

# What Islam Has Done For Me

## The Evil of The Cross Sent Him to Righteous of Islam

Brother Alonzo X  
(Philadelphia, Pa.)

For over eighteen years before I accepted Islam, I was living a life of complete confusion. I was living a life that meant hardly anything to me. I was just another lost-found so-called Negro.

I WAS DOING all the things the white society prescribed for me; drinking, smoking, cursing, eating pork, running around with the nite life, running after women and just plain worshipping the white man's way of life.

I was wasting a life, a body that I should have been proud of. I was wasting myself because of the practices prescribed by the evil society that I only knew at that time. I was claiming Christianity as a religion like so many of us do, but the only time I thought of it was when someone asked me concerning it. It was some-

## Says Black Women Must Speak Out

By SISTER JOAN SHABAZZ  
(Mosque No. 19)

We, the Black Women of America must rise now and stand, as the mothers of civilization. Long have we suffered and are still suffering, regardless of our religious beliefs.

WE SEE our black sisters suffering, those who do not have divine knowledge. We see our black babies (our nation) starving, and murdered unmercifully.

How long can we as women remain silent? How can we remain peaceful and smiling, when our very nation is at stake? We as the queens, the goddesses of Almighty God, Allah, must stand as sisters. Strong sisters, united with the love of our nation. We must be ready, willing and able to sacrifice anything that is necessary to aid our nation.

Can we be peaceful when we are suffering as women, Black Women? Every Black Sister in this land has known the anguish and despair of being black in country. We have carried the burdens too long, we must be heard. It is time we were treated as queens.

LET US TAKE a stand, a united stand and help our sisters who have need of us. By whatever means is necessary, we must stop this brutality against our sisters and our black babies. In the name of Allah, it is time for the Strong Black Women to take a stand.

thing just to fall back on whenever the subject religion came up or was brought up.

When I was much younger I used to attend a Methodist church and I used to sit and watch people jumping up and down and saying that they had the spirit and stuff like that. I found out later that they were exerting anger and oppression that was put on them by the true devil white man, the same devil that they would be discussing and talking about in these churches.

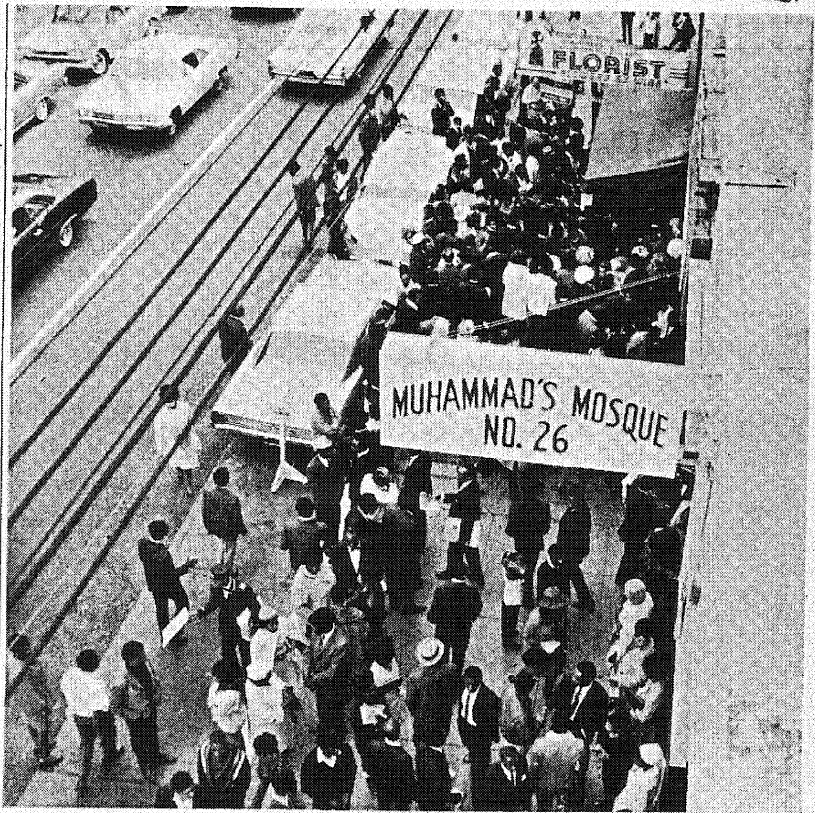
I USED TO wonder what was this all about. The preacher used to get up and preach for about an hour and all he would say was that we were going to be born again, and that we were going to see Jesus. I felt then that he knew nothing of what he was talking of then, and again I felt that I have never heard a more true statement.

