

Why We Remember Memorial Day

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As she walked down an aisle of poppies, she remembered the sorrow and grief she felt when she found out he died. He died saving this country. He risked his life for *her*. He risked his life for all of us. She lifted her shaking fingers to feel the ruffles of dark blood flowers. It makes her want to cry, but she doesn't. She looks down at a white balloon. She raises it high in the sky. She wrote a letter to him. *She hopes he gets it.* She lets go of the balloon watching the white disappear into the clouds. The clouds emerge into an image. It's Thunderbirds in formation, their flying proudly through the sky then one disappears. This is the house of the fallen. The house of honor. The house of despair.

They carried the weight of war in their hands. While others carried the weight of an empty chair at a dinner table. Some lay in a grave buried deep underground. While some visit the grave with flowers and decorations. Other leave to serve our country, while other wait for their return. I remember that feeling when my dad left for Africa for 6 months. I felt a sense of despair and grief. I cried myself to sleep every night. My tears would be my pillow. My tears would be my comfort.

We remember those who served our nation. Those that gave their lives for us. We remember the brothers and sisters who fought. And we remember the brothers and sisters who prayed for their safe return. As Michael N. Castle, (former Governor of the State of Delaware and served in the U.S. House of Representatives) once said, "These fallen heroes represent the character of a nation who has a long history of patriotism and honor – and a nation who has fought many battles to keep our country free from threats of terror."