic union is important; for it seems to me that the methods of dealing harshly or defiantly with each other may very easily sever the slender tie that binds us together.

When The Methodist Church was united in 1939, I was living in the South, where I had been born in Alabama. When I finished college I served for fifteen months in South Alabama, then came to Evanston, Illinois to go to seminary. This year I will complete twenty years in the Rock River Conference. I have maintained my contacts in the South. My family, whom I visit every year, are all still there, and I own property in Alabama. I feel that the North is ahead of the South in some ways in regard to the race question, but not enough so for the North to feel that it has all the answers.

It seems to me that one very important point for the Northerner to understand in dealing with the South is the psychological effect of the history of the last one hundred years. After 1865 the South was occupied until 1877. To give a graphic illustration of how the Civil War has influenced even the present generation of the defeated South, I refer to my own family. My Grandmother Roberts was ten years old when the Civil War ended. She was twenty-two years old, already married, and rearing a family when the Northern troops left the area after twelve long years of occupation. I refer to my grandmother because my grandfather died before I was born. But grandmother's life overlapped mine by fourteen years. As a boy, I knew and conversed with many Civil war veterans, who, after the surrender at Appomattox, had to literally beg their way home. The fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers of the people now living in the South were the ones who fought the war — and lost. We ministers, of all people, should know