

Classe 3^ C – Marconi

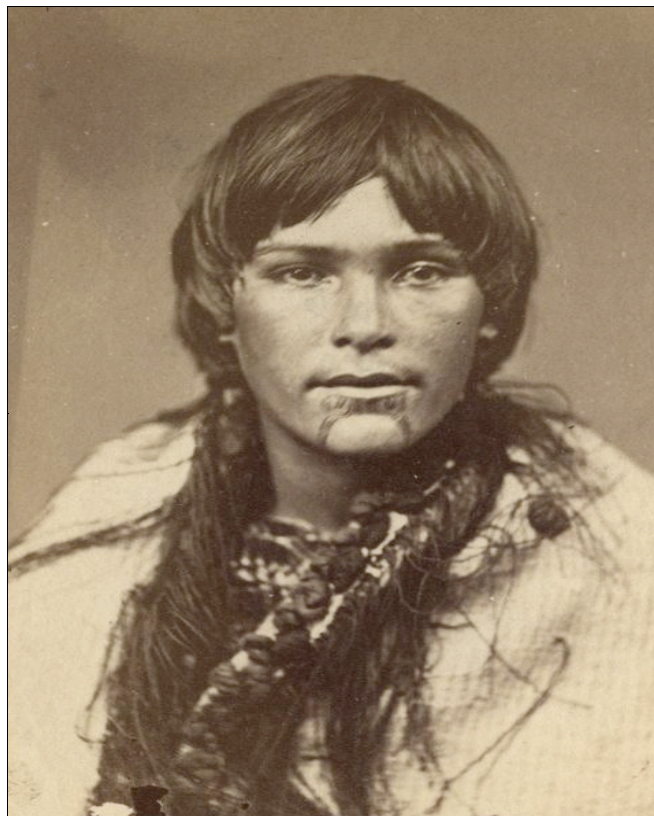
(Old Maori verse from New Zealand (AOTEAROA) , part of the service for a very dear friend)

Miss me but let me go,

When I come to the end of the road,
and the sun has set for me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
Why cry for a soul set free.

Miss me a little but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low,
Remember the love that we once shared,
Miss me but let me go.

When you are lonely and sick at heart,
go to friends you know,
and bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,
Miss me, dear family, but let me go



CLASSI 2[^] B – 2[^] C / MARCONI

CHIEF JOSEPH – (NEZ PERCE' TRIBE) 1879

All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The Earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it.

Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to talk, think and act for myself.



Flag of the Nez Perce Tribe

CHIEF SEATTLE (SUQUAMISH TRIBE)- 1854

We are part of the Earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters, the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the meadows, the body heat of the pony, and the man, all belong to the same family.

You must remember to teach your children that the rivers are our brothers, and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness that you would give my brother. The white man kidnaps the Earth from his children, and he does not care. His appetite will devour the Earth and leave behind only a desert.

The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of the spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. All things are connected. This we know - the Earth does not belong to man - man belongs to the Earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

CLASSI 3^ B – 3^ C / MARCONI

Martin Luther King jr.- 28th August 1963 – Lincoln Memorial – Washington D.C.

Five score years ago, _____, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the _____. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves...

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination.

When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the _____,this note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the "unalienable Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note.

Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

In the process of gaining our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. We must not allow our protest to degenerate into physical violence.

We must not distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

We cannot walk alone.

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back to the South with.

And this will be the day -- this will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning:

My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.

Land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrim's pride,

From every mountainside, let freedom ring!

And when this happens, and when we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when *all* of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual:

Free at last! Free at last

Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!



