

Unit 1, Day 4

Orphan Train

Chapter 3: New York City, 1929, Page ____

1 The morning that we arrived in New York harbor was so foggy and overcast that though my brothers
2 and I stood at the railing, squinting into the drizzle, we could barely make out the ghostly form of the
3 Statue of Liberty a short distance from the docks. We were herded into long lines to be inspected,
4 interrogated, stamped, and then set loose among hundreds of other immigrants, speaking languages
5 that sounded to my ears like the braying of farm animals.

6 There were no waving fields of grain that I could see, no oversized oranges. We took a ferry to the
7 island of Manhattan and walked the streets, Mam and I staggering under the weight of our
8 possessions, the twins clamoring to be held, Da with a suitcase under each arm, clutching a map in one
9 hand and the tattered paper with *Mark Flannery, The Irish Rose, Delancey Street*, written in his
10 mother's cursive, in the other. After losing our way several times, Da gave up on the map and began
11 asking people on the street for directions. More often than not they turned away without answering;
12 one man spit on the ground, his face twisted with loathing. But finally we found the place--an Irish
13 pub, as seedy as the roughest ones on the backstreets of Galway.

14 Mam and the boys and I waited on the sidewalk while Da went inside. The rain had stopped; steam
15 rose from the wet street into the humid air. We stood in our damp clothing, stiffened from sweat and
16 ground-in dirt, scratching our scabbed heads (from lice on the ship, as pervasive as seasickness), our
17 feet blistering in the new shoes Gram had bought before we left but Mam didn't let us wear until we
18 walked on American soil—and wondered what we had gotten ourselves into. Except for this sorry
19 reproduction of an Irish pub before us, nothing in this new land bore the slightest resemblance to the
20 world we knew.

Unit 1, Day 9*Orphan Train*

Chapter 4: New York City, 1929, Page ____

1 My mother and father, two brothers, and a sister as dear to me as my own self—there is no language
2 for my loss. And even if I find words to describe what I feel, there is no one to tell. Everyone I am
3 attached to in the world—this new world—is dead or gone.

4 The night of the fire, the night they took me in, I could hear Mrs. Schatzman in her bedroom, fretting
5 with her husband about what to do with me. “I didn’t ask for this,” she hissed, the words as distinct
6 to my ears as if she’d been in the same room. “Those Irish! Too many children in too small a space. The
7 only surprise is that this kind of thing doesn’t happen more.”

8 As I listened through the wall, a hollow space opened within me. *I didn’t ask for this*. Only hours
9 earlier, my da had come in from his job at the bar and changed his clothes, as he always did after
10 work, shedding rank smells with each layer. Mam mended a pile of clothes she’d taken in for money.
11 Dominick peeled potatoes. James played in a corner. I drew on a piece of paper with Maisie, teaching
12 her letters, the hot-water-bottle weight and warmth of her on my lap, her sticky fingers in my hair.

13 I try to forget the horror of what happened. Or—perhaps *forget* is the wrong word. How can I forget?
14 And yet how can I move forward even a step without tamping down the despair I feel? When I close
15 my eyes, I hear Maisie’s cries and Mam’s screams, smell the acrid smoke, feel the heat of the fire on
16 my skin, and heave upright on my pallet in the Schatzmans’ parlor, soaked in a cold sweat.

Unit 2, Day 4

Orphan Train

Chapters 10: Milwaukee Road Depot, Minneapolis, 1929, Page ____

1 We're at the back of a large, wood-paneled room with no windows, filled with people milling about
2 and rows of empty chairs. As Mrs. Scratcherd leads us down the center aisle toward a low stage at the
3 front, a hush falls over the crowd, and then a swelling murmur. People in the aisle move aside to let us
4 pass.

5 Maybe, I think, someone will want me. Maybe I'll have a life I've never dared to imagine, in a bright,
6 snug house where there is plenty to eat—warm cake and milky tea with as much sugar as I please. But
7 I am quaking as I make my way up the stairs to the stage.

8 We line up by height, smallest to tallest, some of us still holding babies. Though Dutchy is three years
9 older than me, I'm tall for my age, and we're only separated by one boy in the line.

