



WORCESTER
STATE
UNIVERSITY

*The
Twenty-third Annual*



Martin Luther King, Jr.

Youth Breakfast Celebration.

Saturday
January 14, 2017

REVEREND DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
1929-1968

Martin Luther King, Jr. was born on January 15, 1929, in Atlanta, Georgia, and was assassinated on April 4, 1968, in Memphis, Tennessee.

Dr. King was an eloquent Baptist minister who assumed leadership of the civil-rights movement in America from the mid-1950's until his death. Dr. King skipped both the ninth and twelfth grades, and entered Morehouse College at age 15 where he earned his Bachelor of Arts degree in Sociology in 1948.

He was ordained in February 1948 at Ebenezer Baptist Church, he was nineteen years old. His Doctoral theses "A Comparison of God in the Thinking of Paul Tillich and Henry Wieman," was completed in 1955, when he was awarded his Doctor of Divinity Degree from Boston University. In addition, during his lifetime, he was awarded twenty Honorary Doctorate degrees, from some of the Nation's most prestigious colleges and universities, and several hundred other awards, including the Nobel Peace Prize which he received in December, 1964. Dr. King was the youngest person ever to receive this coveted award.

In December 1955, Dr. King organized the Montgomery Bus Boycott, 5 days after Ms. Rosa Parks refused to relinquish her seat to a white passenger. The boycott was in protest of the unfair treatment of black passengers.

As a result, on December 20, 1956, Montgomery buses were integrated after the U.S. Supreme Court declared Alabama's segregation laws unconstitutional. After that decision, Jim Crow laws began to crumble.

In August of 1957, one hundred fifteen black leaders met in Montgomery, Alabama and formed the Southern Christian Leadership Conference; Dr. King was elected as leader of the Conference.

August 28, 1963, Dr. King led the March on Washington, and delivered his famous "I Have A Dream" speech. Under his leadership, legislation was passed to protect black voting rights, and to provide affirmative action in hiring and promotions on jobs to correct the effects of years of past discrimination.

Having studied the nonviolent philosophy of India's great Mohandas Gandhi, Dr. King was convinced that nonviolent social protest was the only way that blacks would ever receive equality and justice in the United States. It was not easy, Dr. King was jailed many times, he was stabbed once, and had attempts made on his life. Yet, he never wavered in his insistence that nonviolence must remain the central tactic of the civil-rights movement, nor in his faith that everyone in America would some day attain equality and justice.

PROGRAM

Introduction:	Mistresses of Ceremony Karen Richards- Counselor, Youth Opportunities Upheld, Inc. (Y.O.U. Inc.) Mercy Unoh, Sophomore at Worcester Academy
2017 Tribute Video	"Social Justice and Activism" with The Chester Children's Chorus – "I Still Can't Breathe" Sound & Tracking by Jonathan Oroso
University Welcome	President Barry M. Maloney Worcester State University
Presentation	North High School NROTC Honor Guard Directed by Chief Anthony Pastrana
National Anthem	Vanessa Ford – Soloist
Lift Every Voice and Sing	Vanessa Ford accompanied by Trinity Walton
Invocation	Mercy Unoh, Sophomore at Worcester Academy
Performance	Grafton Street Elementary School Choir Directed by Rick Stemple
Performance	Novian Wright—Solo Presentation Student, Forest Grove Middle School
M.L.K. Jr. Youth Service Award	Presented by: Mayor Joseph M. Petty Key to the City Presented to: Dr. Ogretta McNeil (<i>posthumously</i>)
M.L.K. Jr. Community Service Award	Presented by: Mayor Joseph M. Petty Key to the City Presented to: Mrs. Elizabeth Price (<i>posthumously</i>)
Soloist	Vanessa Ford—"You Raise Me Up" Song written by Josh Groban

Performance Ritmos Academy
Directed by Masielle Paulino

Worcester State University Scholarship Presentation—President Barry M. Maloney, Worcester State University, to Samuel Kennedy WSU Sophomore, Criminal Justice Major

Performance Madrigal Choir, Doherty Memorial High School, Directed by Dan Sullivan

Performance Friendly House Teen Leadership Group Presentation, Directed by Danielle Delgado

Performance W.A.I.T, Directed by Sam Wada

Poetry Contest Awards Winners Presented by: Dorothy Hargrove, Chair M.L.K. Jr. Youth Breakfast Poetry Committee

