

We remember them because of the heroism and bravery they stood to keep us safe. We remember our military personnel who are heroes that put their lives at risk so we can be free. They gave the ultimate sacrifice for our country. They are the definition of heroism. They safeguarded our nation. They made it the land of the free. They helped their brothers and sisters when they fell in battle. They sacrificed. They paid the cost. They didn't pay the cost because they were forced to but, because they loved this nation so deeply they were willing to sacrifice themselves so we can be safe, free. As President Harry Truman once said, "Our debt to the heroic men and valiant women in the service of our country can never be repaid. They have earned our undying gratitude. America will never forget their sacrifices." I never knew the true meaning of this quote until a Memorial Day celebration when I saw the crying faces of people who lost their husband, wife, daughter, son, brother, sister, dad or mom.

Leaving the walkway of the scarlet poppies, she finally starts to bawl, feeling the tears trickle down her face. *She'll never forget the true meaning of Memorial Day. She will remember.* This was the house of the fallen. The house of honor. The house of despair.