

STATE/MIETRO

THE CLARION-LEDGER ■ JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON-AREA DEATHS — 2
GUN PERMITS — 3
JACK SUNN — 4

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Columnist
The Clarion-Ledger

Son teaches dad what his day is really all about

It was on the first day of this most recent March when I learned — truly learned — what this father-son business is all about. My son taught me. The love I, a son, felt for my late father was powerful, but it can't compare to the love I, a father, felt from my son. March 1 was one of those nights when I was deeply appreciative of the architect we never knew who, when designing our home, put the commode so close to the bathtub. This being a family newspaper, I'll not go into any greater detail. My point should be clear. If not, let me explain it in this way: I was sick. Bad sick.

At some point during my several trips from my side of the bed to our bathroom, Friday night changed to Saturday morning. My good-looking wife Lee had gone to Methodist Medical Center to pick up a prescription — one called in by a doctor who had also assured me that what I had was not life-threatening. Although his diagnosis had been made over the telephone, my faith in the medical profession was strong — though some could definitely not be said about the condition of my stomach and other innards.

Creatures not stirring

Katie, our 9-year-old daughter, was sleeping that deep sleep familiar only to 9-year-old girls. Baggy, the puppy was nuzzled out on the lawn, great Toodies had been able to part her pain out of her mind long enough to rest. Lee had coaxed Drew out of his bed upstairs and down to the living room sofa while she was gone, in case I needed something. Then she went out into the night after the medicine. By this time, though, the fever that came with my stomach virus — at no extra charge had gotten the best of me. What few contents I was able to slip in between my round trips were invariably interrupted by dreams of horror and nonsense — hallucinations, I suppose. Each time I moved in bed I also moved. My moves were many and moans loud. Each time there was a response. "Dad, are you all right?" "Dad, can I get you something?" "Dad, you OK?" And once, when I was proving the practicality of the architect's design, a cold wet rag appeared next to me as if by magic. In retrospect, I might very well have been. Soon, in one of my rare fits of rationale, I realized what was going on, and a peacefulness not felt before or since overtook my ailing body. I realized Drew was not asleep on the couch and, considering the frequency and volume of my moans and other noises, it was likely he had not been for some time.

Doing whatever he could

He was standing in the hall just outside our bedroom door — standing there doing whatever a 14-year-old son could do for his dad. Between round trips and nightmares, I kept asking myself what had I done to deserve this care, this consideration... this love. It certainly wasn't all the patience I'd shown about algebra, trombone practice, television, and teenage-itis. Neither could it have been the understanding I'd demonstrated toward hobbies, friends and choices of clothes. I never did figure it all out. What I did was just accept all that Drew was giving — unconditionally. Soon, Lee returned with the pills and my stomach settled down — eventually. Drew, though, had already made the medicine's job much easier. His concern — his love — had already eased the pain considerably. Soon, my fever went down and what little was left inside me stayed down. And though the memory of that night in March has done little to cure my impatience, my intolerance or my disposition, it has given me a clearer understanding of what it means to be a father. Above all else, though, it has given me a greater understanding of Father's Day.

■ Danny McKenzie's column appears Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Vietnamese dad can't wait for his overdue reunion

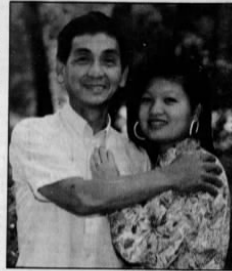
■ Hoan Lam, 54, of Jackson, came to the state in November 1981.

By J. Lee Howard
Clarion-Ledger Staff Writer

Father's Day will come a day late for Hoan Lam, who fled Saigon 10 years ago leaving behind his wife and four of his 10 children. On Monday, Lam will be reunited with his family. He plans a special feast: Southern fried chicken. "I'm so excited, I become crazy," Lam said in heavily accented English. "I don't know what I'm going to do. I feel so grateful." Lam, 54, of 624 Avalon Road in Jackson, had worked as an interpreter for the U.S. military in Vietnam during the Vietnam War. When the war ended in 1975, and the North Vietnamese Communist regime seized Saigon, Lam was sent to a "re-education camp" for a year to accept the communist philosophy. He managed to escape, returning to his family farm. He eluded authorities

by using an alias. "I was safe a little while, but I stayed worried," Lam said. "I had to leave the country, because I disagreed with the politics. I wanted to escape as soon as I could." In 1980, two of Lam's children, Son, now 28, and Hung, now 25, immigrated to the United States. The following year, Lam and four more children, Chi Kim, now 18, Lon, now 20, Phat, now 24, and Hai, now 26, escaped Vietnam in a boat along with 100 other refugees. "Three days and three nights with no food and no drink," said Kim, who graduated this year from Murrah High School and plans to attend Hinds Community College in the fall. After a few months in refugee camps, Lam and the children arrived in the U.S. Lam came to Mississippi in November 1981 and took a job assembling lawn-mowers for Tano Manufacturing Co. But freedom in the U.S. was not without cost. Since his arrival here, Lam has not seen his wife, Huynh Thi Diem, 52, or his other four children, Van, 13; Tai, 22;