Grade 12 Han Nguyen, Holy Name High School
Mairead O’Sullivan, Holy Name High School
Peter Menchin, Holy Name High School
Alexis Boston, Holy Name High School
Chantelle N. Chapman, Claremont Academy
Mariah Acquaye, Doherty High School
Steven Thomas Rivera, Burncoat High School

Grade 11 Daniel Mbusa, North High School
Millicent Oppong, North High School
Brian Le, North High School

Grade 10 Meshia Brooks, South High Community School

Grade 9 Tracy Frimpong, North High School
Adanna Duanys, North High School
Gabriella Medeiros, North High School
Hussain Bhatti, Worcester Technical High School
Jayda Cesar, Doherty Memorial High School

Grade 8 Boa Han Ngo, Goddard Scholars/
Sullivan Middle School
Annalisa Allan, Forest Grove Middle School
Nicole Podlipec, St. Peter Marion
Brooke Podlipec, St. Peter Marion
Clarise Liu, Goddard Scholars/
Sullivan Middle School
Abigail McDermott, Goddard Scholars/
Sullivan Middle School
Samuel Posner, Goddard Scholars/
Sullivan Middle School
Lily Engquist, Goddard Scholars/
Sullivan Middle School

Grade 7 Drusilla Wilson, Sullivan Middle School
Kiana Alliance, Sullivan Middle School
Isabella Archambault, Sullivan Middle School

Performance In Da Zone
Directed by, Shauree Allotey
Boys and Girls Club of Worcester

Closing Soloist “We Shall Overcome”
Vanessa Ford, Soloist

A great man once said
“We must learn to love together as brothers
Or we will perish together as fools.”

How can we follow
This rule when we judge on what
We see
And not whom we may really be?

A great man once said,
“Injustice anywhere is a threat
to justice everywhere.”

When we see a
Black man in the bank
Must we run?
Before he pulls out the gun
And kills and robs and makes
Our children sob?

Or when we see
A Muslim walk past the mall
Must we flee?

Before we fall to our knees
From the bomb that went off
In a matter of seconds?

Or do we come together
Put aside
Stereotypes, popular beliefs, or what the media
Let slide into our minds

Do we come together as brothers and sisters
Like MLK always dreamed?

OR do we follow pathway
That makes us judge and shame
Race, religion, sex and sexuality
If they are not the same of true

A great man once said
“We may have all come on different ships,
But were in the same boat now.”

And to that I say
We can't separate ourselves
We don't have a big
Enough boat.

Kiana Alliance
Grade: 7
Goddard Scholars Academy

What would he have wanted,
For all of what he fought for?

We have come back to square one,
Some people say we're done for.

We live in a world where "hands up" is an OK to shoot,
Where ethnics means boot.

Where a hijab represents dangers,
Which then signals anger...

When you can't sleep without the scream of a siren,
Or to hear the sound of crying.

A single child loses their life, POW
Do you think that is alright?

He fought for the rights
For the blacks to unite
Where people should be treated equal
I had a dream, when is the sequel?

Many years ago, same scenario
Don't you think we should be past all the black and the blue

I believe we will overcome, we will live in peace
When all the injustices cease

We have to resist and unit together
I believe it will help makes things better
All protest and revolt goes to dust,
But we must, we MUST
Show our worth and our rights
It's not time to turn out our lights
We shall begin again, bigger and stronger
Because we will not bow down any longer.

Isabella Archambault
Grade 7
Goddard Scholar Academy

A seed planted in the ground
Expected to live and grow abound

A nation planted in the democracy
Controlled by a foolish prophecy

That all men are created equal
That the world will stay peaceful

But, we are just a generation of confusion
Judging, making conclusions

People are being separated, segregated
Because of color, gender, and religion, being hated

A black man decides today he will take a road trip
He takes gun, with multiple shots,
He's dead,
Drip, drip, drip

A gay woman decides
She will protest for her kind
She can do that right?
But, they all think, it's just a waste of time

A Muslim woman, wears her hajib, to take a flight
But, she is a terrorist, right?

They stare, they roll eyes
But, they just don't realize

THAT SHE IS A HUMAN WITH RIGHTS!
(It justifies)

A wise man once said,
Hatred paralyzes life, love releases it
But, what would he do if he was here to witness this?

He would protest for the rights of our nation
And wait, that one day, the world will change....with patience

He would protest for our rights
And fight with might!

