

Poppy Day

Memorial Day is more than just twenty four hours, it is gratefulness, it is remembrance. On this day, originated in Waterloo, New York, we look back on all of the sacrifices and honor bestowed upon our nation. At this time, we can remember the struggles led by our country, the horror that plagued this land. The hardships our heroes and heroines faced. Only so they could not be felt again. How this strong and loyal country, stood by the beliefs of so many others, and them. Most of this generation can't even fathom such fear and courage. We have succeeded in living out our forefather's dreams: to live peaceful lives. The only way to improve those dreams is to remember, and give thanks to those who gave up their lives for one cause. For liberty, justice, and freedom. That is why, on this day, we commemorate what was lost, and won. It is our time to pay tribute to the courageous people of our past. As of World War I's ending, we have also called this moment, Poppy Day. After the flowers that bloom only where the ground is turned over, or, at a battle scene. We sell these artificial flowers in hopes of supporting or providing help for war veterans. To make our appreciation known, decorating a war veteran's grave is very common thought. American flags also symbolize a person's participation in the protection of our country. There are so many ways to give thanks. We have done just that. Whether it's sailing a miniature boat laden with flowers over a lake. Building a memorial worthy of a king, it is truly great that we remember. A grandmother or grandfather has seen these tragedies. To us their stories are like fairy tales. It is of an imaginative reality, one we do not, and most likely cannot believe normally possible. They tell us of watching a friend's last fight. Such a horrific event is not personally visual in our minds. This is why we have a day to celebrate those meaningful lives. Our time to imagine what it would be like as them. To what do we owe the great honor of remembrance? Everything. Without these people we would not be here as ourselves. Yet without some of them, we are free. To that is which we owe the greatest tribute. To such we are eternally in debt. For as we stand, the poppies will never bloom again. To that I say God blessed everyone.