

GREEK-LETTER ORGANIZATION:
OFFSPRING OF ABOMINATION

by Gail Gray

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All scripture references are taken from the King James version of the Holy Bible, unless otherwise stated. The author has parenthetically inserted certain references with modern word translations for more concise understanding.

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Dedication

This book is lovingly dedicated to God, the Holy Spirit.

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I especially appreciate my husband Rickey for waiting up for me when research required so many late nights, and to my children Amelia, and twins- Richey & Kenya for believing that everything mommy does is “wonderful.”

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Introduction

In a certain passage of scripture, Jesus is teaching His first sermon on a hillside near the city of Capernaum. He is speaking to multitudes of people when He warns His followers to beware of false teachers.

In other words, He urges them to observe the way that they live their lives and determine if it reflects His teaching – to further discern whether or not their doctrine/dogma accepts Him as LORD or as just some popular, charismatic prophet.

The most dangerous component of false teaching is that it's oftentimes difficult to identify it as such. This subtlety can make *anything* appear harmless. In some very key ways, this is the case regarding fraternities and sororities, both "Greek" and none.

In examining the bond that African-Americans tend to have with "Greek" organizations, I can certainly say that it tends to be stronger than that of most other cultures. It's one that lasts a lifetime, even to the point of electing to have certain funeral rites performed. Similar funeral rites are also ritualistically practiced among the Freemasons.

While analyzing the initial or courtship phase of the fraternal relationship, I found the "Greek" aspirant to be comparable to a mafioso's unsuspecting fiancée. Just as the fraternity/sorority hopeful is mysteriously drawn to a certain organization, the mafioso's girlfriend is intoxicated by the power that her future husband possesses within his organization.

Similarly, the “Greek” aspirant covets a certain fraternal group and longs to be in that circle of influence. All the while, neither seems to realize the true depths of the organizations’ ties to the underworld.

Power and influence are the motivating factors, and the hopefuls are dying to be a part of it all. After their respective ceremonies, the neophyte and newlywed are now thriving on the status that the new union brings. They’re enjoying all the accolades, adoration, and attention that they’re getting from others when judgment time catches them completely off-guard.

The mafia husband is busted and has to go before the judge to answer the charges against him, and his socialite wife doesn’t get off without having her very own day in court. While she was probably unaware of her husband’s most notorious dealings, the judge will never believe that she was totally clueless. He reasons that she, at least, knew enough to leave and get a fresh start on life.

He concludes that she’s not as unsuspecting as she first appeared and subsequently finds her guilty on several charges. Therefore, she takes the fall along with her husband.

Likewise, the average “Greek” knows enough about fraternal matters to conclude that many things have intentionally gone wrong, but most of them don’t give it a second thought. There’s something that seems to render the great majority of “Greeks” incapable of rational thinking when it comes to their fraternity or sorority.

After joining forces with the secret society sect, it could become like one who’s married to a spouse who’ll never consent to a divorce, no matter how volatile or deadly the union becomes.

The Bible tells us that everyone has an appointment with death, and after that, judgment shall come. When we show up for our Divine appointment in The Most Holy Court, we'll have to stand before God, the Great Magistrate, and answer the various charges brought against us.

When this particular charge comes up, we can't tell Him that we didn't know anything about the many forbidden aspects of our respective "Greek" organization.

We can't stand before Him and deny that it became full of wicked acts, and then attempt to explain why we continued to show our support to a greater or lesser extent. We can't excuse the way we overlooked the dark deeds because of the various good deeds that our organizations were known for in their particular communities.

There is no way that we can justify the morbid silence and deaf ears that ignored the pleas of those who sought some explanation for the death of loved ones who are forever lost in the haze of pledging.

If we're caught operating in this deceitful manner, we risk hearing those dreadful words found in Matthew 7:22-23. More and more people have decided that their fraternal association means nothing in comparison to a life hidden securely in Christ, but will you say the same?

Part I:

The Blind ***Fold***

Chapter 1

The Prodigal

A growing number of fraternity and sorority members are choosing to walk away from the so-called “Greek” life and are taking steps toward a deeper, more fulfilling relationship with Christ. Others have likely thought about making this move but can’t imagine living their lives detached from the “Greek” facade, so the thought is fleeting at best.

On the other hand, a great majority of the “Greek” class who profess to be Christian, or otherwise, doubt that such action is even necessary. They feel that there is nothing unsavory about their fraternal affiliation in the first place.

One factor contributing to this erroneous belief is the accumulation of material things. Our string of successes has led us to believe that things alone are the evidence of a right relationship with Almighty God. However, such thoughts are founded on sheer fallacy.

In fact, I've discovered that it's imperative for us to move completely out of our fraternal existences if we ever hope to begin operating in the authentic power, authority, and purpose of God.