Drusilla Wilson
Grade 7
Goddard Scholars Academy

What Happened?
What happened to the boy,
That wore a pretty, pink, polka dot dress to play at the park?
The other kids didn't welcome him to join them in the sandbox,
They teased him instead.

What happened to the lady,
That entered the mall trapped in her wheelchair?
The salesman didn't help her find size, or suggest any outfits,
He let the massive mountain of clothes consume her instead.

What happened to the ballerina,
That twirled into rehearsal bald, with a head glossy like the polished
wood at the barre?
The instructors didn't encourage her to audition for the recital,
They suggested karate instead.

And what happened to the man,
That strolled down the aisle with a smile as large as his love for his
future husband?
The invitees didn't congratulate him, or RSVP
They disowned and rejected him instead.
In what kind of world,
Should people have to hide their true selves,
To keep from being ridiculed,

All these people,
Are just people trying to be their best selves
Which is impossible,
If can't even be themselves.

Lost in their frustration,
They may resort to violence,
But we've learned from Martin Luther King, Jr.
How to show them peace

Bao Han Ngo
Grade 8
Goddard Scholars Academy

Our Peace Is Just An Illusion
From the poem "Blue and Gray,"
to the speech "The Gettysburg Address"
to get rid of discrimination was our only request;
For the Civil War was such a cliché.

Realizing that inequality was playing hide and seek,
the blind eyes seek nothing they had proclaimed,
yet those with injustice kept winning the game,
but the winners only lose so to speak.

We, as a nation, must come to a conclusion
because words are bullets that can either lead to pain
or leave people covered with shame;
Our peace is just an illusion.

Martin Luther King, Jr. spoke his mind
by leading his on the right path.
Rosa Park let out all her wrath,
by sitting with the white who were not kind.

Abraham Lincoln didn't give the fairer skin special treatments;
In addition he reasoned through common sense,
that out inequality was very immense.
These role models used non-violence to prove a statement.
Our world is made up of unfair tyranny.
We must come out of this silence.

Annalisa Allan
Grade 8
Forest Grove Middle School

Martin Luther King Jr. had a dream
Of equality, river flowing free
For everyone to share.
Like a dam: poverty and war,
Segregation and discrimination
Racism and sexism
Slavery and child labor block the flow
And the people:
Hungry, homeless, persecuted
Can not reach the water.
Like gentle rain, we can raise the tide.
Drops of education
Puddles of peaceful reasoning and protestation
Splashes of understanding
Trickles of comfort and assistance
Streams of standing up
Until the banks overflow with
Love and compassion and peace,
Cool liquid fills every cup,
And the world floods
With unity and happiness.

Nicole Podlipec
Grade 8
St. Peter Marion

The searing brand of segregation
Left upon this hapless nation
Remains today in remnants
Unjust treatment, imprisonment
We're closer still to the dream
A wondrous further still we have to go
Before it replaces the world we know
With compassion and peacefulness
Slowly making a difference
We're mending the wounds
The searing burns
That scar our nation today.

Brooke Podlipec
Grade 8
St. Peter Marion

Chains
We still wear chains
Imprisoned away with judgment and hate
Wearing masks until they don't come off and are nothing more
than our flesh and skin

We say we're original
But how is that the case
When being yourself is why you cried and lied to stay alive?

We live in a world
Where a man loving his boyfriend can become disowned and
hated
And cries himself to sleep
Where the poor are told everything is fine
But still eat crumbs on their plates
Where a women just wanted to be happy
But was told that she was not okay, and to
Shut up about her mind
Where people who look or act or talk or think or seem
Different
Are told to go and run and never see the day of light again

So let us sit at the table of solutions
Laughing as the people we are
And clink our cups of peace and prosperity
And speak words of hope and equality

Maybe
His dream will come true
And Dr. King's words will resonate in our own

The present is almost forgettable
But the footprints we make stay for generations

For now
We are still in chains

Clarise Liu
Grade 8
Goddard Scholars Academy

His dream will come true
When two men
can hold hands
and love each other
the same
as a man and a woman can,
then his dream will come true

When a woman
can walk the streets
work a job
wear a dress
without being taken advantage of
then his dream will come true

When a politician
who will soon be looked up to
by many boys and girls
can stop spreading hate
instead of love
then his dream will come true

