

Vocabulary Practice Text

Personal Narrative



On a Thursday in June, my father and I went out into the soupy Atlanta heat to join a Black Lives Matter protest. More than a thousand people came out that day. Some wore their “Sunday best”—suits and ties, dresses and hats—just like civil rights protesters did in Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.’s time. Most also wore masks to prevent the spread of the coronavirus.

All were joined in a common purpose: to raise our voices in **dissent** against racist systems that harm Black people. We were protesting limits on our opportunities and dangers threatening Black lives.

Earlier that summer, my father had nearly been arrested for jogging through a neighborhood where someone thought he shouldn’t be. In fact, it seems like almost everyone in my family has **anecdotes** like that.

We are followed by security guards through grocery stores. We are suspected of crimes when we are minding our own business. We are **constrained** every day by others’ mistaken beliefs.

Protesters first gathered near The King Center, the memorial library that honors Dr. King’s legacy. From there, we marched peacefully toward downtown Atlanta. We walked past the mural of civil rights icon John Lewis, up Washington Street, and all the way to the steps of the Capitol.

We chanted what we have always known to be true: Black Lives Matter. All of us, white and Black, lifted up our voices together, knowing that this is the path to **redemption**. ❖