

Is There Pride In Serving Our Military

By Marisa McCarty

4 a.m. Standing in front of the mirror. Carefully setting his service cap on his head. When he walks out the door of his home, he won't walk back through it for 18 months. His country needs him.

Bombs dropping left and right, hurling to earth from enemy planes, no cover, he and his friend running; trying to regroup with the rest of their men. An ear shattering noise cracks beside him as his friend's blood splatters on his face. He doesn't give up, because his country needs him.

She gives a child a vaccine and a bowl of rice. On the brink of starvation and with no means of helping himself, this child receives with grateful ravenousness the life given to him by this lady in the U.S. navy. And she realizes, his country needs her.

These are a few of the trials that U.S. soldiers-OUR military- have faced for centuries and still face every day. These are the types of sacrifices those who serve in our military make daily. They leave everything they know, everyone they love, all their plans and dreams- to serve their country. They face injury, danger, hunger, and loneliness. They put their very lives on the line, for you and for me. Many come back scarred, some don't come back at all. And yet, at the same time, they give us hope for our future.

Why? Why do they go? What are they fighting for? Do they fight for a bigger salary? Do they leave everything for an easier life? Do they go to make a prestigious name? NO. They fight for a cause. They leave everything for a purpose. They go for freedom.

They go for the essay assignments and math problems. They go for the right to bear arms. They go for church bells ringing and hands folded in prayer. They go for closed doors on houses. They go for the attorney's defense, for innocent until proven guilty, for justice. They go for the man protesting on the street, for newspaper headlines, and for the voting ballot. They go for camping trips, and airline tickets, and bus rides.

They fight for the mothers waving handkerchiefs in farewell, for the children playing in the schoolyard, for the girls waiting for them to come home. They fight for the old men in wheelchairs and the babies in strollers. They fight for the farmer plowing his field and the accountant working on tax returns. They fight for the mailman, and the custodian, and the CEO. They fight for the nurses, cab drivers, teachers, and waitresses.

They go for coffee shops and doctor's offices and skyscrapers. They go for potato chips and apple pie and barbeques. They go for wedding bells and road tolls and public restrooms. They go for libraries, and grocery stores and the diner down the street. For fishing, and skiing, and a hard day's work. They go for Yellowstone, for the Grand Canyon, for Mt. Rushmore. For the high mountain ranges and low valleys, and lakes and rivers and swamps and canyons and freedom!

They fight so that the blood of their father's will not have been spilt in vain. They fight for the red, white, and blue, for the stars and stripes. For life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They fight for "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for WHICH IT STANDS, ONE NATION, UNDER GOD, INDIVISIBLE, WITH LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL. And now, I ask you, IS THERE PRIDE IN SERVING IN OUR MILITARY????? I can hear your resounding cry of YES! YES! YES! Because when a person serving in OUR military looks at our flag, he sees it all, and he knows what he's fighting for, and there is no doubt in the pride of his station.