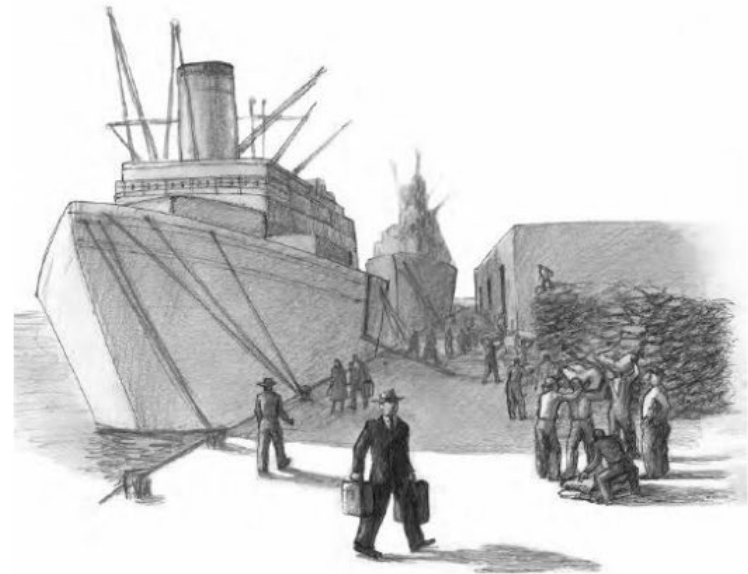


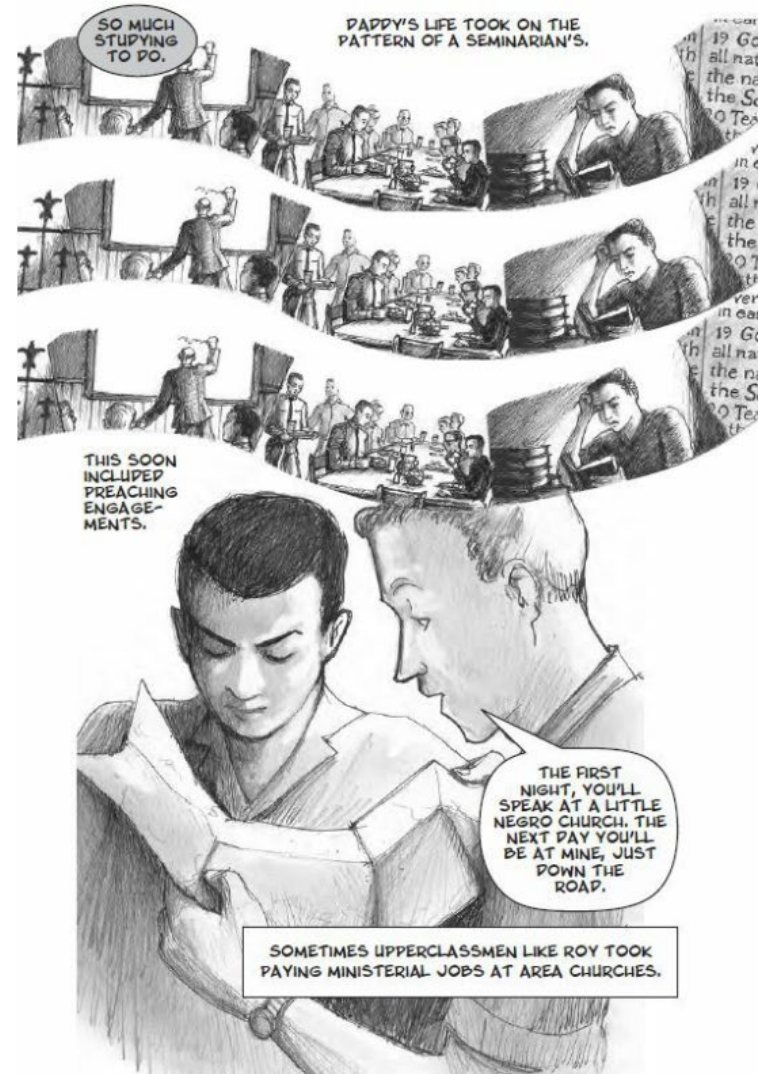
chapter 6
AN AMERICAN EDUCATION



IT WAS 1948
WHEN PAPPY LANDED
IN NEW ORLEANS
FOR THE PURPOSE
OF ENROLLING
IN SEMINARY.



