

Rise of the Ambassador:



Lost Generation Rediscovered

by
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INTRODUCTION: A Sleeping Giant Awakes

There is a forgotten generation rising up and flexing its muscle in America today.

It is a generation so accustomed to invisibility, that they no longer consider getting overlooked to be an offense. In fact, they long ago learned to use their anonymity as one of their most precious and valuable assets.

Because of its unique placement in history, this generation was destined to change the world from the very beginning. Indeed, it already has – profoundly so. This group, now mainly in their forties, carries within itself such an incredible combination of perspective, experience, and ability, that it now represents nothing less than the hope of the planet.

It is literally the most powerful, the most gifted, and the best educated generation America has ever produced. It has been



trained to see opportunity in adversity, and so has pressed forward even when frustratingly misunderstood by the generations on either side of it.

Accomplishment, perseverance, and balance have been its hallmarks - along with the resilience to withstand, and largely recover from, two devastating plagues (at least one of them man-made), that cut down huge numbers of its members in the prime of their lives.

The most amazing thing about this generation, however, is that until now, the vast majority of its members have had no idea they even exist as a generation. Like ninja swordfighters in the dark, many have developed their intuition, their insight, and their spirituality as if each one were the only soldier left standing in a battle that must be won anyway. Most have not yet realized they actually number in the tens of millions. Their lack of self-awareness as a group has, thus far, been both a great strength - and their Achilles heel.



However, all that is now about to change. The world is facing challenges that require a technological savvy the majority of Baby Boomers don't seem to possess, along with a sense of old school values that many Generation Xers seem to have missed. Time is of the essence, and stealth mode is no longer acceptable as a primary operational strategy. Fortunately for us all, a new day has dawned.

The age of the Ambassador Generation has, finally, arrived.



CHAPTER ONE: Beginnings

This book is, first and foremost, a *perspective*. The information presented here is not certified scientific fact – not yet anyway; nor does it purport to be.



Rather, let's call it a "deductive thesis, based on a combination of serious-minded research and extensive personal observation". In other words, it's a set of old-school-style, common-sense conclusions, expressed from a different angle than the one you're currently used to.

It is the articulation of a viewpoint that I have formulated and tested over forty-five years of living, learning, and working in various parts of the United States, from coast to coast. As an African American male who personally integrated not one, but **four** different school systems in New York state's Westchester and Erie counties as a child, I can tell you from personal experience that I always saw life a lot differently than most of the people around me



- but for the longest time I couldn't understand why. It was only when I accepted as truth the things that I had really always known, that I was able to start making some small sense of this world and my place in it.

Later, as an adult, this awareness kept bubbling to the surface of my consciousness, finally coalescing into an understanding of the incredible advantages I had actually bought with my pain. It is my hope and desire that, through this book, millions of my fellow Ambassadors will now be able to experience those same feelings of self-esteem and empowerment. Heaven knows we've earned that reward.

I suspect there may be plenty of officially sanctioned studies conducted very shortly after this book is published, as the eyes of an entire generation begin to open to this enormous paradigm shift. Many will try to compare it to Jonathan Pontell's "Generation Jones" theory*, which I believe to be less useful, due mainly to its conservative slant.



But let me state for the record that as far as I know, there have been no ivory-towered declarations to date regarding the concept I present to you here. Indeed, it is my contention that *that* is in fact, a large part of the problem.



In the meantime, I invite you, the reader, to check within your own spirit and determine for yourself whether or not what I have to say in these pages makes sense to you. Because if you're an Ambassador, that's all the proof you'll need anyway.



CHAPTER TWO: Why it Matters

When you control a man's thinking, you do not have to worry about his actions. You do not have to tell him not to stand here or go yonder. He will find his 'proper place' and will stay in it. You do not need to send him to the back door. He will go without being told. In fact, if there is no back door, he will cut one for his special benefit. His education makes it necessary.

- Dr. Carter G. Woodson

*The Mis-education of the Negro**

Okay, so the Sixties Kids are a generation unto themselves. So what? Who cares? And why does it matter?



Actually, the whole world cares, and will care even more once their collective recall starts causing them to recognize us. It matters because we are uniquely

qualified for an urgent, historic mission that only we can complete.

It matters because of who we are, and because of what was going on in the world while we were being born.

Every generation must deal with the challenges left to it by the preceding generation. Ultimately, it's not really a question of failing or succeeding. Both victory and defeat are transitory, or temporary,



states of being. The record of human progress is basically one of fits and starts. Advances are made, then backlashes ensue. Two steps forward, one step back – if we're lucky.

But as the pendulum swings back and forth, each generation's responsibility remains the same; to do everything we can to make the world a better place than we found it. The Baby Boomers, in my opinion, tried their best to do just that. They could not anticipate that their entire leadership structure, the cream of their generation, the best they had to offer, would be ruthlessly decapitated before their eyes.

Intoxicated with hope and vision as young adults, they could not know how committed some people are to the principles of oppression. Many people, especially in the upper echelons of power, truly believe that racism, sexism, homophobia, and classism are actually necessary tools. In fact, to these people, they are the keys to the divide-and-conquer strategy that they see as a basic



requirement for the very survival of the Eurocentric vision of America.

For these people, the quality of their lives is directly related to the quality of the “enemies” they hold in subjugation. Victory is not achieved through cooperation, but through exploitation. And wherever Domination is the goal, Equality is, by definition, the enemy.



The Baby Boomer generation paid a tremendous price for their idealism in the 1960s. For the first time since the Civil War, the children of the middle class had actually sided with the children of the working classes in the continuing struggle for economic resources and quality of life. For this indiscretion, they endured an incredible series of shocks to their national consciousness - shocks that were specifically designed to destroy their utopian dreams, punish their impudence, and bring them to heel in the name of “maturity”.



In addition to the public assassinations of JFK, MLK, RFK, Malcolm X and others, they also dealt with many widely publicized murders associated with Kent State and Jackson State Universities, the Viet Nam War, the Black Panthers, inner city riots, and rampant drug addiction. The heinous crimes of the doped-up "Manson family" added to the inescapable message that life was cheap, and that absolutely anyone who didn't toe the line was vulnerable. The Boomers dealt with all of this in a short ten year period, one that had started out filled with incredible hope and promise.

