

ISCHUA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

MEMORIES OF MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

It was April of 1965 and my friend Anne and I went to her hometown of Boston, Massachusetts for spring break. We did The Freedom Trail and all the tourist attractions, and had our fill of seafood.

It was shortly after noon and we were going to find a cab to take us to the airport. There was a huge parade coming down the main street and the crowd seemed to be a combination of people of all ages and races. They were singing joyfully and calling out to crowds watching from the sidewalks.

There were no bands and we speculated on what this occasion could possibly be. Anne spotted an old schoolmate marching along and called her over.

"What's going on?" she asked. Her friend said, "Look what's coming" and she pointed to a wagon filled with hay and pulled by two donkeys. Standing on the wagon and dressed in a gray business suit was a black man waving to the crowds.

Anne's friend said, "This is a Civil Rights March and that man is [Martin Luther King Jr.](#) He's going to be very famous someday. He's going to change the world."

Anne and I were not that familiar with Civil Right Marches and we did not know who he was. I realize now how lucky we were to have that opportunity to watch history being made.