When a Muslim woman
can wear a hijab in public
without being stared at
or accused of radicalism
or hated because of her beliefs
then his dream will come true

When a little boy
can play with a Barbie doll
and wear a dress
and still be accepted into society
with open arms
then his dream will come true

When a black man
in a gray hoodie
can walk to the corner store
for a bag of skittles
without being seen as a threat
to those entrusted with protecting our country
then his dream will come true

When love is put before hate
and faith before judgment
and hope before despair,
his legacy
and his values
and his dream
will be true

Abigail McDermott
Grade 8
Goddard Scholars Academy

52 Years
52 years since
The Jim Crow laws
Withered
Burned
Were Torn away

It is 2016
We've come a long way from
Lynching
Segregation
Slavery

52 years since
It became illegal to
Discriminate based on
Race
Color
Religion
Sex
Origin

2016
A mother tells her son gently
Obey
Respect
Comply with the officer

52 years since
Martin Luther King won the
Nobel
Peace
Prize

2016
People protest in cities
Justice
Equality
Understanding

1964 to 2016
It has been 52 years

Of trials and tribulations to reach this
Another 52 years to quell our unrest and fear

Samuel Posner
Grade 8
Goddard Scholars Academy

Detroit Schools Ranked Lowest in US

Girl in a poor town
At an inner city school
No new things for her

Ragged, dog-eared books
Torn and years out of date]
Computers broken

Girl in a rich town
At a school for the elite
Excels more and more

Given bran-new books
Brighter than shiny pennies
Bound for Ivy League

Here is this divide
A modern day injustice
Happens all the time

The rich get richer
Poverty's jaws engulf the poor
Injustice never improves

If Martin Luther King was alive
His mighty light of justice
Would have conquered this

Nonviolence would win
Through persistence and courage
And fighting with peace
We could take a stand
And abolish this divide
With nonviolence

And no more children
Would ever have dog-eared books
Or broken computers

Lily Engquist
Grade 8
Goddard Scholars Academy

SEE US AS HUMAN, NOT COLOR

Born with a color, a color of a negro, a heart of gold and bronze.
I am seen as a victim of shame and hatred.
I am tired of seeing the blood of negroes being wasted like a cup
of wine because of their skin color.
Why! Why is it that a color is separating us from our united love?

Why is it that Freedom is not able to be taken when it's offered on
the table,
Triggers are being pulled when not needed.
Let's combine our love, strength and hope to make America better
again for the rising generation.
Race shouldn't matter anymore.

Let's not put a bandage over our wounds, but forever heal
ourselves with love.
Our ancestors might not have gotten along but that shouldn't stop
us from loving ourselves.

I got love for my brothers and sisters but we are not going to get
anywhere if we don't love each other.

Black or white, we are all brothers and sisters.

Tracy Frimpong
Grade 9
North High School

Gender Blind

All day you sit in the dark with tears, and grief waiting for time to
pass,
tired of being treated like a piece of ass.
Used and abused; Mentally and Physically
These days are the hardest; ungodly
The looks are day-to day
One day your words will pay.

Adanna Duanys
Grade 9
North High School

FIGHT FOR EQUALITY

No matter what you say
It happens every day:
People criticize every word,
Their words verbally burn;
Sometimes the words aren't even heard
This is just absurd.
The feeling of betrayal
Is finally portrayed
Like a never ending maze,
A blaze.
Hate speech should be a crime
But will it stop in time?
Probably not,
This will never stop
If we are equal why is there so much hate?
It's nothing but deadweight
We all still use hate speech,
It is hate's screech.

Love your brother and sister
The misses and the misters.
Don't act in anger
Become anger's manager.
We are equal,
We're all people.
Keep your friends close
You'll miss them the most;
Keep your enemies close
They shape you the most.
We don't need to criticize each other
We all come from the same great mother.
Let's work together,
Now altogether
Stand up and fight.
We can reach the light,
The light of equality
For the best quality.

Gabriella Medeiros
Grade 9
North High School

THE DREAM THAT MADE A CHANGE

What began as a dream, became, a reality.
He fought for a cause, something everyone can agree
He fought every single battle with, his words,
And stood peacefully like a tree filled with birds.

He never gave up, and fought till he died
But when he was gone, even the ones who hated, cried.
He left the world with a cause, and with his pride
His words were the pathway, and became the people's guide.
"I Have a Dream", a few words with a meaning
Made the world lose all its pain and demeaning.
Some people never learn and stay the same,
For they do not understand, life is not just a game.

