

THEY MARCH AGAIN

LISTEN.



Do you hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of booted feet? Do you hear the whinny of horses in a flanking maneuver as the battle intensifies amid the thunder of rifles and the roar of cannon? Do you hear the rumble of tanks as a column of troops follows them in a bold thrust? Do you hear the unique sound of strafing airplanes? Do you hear the agonizing screams of comrades whose flesh is ripped by a bayonet or bullet or shrapnel?

IMAGINE.



Can you sense the weariness of days of marching, days of fighting, days of straining all the fibers of the body to detect and defeat the enemy? Can you feel the fatigue that engulfs the body and the mind and urges you to lie down and die? Can you ache in all your limbs, in your back, in your feet at punishment through exertion the human body was never meant to endure? Can you detect the blood oozing down your body from a wound that needs to be treated but for which there is no time?

YOU SHOULD LISTEN. YOU SHOULD IMAGINE.



For the soldiers are marching again. They're marching in our minds and in our hearts as we pause this Memorial Day holiday weekend to honor those who gave their lives for our country in the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, World Wars I and II, the Korean War, the Vietnam Conflict, the Gulf War, in the battles of Afghanistan and Iraq, and in all the other hot spots to which they were called.

They fought and died for one reason: their love for the United States – for their families, their friends and neighbors, and for people they never even met. They sacrificed themselves for their country because America is greater than any individual. America holds liberty within her national hands, and no one will wrest that from her. Never.

(more)

Never, that is, as long as her sons and daughters are as committed to the cause of freedom as were these who have spilt their blood for us.

Never, that is, as long as Americans put the sake of their country above their own individual comforts and pleasures.

Never, that is, as long as we pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the republic for which it stands.



Never, that is, as long as we are determined to pass on to our children and grandchildren the precious heritage we have received.

Yes, the soldiers are marching again. And the soulful wail of *Taps* reminds us that they have not died in vain.

Can future generations say the same about the way we live?

– Beecher Hunter