

Kwanzaa Live!

Night 1 – Umoja – Unity

Crafts

Learning about the Nguzo Saba (7 principles) of Kwanzaa. Making a Mkeka (mat) And placing it under our Muhindi (corn) and a kikombe cha umoja (unity cup) on our Altar.

Referencing the Ghanaian story, Seven Spools Of Thread by Angela Shelf Medearis.

Song sung - Lift Every Voice And Sing by: [James Weldon Johnson](#)

Lift every voice and sing,
Till earth and heaven ring,
Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;
Let our rejoicing rise
High as the list'ning 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 chast'ning 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.

(I get mixed up after this and end the song here)

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.

Night 2 - Kujichagulia – Self Determination

Listening Party

Reading Story – The People Remember By: Ibi Zoboi (tech issues, not on video)

Singing Songs

1. [Grow Together Theme](#) Song from musical. By kuwa jasiri.

The power is out, how do we go on how do we stay strong.
The system I know is obsolete. What do we do with all this concrete?

Building a home off grid with the people and places I live.
Attempting to learn all the parts of me while having kind curiosity.
Tolerance has oppression waning. Acceptance no longer erasing.
Abolition is collective liberation. I am receiving all these reparations.
(snap) Grow together with this song. (snap) Grow together generations long. x2

In my lifeline we can make this place shine.
Harmony on my block migrating birds in flocks
integrating all that was lost. Native lands returned at no cost.

Building a home off grid with the people and places I live.
Attempting to learn all the parts of me while having kind curiosity.
Tolerance has oppression waning. Acceptance no longer erasing.
Abolition is collective liberation. I am receiving all these reparations.
(snap) Grow together with this song. (snap) Grow together generations long. X2

you are welcome.

2. Closing Song – This is Where You Live - by: kuwa jasiri from [Grow Together](#) musical
This is where you live. It is a place in our hearts where all of our dreams come true.
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This is where you live. It is a place in our hearts where all of our dreams come true.

4th Album – Only Truth by Hot Buns

1. Hot Buns

mi nombre es Hot Buns. Cross me if you want some.
A little warning the truth is all I done. I am the best pass every test.

I am in the 3rd grade wear my hair in braids. They gave me a recorder. Only 3 notes
(hot cross buns) hum hum hum. On the path aqui vamos
(one a penny) hum hum hum hum x2. Hot. Hot cross buns

mi nombre es Hot Buns. Admit you want some.
Words like hot sauce. Make your head toss. Started a duo, ahorra estoy solo.

I am in the 7th grade thinking I have it made. Recorder out the window. Moving forward even though.
(hot cross buns) hum hum hum. On the path Necesito descansar
(one a penny) hum hum hum hum x2. Hot. Hot cross buns

mi nombre es Hot Buns. Flaunt it because I got some.
In my place, in my worth. Pushing forward through the hurt. Lounging around wish you were me.

One a penny, two a penny.
Piles of pennies. Give me stacks. Planting trees, giving back.

Graduate done with school. Intuition got new tools.
Always keeping balance wild majick I got talents.
(hot cross buns) hum hum hum. Cantar junto On the path
(one a penny) hum hum hum hum x2. Hot. Hot cross buns

2. I Feel Great

I am brown brown. Clowning around round, african bound bound, confident sound sound. Ah Ah I love myself x2

I am my love language how to explain this
fluido en otra idiomas. Feeling it deep in my soma
have a seat relax my feet I take care of me
writing songs while I build, build a legacy

Ah Ah I love myself x2. I am brown brown. african bound bound, confident sound sound. Clowning around round,

Genderqueer everywhere I do this for my health.
Spiritual role models are my wealth
balance masculine and feminine. Mix them up get a remedy, a remedy
left that broken family, choosing to be free, to be free.

Ah Ah I love myself x2. I am brown brown , Clowning around round, confident sound sound. african bound bound

In the chains, in the dust, sail away, modern slave
I got an attitude with the way you move
better than I ever been, strong enough to win
generations bold. Fierceness deep in my soul.
Gather my people. Curate a sequel.
Cutting cords, moving towards reparations, reparations

I am brown brown , Clowning around round, confident sound sound. african bound bound. Ah Ah I
love myself x2.

Boop and boop on my bust. Loving me is a bust. Always consensual touch. Always receiving too much.
While I masturbate palpate. Till I feel great. I am watery, flowing. Then I start the blowing. My self
love is radical. Resting on sabbatical.

Ah Ah I love myself x2. I am sweet sweet you want to meet me.

3. For Something Better

I pray. I get it. Living my wish. Melanin skin and continual bliss. Close to the ocean harvest their
potion. Toes in the sand. Stolen from my land.

Pray while I sing this song. Pray when the night gets long
steady at my altar raising the bar. I have a soft life. I do soft things. It is all by choice so I sing. Spirits
pulling me up. Pulling me up. Pulling me up.

Praying for a suitor and a Spanish tutor. Always giving gratitude this is my attitude. Out here winning
got their heads spinning

steady at my altar going so far. I have a soft life. I do soft things. It is all by choice so I sing. Spirits
pulling me up. Pulling me up. Pulling me up.

Praying to sky. Meditating waiting on a reply. Holding on tight I got to let go. Takes all my might
freeing my soul. Allow myself to be bold.

steady at my altar listo para cantar. I have a soft life. I do soft things. It is all my choice so I sing.
Spirits pulling me up. Pulling me up. Pulling me up.

You got to want it every moment flaunt it. Luxurious sabbatical writing songs fantastical. Finally
loving my skin and my genderqueer grin. Outing myself I win. Rising up with my kin.

Pray while I sing this song. Pray when the night gets long
steady at my altar brightest star.

4. A Love Letter

boarding school ended emotions suspended.
My mates write me notes feeling so free to so boast

so many passion different than most growing up addicted to post
feel the rush pen to paper. Jotting sentiments feeling safer

connecting with people in jail. Heavily censored receiving my mail
indigenous lands on the label. Life work erase the fables

so many passion different than most growing up addicted to post
feel the rush pen to paper. Jotting sentiments feeling safer

care packs are my special talent. Mixing modalities sending you balance.
To the post office on my back. Leaving mi casa grab a snack
sealed it forgot to add a zine. At the printers part of the scene.
If you have paper stacks you get what I mean.

so many passion different than most growing up addicted to post
feel the rush pen to paper. Jotting sentiments feeling safer

send a post card then I rest. Ancient wisdom I follow my crest. To feel better I open a letter.
I will embark to get a post mark. Admire stamps ignite a spark

so many passion different than most growing up addicted to post
feel the rush pen to paper. Jotting sentiments feeling safer

learned these skills from my Grannie. Got me emotional got me sappy.
Penciling curly letters in the body. Compliments flood in. I am a hottie.

so many passion different than most growing up addicted to post
feel the rush pen to paper. Jotting sentiments feeling safer

old calendars now envelopes. Sending cards filled with hope.
Sign every letter sincerely Hot Buns. Write me back now that you got one.