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She had a Kharman Ghia, a sweet little car.
It wouldn't take you very far.
But it took the movement where we wanted to go.
That was Connie, no fuss, no show.
I know this sounds like Connie is dead.
She's not, she's become a "fellow" instead.
To the University of Virginia she will go,
to read and write, about the movement, you know.
About her work in the Magnolia State,
How she helped the people to integrate.
To go to school, to win their rights.
Connie was never afraid of a fight.
This is a chance to say "Good-by" and "So long"
We ought to end the evening with a song.
A song of joy, not a song of tears,
To thank Connie Curry for these few years.
She shared with the movement, Atlanta and us.
Her marvelous love, without a fuss.
"Thank you, Connie" for what you've done.
And for what you will do; there's more to come.
When Blacks had no rights, she wasn't scared.
When she saw the homeless, she really cared.
At the beginning of the Freedom Fight,
Connie Curry looked and said "This is right!"
That's been her standard, day by day.
Thank you Connie, for coming our way.



Julian Bond
7/26/90

