

ODES

&

ACCOLADES



thoughts for another generation....

Ode to Martin Luther King

Martin, oh Martin
how we'd like to meet a man who's achievements were
sweet
A man strong and brave who
gave his life for others.
Segregation stopped...When
this man had a dream
A dream that is no longer hard to be seen
We would like to hear your stories and to tell you ours -
of freedom and choice and
doing things that are hard.

Sarina and Peggy

I would like to meet
My cousin of the desert
Who hits white balls
With wooden bats
and presses buttons
on a black, red & blue
gameboy, steering cars
around like crazy.....
My cousin is so cool.

Aaron

I would like to meet my grandfather.

I would like to hear stories from his past, stories of his childhood,
stories about he and my grandmother's courtship, stories I can
compare to the ones my grandmother shared of him.

I would like to hear what he thought of me when I was born. I
wish I could have his love and support. The kind of love only
grandparents have for grandkids. That forgiving, can't do any
wrong love, the love that no one else can understand, unless they
have wisdom.

Knowing your history and full story is what makes you whole. But
bits and pieces keep you constantly wondering.

Knowing, understanding and loving. I love you Granddad.

Mylika

An Ode to Dave Pelzer

"A Child called It" made me want to sit and read all
day. Your life impresses me, how did you survive?
I wouldn't have.
Do you still have contact with your mother, after
how she treated you?
I wouldn't.
Do you miss your brothers and father?
I would.
Do you have children? How much do they know?
Did it affect your life by raising them?
It would affect me.
Thank you for your story, for my future.
Now, I want to help children just like you.

Angela

ODE 2 GRAMPAPPY

People say we were so close
when we were both alive
we played and laughed
had our fun
but then you passed and
our fun was done

To know you better
and live days lost
to relive our fun
I'd pay any cost

Janyd

Jesse Owens I want to race you.

Even though you'll beat me.

I think you are nice, because you're a
famous African American Athlete.

How did you get fast, Jesse Owens?
How did you jump so high?

Genki

Wriggle, wriggle,
Left and right. In your narrow pen
You grew and then,
Our world expanded.
Bleary eyes
Became the norm.
We look for shelter
From your gently storm.

Richard