

# ROUGH CUT

by

Felix Bethel

*“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He makes me to lie down in green pastures; He leads me beside the still waters. Her restores my soul; He leads me in the paths of righteousness for His name’s sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; For You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me. You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies; You anoint my head with oil; My cup runs over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.”*

One giant has fallen and another is gravely ill. Bahamian earth shudders.



Today, I am saddened. My brother, the Archdeacon William Edward Thompson is battling for his life. And, too my grief is compounded by the fact that the brute who tried to kill him is still roaming our streets and lurking somewhere in the shadows of this blasted land.

Precious, Jesus take my hand...

Today, too I am saddened because after a long struggle, vilification and utter distress, Randol Francis Fawkes is at rest now.

Forty two years ago, he responded to the cry of a ruined people when they called out with the chant, “Speak Moses, Speak!”

Randol Fawkes heeded the call and told the Pharaohs of that time in this cruel place: “Let my people go!”

Unfortunately, sadly and regrettably, the rules in this land did not do for this man what they could have when they should have. The history of the twentieth century—whenever it is truly and correctly reported— will reveal that the hero of 1958 was robbed of what was his birthright.

My prayers today, to out to the wife of our brother, the Venerable Archdeacon William Edward Thompson, his mother his brothers and his extended family.

Blessed Jesus take my hand,

And, too, my prayers are with Lady Fawkes, her children and the extended Fawkes family.

May God ever keep them safe in the hollow His hand.