By 1969, with the swearing in of Richard Nixon as President, the so-called "silent majority" had made its position clear. Law and order, a pleasant sounding way to describe iron-fisted domination, would win the day. All of the gains made by the civil rights movement, the women's movement, and the Great Society would be resisted, diluted, de-funded, and eventually eliminated if possible through an unrelenting backlash effort at all political levels.



And as post-Watergate recession gripped the nation, economic concerns became paramount. As a result, most of the children of the middle class cut their hair, put on their suits and dresses, said their apologies to Mom and Dad for their insubordination, and dutifully went to work for the corporate machine.

The conservative agenda would take another decade to fully implement, and many former hippies and liberals would convince themselves that compromising their principles was not only tactically necessary, but it actually afforded them a rather comfortable lifestyle. And after all, they reasoned, their success was really in the best interests of everyone in the long run anyway; “a rising tide lifts all boats”, right?

Social justice was out; self-centered profiteering was in. Take care of the rich, and the rich will take care of everyone else. And even if they don't, well, the poor were already poor anyway; might as well get yours. Nonsense phrases like “I'm socially liberal, but fiscally conservative” (another way of saying “I know these programs are



necessary, I just don't want to help pay for them"), entered the national vocabulary and became not only acceptable, but downright fashionable.

The Reagan administration would eventually succeed in selling a blatantly false economic theory, called "trickle down" or "supply side", to a majority of American voters. Former CIA chief George Bush Sr. famously ridiculed the policy as "voodoo economics" during the presidential campaign of 1980.

However, once he was bought off with a nomination to the vice-presidency, he joined the ranks of those willing to sell out the truth – and with it millions of working class Americans – for the perks that come with power.

By the 1980s, the curriculum in the public schools – especially inner city public schools – was being dramatically "dumbed down". The upper classes have long known that keeping economically disadvantaged people in jobs with low pay and long hours is a key



to maintaining control over them. When your paycheck doesn't even cover your basic monthly expenses, you have little energy and even less desire to walk picket lines or participate in organized protests. And providing a substandard education to working class children is a great way to make sure they wind up in low paying jobs with long hours.

I've spoken with many Generation X students regarding this subject, and most of them seem keenly aware that they've been shortchanged on the educational front. They don't necessarily know what it is they don't know, but they do know that something is missing. They feel sold out, and in my mind, their resentment is completely justified – because they have been.

This explains in large part, I believe, why so many Gen Xers today harbor great anger towards Baby Boomers. They see their economic futures as severely compromised, and their economic opportunities being shipped to other countries. They quietly seethe



at these dismal realities, and in my opinion, they are certainly right to do so.

But there was one group, however, that was not defeated in the Sixties; the children. A key move of the progressive Baby Boomers during that time was to tie many of their demands to the well-being of their children. Conservatives hated this – after all, even the most miserly among them has trouble saying no to food or health care assistance for kids. It just doesn't play well on the 6:00 news. As a result, many conservatives in Congress felt forced to vote for legislation that went counter to the wishes of their corporate backers, in order to be re-elected.

Those children are now 40-somethings, and we are stepping into our prime leadership years. We are sandwiched between a retiring Baby Boom generation that feels they've pretty much carried the ball as far as they could, and a Generation X that in many ways feels that the world left to them is in such a mess that it's beyond their ability to fix it.



We carry within us the seeds of a new and powerful progressive movement. This one will be fortified with a better understanding of business and economic realities, and tempered by a more realistic understanding of both the risks and rewards of progress. We are the hope of the planet. We can succeed, and indeed, we must.



CHAPTER THREE: Children of the Dream

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character.

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

*"I Have a Dream" speech, 1963**



On August 28, 1963, on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. outlined his vision of a fully integrated and united America.

The groundwork for this special moment was laid on May 17, 1954, with the Supreme Court decision in the case of Brown vs. Board of Education. On that day, America changed in a very fundamental way. An integrated society was now a national goal – and it would start with the schoolchildren.

Once the country had committed to a policy of school integration, and abandoned the “separate but equal” pretenses of the previous half century, the next step was to actually implement



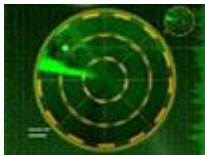
the law and avoid a period of violent clashes between ethnic groups. It was this implementation that Dr. King was referring to in his famous speech.

I perceive the Ambassador Generation as that group of children born between the years 1958 and 1969. Starting four years after the Brown vs. Board of Education decision, when the first high school graduates of color were coming out of newly integrated schools, millions of infants now had as part of their predetermined destinies an unpredictable experience with the consequences of that monumental Supreme Court ruling.

We are the true children of the sixties. We were there for all the drama and societal changes, but were too young to participate. We felt the full effects of the Cultural Revolution, but by the time we were old enough to contribute, it was over. We got the repercussions, without the rewards. We got the hangover, without the high. Or at least that's what we thought until now.



But being an Ambassador is about more than just a birthdate. It's about a progressive attitude that embraces diversity with much more than lip service. It's about a pioneering viewpoint, shaped by the gift of past experience, that sees the tremendous advantages that come from attacking problems with a variety of perspectives and approaches, instead of stubbornly clinging to what only seemed to work for short periods in the past.



So what happened? How did an entire generation just fall off the radar screen? And how did our rebel parents, once sworn to oppose the “military-industrial complex” with their lives, all of a sudden become its footsoldiers?

As mentioned in the previous chapter, we witnessed the two great movements of the sixties, Civil Rights and Women's Liberation, essentially defeated by a conservative backlash in the legislatures and in the media. (Susan Faludi documents the myriad attacks on the feminist agenda in her book *Backlash: the Undeclared War Against American Women**, originally published in 1991.)



While the many attempts to conquer the women's movement have been methodical and far reaching in their calculated insidiousness, the campaign to crush the Civil Rights movement was carried out with stunning brutality and sudden violence. The assassinations of John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., Robert Kennedy, and Malcolm X were horrifying in their brazen barbarity, and quite effective in sending the entire movement underground.

Many of the Boomers began a rather predictable rush to protect their own interests, and moved quite quickly to the conservative agenda. Overnight, "liberal" became a dirty word. "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em" became the new golden rule. It's one thing to sympathize with the plight of ethnic minorities in this country. It's quite another to actually share in that plight. Playing Black and being Black turned out to be two very different things.

