

Palor

The True Patriot

My great grandfather is a retired 92-year-old, Navy veteran who served in the military during the war. To me, he exemplifies the true meaning of patriotism. His wrinkled face, tough palms, curved back, arthritic joints and impaired hearing gave way to once youthful and courageous self. However, his eyes sparkles with pride and his voice commands great audience each time he talks about his fragmented war stories. He may not remember my dad each time he sees him but his memory never fails to remember the years spent during his military service. Stories that are full of life, of bravery, of sacrifices, of death, of loneliness, of hope and most especially of love for one's country. It was never lost to him and for that I revered him with such awe, respect and admiration!

Listening to my grandfather is my way of honoring the past and treasuring it now. Knowing that my grandfather, along with the other brave men and women risked their lives for our country, make me value the freedom that I enjoy today. His memories may have faded and his bones turned brittle but the present world as I know today - free and innovative - would not be possible, if not for their love and bravery. When his country called, my grandfather readily fought with no more than mere hope that everything will get better for his beloved country. I may not have been born during the war but hearing the stories made me realize how fortunate and grateful I am today!

Patriotism need not mean bronze statues or marching bands to celebrate great feats. Patriotism as shown by my great grandfather is doing our own share, giving up the "I" and joining the "We". Patriotism can be one ordinary man who looks back with great pride and love to the deeds he accomplished and hardships he endured. His recollection may be hazy but his devotion and will is honorable. My grandfather's extra ordinary love and courage to fight for our country is the true spirit of patriotism that lives on.