

2005

A Tribute

Dee (Geraldine) Hogan
St. John Fisher College

[How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hogan, Dee (Geraldine) (2005) "A Tribute," *The Angle*: Vol. 2005: Iss. 3, Article 8.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss3/8>

This document is posted at <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss3/8> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.

A Tribute

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"A Tribute: January 15, 2005

Montgomery, 1955: The night before Martin Luther King Jr. led the Montgomery boycott of buses and became a national public figure in the civil rights movement."

Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 5, Issue 3, 2005.

DEE DEE HOGAN

A TRIBUTE

A Tribute: January 15, 2005

Montgomery, 1955: The night before Martin Luther King Jr. led the Montgomery boycott of buses and became a national public figure in the civil rights movement.

Martin's Prayer

It's time to wipe away my golden tears. This segregation has never been a meek violation, but a perpetuation of a million atrocities, a death ribbon for my people, my beloved people, those whose dreams were doomed before they could dream them, those who wore the invisible death masks of destruction with every breath they breathed.

I have prayed for guidance. I pray for it now. O Lord, give me the courage you gave my sister, Rosa. Was her arrest a sign for me? Is this the right time? Am I part of a heavenly plan? I am hardly worthy! I am no hero. I am only a man, stripped bleak by the sorrows and tribulations we have endured. I, too, fear going into the streets tomorrow and singing those somber clamors for justice. But the real burden will lie at feet of my brothers and sisters who will refuse to ride those buses, who will be harassed and intimidated, who may lose their jobs, their families, their friends, their own lives. They are the heroes, Lord, they are the ones I beseech you to protect. Give them patience. Give us all patience. Give us all strength.

It grows late. I hear the elegy moans of my ancestors and I know that I, too, am ready to accept my destiny because you have inspired me to dream of brotherhood and justice. In your holy name, I will dream! I will counter hate with love; I will meet violence with patience. All I ask is that you give me time, a few good years to be the instrument of your peace. For I know that as I step into the streets of Montgomery, I will become the primary target, the symbol of the movement, and I will die before I have had time to live. I see the truth, and I will do whatever you ask of me, no matter how high the price.