

We Have Not Yet Begun To Fight

By Ron Edwards



I will never forget my mostly happy childhood during the first twelve years of my life. The neighborhood was idyllic, with wonderful God fearing, kind and mostly successful neighbors. When I say successful, I do not mean that our great neighborhood was an economic rival of the upper west side of Manhattan, but all the neighbors worked. Some were business owners, while others worked as teachers, the postal service, offices, etc. Our Cleveland neighborhood was held together via the common threads of decency, patriotism, love of family and above all, God. There was absolutely no trace of the bigotry of low expectation toward us non white students. Every student was expected to learn, thus we did. Many of our teachers were neighbors, so there was no wiggle room for any tom foolery. Life was good and at the time, I thought the America I knew would always be.

Both at home and in school, we were taught about the great fight for both personal and religious liberty which resulted in the formation of our more perfect union, the United States of America. We learned about the war of 1812, started by Great Britain, because she had not gotten over being defeated by the colonial commoners. The next great battle we learned about was the Civil War over the preservation of the union and to also to end slavery. We were taught that there are times for peace and there are times for war. By the time I was ten years of age, there were certain changes occurring in

our fair neighborhood. Suddenly, neighbors I thought I would know forever started moving away. Also, my Dad took us to several house viewings because he thought there was no choice but to join the exodus out. As I stated earlier, things were changing.

Unfortunately, Dad suddenly took ill and died soon after my twelfth birthday. During that last summer of Dad's life it seemed as if the neighborhood was dying along with him. Most of our close neighbors moved out, but I credit them for coming back to visit my Dad very often until the end. Our great neighbors were replaced by harsh brutes who by years end turned our wonderful neighborhood into DA HOOD. Because of the huge medical bills and our family now depending on my mother's teaching salary, we could not afford to move to a better neighborhood. The never-ending attacks upon our neighborhood via robberies, older bullies beating us much younger people up, shootings, family feuds, etc. what also stood out to me was the unwillingness of the people to resist the new beastly neighbors who only seemed to exist to make life miserable for everyone else.

Upon observation of the declining quality of life, because people that moved into the neighborhood chose to make life almost to horrible to live, I noticed there were no challengers against the barbarians now destroying our once ideal community. For the first time in my life, I witness no push back against evil doers. As a result, they increased in numbers and boldness in their devilish mission to kill steal and destroy. There were countless times my few remaining friends and I were beaten up. Going to the park or taking my dog for walks was out of the question. I found it ironic that those thugs always howled to the heavens about racism and how the white man oppressed them. I could not help but think that those brutish thugs were the oppressors and had no right to complain about any problems with 'DA MAN'.

When I graduated to high school, my mother honored my request

to be transferred to a school outside my district, where I received a great education and was prepared to enter college. By then I had been well versed in physical fitness training and good high school athlete. I then refused to allow myself or elderly neighbors to be intimidated by the cretins who sought to threaten everybody. After pounding one of the leaders until he needed medical attention, the thugs changed their tune and respected me. I could not understand why more than just a couple of buddies did not join me in an effort to subdue the criminal ilk.

I remember telling a couple of the thugs to back the hell up and leave us alone, or they would find out the hard way that I had only just begun to fight. I did not and still do not like being violent, but I understood, what far too many people do not comprehend today. It is better to stand your ground and fight back, when you can than to just give in to the demands of those seeking to abuse you. The more thugs are appeased the more emboldened they become and the more difficult it will be to defeat them in the long run. I also believe in seeking providential guidance through prayer, when dealing with thugs. Sometimes you must back down, regroup and come back stronger another day. Seeking God's wisdom is very important in the war against those who are literally trying to destroy our cities, our unalienable rights, our republic and even our right to worship our God who shed his grace upon our still great republic.

If "We the People" do not learn about and stand for our unalienable rights, we will not have any. I would like to think that we have only just begun to fight. What say you? You can tell me Fridays at 4:00 PM EDT via <https://wcetfm.com> during the Ron Edwards American Experience talk show. God bless you God bless America and may America bless God.

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