

TORRENCE CHAPEL
AFRICAN METHODIST
EPISCOPAL ZION
CHURCH
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P. O. BOX 460
Cornelius, NC 28031
Telephone (704) 892-0412

ENTER TO WORSHIP, DEPART TO SERVE









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Pix #3

Pastor Rev. J. N. Torrance

Ms
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"Lest We Forget"
by
Allie Stinson Clark
Presented at
Torrence Chapel Church
Black History Program
February 24, 2002

Rev. and Mrs. Conrad, officers and members of the Lay Council Department, officers and members of each department of this historical and one of Zion's most progressive possession. To share this occasion with you will be, for me, one of the highlights of this Black History Month 2002.

The third verse of James and Rosamond Johnson's Black National Anthem reads:

God of our weary years
God of our silent tears
Thou who hast brought us thus far on our way;
Thou who hast by Thy might led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee
Lest our heart drunk with the wine of the world we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand
True to our God
True to our native land.

This is what Black history Month is all about. We who sit here today have never been physically bound by chains or whipped because we could not keep up in the chained bound march out of the rodent infested holes of the ships. Ships on which thousands of human beings lost their lives while being transported to be sold like animals to the highest bidders. None of us have experienced the hurt of being torn from the arms of a mother whom you would never see again in this life. Few are here today who were relegated to sit in the colored waiting room, while waiting to ride what back seats might be left on the bus or train you were waiting to ride. Few – if any of you are here who had to enter and leave by the back door of a white residence.

Few of us have been called Nigger or darky as if you had no other name. Only a few of us know the consequences of a black family moving into a predominately white neighborhood. This is what Black History Month is attempting to keep alive the awareness of where God, in his infinite mercy, has led us as a race. You learn from the history books that America is a melting pot for the peoples of the world. Yes, it was for so many years the pot, which black men and women could only keep the firewood ready to melt all of the tired and hungry of the white world who came here to realize their dreams and fortunes. Lives have been lost or sacrificed to bring us to this place today.

February 24, 2002, we are a part of the world's most powerful nation. We are playing major roles in American life as inventors, lawyers, politicians, medical researchers, astronauts, educators, journalists, religious leaders, athletes, and musicians. Every avenue of American life includes the black voice. Is the door of opportunity as wide as it should be for the black presence? No – decidedly not! But with the determination of our ancestors and the legacy passed on to us, we shall overcome the obstacles still in our lives. Reaching the goal depends upon what we are producing in our homes, churches and communities today. As we go into communities or some buildings, we see the sign “We are a drug-free community”. Can we say this for our individual home? Our community, the values passed down in the homes are crucial to what our society will be tomorrow. Let us just look at our setting today.

We are worshipping today on a sacred and hallowed site. 131 years ago, freed slave and their children had the vision to build an altar to the Lord on this spot. Not only did they build the house of worship, but they obtained land and built their homes and farmed their land. I was born just a stone's throw from this church in the home of Graham and Loila Patterson, who were sharecroppers. But some of the land adjoining this church which was purchased by the late William Works and once owned by James Hayes and Cora Robinson. Paul Work's home stood on the spot. Alex and Mary Pickens and Etta Murdock owned the land just back of the Gamble place and north of this church. Out in the village of Smithville, home ownership was a priority. It is heartwarming to see what is left of the thriftiness of our freed parents. Union Bethel Church sets on land purchased from Gospie and Ila Burton in 1917. Not only did he own that land, but all of what is now Ferry Street. Many of the pioneers in the village were members of this church. The pioneers in the membership of Union Bethel were all baptized and grew up here at Torrence Chapel. As we walk through the village today, we see little of yesterday except the street direction have not changed but have been given names. Only five of the original homes are left. Much remodeling has taken place but the original house has been maintained. Visit the Stinson and Knox homes on Hill Street and you will find the original foundations in tact. The Union Bethel Parsonage was built around the original home of Fate (Lafayette) Potts, parents of the late Mr. Wilson Potts. Roxie Hayes home and the Caldwell home are almost in the original state. It was built by Alex and Polly McNeely who also owned the property on which my family home now set and is located on Vivian Lane.

