

JULIAN BOND
NEITHER GONE NOR FORGOTTEN

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With so few words allotted, this time and place will only allow us to touch the hem of his garments, so I hereby reserve the right to revise and extend these remarks, *anon*.

In 1960 Diane Nash, a heroine of the Movement, dismissed the Justice Department's baleful warnings that direct action campaigns could get us all killed, by solemnly declaring that our wills were already written and signed. —Her reply spoke deeply to Julian as well as to SNCC of the need for a life and death commitment forever.

Many years later, I wrote Rabbi David Saperstein to nominate Julian to chair the NAACP with these words:

“In his own biography as well as his articulation of the modern needs of black people, Julian is symbol and substance of what the next generation needs to see and hear. As the sixties demonstrated the need to extend beyond old leadership molds, the next century requires that we have more than just ‘good’ or even ‘the best’ of intensions. We need to find practical ways . . . of inspiring *action for change*, because our young people must believe that *their lives matter!*”

Thank goodness that without being Jesuitical, Julian exemplified the fact that man does not live by bread alone. He well knew that bread alone does not provide justice, nor love, nor courage, nor truth, nor liberation, nor knowledge, not to mention mercy or art.—This without denying the life-giving needs for our daily bread as a necessary given.

Let the record show that he was always bold as well as sometimes bawdy, repeatedly brilliant and now at last beloved. While his early exposure to Robeson and DuBois qualified him an aristocrat, he never stooped to be aristocratic.—And as the Spiritual's says—“*Now wasn't that good news*” . . . for us as well as for mankind.

When he bequeathed his final remains to the rivers of waters, it was not to symbolize ashes to ashes nor dust to dust, but rather to guarantee the emulsion of himself with our perpetual destiny and his ashes as leaven for expanding our aspirations.

Lift Up Your Heads Oh Ye Gates and Be Ye Lifted Up the Everlasting Doors — Julian ¡*Presente!*