Many things did change, time brought greater order,
Women can, in all fields, cross the gender border.
People understand, the real meaning of respect,
All colors, white or black, everyone can now accept.

Racism, an issue today, will never go away
But the step to its end starts with you, it starts today.
Everyone is the same, no matter what may be the case
None deserve unequal treatment, despite belief nor race.

Hussain Bhatti
Grade 9
Worcester Technical High School

CHANGE THE WORLD

When Martin was a little boy,
It made him sad and lonely,
To see the parks and pools, and schools
With signs that said "Whites Only."

He knew he had to change the world,
But had to do it quick and right,
And that meant working peacefully,
No fist would win this fight.

So Martin grew, and studies too,
And come to speak his mind,
He led the march for equal rights,
For peace and all mankind.

Dr. King did change the world,
As hard as that may seem,
And with an open mind and heart,
You too can live his dream.

Jayda Cesar
Grade 9

Doherty Memorial High School

I swear racism was abolished
And the streets were paved in gold and glistened
I swear when I spoke people would listen
But now that I'm saying something that could possibly make a
difference
They look at me and roll their eyes like my words are a hindrance
I swear that we stood up for that was right
And we saw the world in colors more than just black and white
The civil rights movements still moving
We are still trying to survive
Martins dream became inanimate
But his dream will be revived
We will march these streets again
we will lend a helping hand
and let Martin's words be sent
into the hearts of the heartless in this land
Crafting their minds to seek love more than preach hate
Letting freedom unite the United States

Racism roars raising its voice trying to silence the words of
freedom

But our freedom speaks over hate like it's
sovereignty,
spoken so powerful peacefully and perfectly
pounding at the doors of our people's mind
We will drench ourselves in freedom,
Raise our fists high
Until the pledges promises become true,
Our picket signs will not fall
Indivisible, with Liberty and justice for all.

Meshia Brooks

Grade 10

South High Community School

THE RETURN OF A GIVER

Whatever degrades human nature is unjust
Homelessness, the unhindered beast, is consuming our brethren
(How long will we let her prosper?)
By miracle, the Almighty shall not help them if all we do is pray
in vain

Trees won't outperform me: just because they can provide shade,
doesn't mean we can't

I won't allow winter's burning cold to torture my brethren
But I know that I'm not the only one who wants to see this
pernicious Pharaoh cease to
death

I urge everyone who is tired of witnessing the victories of this
prosperous Monster, who
is tired of being a coward, and who believes it is too late to be a
Moses to give

Give what you have-courage, shelter, hope, food, and even your
last cent-to uplift
them

We must let not Nature out-give our kindness unless we're willing
to renounce our own
brothers and sister to their everlasting catastrophe
I believe our compassion and unit will be extinction of the Prince
of Darkness

Daniel Mbusa

Grade 11

North High School

ENLIGHTENMENT

The righteous juxtaposition of all brethren
The sanctification of our privileged citizens
the ratification of our elected president,
My aberration towards our inevitable precedence,

Oh King,
What would you do?

Every possible man's definite and unalienable right to float in an
oasis of racial justice
Without a silver of segregation and complete discrimination.
A destiny promised by our forefathers,
Reiterated through the sixteenth president,
Is still being endangered throughout this very moment.

Perhaps a foreshadowing of our renowned realm,
An exaggeration through our millenniums,
Or an enlightenment of our imbroglio.

The denotation of this nation a battered condition
Where colored citizens have been neglected from this promissory
note of liberty.
The demand for the quench and security of quality is in debt.
What is it so inexplicably hard for some to fathom?

Beings should be perceived by the person they gist with others,
not by the treasure of skin granted to them in birth.

Dumbfoundedly, we have neglected this relentless circumstance
Thus, acknowledging the unforgivable behavior of the privileged.
It's subtly attempting to encroach in today's society.

The sense of urgency and political correctness has vanquished in
order to get rid of the lingering traces and new beginnings of any
type of degradation.

So why is it so inexplicably different for some to tolerate the idea
of equality?
Ignorance and validation.