The people used to jump up and down and all over the place and talk of Jesus. The minute they were finished, everyone was heading to their homes to do some kind of mischief or another. If it was not drinking, it was gambling. If it was not gambling, it was killing. The next Sunday they would come back with the same thing. I thought then there must have been something better.

I almost turned atheist because of this type of happening. They had me also believing that God was the white race in person. Everything was made to be white. I remember well the song they used to sing, "wash me in the blood of Jesus and wash me white as snow." I kept doing the things that I was doing, and it even got worse. I was falling more and more in the bag of hell.

WHEN I WENT to Philadelphia, Pa. to visit my brother and his wife, I was introduced to his mother-in-law. At this time, I was trying to think things out for myself. I was then introduced to Islam. I began then to prosper further and seek more of the truth and to try to spread it the best that I could. It was a big relief to stand up and be a man for once and all in my life. I no longer do the evil things that I used to do, thanks to the Messenger's teachings. I am completely a new man. I have found what I have been seeking, something I can really say I am proud to be a part of and that is Islam.

I can now sense the world of heaven that Almighty God Allah to whom praise is due forever, has promised us if we return to our own kind. Islam has opened my life and filled it with hope and security.



ANTICIPATING Minister Muhammad Ali's personal greetings outside Muhammad's St. Louis Mosque No. 26, a crowd gathers following services in which the World Heavyweight Champion taught the word of Allah as pre-

sent by His Messenger, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. Minister Ali personally autographed more than 400 copies of MUHAMMAD SPEAKS newspaper at the scene.

(Photo by Brother Emmith X)

## Devil's Mistake Sent Her to Islam

By SISTER VANECIA X  
(Pasadena, Calif.)

As one previously a member of the living dead, I have much to be grateful for, because now that I have come to the true knowledge of self, I have an outline for a guide on how to live.

SINCE I've come into the nation, my frozen mind has begun to thaw out as a result of the warm teachings of our Messenger from Allah, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. I am no longer a mental zombie, but a refreshed minded person, aware of the true God's identity, and my wonderful black heritage which stems from the setting of the moon into space, and infinitely into time.

As a former Christian, I had only one thing going for me, and that was my open-mindedness to the truth of Islam.

While in New York, at the age of seven on up to nine years old I attended a small summer Muslim School among many other children in my neighborhood. It was a memorable experience which gave me a little background in what was to come years later—my first visit to the Mosque.

ALL MY LIFE, I had doubts concerning Christianity, so I guess that was why my family and I went from church to church in search for truth that was comprehensive rather than an unquestionable mystery. I visited Baptist churches, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, and Science of the Mind, none of which could remove the wrinkles from my forehead from lack of understanding.

Surprisingly enough, my family and I were inspired to look more deeply into Islam after attending a predominantly white church. The minister who was a 32nd-degree mason was a fine lecturer, but always seemed to be talking over our heads. He would make remarks such as: "We know God made the devil, but I don't believe he's going to destroy us even if our six-thousand years span is up," and of course the six Negroes in the audience, five of which was my family and I, had no idea what he was referring to.

All this kind of talking was giving me a headache, and I couldn't understand why white officials of the church made such a conscientious attempt to keep me blind by keeping all informative literature from me. There was

an all-out effort in this which I could not conceive.

THINGS SEEMED to be getting worse. Now, I was about as confused as a blind man in a maze. Although I stayed around that little "place of worship" a while longer, it was only to encounter an incident that would send me on the right path.

One Sunday, the minister of the church, and a few other members had just returned from a Flying Saucer Retreat in San Francisco, and was giving away free paper back books—that were free to everyone in the church who wasn't black, which of course excluded my family and me. Not knowing this, my mother approached the man who was passing out the booklets, and was told it cost fifty cents in the hope that this would discourage her. Then the minister intervened, and advised her not to get it because, it was insignificant. But, fortunately, curiosity is one human characteristic that is difficult to suppress.

After this, I had an extreme craving for knowledge which was uncontrollable. In seeking the facts on flying saucers, the question was always confronted me in book stores, "Are you a Muslim?" The more knowledge I obtained, the more I wanted.