

The Bill of Rights and Me

After days of lengthy debates between delegates during the Constitutional Convention in 1787, I think it is safe to assume there were many exhausted groans when George Mason suggested they draft a bill of rights. Thankfully, he was not alone in his thinking, and Anti-Federalists rallied for the inclusion of the Bill of Rights, setting James Madison on his way to draft what would become an integral piece of our Constitution. I, for one, would like to think I would be someone like Mason or Madison, pressing unceasingly to guarantee the rights of the people. Without these guaranteed freedoms, I cannot imagine where our country would be.

Liberty is the spirit of our country, falling hand in hand with opportunity and democracy. From these first ten amendments, I obtain this right to liberty, something that has made me eternally grateful to my country. Assured with confidence, I know I am free to worship, express my political opinion, and rally for change for the good of humanity and the goal of unity. There is pride in our country's diversity, each of us given equal protection with our guaranteed rights, and knowing these rights allows me to prevent any infringement upon them. The knowledge that myself, my friends, or my family, could never be subjected to wrongful accusation without cause, nor of cruel or unusual punishment, gives me comfort in a world of so much unknown.

In America, I have the gift of opportunity to carry out my life as an individual without the hindrance of naysayers. I have been given rights all men and women are born with, rights promised with life. Our founding fathers understood that everyone has rights as a human being and used this knowledge to craft ten essential statements as hope for democracy. They sought to envelop the future with the protection of these rights, and that is what the Bill of Rights is to me. The Bill of Rights is freedom for my future and confidence in living unafraid, unashamed, fully, proudly, American.