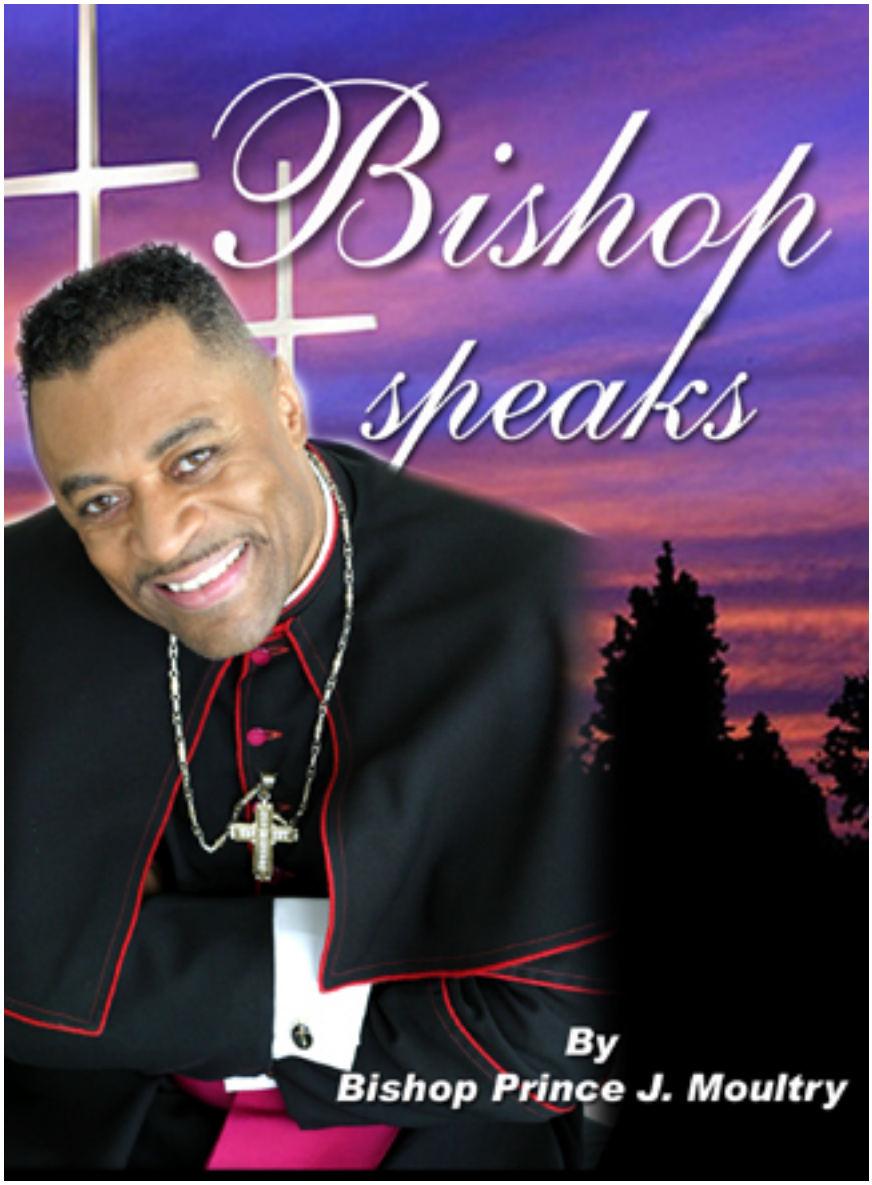

We had just pulled out of the Lake view Cemetery on Euclid Avenue and were in the middle of the “Hood,” East Cleveland on Euclid and Superior . One minute in an environment that looks like heaven and the next minute in an environment, a few blocks down, that looks like hell.

“PULL OVER! PULL THE CAR OVER!” I yelled.

The driver looking at me, as if I was crazy, asked me, “What’s wrong Bishop, you alright?”

We had just pulled out of the Lake view Cemetery on Euclid Avenue and were in the middle of the “Hood,” East Cleveland on Euclid and Superior . One minute in an environment that looks like heaven and the next minute in an environment, a few blocks down, that looks like hell.

I repeated myself to the funeral home limo driver. “That’s right pull over there at the curb.”