I WONDER ABOUT HIS FIRST
IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.



ON A SATURDAY NIGHT, SOMEWHERE IN RURAL LOUISIANA:



Yes, indeed!
AMEN!

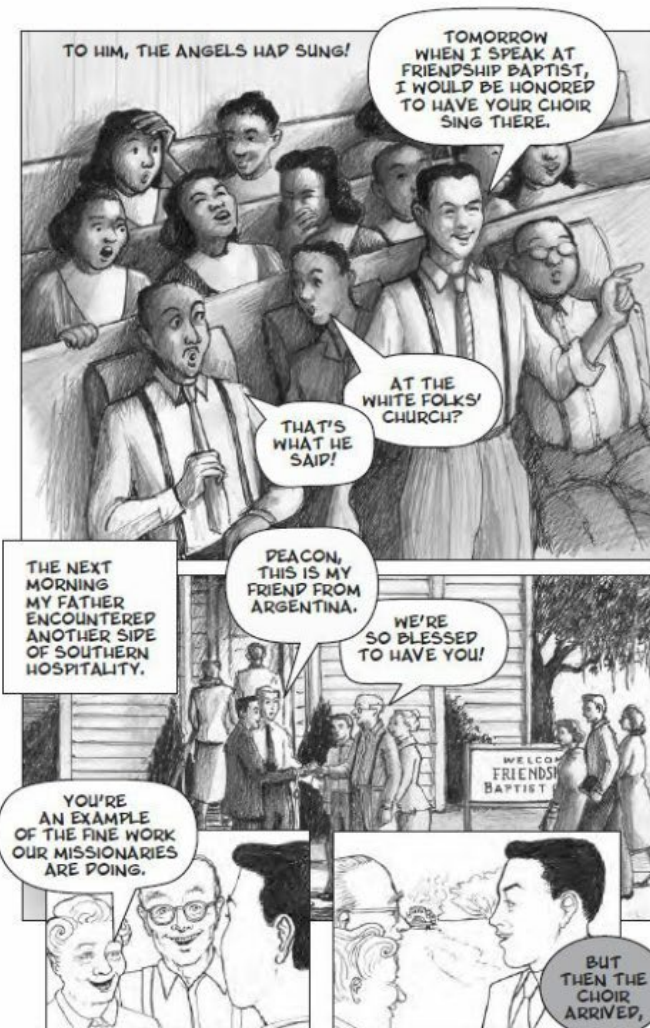
BEFORE HE SHARES HIS AMAZING TESTIMONY, THE CHOIR WILL LEAD US IN SONG.