The struggle for a place in the sun has not been a stroll in the park. Stony the road we've trod, bitter the chastening rod, felt in the days when hope unborn had died; yet with a steady beat, men and women slaves strove to loosen the chains and find that star which led to freedom. The freedom which we are enjoying today - do we take it for granted? The constitution states that everyone has a right to freedom and the pursuit of happiness. The idea behind this statement however is lost in far too many cases because the statement means as long as you do not infringe upon the rights and happiness of your fellowman. The black race has indeed had its share of misunderstood concepts of the word freedom. The Negro College Fund slogan states "A mind is a terrible thing to waste". Millions of minds of black slaves were lost, wasted but thanks be to God, millions of minds were cultivated and the yield is a legacy of which every black person can take pride. Our Scripture lifted up the fact that blacks have been in the picture from biblical days and even then we were considered inferior by the standards of some. Other information in the scripture points up the contributions of blacks. Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses advised Moses on how to handle the large number of people who were coming to Moses with complaints while they were out in the wilderness during the Exodus from Egypt to Canaan. Today's business gurus point to Jethro as the pioneer in effective organizational principles. Seldom, if ever, do they identify him as a man of African-Asiatic descent. Moses' wife Zipporah is referred to as Ethiopian or Cushite - descendant of Noah's son Ham. The name Ham means black or burnt face. His descendants settled in Africa and Mesopotamia and farther east. The Queen of Sheba is mentioned in Genesis 10 as a direct descendant of Ham and Shem. She is referred to as the queen of Ethiopia. She was indeed a queen. Read 1King 10:1-13 to learn the rest of the story. We can not leave the list of blacks in the scripture without mentioning Simon of Cyrene. That black man, who bore the heavy Roman cross up to the hill at Golgotha for our Lord Jesus Christ, we were there and God has used us to make known that He so loved the world - all mankind - that He gave His Son that whosoever believed in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life. "Lest We Forget" - my friends read the scripture and other history. You will find that scholars have found evidence that much of what the Egyptians knew was learned from their Southern neighbors, the Nubians, a black people, who were a very learned and skilled people - Egypt, Ethiopia, Africa - Africa, the homeland of our forefathers and mothers. Should we wonder then, how their great contributions to American life was possible? From the year 1619, Black sweat - black blood black ingenuity have blended with white - red - yellow 0 brown blood and today,

"Lest We Forget" - my friend, those pioneers did not inherit these properties, but worked and saved for the day they could claim something of their own. They worked for little or nothing but they put what they made to maximum use. As you walk through the village, there are many vacant lots because the old homes have been demolished. This should not be. New development and growth should not be taking place to complement the new homes which have added so much to the appearance of the village. As you walk through the village, you will notice worn and cluttered places on Hill Street. Human minds and bodies are being wasted, my friends. The forefathers built up the village - we must not let their work have been in vain. To allow the waste of minds, the waste of space, we dishonor our legacy. We have what our parents did not have. High school and college diplomas, training in the most modern technology - a measure of freedom from Jim Crow-ism and live in a country which God has blessed with peace and prosperity. We are free to worship Him in Spirit and Truth, a gift that is lacking in so many parts of our world. "Let We Forget", we are obligated to pass our heritage from generation to generation. As we pass it on, let us enrich the legacy and with each passing generation, Lest They Too Forget. So on this day, we thank our ancestors who lived and died here in Cornelius as well as those throughout America who gave and are giving to make America and the world a better place for all mankind - no matter his creed, race or color.

Allie Stinson Clark



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Steward Board page 11

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Trustee Bond

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Senior Choir ~~page 15~~

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Stewardess Board #1

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280



Daughters of Conference

~~page 14~~

Page #9

78%



Sunday School Class
Adults

1970

532

Page 20 small picture

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Junior Church page 16

Part #12

Name page

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THE SPIRIT SHALL BE THE FIRST FRUIT OF OUR LABORS
AND THE FIRST FRUIT OF OUR LABORS SHALL BE THE FIRST FRUIT OF OUR LABORS



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Walter Bonds

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1825



Jamies Sunday School Class

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Mr. & Mrs. John Bruce
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Good Neighbors Club

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Part 11

Reaper (Shaw) papers

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1970

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Mothers of the Year

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Sunday School Class
Intermediates

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Pin ~~16~~ 16
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Small picture



Beginners Sunday School

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Camp Meetings,
Revivals and
Black History
Programs



Campmeeting Torrence Chapel
Circa 1989



Camp Meeting Tabernacle Chapel
June 1981









































Senior Ushers





















"Mother's Day"

HONORING Mothers 70 yrs AND OVER

I AM SURE YOU RECOGNIZE EVERYONE.



"Mothers Day" 1980
HONORING
Mothers
70 years
AND OVER







REV. J. N. TORRENCE
SUNDAY SCHOOL 9
WORSHIP SERV
11 A.M. AND 7:30 P.
TEXT:
THE POWER OF