10 Mr. Curran clears his throat and begins to make a speech. Looking over at him, I notice his flushed
11 cheeks and rabbit eyes, his droopy brown mustache and bristly eyebrows, the stomach that
12 protrudes from the bottom of his vest like a barely hidden balloon. "A simple matter of paperwork,"
13 he tells the good people of Minnesota, "is all that stands between you and one of the children on this
14 stage--strong, healthy, good for farm work and helping around the house. You have the chance to
15 save a child from destitution, poverty, and I believe Mrs. Scratcherd would agree that it is not too
16 great an exaggeration to add sin and depravity."

17 Mrs. Scratcherd nods.

18 "So you have the opportunity both to do a good deed and get something in return," he continues.
19 "You will be expected to feed, clothe, and educate the child until the age of eighteen, and provide a
20 religious education as well, of course, and it is our deepest hope that you will grow to feel not only

21 fondness for your child, but to embrace him as your own.

22 “The child you select is yours for free,” he adds, “on a ninety-day trial. At which point, if you so

23 choose, you may send him back.”

Unit 2, Day 9

Orphan Train

Chapters 16: Albans, Minnesota, 1929-1930, Page ____

1 Ever since I arrived in Minnesota people have been warning me about the extreme cold that's on the
2 way. I am beginning to feel it. Kinvara is rain soaked much of the year, and Irish winters are cold and
3 wet. New York is gray and slushy and miserable for months. But neither place compares to this.
4 Already we've had two big snowstorms. As the weather gets colder, my fingers are so stiff when I'm
5 sewing that I have to stop and rub them so I can keep going. I notice that the other women are
6 wearing fingerless gloves, and when I ask where they came from, they tell me they made them
7 themselves.

8 I don't know how to knit. My mam never taught me. But I know I need to get a pair of gloves for my
9 stiff, cold hands.

10 Several days before Christmas, Mrs. Byrne announces that Christmas Day, Wednesday, will be an
11 unpaid holiday. She and Mr. Byrne will be gone for the day, visiting relatives out of town. She doesn't
12 ask me to come along. At the end of our workday on Christmas Eve, Fanny slips me a small brown-
13 wrapped parcel. "Open this later," she whispers. "Tell them you brought it from home." I put the
14 packet in my pocket and wade through the knee-deep snow to the privy, where I open it in the
15 semidarkness, wind slicing through the cracks in the walls and the slit in the door. It's a pair of
16 fingerless gloves knit from a dense navy blue yarn, and a thick pair of brown wool mittens. When I
17 put on the mittens I find that Fanny lined them with heavy wool and reinforced the top of the thumb
18 and other fingers with extra padding.

19 As with Dutchy and Carmine on the train, this little cluster of women has become a kind of family to
20 me. Like an abandoned foal that nestles against cows in the barnyard, maybe I just need to feel the
21 warmth of belonging. And if I'm not going to find that with the Byrnes, I will find it, however partial
22 and illusory, with the women in the sewing room.

Unit 3, Day 4*Orphan Train*

Chapters 20: Spruce Harbor Maine, 2011, Page ____

1 She knows that she was named for Molly Molasses, a famous Penobscot Indian born the year before
2 America declared its independence from England. Molly Molasses lived into her nineties, coming and
3 going from Indian Island, and was said to possess *m'teoulin*, power given by the Great Spirit to a few
4 for the good of the whole. Those who possess this power, her dad said, could interpret dreams, repel
5 disease or death, inform hunters where to find game, and send a spirit helper to harm their enemies.

6 But she didn't learn until this year, in Mr. Reed's class, that there were over thirty thousand
7 Wabanakis living on the East Coast in 1600 and that 90 percent of them had died by 1620, almost
8 entirely a result of contact with settlers, who brought diseases and alcohol, drained resources, and
9 fought with the tribes for control of the land. She didn't know that Indian women had more power and
10 authority than white women, a fact detailed in captivity stories. That Indian farmers had greater skill
11 and bounty, and more yields, than most Europeans who worked the same land. No, they weren't
12 "primitive"—their social networks were highly advanced. And though they were called savages, even
13 a prominent English general, Philip Sheridan, had to admit, "We took away their country and their
14 means of support. It was for this and against this that they made war. Could anyone expect less?"

15 Molly had always thought Indians rebelled like guerrillas, scalping and pillaging. Learning that they
16 attempted to negotiate with the settlers, wearing European-style suits and addressing Congress in
17 the assumption of good faith—and were repeatedly lied to and betrayed—enrages her.

