

## *They Never Quit*

From the foxholes and trenches, they came.

Out of forests and across the rivers, they came.

Behind steel monsters with tracked wheels cutting through the mud, they came.

Through the mortar fire and artillery shelling, they came.

Surging through the holocaust, comrades falling all around, they came.

With bayonets slashing in hand-to-hand combat, they came.

The bravery of these men who would never say quit looms before the American eagle in a vivid way this Memorial Day weekend. Many of those battlefields where screaming, booming, clanking sounds of war deafened the ears of the gladiators are silent now. Flowers, in hues of red and white and yellow, sway gently in the breeze. The soothing sounds of birds serenading each other waft gently through the forests.

Creeks and rivers that once ran blood-red through the carnage now giggle girlishly as their clear waters ripple through the meadows. Cows graze contentedly on hillsides once disfigured by bombs.

War exacted its greatest price: human life.

Young men who had ambitions to become lawyers and doctors and automobile mechanics, who wanted to win the conflict and go home to sweethearts and wives and raise their children, made the supreme sacrifice.

And for what?

The answers beg to be shouted from the rooftops.

They died to shape the destiny of the world. They died to preserve the rights of free speech, of freedom of worship, of freedom of assembly, of a free press, of a free enterprise system. They died to keep the American dream alive – the dream of the pursuit of happiness that belongs to every man, the opportunity to shape his own future.

They died for you and me.

(more)

On this Memorial Day, as we pause to honor those who have given their lives, let us recommit ourselves to the ideals of the U.S. Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.

If not for our own wellbeing, then for the memory of those who spilled their blood for us.

--Beecher Hunter