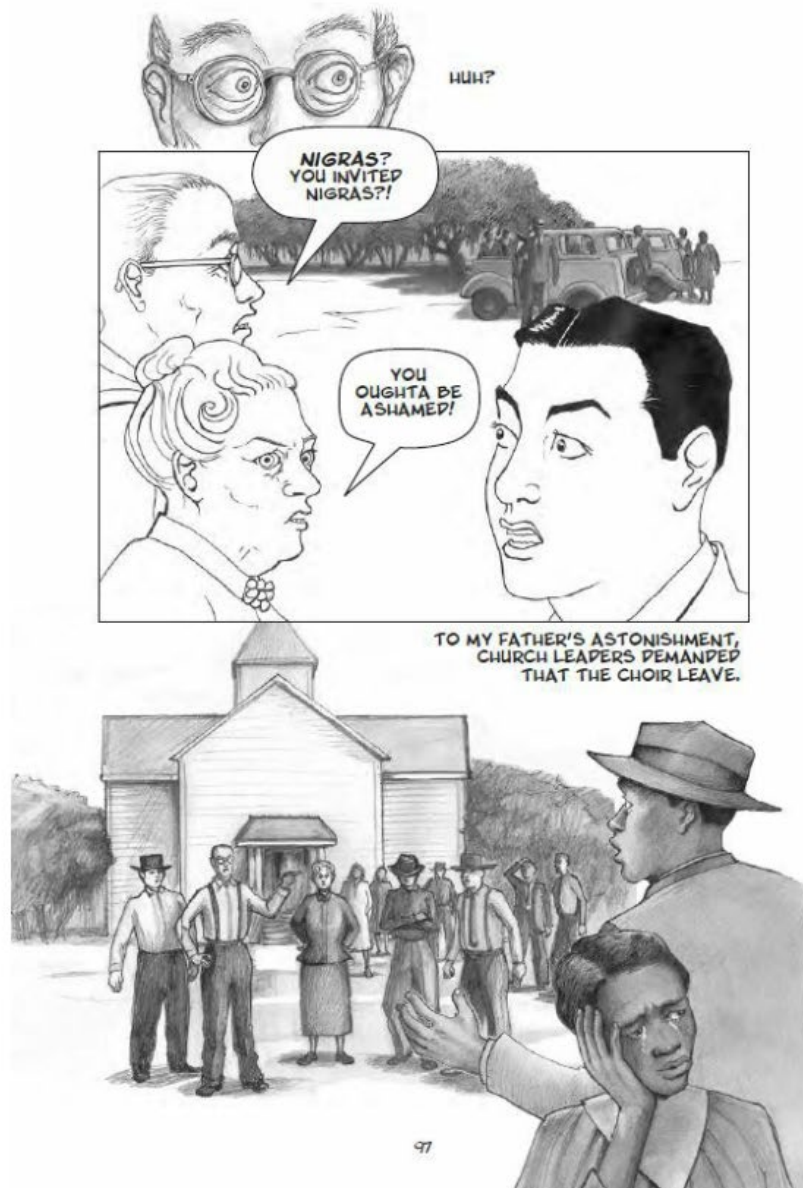
*Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come;*

*'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far
and Grace will lead me home.*

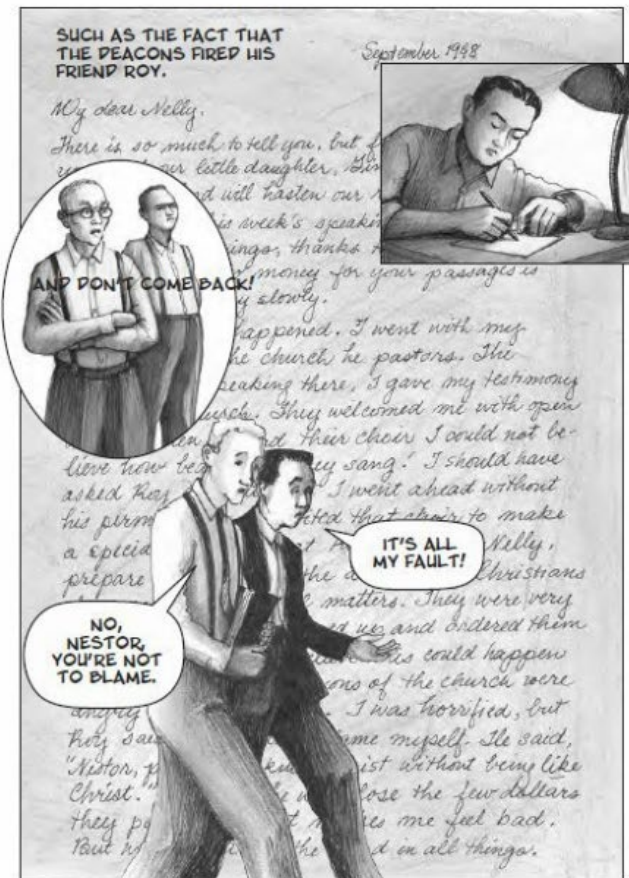
THIS WAS UNLIKE ANYTHING MY FATHER HAD EVER HEARD.

