

## Glimpses of Brillion

30 June 2022

By Frenchy Corbeille

The Fourth of July! It almost has a magic ring to it. The first long weekend of summer, and this year, a three-day weekend during which celebrants will flock to the waterways and picnic grounds and the aroma of sizzling bratwurst and hamburgers will permeate the air. When daylight fades, fireworks will light up the summer sky, with much oohing and aahing by the onlookers. Some babies will cry, unaccustomed as they are to the din, and mothers will try, with some measure of success to console them. All in all, it is a time for celebration, and celebrating is something we Americans have become good at over the years. What, you may ask, are we celebrating? The answer is that we are celebrating our 246<sup>th</sup> anniversary as a free nation, populated by free people.

Freedom. It is the common denominator found among the countless souls who have arrived in our land and sought by those who are still arriving. Freedom not only from oppression, but freedom of enterprise, freedom of worship, freedom of speech, just to name a few of the many freedoms we have long since learned to take for granted, freedoms that are there for us as a part of our national heritage. These many freedoms were not given to us; we earned them, first with the blood of those revolutionaries who had the intestinal fortitude to tell a British monarch that we did not want to be a part of the British Empire any longer, and subsequently in major conflicts when we had to convince other foreign powers that we were not to be trifled with. In no instance has freedom ever been free. It is bought and paid for with the blood of patriots, heroes whom we have come to know and admire in some instances, and others who will remain forever unknown, but heroes, nevertheless. It is right and fitting to celebrate our Independence Day, but in my not so humble opinion, it is equally fitting to reflect for a moment on what we have and how we got it.

A particular freedom that is near and dear to me personally, along with freedom of speech, is the right to keep and bear arms. As one who hunts for sport and stocking my larder with organically grown, free range, cholesterol and fat free meat, and one who just enjoys all manner of shooting sports, I am proud to be the owner of firearms, none of which, I say again, none, has ever been used in the commission of a crime. I have countless friends and associates who, like me, own firearms, one or several, and none of theirs either has ever been use in the commission of a crime. Every now and then, some deranged whacko uses a firearm to inflict harm on his fellowman, and in every instance, the cry goes up, "We have to do something about all those guns." Invariably, some new law gets passed, the masses are temporarily placated, and the legislators feel good about having taken steps to set things right. The hard cold fact is that they have changed nothing that will affect the criminal and have only managed to create more paper hurdles for people like me. But they retire to their chamber feeling good about themselves, and I suppose that is important. Off my soap box, back to celebration.

If there is a Fourth of July parade taking place near you, go to it. If you have an American flag to fly, get it up there. If you do not have one, you should get one, just to demonstrate that you are proud to be a part of this great nation. Yes, we are a great nation, and as with all

greatness, there are some faults that can be found, areas in which we, as a nation, have erred. Injustices have been inflicted on some and there is certainty that this will happen again, but all in all, we are indeed a great nation. That is why there is always a line of people at our borders, waiting to become a part of us. The advantages far outweigh the disadvantages, and our greatness outweighs our shortcomings.

Lastly, I would like to remind you to pull out that packet of seeds that carries the warning

“Plant in open soil after all danger of frost.” We are there! It really is safe to plant those seeds now without fear of having the plants killed by frost.

**Freedom Is Not Free**  
**Frenchy Sends With Warm Regards**