

## **“RIDE ON”**

There are 2 cups:

One is the **cup of grace**

One is the **cup of freedom**

The **cup of grace** is filled with the love and blood of Christ.

If you receive the grace of Christ you can reach into the cup and take without end. It will never empty. Our God is all, his grace is eternal.

We are “ one nation, under God “ ...that is my statement and this should be our national prayer.

The **cup of freedom** is filled with the commitment, honor, and blood of those who served or serve our country. All who serve are willing to give all for freedom and their fellow man, “ what greater love?”,. They are our warriors. The freedom cup, however, is not eternal. It must be constantly refilled with the commitment, honor, and blood of those who have served and serve...only this will insure our freedom.

Thank You and Honor to our Veterans, who have filled our cup of freedom.....

This story is about a fallen comrade who desires all to remember, **But wants us all to RIDE ON**

You see.. at first there was no place for us to go. We were afraid our country wanted to forget about us. We were a bad memory...

Then somebody put up that **BIG BLACK WALL.**

Now, everyday and night, my brothers and sisters on our side of the wall wait to see the many people that file in front of this wall.

Many stop briefly and many for hours. Some come on a regular basis. They come to honor and remember us, so all will never forget.

It was hard for me at first, but it has gotten easier. It seems that the attitudes have changed,... many understand now...

I do pray that you on your side of the Wall have learned either not to fight or when you do... fight to win with cause. Our freedom is precious. I fought for it, as many before me. I have heard that some of my veteran brothers believe that they cannot visit the wall, they think they are unworthy because they live. Oh, my brothers and sisters, you lived to carry on our freedom...just in case someone else tried to take it...

We paid the cost of liberty; it is your duty , on your side of the wall , to protect it.

Please come and have some fellowship with us, we will all be together again someday.....**remember the cup of grace ?**

Speaking of freedom and honor...I also hear that some believe they can burn or disgrace our flag. You must remember that I died for “ old glory “.. Our flag draped my coffin,... It was folded and presented to my loved ones... Do not deny me, by allowing anyone to disgrace our flag.. It represents our homeland...Some our enemies walk among us..

We must stand as one.....we are a brotherhood.....freedom of speech is a two way street !

When you stand for our country and our flag.. we dance in the heavens...

Today is special.... several members of my unit and many that I do not recognize have called to me on the wall by touching my name that is engraved upon it.

The tears you shed are not necessary, but I honor the fact that they are hard to hold back, Don't feel guilty for not being here with me, my brothers, This was my destiny as it is yours to be on that side of the wall.

Touch the wall, my brothers and sisters, so that we can share in memories that we had.

I have learned to set the bad memories aside and remember only the best times we had together. Tell our other brothers out there to come and visit me, not to say goodbye, but to say hello and we can be together again. Our time together will ease the pain that we all share, sometimes pain is the beginning of healing....

Today, some of my loved ones are visiting the wall.

I see an elderly woman approach the wall, she comes close and touches me....It's my Mom.

I looked forward to this day, but also regretted it. I want her to know all is well. She knows that I served my country and gave all for my fellow man.

It was not in vain, Mom. I have achieved the highest honor... **Look at my name, touch me and smile.**

Next to her I see my wife.... I know how hard it must have been the last 35 years. Memories flood my mind. She knows I was a man's man, It was my duty to serve... I

served with honor... **Look at my name, touch me and smile.....**

Next to her is a man in a military uniform with his arm around momma and my wife,....It is my son.

I see that he is wearing my medals from Vietnam, together with his from Iraq. The jungles of Vietnam and The sands of Iraq, Thanks; son....what a day !

Look at him trying to be a man, but with tears in his eyes. I yearn to tell him how proud I am of him.

I see him standing tall, straight and proud in his uniform. I see the Iraqi Freedom campaign ribbon on his chest. I snap to attention and salute him. They attacked our homeland. They danced in the streets ..They want our way of life exterminated... He knows that our freedom must be protected....I am so proud.

Momma whispers that Dad is gone, but he was so proud of his son..... I know , momma,... he is here with me. We are together again.

All the emotions, feelings and memories of 3 decades past flash between our touches. I want to tell them that all is well and to carry on, ride on... And don't worry about me. I am at peace...

I served my country ..I answered my countries call, Yes I gave all, and now I am waiting for you all with the highest honor..

I watch them lay flowers, and a picture of me.

My wife , momma and son touch the wall one final time and move away. I now feel tears that have not flowed for many years..... they will appear as dew drops on the wall

Then they all face The Wall, salute and weep. The tears make them no less of a person,..... **they are healing.**  
Then they move away once more and mouth these words;  
God bless you and Thank You for serving.  
As they walk off in the distance I yell out to them that all is well, and this was a great day.

**I HAVE BEEN HONORED**

**I HAVE BEEN WELCOMED HOME.**

I yell to them again.....“ **Ride On** “ and understand what I say... **The cup of grace is eternal and if you ask for it... We can Ride ON forever.....We will be at peace.....**  
Thank You All For Remembering... And we must all stand as one to protect our cup of freedom...

**GOD BLESS OUR VETERANS AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.....**

**THE TRAVELING WALL FOUNDATION  
AMERICAN VETERANS TRAVELING TRIBUTE/ AVTT.ORG**