18 In Mr. Reed's classroom there's a photo of Molly Molasses taken near the end of her life. In it she sits
19 ramrod straight, wearing a beaded, peaked headdress and two large silver brooches around her neck.
20 Her face is dark and wrinkled and her expression is fierce. Sitting in the empty classroom after school
21 one day, Molly stares at the face for a long time, looking for answers to questions she doesn't know
22 how to ask.

Unit 3, Day 9

Orphan Train

Chapters 27: Spruce Harbor Maine, 2011, Page ____

1 Vivian’s life has been quiet and ordinary. As the years have passed, her losses have piled one on
2 another like layers of shale: even if her mother lived, she would be dead by now; the people who
3 adopted her are dead; her husband is dead; she has no children. Except for the company of the
4 woman she pays to take care of her, she is alone as a person can be.

5 She has never tried to find out what happened to her family—her mother or her relatives in Ireland.
6 But over and over, Molly begins to understand as she listens to the tapes. Vivian has come back to the
7 idea that the people who matter in our lives stay with us, haunting our most ordinary moments.
8 They’re with us in the grocery store, as we turn a corner, chat with a friend. They rise up through the
9 pavement; we absorb them through our soles.

10 Vivian has given Molly’s community service sentence meaning. Now Molly wants to give something
11 back. No one else knows Vivian’s story. There’s no one to read the documents of indenture, of
12 adoption; no one to acknowledge the significance of the things she values, things that would be
13 meaningful only to someone who cares about her. But Molly cares. The gaps in Vivian’s stories seem
14 to her mysteries she can help solve. On TV once she heard a relationship expert say that you can’t
15 find peace until you find all the pieces. She wants to help Vivian find some kind of peace, elusive and
16 fleeting as it may be.

17 After being dropped off at the Bar Harbor green, Molly walks over to the library, a brick structure on
18 Mount Desert Street. In the main reading room, she chats with the reference librarian, who helps her
19 find a cache of books on Irish history and immigration in the 1920’s. She spends a few hours poring
20 over them and jotting notes. Then she pulls out her laptop and launches Google. Different words
21 together yield different results, so Molly tries dozens of combinations: “1929 fire NYC,” “Lower East
22 Side Elizabeth St. fire 1929,” “Agnes Pauline,” “Ellis Island 1927.” On the Ellis Island website she clicks

23 Passenger Records Search. *Search by ship. Now click the name of a ship from the list below...And here*

24 it is, the *Agnes Pauline*.

Unit 4, Day 4*Orphan Train*

Chapters 34: Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1939, Page ____

1 I sink into a chair at their table, order a gin fizz at the waiter’s suggestion, and concentrate on Dutchy’s
2 fingers, which I can see from where I’m sitting, deftly skimming the piano keys. Ducking his head and
3 closing his eyes, he sings in a clear, low voice. He plays Glenn Miller and Artie Shaw and Glen Gray,
4 music that everybody knows—songs like “Little Brown Jug” and “Heaven Can Wait,” rearranged to
5 draw out different meanings—and some old standards for the gray-haired men on bar stools. Every
6 now and then he pulls sheet music from his case, but mostly he seems to play from memory or by ear.
7 A small cluster of older ladies clutching pocketbooks, their hair carefully coiffed, probably on a
8 shopping expedition from some province or suburb, smile and coo when he tinkles the opening of
9 “Moonlight Serenade.”

10 Conversation washes over me, slips around me, snagging now and then when I’m expected to answer
11 a question or laugh at a joke. I’m not paying attention. How can I? Dutchy is talking to me through
12 the piano and, as in a dream, I understand his meaning. I have been so alone on this journey, cut off
13 from my past. However hard I try, I will always feel alien and strange. And now I’ve stumbled on a
14 fellow outsider, one who speaks my language without saying a word.

15 The more people drink, the more requests they make, and the fuller Dutchy’s tip jar grows. Richard’s
16 head is buried in Lil’s neck, and Em is practically sitting in the lap of a gray hair who wandered over
17 from the bar. “Over the Rainbow!” she calls out, several gin fizzes to the wind. “You know that one?
18 From that movie?”

19 Dutchy nods, smiles, spreads his fingers across the keys. By the way he plays the chords I can tell he’s
20 been asked to sing it before.