As children raised on progressive ideals, the very existence of the Ambassador Generation was suddenly a very uncomfortable reality for many Boomers. We had been raised on liberal values, nurtured



in the principles of justice, fairness, and equality. It was much easier to ignore us than to deal with our inconvenient questions about what was going on around us.

So the truth is, some of our Boomer parents just flat sold out – switching sides in the culture wars, while claiming they were on the sidelines or only “experimenting” during their hippie years.

Some went further, and became corrupt attackers of the equal rights agenda, interpreting every attempt at fair access and opportunity as some kind of subversive socialist plot aimed at procuring “special privileges” for people too lazy to succeed on their own merits.

Others went underground, deciding to work on changing the system from the inside. They continued to work for the progressive agenda, but publicly insisted that they “didn’t inhale” during the turbulent Sixties. (A hypocritical stance, indeed, but also a prudent and



necessary one, given the strength and overt hostility of the opposition.)

Most, however, endured a period of mental paralysis and then just looked the other way, suffering in quiet desperation as the covert assault on the middle class' very existence began to pick up steam. The two-income family became the norm, as women poured into the work force. But without an Equal Rights Amendment (another casualty of the conservative political backlash), women's wages continued to lag behind those of men doing the same work.

This meant that day care was out of reach for many, which led to the "latchkey syndrome" – kids coming home from school to empty houses and being essentially on their own for several hours each school day. Television and video games became the famous "one-eyed babysitter". Of course, this was an obvious recipe for disaster, but many Boomer parents simply had no choice. Others were oh-too-happy to misinterpret the advice of Dr. Benjamin Spock, deciding that small slices of "quality time" made it perfectly okay to



ignore many of the more traditional, and difficult, obligations of parenthood.



Many parents thus became primarily providers of money and “stuff”, rather than nurturers to their offspring. The result of all this is that an entire generation became invisible and dropped off the radar - until now.

Interestingly, we don't seem to harbor resentment toward the Baby Boomers though, like many Gen Xers do. After all, they are our parents, and we know the struggle. In fact, many of us have been told, incorrectly, that we *are* Baby Boomers ourselves.



CHAPTER FOUR: The Word that Defines

There is a small word in the English language that both describes and defines the Ambassador Generation more completely than any other. A word that still stirs up great emotions, both positive and negative, more than forty years after it first entered the American lexicon.

That word is ***Busing***.



It is a small, simple word, yet it arouses a complex chain of memories and reactions from all who were involved. Some see it as a necessary, if expensive, inconvenience to accomplish a much greater good. Others still see it as a violation of states' rights, and a prime example of the presumed excesses of "activist judges" at the Federal level.

Although the Supreme Court's *Brown vs. Board of Education*



decision in 1954 made integration the law of the land, it was obvious that many whites weren't going to allow their kids to be sent to black schools. They knew full well that the "separate but equal" argument was a bold-face lie. Busing teachers around, while obviously the cheapest solution, wasn't going to happen either, because adult teachers could use strikes and lawsuits to thwart the entire process.

That left young children, mostly children of color, to do the heavy work of integrating America's schools. African American children were the natural draftees, since it was our parents who had fought for the ruling – and after all, we would be the chief beneficiaries of this wonderful privilege. We became, by default, the leaders of the integration movement in many parts of the country before we even learned how to read. We became the original "integration generation".

Of course, anything of value has its price, and the price the young Ambassadors paid was dear. Insults, fights, isolation, and bitter



Loneliness became daily companions for many. Race riots did occur occasionally; that much was inevitable. But for the most part, the Children of the Dream – of all races – adhered to their training. They stayed focused on their studies, kept their eyes on the prize, and became ambassadors for their respective races – hence, the name I have chosen to honor them with.

Fortunately, with high price comes high reward. Young Ambassadors received much more than an education during their integration experience. The interpersonal lessons learned, the discipline formed, and the courage amassed during those tough years literally created a generation of leaders. We are the Jackie Robinsons and Pee Wee Reeses of everyday America, unheralded yet unbowed in our determination to overcome centuries of oppression and humiliation in a nonviolent manner. To a large degree we succeeded at school, but we know the game is far from over. We still fight the good fight. We lead because we must; we know no other way.





Make no mistake about it, Ambassadors come in all stripes. The really powerful thing about forced busing, in my opinion, is that we were integrated not just by race, but by class as well. Because of this, Ambassadors are now found in all races, cultures, religions, and income levels. The experience took away our fear of the world.

We really are the “rainbow coalition” that Jesse Jackson spoke so much about during his Presidential campaigns of the 1980s. The strengths developed in our school years remain with us today, making us a terrific asset at a time when America is in great need of assets.



CHAPTER FIVE: Coming-Out Party

We 40-somethings share more than calendar days; we share common experiences, memories, and music as well. For example, the summer of 1978 was – in my memory anyway – a sort of “Coming Out” party, where everything seemed to finally click for my classmates, my siblings, and myself. We felt hopeful and positive. No major wars were being fought, and there was a President in the White House (Jimmy Carter) who actually seemed to care about the working people of the country.

The girls were all wearing designer jeans by Jordache or Sergio Valente, and the air was filled with the sounds of happy dance music. If you were a teenager or pre-teen in the summer of '78, you probably recall having more fun then than you've had before or since.



Scan this DJ play-list from 1978, and just *try* to keep from smiling out loud:



- **One Nation Under a Groove - Funkadelic**
- **Flashlight – Parliament**
- **I Love the Nightlife – Alicia Bridges**
- **Get Off – Foxy**
- **Le Freak - Chic**
- **Serpentine Fire – Earth, Wind, and Fire**
- **You and I – Rick James & the Stone City Band**
- **Always and Forever – Heatwave**
- **Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue – Crystal Gayle**
- **Shame – Evelyn “Champagne” King**
- **On Broadway – George Benson**
- **Disco Inferno – The Trammps**
- **The Groove Line – Heatwave**
- **Used Ta Be My Girl – The O’Jays**
- **The Closer I Get to You – Roberta Flack & Donny Hathaway**
- **Jack and Jill – Ray Parker, Jr. and Raydio**
- **Too Much, Too Little, Too Late – Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams**
- **Hot Child in the City – Nick Gilder**
- **Feels So Good – Chuck Mangione**
- **Three Times a Lady – The Commodores**
- **Boogie Oogie Oogie – A Taste of Honey**
- **Stayin Alive – The Bee Gees**

Man, talk about one glorious, endless summer! You probably feel like dancing right now; I know I do. There was a gigantic, exhilarating burst of optimism in us at that time - right before we



slid into the darkness of the Iran Hostage Crisis and the hypocritical “Just Say No” era of Reaganomics.



