

A GOSPEL SERMON

Imagine driving down a deserted dirt road in the deep south in the United States with only a car radio to break the chant of the engine against the occasional tree limb snapping against the wind shield. The day is bright, hot and humid and your left arm quickly burns in the sun of the open window. You flip through the radio dial to hopefully find something to break the monotony (just how many times can one listen to that cassette?) and stumble across a series of preachers that one only finds here, fire and brimstone preachers whose caustic voices match the static and poor fidelity of the car radio. Preachers full of simple answers to simple programs. Preachers with an inbred delivery that quickly are no longer words but whose rhythms become music.