

**MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
UNITY CELEBRATION COMMITTEE**

Pastor William "Chug" Sawyer

La Keisha R. Lighty

Karen McPherson

Pastor Kevin Lighty

A SPECIAL THANK YOU TO OUR SUPPORTERS

Camden County Board of Commissioners

Camden County Board of Education

Camden County Parks & Recreation

Camden County Sherriff's Office

NCDOT

THANK YOU TO THE VOLUNTEERS

**Barbara Walker
Dorothy Drake
George Drake
Dorothy Bogues
Camden County Students
Program Participants**

**MARTIN LUTHER
KING JR.'S BIRTHDAY**



**15TH ANNUAL
CAMDEN COUNTY
MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.
UNITY CELEBRATION**

**JANUARY 18, 2016
11:30 A.M. – 1:30 P.M.**

**PRESERVING
THE
RIGHTS
OF ALL
AMERICANS**

LIFT E'VRY VOICE AND SING

James Weldon Johnson

PROGRAM

MASTER OF CEREMONY

Chris Wilson
Camden County Board of Education

INVOCATION

Rev. Craig Stephans
Senior Pastor, Church of The Redeemer, Anglican

WELCOME

Cleophus Aydlett
Camden County NAACP

PURPOSE

Pastor Kevin Lighty
Senior Pastor, Samuel Chapel Missionary Baptist Church
President, Camden County Branch of the NAACP

INTRODUCTION OF SPEAKER

Karen McPherson
Teacher, Camden County High School

MUSIC

Camden County Community Choir

SPEAKER

Tyrelia Sawyer-Mercer
Student, Camden County High School

REMARKS

Billie Berry
Principal, Camden County High School

Michael McLain
Chair, Camden County Board of Commissioners

HYMN

Lift E'vry Voice and Sing

Blessing of Food & BENEDICTION

Pastor William "Chug" Sawyer
Senior Pastor, New Bethel Missionary Baptist Church
1st Vice President, Camden County Branch of the NAACP

Life's most persistent and urgent question is,

"What are you doing for others?"

Martin Luther King, Jr.

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and Heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise, high as the listening skies,
Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.
Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,
Let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chastening rod,
Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;
Yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet,
Come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
We have come over a way that with tears has been watered,
We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered;
Out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last,
Where the white gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou Who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou Who hast by Thy might, led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path, we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee.
Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee.
Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our native land.