Unfortunately (and there was no way for us to know it at the time), we wouldn't feel another such surge of cultural positivity until the election of Bill Clinton as President in 1992 – almost fifteen years later.



CHAPTER SIX: The Twin Plagues

We must learn to balance the material wonders of technology with the spiritual demands of our human race.

*- John Naisbitt
Megatrends 2000**

In the 1980s, America's young adults, particularly those of color, came under full scale attack. The double-barreled assault was focused on our minds, and our bodies as well. A great many Ambassadors fell victim to the twin plagues of crack cocaine and HIV/AIDS, before they could even reach the starting point of their adult lives. Here's a quick review:



Crack Cocaine - By 1980, most of the Sixties Kids had made it past the drug traps of the 1970s - PCP/Angel dust, microdot LSD, speed pills, and a mild heroine resurgence - in pretty good shape. Marijuana was the drug of choice for many, and it was considered much safer than even the legal alternatives, alcohol and tobacco.



We had been taught for decades that cocaine was not physically addictive, and that “psychological dependence” was the only mild downside. It was regarded as the perfect drug for the well-to-do; pricey, effective, and very low risk. This explained why Hollywood stars and rich people seemed so fond of it – John Belushi’s shocking 1982 suicide notwithstanding.

As Michael C. Ruppert reported, “In 1979 Congress held rushed hearings into the perils of cocaine and was told, time and again by expert after expert that cocaine was not a problem because it was not seriously addictive, too expensive and not easy to find.”*

By the early 80s, word was going around America’s Black communities that a new version of cocaine, called crack, was now available. It was “just like coke, only cheaper”. Black limousines with tinted windows started showing up in the housing projects, and suddenly crack was everywhere. Many educated, employed young adults fell for the lie and took the bait - either using, or dealing, or both. Then the limousines appeared again, and almost



immediately the youth in the Black community were armed to the teeth with guns.



Overnight, everybody was tough Tony Montana* from the 1983 movie "Scarface". Teens lost respect for their parents because they could make more money in a week than their parents did in a year. Being educated was now not only out of fashion, it could get you killed – in a flash. And by the time word started getting around about the terrible addictive qualities of crack, it was too late to stem the tide.

There are many prominent people who allege the CIA imported cocaine into the U.S., and intentionally targeted it to Black communities across the country. Do I believe that to be true? I honestly have no idea. What I do know is there are some un-discussed facts that I find both odd and indisputable:

- 1) "Leroy on the corner" was not flying to Columbia and coming home with tons of cocaine. It was delivered to him



- from the outside, and he never had to leave the block to get it.
- 2) “Leroy on the corner” was not attending gun shows or going to the rifle range in the suburbs, either. His weapons were delivered by the same people who provided the drugs. (I saw several of the black limousines myself in Florida during the 1980s.)
 - 3) When inner city parents began complaining that drug dealers were commandeering the public pay phones for their own use, the cities’ answer was to remove the pay phones. Of course, the dealers simply bought pagers and cell phones, which left poor residents in the war zones with no way to call for help. Not that it mattered all that much really; it was common knowledge by then that the police weren’t coming anyway.

Putting drugs and guns in the hands of poor Black teenage males was not some random accident of cosmic chance. It was a deliberate, calculated effort with predictable results. What became



patently obvious was that someone, somewhere, wanted to completely annihilate us as a people – and was using our own youth to do the job.

Fortunately, the unbelievably callous “Just Say No” response of the Reagan administration was exactly the rallying cry we needed to fight back and survive. “Just Say No” told us, in no uncertain terms, that we were on our own. There would be no rescue from the government. We had to save ourselves; no one was coming to save us.

Then in June of 1986, Len Bias (1963), a senior at the University of Maryland and a basketball phenomenon, suffered a fatal heart attack caused by a cocaine overdose. He died in his dorm room less than 48 hours after being drafted second overall by the Boston Celtics. At 23, he became one of the greatest "what-ifs" in history of sports. “He is being used by God to save a generation,” said the Rev. Jesse Jackson at the time. “Tonight, the children mourn. Let us hope they learn.”



It was self-help or die; and as a generation, most of us got the message. We chose to live. We retreated from the clubs, and still quietly long for those days when having fun didn't mean getting addicted or shot at.

The fight for survival is by no means over, however. Crack cocaine is still a major problem throughout the country. In addition, follow-up attacks in the form of heroin, ecstasy, and especially methamphetamine, have continued to cut down our young people in the flower of their youth.

But we did not die out. We are still here, and as Grandma used to say, "That what don't kill you, makes you stronger". We are, for the most part, stronger for the experience. The "genocide by suicide" strategy, while producing more than its share of tragedies, has ultimately failed.

STDs – The second of the twin plagues to strike the Ambassador Generation in the 1980s came in the form of STDs, or Sexually Transmitted Diseases. This plague, exacerbated by the first scourge



(drug use), is so severe that it threatens not only the Black community, and not only the Ambassador Generation, but the population of the entire world as well.

Prior to the 1980s, becoming sexually active carried only three major risks; syphilis, gonorrhea, and unwanted pregnancy. Of these, pregnancy was considered the most serious. Then suddenly, just as the bulk of Ambassador teens were coming of age, the list of widespread sexually contracted diseases exploded, with each one seemingly worse than the last.

Terms like Chlamydia, HPV, Herpes, and HIV/AIDS entered the English language with mind-numbing speed. Finally, with the advent of HIV/AIDS, the unthinkable had happened. Suddenly sex wasn't just dangerous; now it could be deadly, too.

News of the AIDS virus started hitting the public airwaves in 1982, and it was initially referred to as a disease of gay men. But by the mid 80s, panic was spreading as the victim's list expanded to



include drug users, blood transfusion recipients, and finally heterosexual women and men. No one, it seemed, was safe from the “die slow” epidemic.

