



by Stevie Wonder

SOMEWHERE A CHILD is hungry. Somewhere a homeless man is cold. Many days people are without shelter and always mankind is in need of love. It is not an easy time, yet it is not a hopeless time. We must uncover the formula for survival that will refresh our souls and uplift our spirits.

We must search for the harmony that records the rhythms of our brothers and sisters. You know, the world is an orchestra and we've all been blessed to be members. Life is an assignment from the creator. We are all responsible for the production of life's symphony which will ring out harmony among us all. We are charged with the understanding that each of us has an instrument and we must play it carefully.

As we confront life's adversity let us find the correct note. When we are

victims of racism let us seek the right pitch. If our rights have been deprived let us hear the right tone. Let us equip ourselves with the responsibility of making this orchestra work. That requires the pursuit of excellence in ourselves, and selflessness among ourselves.

We must strive to be the best, but only because it will make all of us better. We must acknowledge the collective spirit in which we must operate. Because, if we do not work together, then there can be no orchestra, and the symphony of life rings sad and off key.

We can make this music of life work. We can clothe ourselves with peace toward our neighbors. We can feed ourselves vitamins of love. We can equip ourselves with an understanding and sensitivity that encourages us to take that extra minute to smile at the children or help a victim in distress. For if we do not, we hear the responsibility of this offkey music.

It is in God's plan for love to be life's eternal destiny. What better way to celebrate God's plan than by rehearsing the music to the unfinished symphony? Dr. King knew the score. He had the music and many willing players. He inspired us to allow our spirits to touch our hearts. He encouraged us to seek greater tone, better clarity and higher range.

He understood the formula to help the musicians perform. We need that now. We need that spirit more than ever. We took those spiritual energies for granted. Yeah, we have learned that spirits never dissipate, they only return in another space and time.

Let me suggest that the spirit of Dr. King is here with us. It is here in another space and time, and it is pushing us toward positive peace and love.

Remember how he marched. Know that that spirit is with us. Remember those defenseless attacks. Know that that spirit still consoles us. Remember his words. Know that they are forever recorded in God's almanac, and truly, they're housed in God's almanac of love's universe. Know that our responsibility is an awesome task.

We are assigned to create positiveness where negativity reigns high. We are assigned to embrace our brothers when distrust pervades our souls. We are responsible for maintaining the legacy when many would prefer it to be gone.

As we tune the instruments of love we can make this symphony work. Our conductor, Dr. King, left an unfinished symphony. We must finish it for him by adding those notes and chords that create the harmony of love and life.

There is no doubt that we need a national holiday. We need it as much as we need nourishment for our bodies. We need a day to celebrate our work on the unfinished symphony. We need a day where we can have a dress rehearsal of solidarity and understanding. We need a moment to come together in the spirit of a man who taught this world how to love. We need a day where the dignity of man is recognized by his character and not his profession. We need a day of unity because our symphony is music that all lost hearts will hear.

This day is not just for black people, because love is just not black. This day is not just for white people, because love is just not white. This day is not just for yellow people, because love is just not yellow. This day is not just for brown people, because love is just not brown. This day is not just for red people, because love is just not red. This day does not exclude anyone because of the color of their skin, because love is a rainbow of our souls.

Take some time to reflect on how you can finish the symphony. Take a minute to assess what you can do. Let's accept the responsibility for being great musicians. Let's record our rhythms together. Teach your family about our culture of love. Celebrate this day so we can spread the infectious germ of love. Celebrate with all of your heart, and celebrate with all of your soul. And celebrate with action that carries you to new heights. Soar on these new heights through all of the years.

Let our final movement be that of the dream of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Let us begin by celebrating the day that will be the beginning of endless days of human harmony, embellishing upon a universal chord that joins in with the eternal symphony.

Our first performance of this symphony of love will begin with our collective expression of respect and commitment to the conductor of this great symphony, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and all of those who in the name of love we honor here today. We'll make the dream come true because our hearts tell us so.



I still have a dream today that one day the industries of Appalachia will be revitalized, and the empty stomachs of Mississippi will be filled, and brotherhood will be more than a few words at the end of a prayer, but rather the first order of business on every legislative agenda.

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