

# POTLUCK DINNERS

By  
**Yvonne Pointer**

Whoever said that good men are hard to find must not have attended the 26th Annual Positive Plus gala, A Distinguished Gentleman. The Ballroom was running over with not only good men but phenomenal men, honored for their outstanding community service and commitment to excellence.



Distinguished Gentlemen such as; Reverend Hilton Smith, Gerrick Doss, Dee Magic, Jeff Phelps, Kris Blu, Johnny Brewington, Lewis Burrell, Terry Butler, Jeff Carson, Wayne Dawson, Bishop Glen Frazier, Ed Gallek, Blaine Griffin, Aaron Hopson, Larry Jemison, Councilman Jeff Johnson, Lucious Lewis, Jack Marschall, Stanley



Miller, Marc Nathanson, Ray Ornowski, Hilton Smith, Charles Thigpen, Felton Thomas, Ed Tomba, Gil Walker, Rufus Webb, George

Fraser, Former Lieutenant Governor Lee Fisher, Lloyd McHamm, Louise Moore, Bishop Prince Moultry and Basheer Jones.

While preparing to write this article, I thought about Pot Luck Dinner's. A Pot Luck dinner is when people come together with individual dishes



to make up a meal.

The pots on the tables may not match but the food

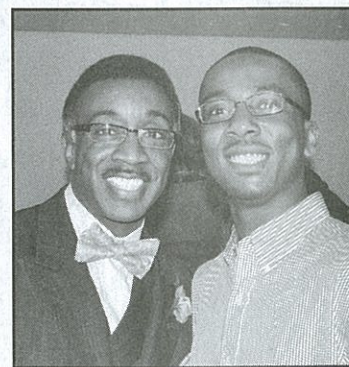
is fabulous, because all in attendance has prepared their favorite dish.



Except one! It never fails that someone is going to show up empty handed. That same person will try to eat all of the food and then wrap about ten to go plates. Don't laugh, because you know that I am telling the truth, there is at least one person at every dinner. The only thing that they bring with them is to go containers.

So, when people ask me how did we managed to get such an array of prominent men gathered together in one room, the answer is simple... We brought something to the table. We were not only recipients but contributors as well!

To me, life is like a POTLUCK DINNER, if you put something into it you should expect to get something in return. It is kind of like a law of mutuality, if you give you get. You



should learn that in order to get something you should first be willing to give something away. It is unfortunate that some people have yet to

learn this valuable lesson and continue to approach life with empty outstretched hands as continual beggars. I hear the same old sad song daily, spinning from the lips of the non-participants, sounding like a broken and scratched record. "Won't nobody help me", they say, leaving me to wonder if they have ever tried to help anyone besides themselves.

The men were honored, at the gala, because they contribute to the well being of society. They pool their resources, pouring from their abundance into the lives of the less fortunate. The only time they looked down on anyone, is to offer a hand lifting them up. They take their testimonies as survivors and speak words of hope, anticipation and encouragement into listening ears.

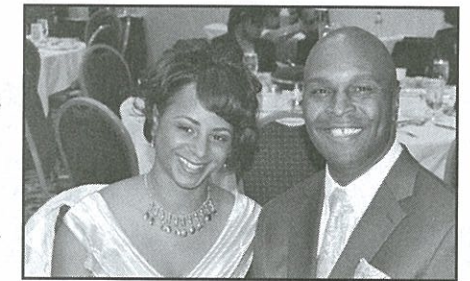


Yes there are phenomenal men among us. Men

who bring substance to the table. Men who prepare meals of wisdom and knowledge that will nourish generations to come. Men who



coach teams of onlookers through trials and tribulations. Men, who preach, uplift and admonish.



So, if you are one of the ones who continue to ask where all of the good men, the question then becomes are you a good woman and what do you bring to the table? If the only thing in your hand is a roll of



aluminum foil then I suggest that you heat up the oven and get to cooking because the table is spread.

Contribute to your own happiness and others will follow pursuit.



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