Then in 1991, came the news that Earvin “Magic” Johnson (1959) of the Los Angeles Lakers, one of our highest-profile Ambassadors, had contracted the HIV virus. Since his subsequent retirement from the NBA, Magic has embarked on a highly successful entrepreneurial career, demonstrating that the disease can be fought.

However, there is still no cure, and one can only imagine what Magic’s medical regimen is like, or what his thoughts must be in his private moments. He is obviously incredibly strong mentally, showing an ability to inspire others that transcends all of the wonders he created on the basketball court.

But meanwhile, there are still many unanswered questions regarding the sudden explosion of STDs in the 1980s. Where



exactly did these diseases come from, and why did they all choose to become nationally prevalent at the same time? Is someone trying to wipe out America's "undesirables" – gays, drug users, African Americans – via germ warfare?

It wouldn't be the first time. Native Americans can tell you quite vividly what it means to be depicted as undesirable, and what it's like to become victims of "ethnocide through disease". For them it was smallpox, measles, yellow fever and whooping cough, often carried by infected blankets or bad water.

Could STD proliferation be another phase of the "genocide by suicide" strategy? After all, if the only real prevention is the ubiquitous use of condoms, where will the babies come from? Is someone trying to force us to reduce our birth rate?

I realize that it is easy to follow this line of thinking into the realm of paranoia. But just because you're paranoid, doesn't mean someone isn't after you. The numbers are apocalyptic: in 2007



alone, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, over *33 million* people lived with AIDS worldwide. More than 2 million people died from it - 330,000 of them children. Over three-quarters of these deaths occurred in sub-Saharan Africa.

The antiretroviral drug cocktails that slow the course of the disease are expensive to the point of being prohibitive for much of the world's population. This means the poor have a much higher death rate, and are much more likely to suffer from severe complications as the disease progresses. AIDS is now a certified pandemic. Entire societies are literally being wiped out; entire communities decimated. Meanwhile, the U.S. government spends hundreds of billions for war, and virtually nothing to subsidize AIDS medicines.

Edgar Allen Poe described such a scene in his classic work, "The Masque of the Red Death".* In the story, Prince Prospero hides with his wealthy friends inside the castle, while the pestilence known as the Red Death reeks havoc outside the walls. In the end the effort is in vain, however, as the plague enters the castle during a



masquerade ball and silently kills all those inside, leaving the land desolate and empty.

Being paranoid may not be a part of the solution to the STD problem. Being *aware*, however, most certainly is.



CHAPTER SEVEN: Changing the World

We have for the first time an economy based on a key resource [Information] that is not only renewable, but self-generating. Running out of it is not a problem, but drowning in it is.

- John Naisbitt
*Megatrends 2000**

While doing the research for this book, I've spoken with Ambassador Generation members from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans, and from the Gulf of Mexico to southern Canada. Almost without exception, their eyes light up when they realize they are not alone.

But beyond the initial euphoria of self-discovery, the part I enjoy most is when I point out to them that we have *already* changed the world – profoundly. Nothing boosts your self confidence like realizing you've already been doing the thing you were afraid you wouldn't be able to do.

For example, music in the disco/funk 70s was made *for* us, but a lot of great music in the 80s was made *by* us. When a Baby Boomer



thinks classics, they tend to think 50s and 60s. But when an Ambassador wants to swoon nostalgic, they invariably head straight for the 80s.

Here's a short list of some big name pop artists of the 80s, in no particular order – just a small indicator of how we've changed the world musically:

- **Prince (1958)**
- **Madonna (1958)**
- **Michael Jackson (1958)**
- **Whitney Houston (1963)**
- **Wonder Mike (1959)**
- **George Michael (1963)**
- **Irene Cara (1959)**
- **Lisa Lisa (1967)**
- **Tears for Fears (1961)**
- **New Edition (1967-1969)**
- **Terence Trent D'Arby (1962)**
- **Simply Red (1960)**
- **Jody Watley (1959)**
- **Janet Jackson (1966)**
- **Will Smith (1968)**
- **Sade (1959)**

Would these musical giants consider themselves part of the Ambassador Generation? As of this moment that's an unknown, but



I look forward to asking each of them. I'm quite sure their eyes will light up just like the rest of ours do. Why?

Because we all remember 12-inch singles, big hair, and break dancing to rap music that was actually *fun*.

Ambassadors are more than just a demographic to be marketed to; we represent a can-do way of looking at the world. Here are a few examples:

Anthony Robbins (1960) - easily the most well-known self-help writer and speaker of our generation. His Neuro-Associative Conditioning, Human Needs Psychology, and Power to Influence courses have informed and educated millions about the power that resides within our own minds. Few would disagree that the seeds planted by this dynamic "peak performance coach" have already changed the world for the better.



Having completed several of his books and courses myself, as well as his famous “firewalk” seminar, I can vouch personally for the impact that Tony’s technologies have had on my life. Untold numbers of people in future generations will owe their understanding of the process of achievement to the work that Tony has done.



The PC revolution – the personal computer was pioneered by Baby Boomers, but became a universal fixture in the hands of Ambassadors. Boomers saw merely a high-powered calculator or word processor; Ambassadors saw an incredible new way to *communicate*. The PC is literally the Gutenberg press of the modern age. What makes it even more remarkable is that its power multiplies exponentially when networked with other computers. And what is the ultimate computer network? Ah, yes...

The Internet – Whether the World Wide Web actually “levels the playing field” is still debatable, and talk of a “New Economy” has vanished since the dot-com crash of 2000. However, there is no



question that email and ecommerce has dramatically changed the way people play, communicate, and do business around the globe.

Of course, we pioneered the use of computers for play, too. Who made hits out of Space Invaders, Asteroids, Donkey Kong, Galaxians, Pac Man, living-room Pong, and hand-held Coleco football? That's right: it was *us*.

Can we change the world? We already have. We saw the first man land on the moon, remember? We don't even know the meaning of the word "impossible".



CHAPTER EIGHT: The Tide Begins to Turn

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

*"I Have a Dream" speech, 1963**

America is turning away from the right wing conservative politics of the Reagan and Bush administrations, because those politics do not actually serve the interests of the white middle class as they pretended to do.

Once again, as in the 1960s, the children of the middle class are being forced to acknowledge that allowing the oppression of the working classes and people of color may seem to yield temporary benefits, but it only benefits the wealthy and ruthless in the end.



Eventually, the sharks run out of victims. Then the layoffs, the inflation, the decimated social support network, and the cold-blooded disregard for Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness become more and more targeted toward people who previously thought themselves privileged.

The “Contract with America” that drove the Republican takeover of Congress in 1994, has turned out to be, in reality, a “Contract ON America” – with the middle class lifestyle laser-locked squarely in its gun sights.

Of course, as President, George W. Bush has shown himself to be a more-than-adequate hit man when it comes to crushing the economic hopes of millions of Americans, along with getting their kids killed in wars of foreign adventure.

At the same time, he has shown a remarkable ability for diversion, using fear-mongering and relatively trivial controversies (like whether marriage should be allowed for same-sex couples who



have lived together in committed relationships for decades), to keep voters from focusing on the incredible damage his policies are doing to our economy, our reputation, our health, our world, and our future.

As of this writing, America suffers from an extremely weak dollar, a horrible reputation in the world at large, a credit crunch, a struggling stock market, a real estate crisis of monumental proportions, spiraling gas and food prices, and a sputtering economy.

Meanwhile, the banks make record profits on credit cards, the oil companies make record profits at the gas pumps, and various friends of the Administration make record profits from no-bid contracts to either destroy, or rebuild, countries like Iraq and Afghanistan.

Not bad for a man who was never legitimately elected President. The Bush machine, it has been conclusively proven in the courts,



stole not just one but *two* elections. The first electoral crime was committed in Florida in 2000, the second in Ohio in 2004. There have been plenty of investigations, and dozens of convictions, but never a prosecution of any of the high ranking Republicans responsible for these massive misdeeds against the will of the American people.

The lesson? Neither election should have been close enough to be corrupted in the first place. Putting an oil man in the White House was sheer madness from the beginning. Talk about the fox guarding the henhouse!

But at last, the majority of Americans seem poised to once again move in a sane, progressive direction. We are all, as ever, in this together. Unfortunately, it seems there is simply no other motivator that can drive that point home like shared, massive pain.

Even the rich cannot survive in an unstable society. History shows us time and time again that when the middle class is nonexistent,



revolution is inevitable. And an *aging* upper class is particularly vulnerable. For all their island homes and gated communities, America's elite are increasingly nervous for their own safety.

The conservative agenda is failing America today for the same reasons it has always failed in the past. Its weakness stems from the very definition of the word "conservative", which many people mistakenly believe to mean "traditional". But this is a distortion of the real meaning of the term.

Politically, the word "conservative" means simply, "to stay the same". It's an I-got-mine, you-get-yours-if-you-can type of mentality. It's a thought process that sees every advantage, no matter how unfairly accrued, as necessary to survive in a dog-eat-dog world. It sees life as a win/lose proposition, where only the sharks survive.

The problem is, when the sharks win, everyone else gets eaten. And when there is no more "everyone else", the sharks turn on



each other. In the end, the last shark starves. The path of conservatism leads not to victory, but to extinction for the whole human species. (This process is eloquently explored in Dudley Lynch's great social commentary, *Strategy of the Dolphin: Scoring a Win in a Chaotic World**.)

I once heard Rush Limbaugh, the famous conservative radio mouthpiece, state that equality is only desired by "the losers of society". His logic was that for the winners, equality represents a step backward and should therefore be furiously resisted as communist or socialist thinking. His expressed belief was that only the losers welcome the chance to climb higher and thus become "equal". In such a competitive mindset, the concept of win/win is seen as pandering to the weak, and encouraging an undeserved sense of entitlement.

But people trapped in this type of shark thinking completely miss the basic weakness of the argument; it is based on a false premise. The oppressed in society do not hunger for some ethereal state of



“equality” to be bestowed upon them by the rich and powerful. Freedom given as a gift is not freedom at all, but merely permission. Real equality, as stated so elegantly in the Declaration of Independence, is inborn. It is granted to us at birth by our Creator. This is a truth that “we hold to be self-evident”.

What oppressed, freedom-loving people all over the world really seek is equality of *opportunity*. They want the chance to compete on the same field, with the same set of rules. They listen incredulously when they hear well-off people in suits claiming that poverty is the result of stupidity and laziness. They know instinctively that if genius and hard work were really the keys to wealth, then the richest people on the planet would be teachers, migrants, coal miners, and single mothers.

They know, without being told, that wealth is really a matter of knowing how the system works, networking with the right people, and having the *opportunity* to at least get a foothold on the first rung of the ladder.



Of course, many people in power positions realize the basic truth that equal opportunity means more competition for those in the privileged ranks. Deep inside, they know that *they* are the ones who actually feel entitled. *They* are the real losers, undeniably and irreversibly dependent on cheating, exclusion, and rigging the game in order to stay on top. In their efforts to gain the whole world, they are willing to lose their very souls.

In this desperate state of mind, diversity becomes viewed as a genetic defect, a mistake of nature, a sad mutation. The old “natural selection” argument of slave-owners and Nazis is once again heard echoing in their conversations. “Don’t blame me”, they say when confronted with irrefutable evidence of their collusion with Evil. “It’s not my fault you were born Black.”

But there is a price to pay when the truth becomes lost in the noise. For example, once conservatives had convinced the public that the welfare system was a rip-off of middle class people, many



voters completely lost sight of the fact that the real beneficiaries of welfare benefits are not poor people at all.

The real beneficiaries are the farmers, the factories, the truckers, the social workers, the landlords, the supermarkets, the discount chain stores like Kmart - that were able to count on hefty incomes at predictable times each month. *In other words, almost the entire middle class.*

Welfare benefits don't flow *to* poor people as much as they flow *through* poor people - straight to middle class people. So the uncomfortable truth is, welfare assistance for poor people means lots of jobs for middle class people. By allowing the social safety net to be destroyed, the middle class was tricked into effectively cutting its own throat.

The fact that factories are now closing, farms are disappearing, retail prices are rising, salaries are stagnant, and jobs are consistently being lost can be attributed, in part, to the fact that middle class American voters were conned into turning their backs



on their own countrymen for temporary financial gain. Of course, it's well known that more poverty breeds more crime, so more prisons had to be built – a lot more. The result? Crime persists, plus now many prison work programs are putting middle class companies out of business using what is essentially slave labor.

