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# Manuscript Notes 1

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In the graying month of October when leaves have their time to fall, at the first peep of dawn ushering in another workaday week, the end came. The evening before the funeral was the hour for Radio Sermons with my class in the School of Religion. Instead of the discourse from "High Lights of the Bible" planned for that week I chose to give the students one of the pamphlets on my desk speaking his message to the race & to the country. Quite at random, but I have since that almost providentially, the package that first met my eye was the brochure which he had captioned

### The Dawning of a Better Day.

It was no use to try to make it a reading lesson, analysing words, question & answer by paragraphs & all the formalities of method & outlining - to the men in the class who had not known him except by hearsay it was a message, beautiful, simple, direct, full of encouragement, & heartening inspiration. To me

with the throbbing memories of <sup>6</sup> ~~5~~  
50 militant years, knowing his  
straight shooting & hard hitting  
on the knuckles of "Jim Crow Christianity,"  
his grim uncompromising "Cry aloud  
& spare not" of the old Hebrew prophets,  
this "Dawning of a Better Day" written  
in the sunset glow of that militant life  
was like the soft sigh of a "Nunc dimittis": "Lettest  
thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes  
have seen." This is what we read-  
teacher & students, in that sad  
midweek lesson hour while his  
body lay resting like a tired warrior  
after the fray: