

FREE (ARE) THE COLORS

Frederick William Dame

Children always have an inborn sense of freedom. I was no different. I was always free. But this freedom was interlaced with responsibility and a sense of duty. All of my playmates grew up on this premise: Freedom without responsibility and duty is not freedom. Freedom is the color of politics.

America is full of colors. "America! The land of the free and the home of the brave!" How true these words are can be seen only when we look behind them. All countries have their freedom, their brave ones, and their dead ones. Freedom is not the same everywhere. Neither is freedom an absolute. Freedom must be continually fought for and people will always have to die. Where is the home of the brave who live in democratic republican freedom? It is America. But the brave who died for the continued existence of that freedom have their home, too. We should remember them more than we remember who won the Super Bowl in year XXXX.

Our brave and dead are ever important because they were ready to give their lives for an ideal in which they believed. This is not to say that their adversaries on the battlefield had no ideals or did not fight for them. But ideals are good and evil and the history that I have studied and know is the history of good against evil. Evil has sometimes won the day. But good has won the era. The objective of those fighting in the struggle is to make the other one die for his ideal. I had rather live for my country than die for it. Yet, if there is no other choice to effect goodness, then those who fight for the good ideal must be aware of the fact that they might die for it, too. But they must also know that they will not be forgotten.

Grave markers are the symbolical attempt to keep the essence of the human being alive and present. Regardless of where the wooden cross is imbedded, where the laurel wreath is hung, the bouquet of flowers is delivered into the water, the singular rose is lain, the rock inscription is placed, neither mass graveyards nor community cemeteries, neither watery tombs nor ephemeral nothingness ask: What color are the men and women who lie there? What is their religion? What is their cultural heritage? These matters are not important. The color, religion, and heritage of paradise is the red of patriotic life and energy, the white of equality and truth, the blue of eternity and peace; in short, freedom!

THE FREEDOM DOME

O freedom!
Where is your home?
Is it not amongst
the jubilant living?
No! Not only!
Your home is

also amongst those
brave and fallen,
lying under domed loam.

Frederick William Dame

Patriotic, Steadfast and True

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