Despite the hype, we've learned once again that prisons are simply not a suitable substitute for schools.

Deceived by gentle sounding phrases like "welfare reform", many became convinced to vote against their own legitimate economic interests. Belatedly, they have come to realize that in the end, investing in people is worth the price. As Dr. King said, "their destiny is tied up with our destiny... their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom".



CHAPTER NINE: The Trumpet Sounds

This world already has more than its share of hawks and doves, sharks and carp, wolves and sheep. What it desperately needs more of, is Ambassadors.

- Lance T. Walker

40 years after the death of Dr. King, there comes a refreshing new political face who dares to actually believe that anyone in America can grow up to be President – including even a person of African descent. The difference is this time, he may be right.

Barack Obama was born on Aug 4, 1961. He is the first Ambassador Generation candidate for the Presidency of the United States. His candidacy is historic, regardless of its outcome. The Democratic Party nominee has used his message of hope to galvanize not only African Americans, but millions of Americans across racial, gender, and class lines.

Hillary Clinton, once the presumed heir apparent to the throne who ran her own historic campaign to become the first female President,



has been forced to openly acknowledge the effect of this charismatic leader on the public at large. At long last, America once again has a candidate for President who inspires hope that the citizens of this country can move beyond the “greed is good” tenets of crass capitalism, and start actually caring for each other again. Even Bill Clinton didn’t possess such popularity across such a wide spectrum of the voting populace.

Media pundits have engaged in mass speculation over what makes Obama’s candidacy so appealing to so many. Theories abound, but I believe his celebrity is easy to understand if viewed from a generational perspective.

What is not yet recognized by many, is that much of the excitement surrounding the “Obama phenomenon” is *Ambassador Generation* excitement. We finally have one of our own at the doorsteps of Executive power. Record levels of Internet contributions are being made by, or inspired by, the “Children of the Dream” that were growing up at the same time Obama was.





As a result, America appears ready once again to reject the failed policies of imperialistic exploitation, and admit that there are other people in the world who matter besides conservative Anglo-Saxons. The “Pax Americana” (Latin for “American Peace”) requires not just soldiers and weapons, but also diplomats and teachers.

In many ways, Barack Obama is the ultimate Ambassador candidate. His biracial background allows whites to identify with him more easily than they could if he were a dark-skinned man. We know he understands the principles of integration and diversity, because he *embodies* them. And he has a ready smile, which is quite comforting to many in an age where many young black men seem to believe that a well-practiced “scowl” is the only path to credibility.



Most of all, Obama is a fabulous communicator with a positive message. America likes leaders like that; many still recall Ronald Reagan with wistful fondness as “the Great Communicator”.

Will Barack Obama be remembered in progressive circles the way Reagan is in conservative circles? Only time will tell. But one thing is already clear:

After 40 years in the desert of conservatism, the stage is set. The trumpet has sounded. This is our time. This, at last, is the age of the Ambassador.



CHAPTER TEN: Are You an Ambassador?

In the process of gaining our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline.

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

*"I Have a Dream" speech, 1963**

Historically, we have been taught that the Baby Boom Generation stretches from 1946 to 1962. I have always found those dates to be confusing - on both ends of the chronological spectrum.

For example, on the front end, what about the babies born during the war years? My dad was born in 1939, my mother in 1943. Aren't they Baby Boomers? They're certainly not WWII Generation, or "the Greatest Generation", as the veteran newscaster Tom Brokaw calls them. Where do these wartime babies fit in? (My mom will tell you that she's a Boomer, by the way.)

Then on the other end of the scale, I was born in 1962. Does that make me one of the very last of the Boomers? I don't think so. My



parents were Boomers, not me. They thought like Boomers, acted like Boomers, worked like Boomers, and spent like Boomers. What does that make me? And what about my siblings and friends who were born later in the sixties? Are they Generation Xers? Hardly.

If you're wondering whether this whole "Ambassador Generation" thing applies to you, there's a quick way to find out. Just ask yourself the following questions:

- 1) Do you see yourself as a Baby Boomer?
- 2) Do you see yourself as a member of Gen X?
- 3) Did you grow up in an ethnically mixed neighborhood, or attend an integrated school?
- 4) Did you serve in the United States military during the 1980s?
- 5) Are you comfortable flying under the radar, i.e., doing quality work without caring who gets the credit for it?
- 6) Do others refer to you as a "peacemaker", "diplomat", "salesperson", or "negotiator"?



7) Is win/win your preferred method of interaction with others?

8) Were you born between 1958 and 1969?



If you answered no to the first two questions, and yes to all or most of the rest, you should probably consider yourself an Ambassador. If you're close, but maybe not quite, it's okay. You can still be one of us. We believe in teamwork, and membership is open. Besides, generational science isn't as much science as it is art, anyway. Babies get born every day. Who is to say exactly when one generation ends and another begins?



CHAPTER ELEVEN: Choice of Symbol



Every social group worth its salt chooses a symbol that represents its self-image and goals. While ideally this would be decided by the group as a whole, in real life it rarely happens that way. So in recognition of this, I would like to propose as our symbol one of the most powerful, yet least understood pieces on the chessboard of life; the awesome Knight.

This piece, usually represented by a horse or cavalryman, starts out relatively undefended by other pieces. Early on, it is easily ignored by the more powerful pieces, and seen mainly as a mildly irritating obstruction they have to deal with. But later, especially when working together or with other pieces, it can create devastating gridlock, restrict access to large portions of the board, and even destroy an opponent's entire offensive strategy with one well-timed sacrifice.



The Knight is the only piece on the chessboard that cannot be blocked, except by its own pieces. It controls a total of eight squares around the one it sits on, when it is near the center of the board. And these squares are always the opposite color of the square it occupies, which means it cannot be frozen out of the game like the bishop, which is always on the same color square.

With its exotic style of motion, the Knight brings an energy, range, and command to the game that belie its seemingly limited scope of movement. It possesses a rather rebellious aura, yet it's loyalty to the kingdom it represents is unquestioned.

The Knight is protector as well as invader, defender as well as attacker. The Knight is able to swing left or right as the needs of the mission dictate. And the Mission, remember, is to leave this world a better place than we found it – for everyone, not just the self-chosen few.



