

August 2008

Lauding Yolanda King

Your obituary on Yolanda King, the eldest daughter of Martin Luther King, saddened me deeply. I had the privilege of spending an entire evening with her this past December in Amsterdam, after meeting her at a conference there. It was the coldest night of the year, and we slipped into a Dutch saloon, where we shared gouda cheese and her ideas. They were simple, yet revolutionary: Achieve world peace through personal peace. Become a worthy individual and the process of truly monumental change will begin to happen.

I was cynical at first, but as the evening passed, I became increasingly convinced that her motivation was fueled by something deeply transcendent. There was nothing self-promotional about her — she was, in the truest sense, of God. I couldn't have imagined that six months later she'd be dead.

It was a chance encounter on a cold night that should have passed into obscurity. Yet her spirit continues to linger in me, reminding me of what she — and her father — knew only too well: That it is individual integrity — not sweeping philosophies — that revolutionize our world.

Lisa Lipkin

Hurleyville