

Remembering Martin Luther King

Thoughts on the Struggle For Civil Rights and Voting Rights

At age 33, Christ died, that we might live. At age 39, Martin Luther King died, that we might have justice and equality. Martin worked hard in his struggle to build a democracy that would instill in every human being, and in generations to come, the love for everybody, the love for which Christ died.

Martin said to us, in the car from Tuskegee to Selma, when we were being chased by a car in May 1965, "I don't mind dying, but I want to die for something." And he did. What more can a man do than to lay down his life for his friend?

Martin lit the torch of courage and self-esteem, love and determination, and passed it on, giving people of all races a blueprint from which to live in peace and harmony, building a world of love, cooperation, and understanding.

Prosecution and Persecution

I knew Dr. King from the time he came to Alabama, until his death, in Memphis, Tennessee. The fear of oppression kept the African-American citizens from associating with him, when he came to Selma. Consequently, I gave him a welcome in my office and my house.

Dr. King came to Selma at the request of myself and my late husband (S.W. Boynton), because for the previous 35 years, we had worked to get people to vote, although we were already voters ourselves. However, that caused prosecution and persecution, for training African-Americans to fill out registered-voter



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Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

blanks, and taking them down to the registration office.

Because of this, I became a political prisoner, being thrown in jail. This gave me more of a determination to fight for justice. Being beaten on the Edmund Pettus Bridge on Bloody Sunday (March 7, 1965), I was solidified, and my determination to fight was even greater.

'I Can't Afford To Drown'

Sometimes a tragedy is turned into a triumph, as I married again, after being widowed nearly eight years. This second marriage ended when my husband died in a boating accident, in which I was involved. During the 20 minutes in the river, the temperature being 42 degrees, I told God that I could not afford to drown, I had too much to do.

A year later, we went to New York, where I met Dennis Speed, who introduced me to the Labor Committees and, later, the Schiller Institute. This organization filled the yearning in my heart, the cry to

God, "I have too much to do. I can't afford to drown."

I was introduced to Lyndon and Helga LaRouche and the band of earthly angels, members of the Labor Committees and Schiller Institute, who were working hard to implement Dr. King's dream. In the forefront of the dream is to educate and inform people of their inalienable rights, particularly their rights to vote and become first-class citizens. My husband, Dr. King, thousands of others, and I, fought for

these rights.

We Must Give an Account

But today in this civilized nation, at the turn of the new year of our Lord Jesus Christ, in this new millennium, the bigots', the racists', the haters', the Ku Klux Klan's intentions are to turn back the clock, among other evils, trying to make the national Democratic Party a private party, where they can accept whom they choose and reject whom they wish, making the Voting Rights Act null and void.

Lyndon LaRouche has the Democratic National Committee in court for violating our inalienable rights, and we need every citizen to join with us and fight for that for which Martin died. This is what Martin meant, when he so wisely said, "There are difficult days ahead."

And I add, we must not let the flame of struggle die, or we, as citizens, will have to give an account in the judgment before God.

—*Amelia Boynton Robinson*