Why? Not because we're bleeding hearts, or weak minded, or even self-sacrificing; but because that's the way the Universe is set up to work. Luckily, this world is not set up for us to derive long term good in return for selfishness and hardheartedness. We tend to attract the type of energy we send out. Some call it karma; I call it the divine trump card.

We didn't make the rules. But we're smart enough not to ignore them, either. Ambassadors know that real success means having the courage to do what's right, not just what's easy – and using our special talents to the best of our ability for the greater good.



CHAPTER TWELVE: What to Do Next

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations... You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive.

- Martin Luther King, Jr.

"I Have a Dream" speech, 1963*

As the word "Ambassador" implies, our main job is to connect people to each other and help to facilitate understanding. Connect the old with the new. Connect high-tech with high-touch. Most of all, connect with each other.

Our childhood experiences gave us three huge gifts – the "Three Powers" as I like to call them – to use at our discretion:

- The Power to Learn
- The Power to Heal
- The Power to Communicate

Think what a potent skill set this really is. I promise, the more you think about it, the more impressed you will become with your own abilities. And if you haven't thought about it before, it's probably



because you know that interpersonal skills are not generally stressed in school. But who knows more about successfully interacting with other people than an Ambassador?

We can do much more than just rage against the Machine. We can change the course of world events and create a better future for our children's children. To do this, I suggest we begin working on achieving the following three goals immediately:

1) Commit ourselves to learning how Capitalism, the economic system we live under, actually functions. We must dare to not only ask the tough questions, but persist until we get the answers. In a system built on the power of capital, how is it that so many of us have so little of it? What exactly *is* money, anyway, and how can we keep more of what we earn? What do so many immigrants to America know that we don't?

2) Streamline our communications and streamline our networks. In the information age, it's not just who we know or



what we know, it's also how fast we can learn that matters. We must make sure that our inner circle contains people dedicated to the same direction we are. (Social networking sites are great for finding like-minded individuals. With a few mouse clicks, we can connect with people we never would have even met otherwise.)

3) Begin to work together in teams for business and investment. This includes virtual teams, which use technology to stay connected across time, space and organizational boundaries. No matter how well developed our skills may be, we can always benefit exponentially by creating a synergy with others who have similar goals and complementary skills.

It's time for us to start respecting each other's viewpoints again, even if we don't agree with them all the time. Of course, we must also insist that our viewpoint be respected as well. Many people, for example, think I happen to have a unique personal story. But so do



tens of millions of other Ambassadors throughout this country, and all of our stories count.

It's time to re-create community and start watching each other's kids better. Hillary Clinton's quote of the old African proverb was absolutely right; it *does* take a village to raise a child well, especially now. Conservatives have twisted the meaning of the term "family values" so that it now means "if you come from the right family, you have value". It's time to restore the real meaning, which is "no matter who's child you are, we value you like family". Winning back our society starts with winning back the trust of our kids. We know firsthand how dangerous it can be to ignore children. They *will* be adults soon; the hypocrisy must end now.

Nothing about our entry onto the world stage was normal; there was no template for us to follow. Yet, as Tony Robbins would say, "Your life is either an example, or a warning". Whichever one yours has been



so far, your experiences and choices make up your contribution to the Tapestry of Life. And making our contribution ever more valuable depends on our simply recognizing that we can, in fact, shape our world.

We know we can do these things; we've created history without even knowing we were doing so. Now it's time for us to start creating history on purpose.

No one is as equipped for this mission as we are. Many Baby Boomers adhere to longstanding traditional values, and don't quite understand the world with all the new computer technology; on the other hand, many Gen Xers seem like they were born computer literate, and have never known a world *without* all the new computer technologies.

We literally have one foot in the Old School, and one foot in the New. We understand both sides. We can connect the old to what's new, while at the same time connecting the young with what lasts.*





But we must begin to operate under what Dr. King called “the fierce urgency of Now”. You see, twenty years ago, we may have had the strength, but we lacked the will.

Twenty years from now, we may very well have the will, but not the strength. We must act now - while we have both strength and will. If not now, when? If not us, who?

Hope is a fundamental requirement in the process of making positive change. And more than any generation alive today, the Ambassador Generation represents Hope. No one else has our ingrained sense of Old School values, combined with our command of New School technology as tool, not just toy. No one else shares our unique historical perspective. No one else has lived the life we’ve lived. Ever.

We have a critical mission to fulfill, at a critical moment in history. The sooner we wake up and begin to work together as a group, the better off we, and the world, will ultimately be.



So if you've found yourself in these pages, know that you are not alone – not by a long shot. We're finally in the game, and we've got one helluva team. Be assured, we will be ignored no longer.



Thank you for reading this book. We really are living in a real-life Matrix*, and you've just swallowed the red pill.

Congratulations on having the courage to know the truth, or at least the truth as I and many others see it.

Welcome to the Resistance. We've been waiting for you... and you're right on time.



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About the Author

Lance T. Walker was born in November, 1962 in upstate New York. He was sent as a “child ambassador” to integrate a total of four separate schools between 1967 and 1976. They included Westchester County’s Furnace Woods Elementary, and Assumption School (a private, Catholic school located in central Peekskill).



Lance was also among the first African American students to attend the Springville-Griffith Institute Middle School in Erie County, as well as Nichols School in Buffalo, NY. In 1980, he received an academic math diploma from City Honors High School, Buffalo’s first totally integrated “magnet school” college prep program. He is an alumnus of USAF Air University, as well as San Diego’s Foundation College.

A true success-oriented Renaissance man, Lance holds certifications in electronics engineering, multimedia technology, computer networking, web development, technical writing, project management, sales training, public speaking, and marketing consulting. He credits his school experiences with making it possible for him to learn, grow, and achieve goals with confidence.

His real-world experience includes living and working as a Silicon Valley insider during the dot-com heyday of 1998-2001. He is a decorated U.S. Air Force veteran, and now travels frequently between the east and west coasts, sharing his Ambassador Generation insights with enthusiastic audiences nationwide.

A noted author and e-business consultant, Lance T. Walker is also the Managing Director for SkyVault™ Multimedia Publishing (www.skyvaultpublishing.com), which specializes in the production, publishing, and promotion of information products in the personal development and self improvement arenas. Lance is available for speaking engagements through his web site, (www.theexperienceshows.com).