Unit 4, Day 9*Orphan Train*

Chapters 40: Spruce Harbor Maine, 2011, Page ____

1 Sitting in the rocker in the kitchen, looking out at the water, Molly feels oddly at peace. For the first
2 time since she can remember, her life is beginning to make sense. What up until this moment has felt
3 like a random, disconnected series of unhappy events she now views as necessary steps in a journey
4 toward...*enlightenment* is perhaps too strong a word, but there are others, less lofty, like *self-*
5 *acceptance* and *perspective*. She has never believed in fate; it would've been dispiriting to accept that
6 her life so far unfolded as it did according to some preordained pattern. But now she wonders. If she
7 hadn't been bounced from one foster home to the next, she wouldn't have ended up on this island--
8 and met Jack, and through him, Vivian. She would never have heard Vivian's story, with all its
9 resonance to her own.

10 When the car pulls into the driveway, Molly hears the crunch of gravel from the kitchen, at the
11 opposite end of the house. She's been listening for it. "Vivian, they're here!" she calls.

12 "I hear," Vivian calls back.

13 Meeting in the foyer, Molly reaches for Vivian's hand. This is it, she thinks, the culmination of
14 everything. But all she says is, "Ready?"

15 "Ready," Vivian says.

16 As soon as Jack shuts off the engine, a girl springs from the backseat, wearing a blue-striped dress
17 and white sneakers. Becca—it must be. She has red hair. Long, wavy red hair and a smattering of
18 freckles.

19 Vivian, gripping the porch rail with one hand, puts her other over her mouth. "Oh."

20 “Oh,” Molly breathes behind her.

21 The girl waves. “Vivian, we’re here!”

22 The blond woman getting out of the car—Sarah—looks toward them with an expression Molly’s
23 never seen before. Her eyes are wide open, searching, and when her gaze alights on Vivian’s face, it is
24 startling in its intensity, stripped of any pretense or convention. Yearning and wariness and
25 hopefulness and love...does Molly really see all this on Sarah’s face, or is she projecting? She looks at
26 Jack, lifting the bags out of the trunk, and he nods and gives her a slow wink. *I get it. I feel it too.*

27 Molly touches Vivian’s shoulder, frail and bony under her thin silk cardigan. She half turns, half
28 smiles, her eyes brimming with tears. Her hand flutters to her clavicle, to the silver chain around her
29 neck, the claddagh charm—those tiny hands clasping a crowned heart: love, loyalty, friendship—a
30 never-ending path that leads away from home and circles back. What a journey Vivian and this
31 necklace have taken, Molly thinks: from a cobblestoned village on the coast of Ireland to a tenement
32 in New York to a train filled with children, steaming westward through farmland, to a lifetime in
33 Minnesota. And now to this moment, nearly a hundred years after it all began, on the porch of an old
34 house in Maine.

Unit 5, Day 4*The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.*

Chapter 1, Page 10

1 That night, Mrs. Bradley and I were on a bus returning to Atlanta. Along the way, some white
2 passengers boarded the bus, and the white driver ordered us to get up and give the whites our seats.
3 We didn't move quickly enough to suit him, so he began cursing us. I intended to stay right in that
4 seat, but Mrs. Bradley urged me up, saying we had to obey the law. We stood up in the aisle for ninety
5 miles to Atlanta. That night will never leave my memory. It was the angriest I have ever been in my
6 life.

7 I had grown up abhorring not only segregation but also the oppressive and barbarous acts that grew
8 out of it. I had seen police brutality with my own eyes, and watched Negroes receive the most tragic
9 injustice in the courts. I can remember the organization known as the Ku Klux Klan. It stands on white
10 supremacy, and it was an organization that in those days even used violent methods to preserve
11 segregation and to keep the Negro in his place, so to speak. I remember seeing the Klan actually beat
12 a Negro. I had passed spots where Negroes had been savagely lynched. All of these things did
13 something to my growing personality.

14 I had also learned that the inseparable twin of racial injustice was economic injustice. Although I
15 came from a home of economic security and relative comfort, I could never get out of my mind the
16 economic insecurity of many of my playmates and the tragic poverty of those living around me.
17 During my late teens I worked two summers (against my father's wishes—he never wanted my
18 brother and me to work around white people because of the oppressive conditions) in a plant that
19 hired both Negroes and whites. Here I saw economic injustice firsthand, and realized that the poor
20 white was exploited just as much as the Negro. Through these early experiences I grew up deeply
21 conscious of the varieties of injustice in our society.

