

Left to right -GPC Poetry Contest Winner Jada Graves (second left), teacher Connie Cannon, Pulitzer Prize Winning Poet Rita Dove and student, Renea Freeman.



Left to right -GPC Poetry Contest Winner Jada Graves with her mother, Belinda Graves and grandmother, Rebecca Killings.

14th
annual

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. 2010 birthday celebration

Friday, January 15th, 7pm



2010 Evening Program

Doors open at 6 p.m.

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She was young

She was young, yet she was old enough to understand the way freedom operated. The way freedom had never been so cold, suffocating – confining.

She was an optimist, once upon a time, though it seems to have faded with her youth. But, oh, she was young! She was brave! She had hope. As her back pressed into in firm, warm asphalt. As each roar of the bus engine threatened her life.

She lay there, unmoving...this was her fight! It was her fight for freedom redefined the way her visions had prophesied.

She, too, had a dream.

Marching and taking risks only seemed right. Life without liberty lacked the very essence of life. So she fought, and she won though she can't see it that way. She's old and tired and *underappreciated*.

She lives to serve and in a way, not much for her has changed. A lifetime of work and nothing to show for it. No. For her, not much has changed. But as for me, I am young! I'm her legacy. Thanks to her (and others alike), I can be free. And in the eyes of my granny, **MY** little ol' granny, that's worth

Everything.

The poem that inspired me to write *She was young* was the poem *Rosa*. While reading the poem that was inspired by Rosa Parks, I began to think about my grandmother and how she

participated in the Civil Rights Movement. My grandmother has done so much in her lifetime and it all goes unrecognized, yet it is not the lack of recognition that upsets her, it is the constant work. She feels as though it is her duty to take care of everyone and everything. It bothers me that she worries herself so much, but it is one of the reasons why I love her. I will always know where my home is. I know on whom I can always depend. I believe that it is time that my grandmother is recognized for all of the good she has done, so this is my way of saying "Thank you."