Phuong, 16; and Thuy, 11. They was a month old when Lam left Vietnam. Lam's neighbor, Jackie Ratcliff, 618 Avalon Road, said Lam would sometimes visit, only to break down in tears at her coffee table. But Ratcliff, Broadmoor Baptist Church, which Lam attends, and Catholic Charities in Jackson have secured passage for the rest of Lam's family. They arrive Monday at Jackson International Airport. "The Lord saved me when I escaped from my country," Lam said. "But someday I want to go back and visit (Vietnam)," she said. She said she has great admiration for her father's accomplishments. "I'm very proud of him," Kim said. "I really appreciate all the things he did." Ratcliff said she couldn't hope for a better neighbor. "He'd do anything in the world for you," she said. Lam smiles and claps his hands at the thought of seeing his wife again. "I'm going to say, 'Oh, I love you, honey. I've been waiting for you a long time."



Hoan Lam (left) and daughter Chi Kim Lam of Jackson will be reunited Monday with family members from Vietnam after being apart for 10 years.

Jackson teen dies in shooting

■ Terrance Friday, 18, was shot once in the chest in front of a McDonald's.

By Lee Eric Smith
Clarion-Ledger Staff Writer

A Jackson man was shot to death outside a north Jackson fast-food restaurant early Saturday morning, officials said. Terrance Friday, 18, of 4654 Nisqually Drive, was shot once in the chest with a .38-caliber pistol about 1:30 a.m. in front of the McDonald's restaurant at 3903 Hanging Moss Road, officials said. Friday was pronounced dead at 12:57 a.m. at the University of Mississippi Medical Center, said Deputy Hinds County Coroner Ben Little. Friday became Jackson's 29th homicide victim of the year. Garrick Watson, 18, of 346 Stillwood Drive, was charged with murder in the shooting, police records show. If convicted, he faces a maximum sentence of life in prison. However, a police investigation may reveal another suspect, said Sgt. Steve Rochester.

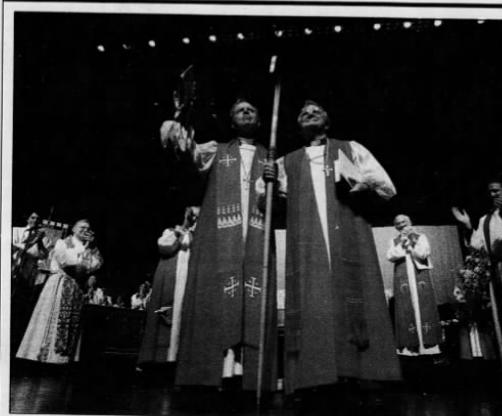
Witnesses said Friday was one of two people trying to stop a fight that broke out when one young man kicked a young woman's car, Rochester said. "Witnesses said the shooter came out of nowhere," Rochester said. Rochester said there were about 150 to 200 people in the parking lot when he arrived on the scene.

Mississippi-bred picnickers share slice of Big Apple

■ The event in Central Park drew about 1,800 participants this year.

By Patti Carr Black
Special to The Clarion-Ledger

NEW YORK — With yodoo music thumping and Italian bicycles thrumming through a patchwork of nationalities and lores, the "Way Up North in Mississippi Picnic" needed to change its name Saturday. The annual event in New York City's Central Park has gone international. Even the winner of the fried chicken contest, New York reporter John Barber, a non-Mississippian who adapted a recipe from his immigrant Lebanese parents. See PICNIC, 2B



Bishop John Maury Allen, left, presents newly ordained Bishop Alfred Clark "Chip" Marble to the crowd at Jackson Municipal Auditorium during a Saturday ceremony consecrating Marble as a bishop in the Episcopal Church. Allen, sixth bishop of Mississippi and the 23rd presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States, served as chief consecrator in the service.

New bishop enjoys banner day

■ The Rev. Alfred Clark "Chip" Marble returns to the state where he spent his childhood.