Unit 5, Day 9

The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Chapter 2, Page 14

1 Because of the influence of my mother and father, I guess I always had a deep urge to serve humanity,
2 but I didn't start out with an interest to enter the ministry. I thought I could probably do it better as a
3 lawyer or doctor. One of my closest friends at Morehouse, Walter McCall, was clear about his
4 intention of going into the ministry, but I was slow to make up my mind. I did serve as assistant to my
5 father for six months.

6 As stated above, my college training, especially the first two years, brought many doubts into my
7 mind. It was then that the shackles of fundamentalism were removed from my body. More and more I
8 could see the gap between what I learned in Sunday school and what I was learning in college. My
9 studies made me skeptical, and I could not see how many of the facts of science could be squared with
10 religion.

11 I revolted, too, against the emotionalism of much Negro religion, the shouting and stamping. I didn't
12 understand it, and it embarrassed me. I often say that if we, as a people, had as much religion in our
13 hearts and souls as we have in our legs and feet, we could change the world.

14 I had seen that most Negro ministers were unlettered, not trained in seminaries, and that gave me
15 pause. I had been brought up in a church and knew about religion, but I wondered whether it could
16 serve as a vehicle to modern thinking, whether religion could be intellectually respectable as well as
17 emotionally satisfying.

18 This conflict continued until I studied a course in Bible in which I came to see that behind the legends
19 and myths of the Book were many profound truths which one could not escape. Two men—Dr. Mays,
20 president of Morehouse College and one of the great influences in my life, and Dr. George Kelsey, a
21 professor of philosophy and religion—made me stop and think. Both were ministers, both deeply

22 religious, and yet both were learned men, aware of all the trends of modern thinking. I could see in

23 their lives the ideal of what I wanted a minister to be.

24 It was in my senior year of college that I entered the ministry. I had felt the urge to enter the ministry

25 from my high school days, but accumulated doubts had somewhat blocked the urge. Now it

26 appeared again with an inescapable drive. I felt a sense of responsibility which I could not escape.

Unit 6, Day 4

The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Chapters 3, Page 18

1 I feel that preaching is one of the most vital needs of our society, if it is used correctly. There is a great
2 paradox in preaching: on the one hand it may be very helpful and on the other it may be very
3 pernicious. It is my opinion that sincerity is not enough for the preaching ministry. The minister must
4 be both sincere and intelligent...I also think that the minister should possess profundity of conviction.
5 We have too many ministers in the pulpit who are great spellbinders and too few who possess spiritual
6 power. It is my profound conviction that I, as an aspirant for the ministry, should possess these
7 powers.

8 I think that preaching should grow out of the experiences of the people. Therefore, I, as a minister,
9 must know the problems of the people that I am pastoring. Too often do educated ministers leave the
10 people lost in the fog of theological abstraction, rather than presenting that theology in the light of
11 the people's experiences. It is my conviction that the minister must somehow take profound
12 theological and philosophical views and place them in a concrete framework. I must forever make the
13 complex the simple.

14 Above all, I see the preaching ministry as a dual process. On the one hand, I must attempt to change
15 the soul of individuals so that their societies may be changed. On the other I must attempt to change
16 the societies so that the individual soul will have a change. Therefore, I must be concerned about
17 unemployment, slums, and economic insecurity. I am a profound advocate of the social gospel.

Unit 6, Day 9*The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.*

Chapters 5, Page 37

1 My devoted wife has been a constant source of consolation to me through all the difficulties.

2 In the midst of the most tragic experiences, she never became panicky or overemotional. I have come

3 to see the real meaning of that trite statement: a wife can either make or break a husband. My wife

4 was always stronger than I was through the struggle. While she had certain natural fears and

5 anxieties concerning my welfare, she never allowed them to hamper my active participation in the

6 movement. Corrie proved to be that type of wife with qualities to make a husband when he could

7 have been so easily broken. In the darkest moments, she always brought the light of hope. I am

8 convinced that if I had not had a wife with the fortitude, strength, and calmness of Corrie, I could not

9 have withstood the ordeals and tensions surrounding the movement.

10 She saw the greatness of the movement and had a unique willingness to sacrifice herself for its

11 continuation. If I have done anything in this struggle, it is because I have had behind me and at my

12 side a devoted, understanding, dedicated, patient companion in the person of my wife. I can

13 remember times when I sent her away for safety. I would look up a few days later, and she was back

14 home, because she wanted to be there.

15 Coretta was never satisfied in being away from me, but she could not always be with me because she

16 had to stay home with our four rather young children. She did join me on some occasions, and she

17 was always a deep consolation to me, supporting my every move. I didn't have the problem of having

18 a wife who was afraid and trying to run from the situation. And that was a great help in all of the

19 difficulties I encountered.

