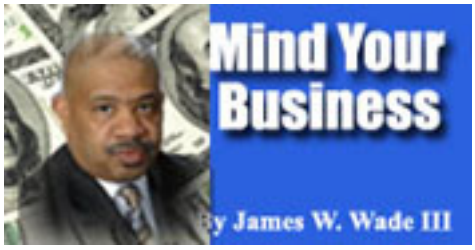

Now, my mother viewed money in a whole different light. She would holler at me for leaving the lights on in every room and the heat on 90 and say wait until you have to pay the bills.

Money means what to you?

Regardless of the results, if your candidate won or lost, the Election is over. No more commercials running all day every day, getting on everybody's nerves.

But there was a lot of money spent in this campaign, for both the presidential and Sherrod Brown for Senator races. The amount of money raised for all those commercials is money that could have helped schools or maybe the job situation.

Money is a problem for many because more fights and arguments come into play when you start talking about money. Families get into it over who they left the money too. Yes… sisters, brothers, and even cousins start mess when it comes to money.

That once good aunt who everyone loved becomes the wicked witch of the east because of money and material things. Money is a way of survival and I understand that but why must it become the ruler of evil as well. People break in your house for your items to go and sell them for money, mostly to buy drugs.

Over the years, women have sold their bodies and children for money. Is the dollar bill the factor for you to do wrong? I love money and I like nice things but one thing my parents taught me, money can't buy love or happiness.

The Bible reference that so many seem to misquote clearly states that the love of money is the root of all evil not that money itself is the root of all evil. In the Bible, 1st Timothy 6:10, “For the love of money placed before the love of God is the root of all kinds of evil.” So the true meaning is if you make the love of money higher than your love for God you are doing wrong.

Now Reverend Ike, who preached the blessings of material prosperity and would tell his members to close your eyes and see green, would make me laugh at how cool he was with the delivery of his message. ThepeakofRev. Ike’s fame, as he acknowledges, occurred in the mid-to-late 1970s.

According to a 1975 New York Times article, 1,770 radio stations across the nation broadcast Rev. Ike’s daily messages and his videotaped sermons appeared in 10 major television markets. He toured the nation like a soul-music star, attracting thousands to his sermons.

While his enemies call him a greedy sham, there is no doubting that many people found hope in his messages. His “congregation” in the mid-1970s was estimated at 2.5 million, mostly Black but with a wide ethnic representation. Contributions to his church, according to his accountant, totaled millions of dollars, supporting Rev. Ike’s opulent life style including a bicoastal collection of Rolls-Royces.

The cash flow has never slowed down, he asserted. But, for a while, Rev. Ike did. Maintaining his ministry through the mail and over the radio, Rev. Ike said, he voluntarily withdrew from TV and touring to devote most of the last five years to teaching in the school at his home-base church in theWashingtonHeightssection ofNew York City, where about 5,000 people regularly attend Sunday services.

“It’s just something I wanted to do,” he said.

As kids we often joked at church about Rev. Ike and his hair, saying “the lack of money is the root of all evil.” But we were kids just having fun and then would sing the O’Jay’s “Money Money Money.”

Growing up, I thought my grandfather and father were two of the richest men I knew. As a child I had to go stay inChicagofor the summers because I was an only child and that's where my grandparents lived. I felt special because I was the only one of their grandchildren who resided outside ofChicagoso it seemed to be special when I visited.

My grandfather would give me and my cousin Henry money to go to the store. When I got older, we could go toJewTownand he always spent money on me. I was like he got it going on and I just knew he was a rich man. But, later in life, I understood that my grandfather was a hard worker and a wise man who provided for his wife and 6 girls.

Money never seemed to rule whatever decisions he made. He was a great handy man and could fix most things around all the property he owned, which translated into big savings for him. Now the one funny thing was, while I was growing up, four of the sisters where always there in one of his properties living and enjoying the benefits from his hard work.

My father, on the other hand, who in my eyes will always be the coolest man I know and respect, had it going on as a banker. He drove a Cadillac with a phone back in the day.

Not knowing any better, I didn't realize he wore suits all the time because of his job or, until this day, always smelling good meant he was "ballin" and he had big money. I could ask for money from my father and always get it.

Now, my mother viewed money in a whole different light. She would holler at me for leaving the lights on in every room and the heat on 90 and say wait until you have to pay the bills. Ma, I can still hear your voice saying that this very moment. Money to my mother is a luxury and she wanted me to spend it wisely and above all save.

So, from my early years, I realize you need credit and money to survive I employ everyone to save and spend wisely while "minding your business."

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Comments and questions are welcome but, because of the volume of mail, personal responses are not always possible. Please note that comments or questions may be used in a future column.