By Charlotte Graham
Clarion-Ledger Staff Writer

Church officials, family and friends welcomed the Rev. Alfred Clark "Chip" Marble back to Mississippi in banner fashion Saturday. Banners representing 85 parishes and missions in the state were carried during a parade honoring Marble, who grew up in Mississippi, for his selection to become the eighth Episcopal bishop in Mississippi. The parade of officials from local, state and national churches kicked off a two-hour service to consecrate and ordain Marble as bishop coadjutor of the Diocese of Mississippi. There are 20,963 parishioners in the Mississippi diocese. As bishop coadjutor, Marble will hold the title of bishop, but will not reign over the diocese until the Right Rev. Duncan M. Gray Jr. retires. Marble will instead assist Gray until his retirement, a date for which has not been set. Prior to being elected bishop coadjutor, Marble served as assistant to the bishop of the Diocese of East Carolina for seven

years. Bishop Bruce Sidney Sanders of the Diocese of East Carolina delivered the sermon during the service. Commending Marble for his "servant ministry," Sanders told the estimated crowd of 2,000, "Chip will walk beside you. He will never judge you. He will hold you accountable, but he will not judge." Sanders said Marble chose "servant ministry" as the theme of his consecration and ordination service. "It lies at the heart and center of Chip's life because he knows it to be at the center of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ's heart," Sanders said. "From servant ministry flows compassion," he said. "Chip is a man of compassion. Gray said the clergy of the Diocese of Mis-

issippi gave Marble vestments for his use as bishop. Traditional bishop's vestments are an ankle-length cassock; cincture, or sash; rochet, or white linen vestment; chimere, a loose sleeveless robe; and stole. He said the pectoral cross, a simple contemporary gold cross, is a gift from the Diocese of East Carolina where the bishop-elect served for seven years. The ring he will wear as bishop is made of gold and features the seal of the Diocese of Mississippi," he said. "The ring is given to him by St. Alban's Church in Bowie, where he served. The crozier or pastoral staff, made primarily of white ash, with the node made from mahogany obtained in Honduras during the diocese's first mission trip to the Central American country. Karl Wuesterfeld of the Church of the Mediator in Meridian took the rough lumber and crafted it into the final staff. The staff's node has a carving of the flame of the Holy Spirit, Gray said. The bishop-elect, who has two brothers in Vicksburg, a sister in Brandon and relatives elsewhere in the state, added, "I have seen family members, relatives I have not seen in 10, 15, 20 years. It's had that you have to become bishop to get everybody together. Thank you for calling us back home."

THIS CORNER

Jackson teen to visit California

A Jackson teenager is one of 40 students selected nationwide to attend the Youth Engineering and Science Symposium July 7-Aug. 16 at California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. Victor Jones, a senior this fall at Callaway High, was chosen based on his high grades, standardized test scores and personal recommendations. During the institute, he and other minority students will be acquainted with engineering and career options in the field. At Callaway, Jones has received a national Xerox award for setting and achieving goals and the Danforth Award for leadership. He is a member of the Mayor's Youth Council. He is the son of Callaway High principal Aaron Jones.

MISSISSIPPI VOICES

A recount of the 1990 Census shows Mississippi's population is up 4.4 percent since 1980, or 111,362 people. How do you think this will affect Mississippi?

- STARKVILLE — "I think it means less jobs for people. A lot of people want to work and don't have jobs." — Little Seals, 56, home-maker
- COLDWATER — "If people are moving back, it could mean people are getting over that hyper-negative image of Mississippi." — Rodney T. Crowder, 20, senior at University of Mississippi.
- HOLLANDALE — "I think it's good. A lot of small towns depend on the population for state and federal aid." — W.L. Hoop, 70, retired.
- HOLLY SPRINGS — "I hope it means more money. I hope it means that professions will come, but I don't know if it means all that." — Luberta Smith, 56, retired educator.

Cold Water

YESTERDAY'S HEADLINES

- 50 YEARS AGO — "Aunt Liza" Biggs, 76, of Jackson was robbed of \$52 she had saved over many years and kept in her pillow.
- 15 YEARS AGO — This year promises to be the greatest industrially in the state's history, officials said. By June, 49 industries had moved in bringing 3,762 jobs and capital investments of \$105 million.
- 10 YEARS AGO — Terry Hamdon, National Education Association executive director, gave a pep talk to 200 leaders of the Mississippi Association of Educators as they prepared to recruit new members.

Compiled by Staff Librarian Susan Garcia