20 Coretta had to settle down to a few concerts here and there. Basically she has been a pastor's wife

21 and mother of our four children, Martin Luther III, Dexter Scott, Yolanda Denise, and Bernice

22 Albertine.

23 When I thought of my future, I also thought of my family. I had to think of what's best for them also.

24 One of the frustrating aspects of my life has been the great demands that come as a result of my

25 involvement in the civil rights movement and the struggle for justice and peace. I have to be away

26 from home a great deal and that takes me away from the family so much. It's just impossible to carry

27 out the responsibilities of a father and husband when you have these kinds of demands. But

28 fortunately I have a most understanding wife who has tried to explain to the children why I have to

29 be absent so much. I think in some way they understand, even though it's pretty hard on them.

Unit 7, Day 4*The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.*

Chapters 6, Page 46

1 Montgomery was not unfamiliar to Coretta, for her home was just eighty miles away. (I teased her that
2 she had better be thankful. If she hadn't married me, she'd still be back in Marion, Alabama, picking
3 cotton.) Since her teens she had breathed the free air of unsegregated colleges, and stayed as a
4 welcome guest in white homes. Now in preparation for our long-term return to the South, she visited
5 the Negro section of town where we would be living without choice. She saw the Negroes crowded
6 into the backs of segregated buses and knew that she would be riding there too. But on the same visit
7 she was introduced to the church and cordially received by its fine congregation. And with her sense of
8 optimism and balance, which were to be my constant support in the days to come, she placed her
9 faith on the side of the opportunities and the challenges for Christian service that were offered by
10 Dexter and the Montgomery community.

11 The church work was stimulating from the beginning. The first few weeks of the autumn of 1954
12 were spent formulating a program that would be meaningful to this particular congregation. I was
13 anxious to change the impression in the community that Dexter was a sort of silk-stockings church
14 catering only to a certain class. Often it was referred to as the "big folk church." Revolting against this
15 idea, I was convinced that worship at its best is a social experience with people of all levels of life
16 coming together to realize their oneness and unity under God. Whenever the church, consciously or
17 unconsciously, caters to one class it loses the spiritual force of the "whosoever will, let him come"
18 doctrine, and is in danger of becoming little more than a social club with a thin veneer of religiosity.

19 For several months I had to divide my efforts between completing my thesis and carrying out my
20 duties with the church. I continued to study hard as usual. I rose every morning at five-thirty and
21 spent three hours writing the thesis, returning to it late at night for another three hours. The
22 remainder of the day was given to church work, including, besides the weekly service, marriages,
23 funerals, and personal conferences. One day each week was given over to visiting and praying with
24 members who were either sick or otherwise confined to their homes.

Unit 7, Day 9

The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Chapters 7, Page 55

1 I jumped in my car and for almost an hour I cruised down every major street and examined every
2 passing bus. At the peak of the morning traffic, I saw no more than eight Negro passengers riding the
3 buses. Instead of the 60 percent cooperation we had hoped for, it was becoming apparent that we had
4 reached almost 100 percent. A miracle had taken place. The once dormant and quiescent Negro
5 community was now fully awake.

6 All day long it continued. At the afternoon peak the buses were still empty of Negro passengers as
7 they had been in the morning. Students of Alabama State College were cheerfully walking or thumbing
8 rides. Job holders had either found other means of transportation or made their way on foot. Men
9 were seen riding mules to work, and more than one horse-drawn buggy drove the streets of
10 Montgomery that day.

11 During the rush hours the sidewalks were crowded with laborers and domestic workers trudging
12 patiently to their jobs and home again, sometimes as much as twelve miles. They knew why they
13 walked, and the knowledge was evident in the way they carried themselves. And as I watched them I
14 knew that there is nothing more majestic than the determined courage of individuals willing to suffer
15 and sacrifice for their freedom and dignity.

16 Around nine-thirty in the morning I tore myself from the action of the city streets and headed for the
17 crowded police court. Here Mrs. Parks was being tried for disobeying the city segregation ordinance.
18 After the judge heard the arguments, he found Mrs. Parks guilty and fined her \$10.00 and court costs
19 (a total of \$14.00). She appealed the case. This was one of the first clear-cut instances in which a
20 Negro had been convicted for disobeying the segregation law. In the past, either cases like this had
21 been dismissed or the people involved had been charged with disorderly conduct. So in a real sense
22 the arrest and conviction of Mrs. Parks had a twofold impact: it was a precipitating factor to arouse
23 the Negroes to positive action; and it was a test of the validity of the segregation law itself. I am sure
24 that supporters of such prosecutions would have acted otherwise if they had had the prescience to
25 look beyond the moment.