I had just finished the prayers for the dead with the family and friends of the deceased but, now, I was going to deal with the walking dead – this young man standing on the corner. His pants were not just below his butt, but a few inches above his knees. And to make matters worse, he had a belt on.

Did you hear me? ‘HE HAD A BELT ON AROUND HIS KNEES AND HE HAD NO SHIRT ON.

Jumping out the limo with the quickness, the driver who weighed at least three hundred pounds, moved just as fast as me, making it to my door to assist me. He was walking right behind me as if to be my protector as I approached the young man.

With my bishop’s robe, flying in the air from the wind and my fast moves, I reached out my hand to the young man as I introduced myself.

“Son, my name is Bishop Moultry and I just have to ask you, please make me, help me understand why you standing here on this corner wearing your pants not only below your butt

but a few inches above your knees?”

The male, caught off guard while looking at the large limo driver standing behind me and trying to pull up his pants a little at the same time, responded, “I’m just doing me.” Before I could ask him another question the limo driver responded, “Looks like you want somebody to do you.”

Laughing with me and the limo driver, the young man continued to justify his position while humbly looking at the limo driver and stating, “I ain’t no fag.”

The limo driver quickly responded, “So why you showing yo ass?”

Before I could get back to my interview, the male now getting defensive asked the limo driver, “So why you looking at my ass?”

The limo driver quickly responded, “Cause I got eyes like bishop and everybody else that see y’all looking stupid...”

Calm down brother I told the limo driver as the young man stated, “I ain’t got to hear all this sh-t.”

“Hold on son! Don’t walk away. Please tell me what you meant when you said, “I’m doing me? Explain this to me. I’m writing an article and preaching the last Sunday of June Youth Sunday on Sagging Pants and no better people to interview than those Saggin. And, YOU SAGGING! So, please tell me once again what you meant when you said, I’m doing me?”

With an attitude, looking at the limo driver he answered, “What I mean is I’m in my own zone. I’m doing my own thing. I’m in my own world. Dat’s what I mean.”

Before I could respond, the limo driver said, “Man, if my twenty year old daughter walked out the house with her blouse below her breasts what would you think of her? With my mouth wide open, looking at the limo driver, my head quickly turned to the young man who quickly answered the question with joy.

“I’d think she’s a ho. Now, how you like that?

The limo driver, laughing like Santa Claus, responded. “Man, that’s an excellent answer. That’s what anybody that sees guys like you wearing your pants below your butt think. We see you as a “HO” advertising your butt for service.”

The young man walked away, walking as if he used the bathroom on himself. To put it nicely, this time, he looked as if his pants was below his knees. As the limo driver opened the door for me to get in he said, “Sorry bishop, I got carried away. I know it was your interview.”

We both broke down laughing with me now asking myself, “What just happened?”

Stay tuned to next week as I educate each of you my readers on this Sagging Pants thing but I leave out asking each of you a few questions. Is sagging a Hip Hop/Rap Fashion Statement? Where did it start from? Are old as well as young males promoting the underwear they are wearing or showing the shape and size of their butt? Is Sagging a rebellious statement shown by an angry generation telling the word to kiss their A--?

Is sagging something the sastah’s like to see. Is sagging a GAY or DL (DownLOW) thing to want sex? Just a few questions as I’ll continue this topic during the month of June and come out of bishop’s robe on the last Sunday of June, Youth Sunday and, through the Word of God, hopefully let the youth of my church see that sagging even looks STUPID as one walks, runs, play basketball, hold groceries, walk the dog for starters. Pass this article to those SAGGING asking them their comments and also ask those sagging if they are a leader or a follower. Write me!

HOW LOW CAN YOU GO??????? THOSE SAGGING PANTS! SCANDELOUS!

You can e-mail bishop at bishopspeaks@aol.com . Write him at In Touch for Christ 969 E. 140th St. Cleveland, Ohio 44110
. Call the church (216) 761-7100 and leave your comments and just the members for service 11 a.m. sharp each Sunday morning at the above address off St. Clair Ave at 140th directly across the street from the Job Corps Campus. Visit bishop on Facebook under Bishop Prince J. Moultry or the church website
www.intouchfor
christ.com.