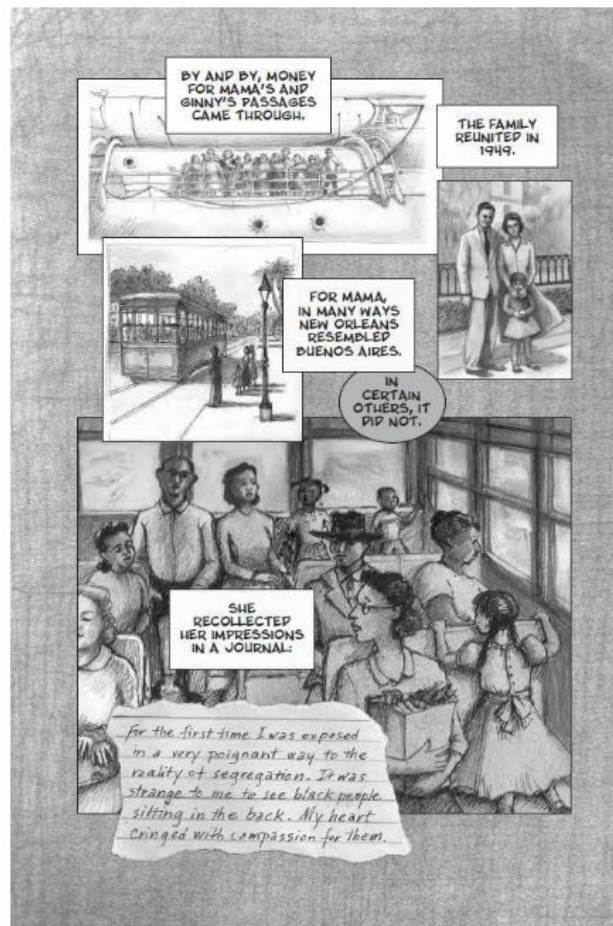


AND THINGS TOOK AN UGLY TURN.



I IMAGINE THAT HIS NEXT LETTER HOME MUST'VE CONTAINED SOMETHING ABOUT THIS INCIDENT.





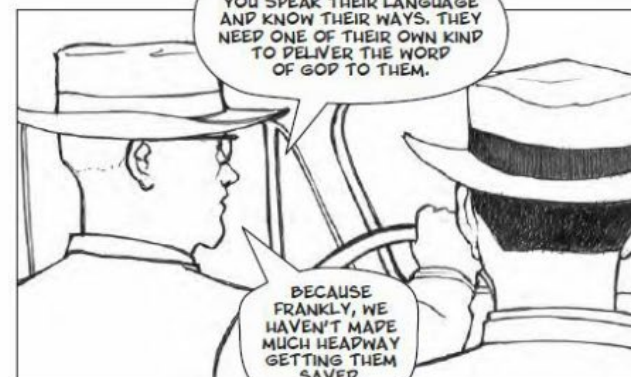
AS DADDY'S GRADUATION NEARED, HE RECEIVED A JOB OFFER FROM A TEXAS CHURCH.

INITIALLY, THE POSITION SEEMED IDEAL: DIRECTOR OF A MISSION TO SPANISH SPEAKERS, POSSIBLY MIGRANT WORKERS.



