

F R I D A Y , M A Y

With a pen and a sword.



I remember taking the oath the on July 16th, 1985. Right before I boarded a plane that was to take me to Parris Island. That oath asked me to; "support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic" I remembered how it made me feel. Like I had finally become an adult and Citizen of this country. I had grown up with no other wish than to serve in the military since I was very young. It did not occur to me to do anything else.

What came after would work itself out. I just wanted to follow in the footsteps of my father, uncles, cousins and grandfathers. Well, due to a leg injury during training it was not to be. I was handed my DD214 and sent on my way.

Needless to say it took me a few years to find my path in life again.

I never forgot however that I was tasked with

stewardship of what my family has fought for since coming to this country in the 1850's. They had served in every major conflict from then to Vietnam. Even though I was denied my chance to serve my country in the line, I always felt I needed to step up and safeguard that which had been paid for in blood, sweat and tears of my ancestors.

I was able to take the pride, loyalty, and concern for our most cherished values and defend them not with a gun, but with a voice and a pen. But it seems to have been effective as a pebble facing a high tide of ignorance, laziness, stupidity and malfeasance, if not outright treason. It has been a red riptide at work day and night to undercut all which had been built by our founding fathers and the following brave generations. We live in dark times, not our first but our most perilous. Through the years our freedoms numerated in the founding documents have been chipped away by those who also took an oath to protect and defend them. We are to the point that we are in the endgame. The next few years will decide if we are to be the great bastion of freedom or if we are Rome with the enemy at the gates.

No matter what comes, Wherever the fight may be, whomever the enemy is, foreign or domestic, you will find me living my oath, defending our God given rights from those who would enslave us. Be it the power hungry tyro backed by the brain dead sycophants to which entitlements and change at any cost are more important than freedom, or to anyone from any corner of the globe who would dare to try to control us spiritually, physically, or financially. Look to the next foxhole and you will see that I will have your six brothers and sisters. With a pen and a sword.

Semper Fi,

Call sign

Toaster eight zero two Romeo foxtrot, shall we dance!



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