



Erik DeSean Barrett

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Dr. Edward L. Long, Jr
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<https://edlongjr.com/>

Dear Dr. Ed Long,

September 2010. I think its safe to say, that was thee most horrid month of your life; which launched the worst public nightmare that your, or any family for that matter, should have to do endure. Please Forgive Me kind Sir, my college career was defunded, nevertheless, I am smart enough to know, no one for the first meeting wishes to begin by reliving the most painful period in their life. Truth is, through the most embarrassing, the most painful period in your life, people like me were introduced to your father, and most importantly, despite the hell he went through, many of us were enlightened, educated, and empowered.

Not that you need to know, nor that it matters, at least not on the surface. I was a huge defender of your father. I to this day maintain, his drama was the result of his wisdom, ability to understand, and willingness to bring awareness to the struggles inflicted upon us, by outside forces, races, even our own shared skin tone cousins. For some reason, I started searching for old Bishop Long Sermons. It could have been after he transitioned, because they popped up everywhere on the YouTube. I ran across one of his sermons, before the drama. He was talking about economic empowerment. How the government was rigged against us, and we had the power to use it to our advantage. Your father because of his God gifted ability, turned poor, uneducated project livin niggas into highly educated, entrepreneurially astute negros.

I don't wish to sound like some random dude, telling you what to do, but know, to me, your father was the antithesis of how Black-manhood is portrayed, and because of his obedience to God, he helped people like me understand, as God was with him (Bishop Long) God can and will be with us. Man what a Legacy, but its just that a Legacy, belonging to Bishop Eddie L. Long, Sr, and not completely why I am writing you.

I discussed when I learned of your father, but not why I was looking for him; as a matter of fact, I found him, without even knowing I was looking for him. The dawn of decade two of this millennium, was painful for me as well. I just learned my pursuit of higher learned was dead, my relationships with "The Black Church" or a section of it, was badly severed. I had taken a position with "The White Church" aka the Southern Baptists, which was rocky but steady until Mr. Barack Obama, was elected president of these states united. I am certain, you know all about that smoke. So I was broken, spiritually, emotionally, and psychologically dry.

This as you may recall, was the dawn of "The Virtual Campus". I use to think, Sundays was a the job, because I spent about an eight in church. I would kick it off at 8am with your dad, and NewBirth. Some Sundays, I logged on because the choir was baggin. I'd leave him around 10am to checkout The PottersHouse with Bishop TD Jakes, at got out in time to at 2pm, hit up West Angeles COGIC, with Bishop Charles E. Blake, Sr. I watched until I regained my energy. I was like a Tesla, and those three giants were the charging stations. It was at that moment, I learned the importance of the internet. That church wasn't about some local brick and mortar, pitched in the heart of the hood, rather it was about the people, and the person, who could activate your intellect, who could ignite the passion, burning within your soul.

Amos 3:3; in the Christian standard translation asks a very familiar question, yet no one I knew, in my now 40 years answered it correctly. Everyone preached to me about being unequally yoked, but it made no sense, proly because they were reading it from the king. We can barley speak American, but trying to contextualize, and intellectualize ol Elizabethan. When I read the CSB, I was like a dog hearing a sound for the first time. First the text asks not about your faith. Its good tho to think about it in that context, but it goes deeper than that. It said, how can two walk together, without agreeing to meet? Meaning if we don't want the same things, why are we trying to be on the same team?

The virtual church broaden our horizons. It allowed us to travel across, city, state, and even time restrains without ever leaving the living room; not because I was lazy, but because I was unfulfilled. These preachers weren't giving me what a Creflo, or again your father was putting down; and because of it, I believe investing in the virtual campus is where its at.

The folks will still come physically; for real I some Sundays wanna be in the building. But the world is changing, life isn't as cookie cutter as it once was. The days of blue laws, making it illegal to work, cook, or look at ya wife funny on the courthouse steps; Yes its still on the va books; so for those who just can't, man turn the cameras on, and let us in.

Here's my point for reaching out to you. I came across God Made; mostly because I was looking for who the hell are they? Without realizing it wasn't a single track, but just a bar within one. I don't want this to turn into one of the holy rollin moments; where I come, snottin, and hollin, tellin ya how much you blessed me. Then you get to buckin, with the shaky hand, resulting in one, or both of us landing in the floor. I love Jesus, I believe in prayer, but keep ya hands to yaself, niggas still got the Rona ya know? Real Talk, your track, at least in my world, has lifted entrepreneurial spirits, brighten creative minds, trigged the engaging power of the downtrodden, and disenfranchised. Just one bar, five simple words, forming the most powerful, under appreciated question known to mankind.... WHO THE HELL ARE THEY?

Here is where this gets weird for me; because I honestly don't know what's next? What is the ask here? -OR- was this just my moment to share what I felt about you and your father? If that is it, I hope it was enough; but knowing me, I am gonna look for more. We need more people like you in our hoods. I am not saying, we are lacking good minds, but again this is about Amos 3 to me.

I live here in Norfolk Virginia. This is where the cousin link up, before heading the bush, in pursuit of some rich whites ambitions, aka government wars. What is fascinating for me is the lack of ingenuity, ambition, drive. This is a racist town, but its so buried, you'd need an archeologist to discover it, or how about just proving it.

So I guess here is one ask. Pray for us! Pray this corner of the cousins will grow in the same way of Black Atlantians. I have a literary piece called Americas Black Capitol, highlighting how the cousin near you, were able to advance, and engage smack in the face of the confederacy. This is the type of information, conversations, people like me desire. We wanna know what we can do, based off what our ancestors has done. Norfolk constantly wants to remind us, niggas got whopped trying to escape on the Elizabeth. I don't know what it does to you, but it leaves me worst that I was before they told me. I found out, that was the plan. If we STILL deny them the tools, they'll remain encapsulated, making it easier to push their agenda. These are trying times, but I believe, this is the greatest moment in time to be alive. It took months, days, hell it took two, six months, before our Texas cousins knew they were free, now we learn instantly, we connect globally, we see our power more clearly.

I thank you for this moment, I know it was a lot to unload on our first date; but what can I say, I am a podcaster, vlogger, which means I talk to freakin much. For content I write interesting people, as if I were interviewing them, or introducing, however ya see it. My goal is to show what's possible, and who's making it so. So thank You, AND I wish Gods blessings, as you continue to build your brand, while also enlarging your fathers legacy.

Sincerely

Erik DeSean Barrett