

## The Foundation

Love still Exists is about love, hate and perseverance; in a poetic format with a prose summary of all the love selections.

Since love is a basic-human-need, it stands to reason that every human being should encounter experience, explore, give and receive this simple but complex element. The term "simple but complex" would seem to be an oxymoron (au contraire) but with incalculable definitions, from a strong feeling - to the spirit of God Himself, it certainly qualify as simple but complex. So simple that before we possess the knowledge of its existence, we have already experienced it unconditionally, and so complex we can live our entire lives and understanding it evades us to the tomb.

The times we live in gives extremely good cause to question if in fact that love do still exist and at the same time gives us extremely good cause to demonstrate that love still exists by way of actions, words and deeds.

The conditions of the world are critical (to put it mildly) with wars raging around the planet; apathy towards the planet; poverty; racism; terrorism; and the ever prevalent disregard for the value of human life. Where violence, hatred and murder, are as common in the inner-cities of America, as they are in the war zones, of Iraq and Afghanistan.

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A sign of the times: remember the Delfonics' – La La La Means I Love; the Stylistics – Love Is Here; Major Harris – Love Wont Let Me Wait; Jimmy Briscoe & the Little Beavers – Love Jones; Barry White – Can't get Enough of Your Love; L.T.D. – April Love; and the Manhattans – I Wanna Dance To A Love Song? Those were the Days. The basement parties; slow dancing under the red light. The list is endless where our hearts were touched by love songs that still reverberate in our memories to this day and those artists and songs not mentioned are as much a part of this work as those mentioned above.

To compare those days of the love ballads with today's gangster rap era (where drugs, violence, murder, sex and the degradation of women are the pivotal lyrics) would be like comparing Totally Raven with the Terminator. Not only did the songs of those days past produce an atmosphere of love, romance, passion affection and sexual desire, but also a sense of unity and community permeated the very soul through tones, melodies, rhythms and harmonies orchestrated by those musicians in their music.

Love was the pivotal component in music; the community; the struggle; the neighborhood and the household; the parties and events that comprised everyday life.

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On Sundays, thousands of people would gather out at druid Hill Park for a full day of swimming; picnics; music and festivities that united a city on a theme of love, brotherhood, sisterhood, unity and self-determination. The doors to houses in the neighborhood were never locked and elders could walk the streets at night without fear or molestation. Our youth had a childhood full of fun, games and exploration in the woods of parks; trips to Gunpowder falls; Dutch Country, Hershey Park, Atlantic City and the City Zoo. Bicycle riding (30 deep); skating – ball bearing #5; roller skating; stick Man, Red Line In; boys chasing the girls; skelly; Its and the list goes on.

Today our youth are gang-banging, pill popping, gun toting and killing each other at an alarming rate. It is so common to see death in our communities that everyone is just nonchalant – shoulders hunch up, hands open and with a slight twist of the face muscles the expression speaks the words, “ain’t no big thing”! The most valuable thing on the planet, even in the universe snuffed out of existence or reduced to a value worth no more than a few dollars, or a couple of pills of illicit drugs.

Where is the love when a mother’s tears flow and her heart is broken because she is compelled to identify the bullet riddled body of her son, lying on a slab at the local morgue? Where is the love when a father sees his only son perish, before him? Where is the love when grand parents sit teary eyed as the lid to the coffin of their beloved “Baby Boy” is sealed forever? Where is the love when children and babies are critically wounded, or fatally shot, caught in the crossfire of rival drugs dealers as they play on their porch? Where is the love when more of our youth are victims of homicide than are graduation from college?

Where is the love when one young man loses his life to murder and the other young man loses his to prison?



In the span of a decade, from 1998 to 2008 about 3000 people lost their lives in homicides in Baltimore city alone. For years victims under age 25 have represented as much as half of the city's homicide victims.

Has love virtually vanished from our lives to be replaced by death and destruction? Has hate become the pivotal component and slander, lewdness, murder, theft and all those things that bring harm to the human race become dominant? Or worse, appealing?

It is certainly worthwhile to explore every facet of love; the thin line so inconspicuously settled between love and hate; and the human ability to endure and persevere both of these giants that we share life with.

Hate is not to be ignored but profoundly explored and even used to advance the glory of human life and indeed all life.

We should hate bigotry, racism, terrorism, murder. We should hate lies and lying. We should hate war, poverty, discrimination and religious intolerance. We should hate ethnic cleansing, genocide and crimes against humanity. We should hate air pollution, nuclear proliferation and desolation of rain forests and water systems. We should hate torture, pestilence, corruption, infant mortality and all forms of human suffering. We should hate cruelty to animal, child abuse and maltreatment of elderly people. We should hate injustice, slavery and crimes against humanity.

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We should hate the hate that breeds all those factors above and we should endlessly pursue the eradication of all those things that are counterproductive to the human life cycle and the well being of the entire planet.

Hate should be a product of love and life and only a very thin line should exist between the two. Anything that goes against love or life is an enemy and a foe, sparking a hate that produce labor to make change.

The love that produces hate is an impetus to persevere, fight, vanquish, overcome and defeat all obstacles. It should compel the man, or woman to tap into the creative ability that is their divine gift – to be victorious.

Perseverance in this context is difficult, hard work, not idly sitting-back waiting for the desired affect to fall from the sky. Prayer is a good thing, and may be required, but one thing is for certain and two things are for sure – hard work, dedication and the ability to endure until success manifests are essential ingredients in the divine scheme.

Patience and perseverance are often misconstrued, they are erroneously associated with lying dormant for some mystical solution to the problems; nothing is further from the truth.

Contemplate the following adage by a great, God-sent leader, teacher and guide: “Those who gave you a body furnished it with weaknesses, but He who gave you a soul armed you with resolution; employ it and you are wise, be wise and you are happy”. –Noble Drew Ali. Our bodies come with inborn weaknesses that we inherit from conception; but something higher armed us with a defense mechanism and gave us power to think,

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will, reason and understand what is necessary to solve our problems.

When we use this power, when we work it, we are then considered intelligent, smart and wise. And the result is what we spend a life time searching outside of ourselves for happiness!

In love, hate and perseverance I have found examples that were nothing short of life changing for me, I share it with you in hopes that it will have that same impact on you in some way, shape, form or fashion.

Read with your eyes but use your heart to understand the contents of this work; and whatever you do share some portion with a friend, lover, or family member; laugh, cry, struggle, love, hate and persevere... Love still exist!