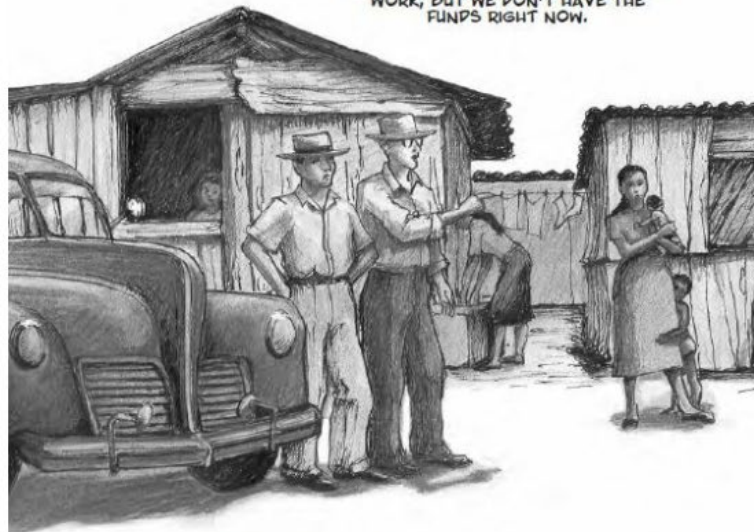
HMM... SOUNDS INTERESTING,

THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

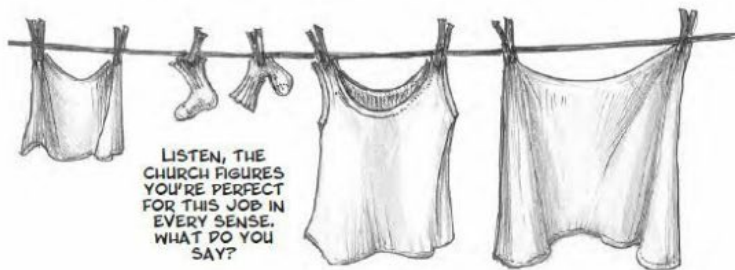


THERE WAS A CERTAIN RING TO THE MAN'S WORDS.

DOWN THE WAY IS YOUR LIVING QUARTERS. YOUR WIFE WILL WANT TO FIX IT UP A BIT. ACTUALLY, THE WHOLE PLACE NEEDS WORK, BUT WE DON'T HAVE THE FUNDS RIGHT NOW.



BUT SINCE YOU WERE A HOMELESS ORPHAN, YOU MUST BE USED TO THE LACK OF INDOOR PLUMBING AND ELECTRICITY.



LISTEN, THE CHURCH FIGURES YOU'RE PERFECT FOR THIS JOB IN EVERY SENSE. WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I SEE NOW WHY I'M "PERFECT FOR THE JOB."

I'M A FOREIGNER, SO I SHOULDN'T MIND LIVING IN SUCH CONDIITONS?

BUT, I THOUGHT...