There are many hindrances that keep us from possessing our true purpose in God and one of them can be found within the "Greek" system that so many of us became a part of as we were in pursuit of higher education.

Throughout God's word, we are consistently told not to follow or imitate the ways of pagan/man-made religions, for if we do, we risk being caught up in the very things that God has deemed forbidden.

We're also warned against becoming too filled with pride because this could lead to fatal character flaws, whereby we become prime candidates for spiritual malnourishment, and eventually spiritual death. When these things happen, we simply cannot grow and prosper in the will of God.

As an AKA, I thought that my life was the embodiment of Black success. I'd made some major accomplishments and being an AKA was one of them. Additionally, my mother had raised me in the Baptist Church, and I was a first generation college graduate. All things considered, I had myself together or did I?

I was having the time of my life as I kept company with my "line sisters." Attending annual sorority conferences and buying the latest paraphernalia had become just one of the many highlights of sorority life for me.

I also enjoyed frequenting step shows and other “Greek” functions. A few of my line sisters and I had become rather close and decided to spend our first neophyte anniversary together at a popular lake resort. It was truly a serious matter.

Because I have a genuine passion for Black History, I was quite impressed with the general history of my sorority long before I’d actually joined. I was amazed by the fact that Black women were even attending college during a time of such crippling racial discrimination. This too was a factor of my motivation.

In my sorority interest letter, I wrote of my admiration for the AKA founders – how their ideals, even in the earliest part of the twentieth century, were much like my own today. I still admire that aspect now but from a totally new vantage point.

However, most appealing to me was the fact that they were the first Black collegiate sorority formulated and incorporated. Because I also considered myself to be a trailblazer and pioneer of sorts, I was convinced that we’d make a perfect match.

Chapter 2

Someone's Calling My Name

After graduating college, I had a professional career, sorority license plate, and good religion; I'd done all right for myself or so I thought. I even thanked God for answering my prayers of becoming an AKA.

Sometime later, my own view of Christianity was no longer enough for me. I sensed that there was more to the God that I'd grown up hearing about at Sunday worship services and evening revivals. Somewhere deep inside, I longed for a greater awareness of Christ.

I was attending church regularly and even carried my Bible in a cute little handbag that bore my sorority's coat of arms on both sides. However, the Bible must have been too heavy because the bottom just fell out of the purse quite suddenly one day. Of course, I could no longer carry it to church, or any other place for that matter.

Later one unforeseen morning, one of my sixth grade students walked into the classroom and handed me a piece of Christian literature. After all

my years of church, I'd never seen a cartoon tract like this before. While it was formatted like a comic strip, the pages contained nothing to laugh about.

After reading through it, I felt as if I'd just lost my best friend but couldn't understand what had come over me. After all, it allegedly uncovered the darker side of the Masonic and Eastern Star Orders. At first, I failed to see how this had any relevance to my being an AKA because I believed that my sorority held more prominence than those.

Still, the information that I read in the booklet left me feeling deserted and eventually moved me to get rid of all my sorority paraphernalia.

I knew that something much greater than myself was at work because I was just weeks from deciding which graduate chapter to reactivate my sorority membership with for the upcoming year.

However, this would not be the case for me now because God, Creator and Possessor of Heaven and Earth, had a different plan for me. I was about to embark upon a learning experience that no college education could ever give me.

Chapter 3

The Transformation

I was really loosing my sorority persona now. My vanity license plate, socks, t-shirts, key-chains, and like items were all going to waste, and there could be no sale to other sorority members.

I had to give it all up without trying to gain anything from it. If I told you that it was easy, I'd be deceiving you. In fact, I wasn't quite ready to part with my leather AKA jacket – no, not yet.

Just one more wear, I reasoned. Shortly thereafter, I did wear it and came across a group of middle school girls. When they recognized that I was a member of the sorority that they were *already* coveting, they began to “greet” me.

Initially I wondered where such young girls learned to do “greetings”, and then almost immediately, I realized that something within me wasn't the same anymore.

In times past, I would have basked in such adoration and homage given to my sorority but not this time. Instead of feeling honored, I felt like I'd

been punched in the stomach. *Well, it's all over now*, I thought. I'll never forget the day that I packed up my jacket and discarded it forever.

I'd literally dumped my sorority identification, which was something that I'd never dreamed of doing. It was a part of me – of how I had come to define myself.

So how did all this happen? It began after I read that cartoon-like gospel tract and began to wonder why I couldn't have my sorority and Jesus at the same time – why I felt so compelled to make a choice. It also could have been that I never wanted to merely *believe* in Jesus; I've always desired for the Spirit of Christ to dwell in my heart. After all, that *is* my destiny, and yours too.