Unit 8, Day 4*The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.*

Chapters 17, Page 177

1 An important part of the mass meetings was the freedom songs. In a sense the freedom songs are the
2 soul of the movement. They are more than just incantations of clever phrases designed to invigorate a
3 campaign; they are as old as the history of the Negro in America. They are adaptations of songs the
4 slaves sang—the sorrow songs, the shouts of joy, the battle hymns, and the anthems of our
5 movement. I have heard people talk of their beat and rhythm, but we in the movement are as inspired
6 by their words. “Woke Up This Morning with My Mind Stayed on Freedom” is a sentence that needs
7 no music to make its point. We sing the freedom songs for the same reason the slaves sang them,
8 because we too are in bondage and the songs add hope to our determination that “We shall
9 overcome, Black and white together, We shall overcome someday.” These songs bound us together,
10 gave us courage together, helped us march together. We could walk toward any Gestapo force. We
11 had cosmic companionship, for we were singing, “Come By Me, Lord, Come By Me.”

12 With this music, a rich heritage from our ancestors who had the stamina and the moral fiber to be
13 able to find beauty in broken fragments of music, whose illiterate minds were able to compose
14 eloquently simple expressions of faith and hope and idealism, we can articulate our deepest groans
15 and passionate yearnings—and end always on a note of hope that God is going to help us work it out,
16 right here in the South where evil stalks the life of a Negro from the time he is placed in the cradle.
17 Through this music, the Negro is able to dip down into wells of a deeply pessimistic situation and
18 danger-fraught circumstances and to bring forth a marvelous, sparkling, fluid optimism. He knows it
19 is still dark in his world, but somehow, he finds a ray of light.

20 Toward the end of the mass meetings, Abernathy or Shuttlesworth or I would extend an appeal for
21 volunteers to serve in our nonviolent army. We made it clear that we would not send anyone out to
22 demonstrate who had not convinced himself and us that he could accept and endure violence
23 without retaliating. At the same time, we urged the volunteers to give up any possible weapons that

24 they might have on their persons. Hundreds of people responded to this appeal. Some of those who
25 carried penknives, Boy Scout knives—all kinds of knives—had them not because they wanted to use
26 them against the police or other attackers, but because they wanted to defend themselves against
27 Mr. Conner’s dogs. We proved to them that we needed no weapons—not so much as a toothpick.
28 We proved that we possessed the most formidable weapon of all—the conviction that we were right.
29 We had the protection of our knowledge that we were more concerned about realizing our righteous
30 aims than about saving our skins.

Unit 8, Day 9*The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.*

Chapters 18, Page 197

1 Oppressed people cannot remain oppressed forever. The yearning for freedom eventually manifests
2 itself, and that is what has happened to the American Negro. Something within has reminded him of
3 his birthright of freedom, and something without has reminded him that it can be gained. Consciously
4 or unconsciously, he has been caught up by the Zeitgeist, and with his black brothers of Africa and his
5 brown and yellow brothers of Asia, South America, and the Caribbean, the United States Negro is
6 moving with a sense of great urgency toward the promised land of racial justice. If one recognizes this
7 vital urge that has engulfed the Negro community, one should readily understand why public
8 demonstrations are taking place. The Negro has many pent-up resentments and latent frustrations,
9 and he must release them. So let him march; let him make prayer pilgrimages to the city hall; let him
10 go on his freedom rides—and try to understand why he must do so. If his repressed emotions are not
11 released in nonviolent ways, they will seek expression through violence; this is not a threat but a fact
12 of history. So I have not said to my people: “Get rid of your discontent.” Rather, I have tried to say
13 that this normal and healthy discontent can be channeled into the creative outlet of nonviolent direct
14 action. And now this approach is being termed extremist.