Millicent Oppong
Grade 11
North High School

BIRDS

Ravens in the sky
Imprisoned by the unjust
While white doves soar

The keys of justice
Embezzled by corruption
While ravens gaze

The most slightest breeze
Will cause all birds to fly off
Together in peace

Brian Le
Grade 11
North High School

A Marvelous Man name Martin
I remember him in the misted vision of toddler years
and again in girlhood, the booming voice on TV,
someone grown-ups talked about, eyelids flapped wide.
Elders huddled "round the screen enraptured
in fear for him, in awe.

I remember him.
His words swept the land, singing our passion.
Dogs growled in streets. Men in sheets.
Police battering my people. (Water, a weapon.)
Yet my people would rejoice... And mourn.

I remember him, a fearsome warrior crying peace
a man--blemished by clay, the stain of sin as
any other, calling on the Rock--
Death's sickle on his coat tails
yet he spied glory.

Shall we walk again and remember him
not as the Madison Aveners do
but in solitude and hope
with acts of courage and compassion
with lives of greater scope
carving fresh paths of righteousness?

I remember.

Alexis Boston
Grade 12
Holy Name

Bringing Light to Dark Times
Our world is wounded
We live in a time where black fathers fear for their sons
When a dark hoodie is a threat
When talking back to a cop is like pulling a gun.
King would agree that Black Lives Matter
We need to call for peaceful protests
For blacks and whites to gather as one and roar in unity
No violence or darkness
“Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that.”
King’s March on Washington was like the Crusaders storming
Jerusalem
What an incredible experience it must have been to see King give
that speech
A speech that will touch this country forever
It was the most powerful call for equality that America has ever
heard.
But, the trench of injustice still roams the air today
Imagine if King were still alive
Would he be able to make every life truly matter?

Peter Menchin
Grade 12
Holy Name

“IN MEMORIAL OF A KING”

Once upon a time, a man had a dream:
For men to be equal and liv with esteem.
This man had a name, it was Martin Luther King,
And he devoted his life to let freedom ring.
He led a battle without bullets or swords,
For the words of peace were used in this war,
And for a time it appeared that the fight might be won,
But still to this day, equality’s on the run.
The poles have shifted, the once-victims have guns,
The once:...suspects now cower away from the slums.
This isn’t what King would want, it’s not what he died for,
He wanted peace, not the riots in Baltimore.
If he were alive once again and saw what’s begun
Dr. King would be disgraced at what we’ve become.

No lives matter if they take life from another,
Cain had been cursed for slaying his brother.
In the war against racism, the victor should be all of mankind,
Not by the tone of his skin, but the quality of his mind.
The only way to end prejudice is to love one another,
Only when this is achieved can we all stand together.
The riots going on will only build more tension,
We must fight through peace the way we ended segregation.
Lay down your arms, your bats, and your stones,
For only then will equality come to be known.

Steven Thomas Rivera
Grade 12
Burncoat High School

DEATHLESS DREAM

Everyone has his own dream, it may be big, and it can be small.
He also had a dream, a dream of justice and equality.
And he did not just talk, he made it come true
With the kindness he had, with the love he shared.

Began as a leader of the protest on racist buses,
He quickly realized the need of himself.
He could not leave his black friends alone facing segregation,
Also his white friends, who were blinded by hatred.

His voice was as strong as the beats of the drum,
“We want all of our rights, we want them here, and we want them
now.”

His belief was the guide to a brighter place,
“Love is the only force capable of transforming an enemy into
friend.”

Of course, the road to justice was not easy in the least
He lost count how many times he got arrested, but it did not
bother him at all
Spreading the words of love, he led people to move forward
Step by step, clank! The chain of segregation was broken!

It was such a marvelous scene on July 2, 1964 when the Civil
Right Acts was signed

To hear the praises of joys resounding from billions hearts
To feel the mild aroma of love spreading throughout the country
To taste the sweet savor of equality pervading those longing souls.

His legacy is the most precious treasure, even the richest man
cannot buy it.

He was no longer here, yet he left us a world full of love
Still, that world cannot continue if we do not protect it
Just a blink of injustice and we can lose the Garden of Eden.

Mistreating, prejudicing, and discriminating
Why do things like colors, races, religions and genders matter so
much?
Shouldn't our dignity be the greatest value of all?
My dear friends, have you already forgotten his words?

Waking up. Recalling the dream of justice and equality.
Face your harshness, you must fight for what you want
Together we can make his dream alive again, let it bum like the
dazzling sun
So that even though King was dead, his dream will be everlasting.

Han Nguyen
Grade 12
Holy Name High School

THE UNIFIER

"We must live together as brothers ..."
Live, strive, fight, educate,
Together.
As one equal people,
In unity,
Like flowers in a garden.
Peaceful, nonviolent, working to evaporate injustice.
Seeing young black children run when the police arrive,
Having done nothing wrong,
Yet they fear for their lives.
Bystanders wait for the second MLK to rise,
Setting supreme standards for equality.
His toolbox full of boycotts, protest marches, freedom rides and
speeches

All nonviolent,
All trying to prevent segregation from stabbing the dreams of young
black boys and girls

King dedicated his life to the fight against segregation and poverty,
and barriers to voting rights, and equal education,
Making sure every race was treated constitutionally.
Civil Rights Acts, signed but not enforced,
Children being shamed for the color of their skin
Causing MLK to rise from his grave in order to spread peace across
the city.

The rancid stench of injustice,
The taste of segregation left on starving children's tongues.

"life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"

Seeming like a drizzle to those unaffected,

Not appreciating the storm for those unprotected.

We need to join hand in hand and put an end to the insanity.

Mairead O'Sullivan

Grade 12

Holy Name High School

Breaking news.

Young black man, shot,

Dead.

Siren's cry, like the mother who had received this news on the end of
the phone line.

"Ma'am your boy is dead".

"He wasn't a boy, he was a man".

"He was 23 going to college to get a degree". "Hardworking".

"Obedient". "Loving".

"Caring".

A father.

A brother.

A son.

At the end of the gun the man dressed in blue gets praise.

He killed a thug, ugh what a disgrace.

Not a thug or a gangster, that's stereotypical.

Just because he's black doesn't mean he's a criminal.

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. is the epitome of:
Peace,
Freedom,
Justice.

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s vision was to unite all people,
In spite of cruelty, injustice, destruction.

He stood for the American people, despite their race, color or
creed.

Protest, protesting, protested.
We stand up for what we believe in and we're shot down.
With liberty and justice for all.
Where's justice for Sandra Bland, Trayvon Martin and Tamir Rice?

Blue lives matter,
All lives matter,
If that were true then why aren't you standing out here too?

Breaking news.

Chantielle Chapman
Grade 12
Claremont Academy

"They Say They'll Build a Wall"
They say they'll build a wall
In the home of the brave
They'll build a wall
To protect us from "knaves"

They say they'll build a wall
Of hatred, and iniquity
They'll build a wall
Of cold corpses, and of fear

They'll keep them from safety
Leave them festering with hate
Bound them to monsters
That they helped create

So, we'll build a wall

We'll build a wall
Of love, of acceptance
We'll build a wall
Of kindness and care

We'll build a podium
Where unspoken cries are shouted
We'll set the stage
For little ones to learn

We'll build a castle
Of tongues interacting
We'll build a palace
Rich in language and culture

We'll build a labyrinth
Of interlocking hands
We'll build a metropolis
Of shades from black to white

So, we'll build a wall
But we'll build it right

Mariah Acquaye
Grade 12
Doherty

LIFT EVERY VOICE AND SING

By James Weldon Johnson

Lift every voice and sing
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us,
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod,
Bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat,
Have not our weary feet
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the
slaughtered,
Out from the gloomy past,
Till now we stand at last
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.
God of our weary years,
God of our silent tears,
Thou who has brought us thus far on the way;
Thou who has by Thy might Led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
Lest, our hearts drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;
Shadowed beneath Thy hand,
May we forever stand.
True to our God,
True to our native land.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

1. We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day

CHORUS: Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

2. We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand some day
CHORUS

3. We shall all be free
We shall all be free
We shall all be free some day
CHORUS

4. We are not afraid
We are not afraid
We are not afraid some day
CHORUS

5. We are not alone
We are not alone
We are not alone some day
CHORUS

6. The whole wide world around
The whole wide world around
The whole wide world around some day
CHORUS

7. We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day
CHORUS
-

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Youth Breakfast Committee

Laxmi Bissoondial

Jennifer English

Dorothy Hargrove

Gordon Hargrove

Kevin Karanja

Hilda Ramirez

Karen Richards

Isaac Tesfay

Marcela Uribe-Jennings, *Chair*

Poetry Contest Committee

Dorothy Hargrove, *Chair*

Gertrude Addo

Laxmi Bissoondial

Jennifer English

Karen Richards

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