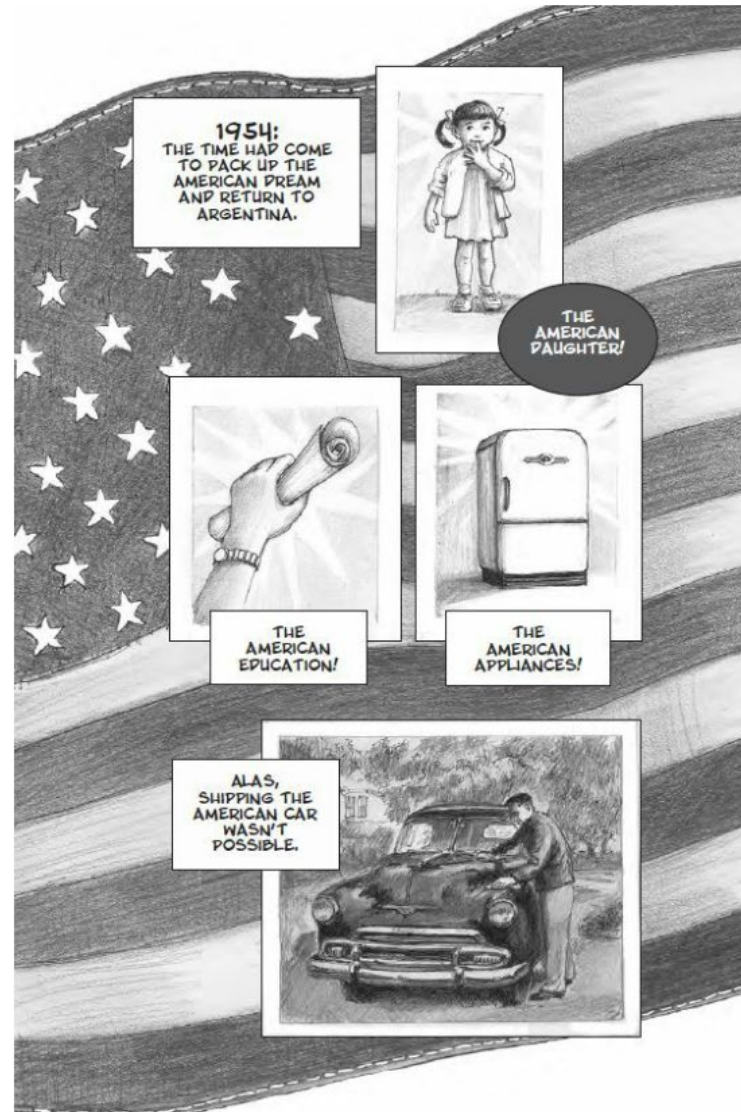
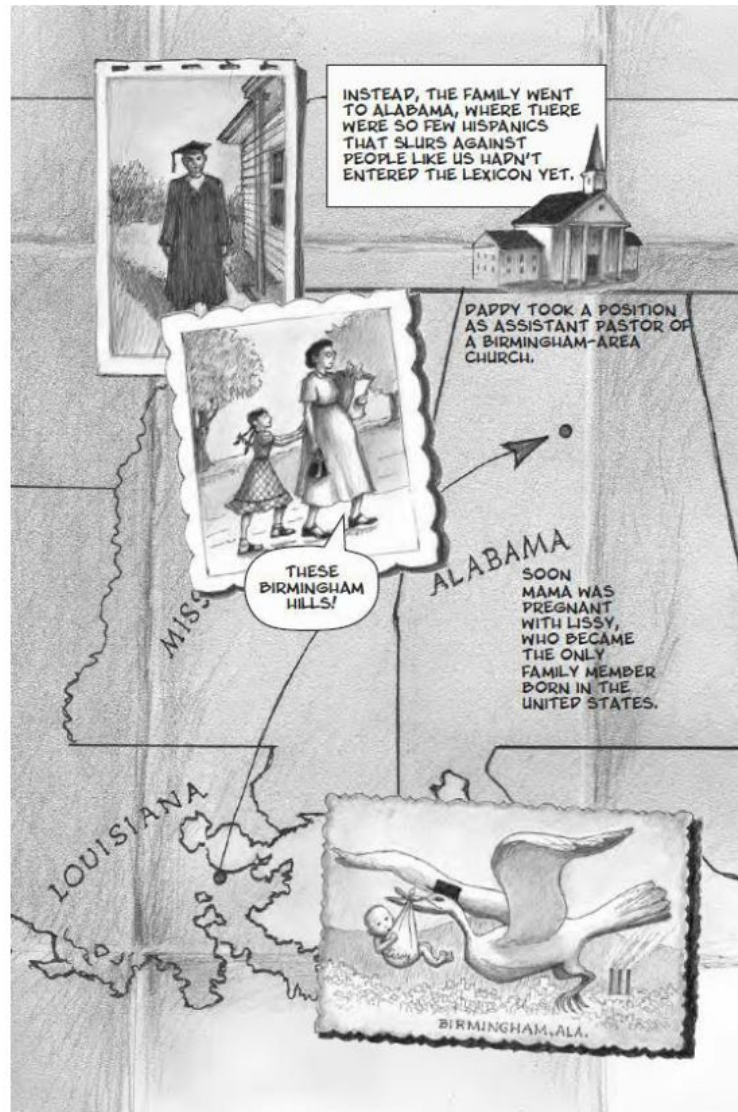


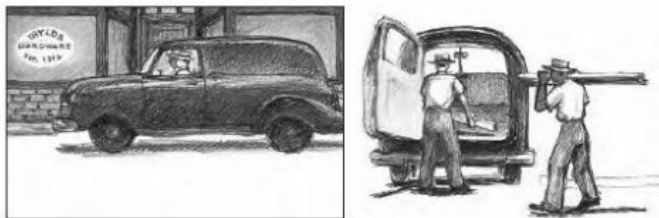
YOU'RE WONDERING WHY YOU'VE HAD SO FEW CONVERTS IN THIS MISSION? LOOK AROUND, MISTER.

YOU WOULDN'T BRING YOUR PET DOG TO LIVE IN THIS SQUALOR!



ONE DOOR CLOSE, ANOTHER OPENED.





BY NOW, SIX YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE PAPPY'S UNHAPPY INITIATION TO THE SOUTH'S RACIAL CODE. HE WAS NO LONGER NAIVE.

WHEN HE PEREED THE RULES, IT WOULD'VE BEEN INTENTIONAL.