15 But though I was initially disappointed at being categorized as an extremist, as I continued to think
16 about the matter I gradually gained a measure of satisfaction from the label. Was not Jesus an
17 extremist for love: “Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you,
18 and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.” Was not Amos an extremist for
19 justice: “Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness like an ever-flowing stream.” Was not
20 Paul an extremist for the Christian gospel: I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.” Was not
21 Martin Luther an extremist: Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise, so help me God.” And John Bunyan:
22 “I will stay in jail to the end of my days before I make a butchery of my conscience.” And Abraham
23 Lincoln: “This nation cannot survive half slave and half free.” And Thomas Jefferson: “We hold these
24 truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal...” So the question is not whether we will be

25 extremists, but what kind of extremists we will be. Will we be extremists for hate or for love? Will we
26 be extremists for the preservation of injustice or for the extension of justice? In that dramatic scene
27 on Calvary's hill three men were crucified. We must never forget that all three were crucified for the
28 same crime—the crime of extremism. Two were extremists for immorality, and thus fell below their
29 environment. The other, Jesus Christ, was an extremist for love, truth, goodness, and thereby rose
30 above his environment. Perhaps the South, the nation, and the world are in dire need of creative
31 extremists.

Unit 9, Day 4*The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.*

Chapters 24, Page 263

1 Wherever I traveled abroad, I had been made aware that America's integrity in all of its world
2 endeavors was being weighed on the scales of racial justice. This was dramatically and tragically
3 evidenced when that travesty of lawlessness and callousness in Meridian, Mississippi, was headlined in
4 Oslo on the very day of the Nobel Peace Prize ceremonies. On the same day the civil rights movement
5 was receiving the Nobel Peace Prize, a U.S. commissioner in Mississippi dismissed charges against
6 nineteen of the men arrested by the FBI in connection with the brutal slaying of three civil rights voter
7 registration workers in Mississippi the previous summer. I was convinced that the whole national
8 conscience must be mobilized to deal with the tragic situation of violence, terror, and blatant failure of
9 justice in Mississippi. We considered calling for a nationwide boycott of Mississippi products.

10 Aside from the proposed boycott, however, there was a more immediate opportunity for Congress to
11 speak out in a way that would remedy the root cause of Mississippi's injustices—the total denial of
12 the right to vote to her Negro citizens. On Monday, January 4, 1965, the House of Representatives
13 had the opportunity to challenge the seating of the entire Mississippi delegation in the House. Under
14 the provisions of the Act of February 23, 1870, readmitting Mississippi to representation in the
15 Congress, it was stipulated that the principal condition for readmission was that all citizens twenty-
16 one years or older, who had resided in the state for six months or more and who were neither
17 convicts nor insane, be allowed to vote freely. Mississippi had deliberately and repeatedly ignored
18 this solemn pact with the nation for more than fifty years and maintained seats to which she was not
19 entitled in an indifferent Congress. The conscience of America, troubled by the twin Mississippi
20 tragedies of the presence of violence and the absence of law, could have expressed itself in
21 supporting this moral challenge to immoral representation.

Unit 9, Day 9

The Autobiography of Martin Luther King, Jr.

Chapters 32, Page 365

1 Every now and then I guess we all think realistically about that day when we will be victimized with
2 what is life's common denominator—that something we call death. We all think about it. And every
3 now and then I think about my own death, and I think about my own funeral. And I don't think of it in
4 a morbid sense. Every now and then I ask myself, "What is it that I would want said?" And I leave the
5 word to you this morning.

6 I'd like somebody to mention that day, that Martin Luther King, Jr. tried to give his life serving
7 others.

8 I'd like for somebody to say that day, that Martin Luther King, Jr. tried to love somebody.

9 I want you to say that day, that I tried to be right on the war question.

10 I want you to be able to say that day, that I did try to feed the hungry.

11 And I want you to be able to say that day, that I did try, in my life, to clothe those who were naked.

12 I want you to say, on that day, that I did try, in my life, to visit those who were in prison.

13 I want you to say that I tried to love and to serve humanity.

14 Yes, if you want to say that I was a drum major, say that I was a drum major for justice. Say that I was
15 a drum major for peace. I was a drum major for righteousness. And all of the other shallow things will
16 not matter. I won't have any money to leave behind. I won't have the fine and luxurious things of life
17 to leave behind. But I just want to leave a committed life behind. And that's all I wanted to say.

18 If I can help somebody as I pass along, if I can cheer somebody with a word or song, if I can show
19 somebody he's traveling wrong, then my life will not be in vain. If I can do my duty as a Christian
20 ought, if I can bring salvation to a world once wrought, if I can spread the message as the master
21 taught, then my living will not be in vain.

