

## **Ezell, Franklin, Joseph, and David**

We just wanted coffee that day, coffee and maybe some pie. No one else was at the counter; sure everyone knew that only white folks were served there; but we thought, nobody else was there, so maybe, they'll serve us.

Of course, we didn't get served, colored folks weren't allowed; and when we came back the next day with more people, we still couldn't get served. So we kept coming back with more and more people, and after awhile they couldn't ignore us any longer.

It's funny how a cup of coffee, and maybe some pie, changed so many lives. I'm not sure that any of us intended to make a statement, or change the course of history. It just seems like it happened though; maybe that's how history is: people living their lives and then, events come together and somehow things change.

Martin Luther King, there's a man who changed the world; but it seemed like he was somehow destined to change it. We were just college freshmen, looking for some coffee, and maybe some pie, on a cold winter day.

Sometimes one of my kids asks me: daddy what was it like when you stood up and asked for service? Did you know that you were going to change the world? And I tell them, no darlin' I was just hoping to get a cup of coffee, and maybe a piece of pie.

But I can't help think that maybe if we hadn't come back, maybe if we didn't stop that day to ask for a cup of coffee, and maybe a piece of pie, that things would be different, that my kids still couldn't walk into a restaurant and be served like anyone else.

Maybe that day in February, we met fate, and fate met us, and when we asked for a cup of coffee, and maybe a piece of pie, things finally came together, and clicked, and history was made. All from a cup of coffee, and maybe a piece of pie.