Cannady, Mary: At Dr. King's House [1]

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Mary Cannady: At Dr. King's House

by David Cecelski. "<u>Listening to History</u> [2]," *News & Observer*. Published 10/9/2005. Copyrighted. Reprinted with permission.

Mary Cannady was 50 years old in 1965 when three civil rights activists were killed in Alabama. The deaths of Jimmie Lee Jackson, the Rev. James Reeb and Viola Liuzzo shocked the nation, including the shy social worker who had grown up in Oxford, 40 miles north of Raleigh. At the time, she was single, bookish and 30 years older than most of the college students going into the Deep South to protest for civil rights. She had also been frail since a long battle with a crippling childhood disease. And yet, when she heard of the killings in Alabama, Mary Cannady made a decision that thrust her into some of the biggest events of the civil rights movement. At her home in Oxford, Cannady, now a week shy of 90, told me, my children and a group of my college students about that summer. Then she served us punch and cookies.



Mary Cannady, Photo by Chris Seward, 2005. To request permission foll faint (Cannady, Photo by Chris Seward, 2005. To request permission foll faint (Cannady, Photo by Chris Seward, 2005. To request permission follows).

I went South in that summer of '65 when those three people were killed, the two white people and the black man. That weekend there was to be the march from Selma to Montgomery, Ala., and I decided that I was going to take a plane and I'
I was kind of a loner anyway. I'm still like that. So there I was, middle-aged, middle class and an NAACP type. But in talking about those three young people and explaining why their deaths hit me so hard, it just came out how much anger I his
The Southern Christian Leadership Conference was hosting this big march from Selma to Montgomery, so when I landed in the plane in Montgomery, there was somebody there to take me to Selma. They put me up in Selma, and they gave
After that weekend, I just came on back home. I had a whole month of vacation saved up, so I decided I'd do the whole month with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. I started in Atlanta at Martin Luther King Jr.'s house. He wasn
One day there was a rally being held down in Americus, Ga. I get in the car, two cars of us, groups of kids. Oh, I shouldn't say kids -- people. But the rest of them were kids. I was the only old person there, because I was in my 50s. This will s
Anyway, they laughed at me, I know, but they accepted me, so I ended up at Martin Luther King's house.

My first trip was to Americus. There were two cars of us, black and white. We got to some place and the police stopped the car. They held us for a long time. We stayed and stayed. I don't know why they stopped us. Finally, somebody in the At that point, we decided that if we were going to get to Americus, then we'd better split up, so blacks got in one car, the whites in the other car, and we didn't have any more trouble. We got to Americus and we had a rally in one of the church We were waiting for the big rally that was supposed to take place in that Sixteenth Street Church in Birmingham, Ala., the one that was bombed and they killed those four little girls. But while we were waiting for that, we decided that we were I got in this car with a bunch of guys. These weren't students. These were just the local guys. We were all black this time, and I was the only female. We got stopped in Anniston, Ala., same way. We were held up a long, long time. I don't know When they finally let us by, then we started down the road again. But we were on a two-lane highway, and when we got a certain distance, the guys noticed that there was this car trailing us. The guys knew what was going on. They had beer This went on until we got to Greensboro. Whoever was trailing us would get right close to us, then the guys would speed up, then the car behind us would fall back. Then we go on some miles and they would do it again, right on our bumper. I said to myself, "Well, you know, if you got to die, you got to die, and no, I never regretted being there. No, no, never, never, never once. If I die, I die for a cause, an important cause. Unless we are ready to die, this will never change. We finally got to Greensboro. They set me up in the home of a woman who had been a nurse. This was during a period of a very bad boycott. She had been arrested during a protest and put in this horrible jail, just miserable. She told me abc During this period, we finally did get to this rally at the church in Birmingham. That bombing had happened a lon

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From:

Listening to History, News and Observer, [11]
9 October 2005 | Cecelski, David S.

Source URL:https://www.ncpedia.org/listening-to-history/cannady-mary

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