

Name _____



My Day with Dr. King

I stood among a sea of people, my small hand holding my father's as we listened intently to the powerful words of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. It was a hot summer day in Washington, D.C., and I was just a child at the time. Little did I know that this would be a day that would shape my understanding of equality and freedom forever.

As Dr. King spoke, his voice echoed across the National Mall, reaching every corner of the crowd. He spoke of his dream—a dream where children of all races could join hands and live in a world free from discrimination and hatred. I may not have understood all the words he used, but I felt the hope and determination in his voice.

The atmosphere was electric. People from all walks of life had come together to hear Dr. King's message of peace and unity. I remember the colorful signs and banners, the songs of freedom, and the kindness of strangers who shared their water and snacks with me.

My father would occasionally explain parts of the speech to me, emphasizing the importance of treating everyone with kindness and respect, regardless of the color of their skin. I saw tears in his eyes as he listened to Dr. King's words.

As the speech reached its climax, I looked up at my father and saw pride in his eyes. Dr. King's dream had become our dream, too. We believed in a world where people would be judged by their character, not the color of their skin.

After the speech, my father and I joined the crowd in singing songs of hope and freedom. We walked hand in hand, feeling a sense of unity and purpose. That day, I learned that even a child could make a difference by standing up for what is right.

Years later, as I reflect on that historic day, I am grateful for the opportunity I had to witness Dr. King's dream firsthand. It inspired me to carry his message of love and equality throughout my life.