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### **"A Legacy of Loyalty and Service"**

A wisp of wind blows across the face of a man as he stares blankly at the sunset, his features picked out ever so slightly by the bright light. He ponders on his childhood. Every night when he was about five years old, he would remember staring at the grandfather clock in his living room waiting for that eight o'clock chime. That chime would tell him that his father had still not returned from the terrible war far, far away. Many months went by and there was still no sign of his father.

Ever since the boy's father had been gone, he could only think about the words he always spoke, "I serve my country loyal and proud," he'd say. The boy didn't know where his father was, but he never forgot those words. Even as the days went gray and the seasons flew by, the boy's father never returned and it was an early autumn afternoon that the young child understood—his father *wouldn't* be coming home.

After his father's passing, the boy was determined to build a legacy. He was determined to proudly serve his country just like his father.

Now the boy is a man, but he has not forgotten the words of his father. He thinks about it. *This is what I was meant to do.* And he knew it; he was serving his country just like his father all those years ago. Each day as he went through training and teaching and more training, he always remembered his father's words, "I serve my country loyal and proud," and although his childhood was far away now, he would never forget that he was his father's son, and defending his country was what he was born to do.

As he turns to head inside, the man's thoughts are whisked away by the wind and the orange glow of the sunset gently fades below the horizon.