

Fight Or Wither Away

When I was a little boy growing up in Cleveland for the most part, life was good. Dad was the steady force that kept our family strong and on an upwardly mobile tract. Although I was thrilled to have such a great and strong father, there was one thing that plagued me like no other. As a little tyke I was naturally very thin for my age. In addition, I suffered from allergies and severe asthma attacks. As a result, at the time my physical capabilities were particularly limited due to being in a constantly weaker than normal state, due to the severity of the asthma.

My mother wanted me to follow every one of the doctor's dictates, even the stupid ones. The most ridiculous was not to allow me to exercise. The reason given was the possibility of an asthma attack if I even mildly exerted myself. On the other hand, my wonderful Dad believed that if I engaged in a little activity to start, that eventually I would get stronger or at the very least not physically deteriorate. Dad had the common sense to recognize that by following the doctor's order to have me just basically sit around and imitate a house plant would guarantee my ultimate rapid deterioration. Because the less one does, the less he is capable of doing.

Dad started out by showing me exercises like pushups, sit ups and jumping jacks. He also encouraged me to join him on walks. Starting out, it was utter torture just to accomplish one meager pushup. It didn't help that because I was the thinnest and weakest boy in the neighborhood. A few bullies from school would try using me as their personal punching bag. I thank God for giving me just enough hutzpah to not be afraid of those cretins.

Knowing that he could not hold my hand and protect me twenty four hours a day, Dad understood that it was best for me to face those bullies and to defend myself to the best of my

ability. That way of thinking and trying my best eventually earned the respect of those bullies. They grew to admire the fact that despite my less than stellar physical prowess at the time, I did not exhibit fear and fought back as best I could.

Of course, time passed and three months after my twelfth birthday, my Dad was promoted to heaven. The heartbreak of losing the greatest Dad ever was almost unbearable. But I knew that he would not want me to cave in to despair, so eventually I soldiered on as only he would have it. I never forgot his encouragement to do my best. I sought to get stronger physically, mentally and eventually, spiritually without making excuses even when the difficulties sometimes made me feel like quitting.

Through the years I eventually did become much stronger in every possible way. However, there were still bouts with horrible asthma attacks during the annual late summer and autumn allergy seasons. But despite the gruesome asthma attacks, I kept fighting and eventually improved my diet and kept increasing the intensity of my physical workouts. Thanks to never giving in to the misery of asthma seasons, they are now a mere blip on the screen of life. But had I given up and given in to the foolishness, I would have remained a weak and droopy daffodil who merely existed in ongoing agony.

So when I survey the United States of America and particularly Western Europe I see societies that are either to frightened, lazy or unwilling to take on the sick challenge being laid down by Muslim terrorists who have vowed to destroy, enslave, torture, or convert us all. Unless "We the People" stand strongly together against the disease of leftist/globalist ideology and Islamic terrorism, our beloved republic will be choked off from the lifeblood of true liberty which comes from God almighty. Then America the beautiful will have missed her destiny as the sweet land of liberty and that shining city on a hill nation.

We cannot allow ourselves to be intimidated by the dregs of the society. There are those who hate president Trump only because he wants to protect our borders and has openly reminded the world that he was elected to be president of the United States, not the globalist United Nations. Just like with asthma, the longer we take to strongly stand against those who are working to end our national independence, crush our Constitution and remove our representative republic form of government, the more difficult it will be to prevent them from turning America into a borderless version of Venezuela.

Personally, between you and me, the United States is worth fighting for. Long ago I grew tired of the discomforts of asthma and through God's grace overcame. Thus we Americans shall grow weary of the suffocating mission of the leftists and put it asunder. The leftists have been pushing us around for much too long. But soon, the scientific principle of an equal and opposite reaction will mightily kick in and melt away the bothersome and loathsome hordes who have been focused on a spiritually dark mission of destruction.

I can say with blessed assurance that America the beautiful shall brightly shine away the doom of oppressive darkness and will be greater than ever. For she has only just begun. God bless you, God bless America and may America bless God.

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