

**THE AMERICAN PATRIOT**  
**AN ALLEGORICAL TALE OF AMERICA**  
**By Dan Zimmerle**

Things were as they had always been as Patriot made his way around the farm. The animals were fed and content and the hired hands were milling about completing the chores. Life couldn't be better.

Heartland was a good description of the setting. It was America at its purest. Life had value and meaning here. "Live and let live" was the slogan, and freedom was in abundance.

But Storm was brewing, a Storm of such monumental proportions that it would change everything that looked unchangeable in the moment. Who could ever dream that a setting so surreal could be in jeopardy, but that was exactly the case.

"Come here Liberty", Patriot called. Around the corner came a dirty ball of energy running at breakneck speed straight for its constant companion. Liberty was Patriot's first and most beloved possession. He couldn't remember life without her, and he couldn't imagine life if Liberty weren't by his side.

But Liberty wasn't everyone's favorite. Evil resided in the same community as Patriot, and Evil didn't enjoy the unbridled ball of passion and energy. Liberty wouldn't comply with Evil's demands, so it behooved Evil to make sure Liberty was harnessed and chained. It was to that end that Evil sought Court, the local magistrate, to have Liberty removed from Heartland where she existed without fear. It was to that end that Court made a decision to comply with Evil's constant harassment to have Liberty removed from Patriot's possession.

It was in that setting that our story begins.

No one knew the darkness of Evil's heart. Everyone in the community knew that he was mean and wicked, a person of questionable character and morals, but no person dreamed that anyone could be so heartless, and even worse, no one could have dreamed that Court, an elected official of the land, would comply.

He hadn't campaigned so. He promised that "live and let live" would always be the slogan of Heartland, but alas, he, like so many before him, proved to be less a man of principal than anyone dared to dream. The order was signed and sealed and Evil set out on his mission to arrest Liberty and remove her from Heartland.

It was with order in hand that Evil rode into Heartland that day.

“I have an order from Court to capture and remove Liberty from your possession,” he proclaimed to the workers. “That little ball of terror is unfit to live in the citizenry. She barks too much and bites the good citizens of the land. No one will ever rest freely until she is removed and shackled.”

About that time, Patriot and Liberty came around the corner of the barn with no knowledge of Court’s orders or the intent of Evil’s heart.

Liberty despised Evil. In her mind, there are things in life worth hating and things worth harassing, and Evil proved to be in her crosshairs. The hair on her neck bristled and stood up on end when she saw Evil standing on her land all dressed in black. The outside matched the inside and Liberty did what she always did when Evil came around, she bolted straight at the menace to a freedom loving society, teeth barred and bite ready to chase him from her land.

“Liberty. Stop,” called Patriot, but Liberty had no intention of stopping. Her mind was made up and her mission was clear. She wouldn’t rest until Evil couldn’t rest. Evil ran to a place where he could be safe from Liberty’s assault.

“See, that’s exactly why I’m here,” shouted Evil from his high perch. No person is safe as long as that little terror is allowed to run free. Here are Court’s orders. Comply, or you will all be arrested for harboring a fugitive.”

The paperwork was in order, and he was right about the long arm of the law. Against a Higher law, a lesser law prevailed that day and Liberty was removed from the farm.

But Evil underestimated Liberty. He thought that such would be an easy task, but he never could have understood the love and the bond that Patriot and Liberty possessed. At first opportunity, Liberty escaped and ran straight back to Patriot’s arms. The two were inseparable, and Patriot decided that to guarantee that reality, it was time to leave Heartland. Without saying a word, they were gone.

Down the road Patriot and Liberty went, not really knowing where they were going, but going somewhere else, somewhere where they could live in peace and contentment and not be bothered by Evil and Court ever again.

It was on that path that Patriot met Conscience.

“Where are you going so quickly,” shouted Conscience.

“Somewhere far away. I lived in Heartland, but Evil has gotten orders from Court to remove Liberty from Heartland, and I won’t allow that to happen. I will find a place where we will be safe, a place where we can live and let live. Do you know of such a place?”

“I’m not sure such a place exists, but what did you leave behind.”

“My family and friends are still in Heartland, but so is Evil and Court. I think all will be better off with us gone. Evil and Court won’t have us to bother them, and family and friends will be safe from the orders of Court.”

“Are you sure they will be better off? I’ve been around for a long time and there’s always going to be Evil to take away Liberty. It has different faces, genders, and colors, but it is always there. It’s not the person, it’s the agenda, and the agenda has been in place since time began.”

“Do you mean there’s no place I can go to get away from Evil?”

“That’s exactly the case. Evil always lurks and makes life miserable. You can’t run from him. You must face him and defeat him. What are your friends and family going to do? Do you think Evil will leave them alone? Do you not think that Evil could be on their doorstep as we speak making their lives miserable? I know you want to escape Evil and Court, but if Liberty can be removed from you, life and freedom can be removed from others. If you don’t stand up and fight for what you love, who will?”

“I never thought of it that way. I’m being selfish thinking only of myself. I will go back and I will fight for that which I believe in. Thank you for showing me the right way to face things.”

With that, Patriot started back to Heartland with Liberty at his heels. Someone needed to stand up to Evil, and who better than they to do it?

But while they were gone, a Storm of monumental proportions had moved in on Heartland, and the closer Patriot and Liberty got to home, the harder the wind blew. They continued forward through the dust and wind, knowing no natural wind compared to the real storm they faced, and face it they would. Their face was set like flint and nothing would deter them from the mission, not even a Storm of monumental proportions.

Fate had sent Storm, for Fate understood that one person’s Liberty would never be safe until every person’s Liberty is safe, so Fate determined to catapult Patriot into

the very heart of Evil's lair, a place few dare to go and even less survive. Storm had a purpose that day, and the purpose wasn't the destruction of Heartland: it was for her salvation.

Patriot was the chosen vessel for the battle at hand, a task for which he had no desire, but one Destiny had determined him to walk. Duty, Honor, and Country were calling.

Before he could duck, a piece of debris that Storm had picked up struck him on the side of the head and down he went. That was the last thing Patriot remembered. The dreams were mixed in those moments of unconsciousness. Peaceful memories abounded, but Evil was also there menacing the very things that brought happiness to life.

Evil was hovering over him when he awoke.

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"Where am I?" Storm had picked him up while he was unconscious and placed him in a strange land. As he looked around, everything looked perfect, but the land in which he had been deposited was everything but perfect. Evil ruled this land and the people lived in fear. Evil terrorized their lives, so they complied with his demands to escape the consequences. The façade of beauty hid the real truth.

The people of the land had never seen one like Patriot and so they hid themselves when he was catapulted into their midst. Was he another of Evil's companions? Was he there to make further demands upon their freedoms, what few remained? Why had he come? All those questions were going through their minds as they watched him walk around completely unaware of their presence.

Patriot was there for a purpose, and though he was reluctant, Destiny had determined him to lead.

Liberty was the first to discover the people hiding in their midst and he chased them out of hiding. As they introduced themselves and traded handshakes, it was apparent that Patriot was a friend, not a foe, and it was the consensus of all that Patriot was the person with the character and heart to stand up to Evil.

No such thought was in the mind of Patriot. He was looking for Heartland and nothing around him looked familiar. "Do you know where Heartland is?" he asked.

“Heartland? What’s Heartland?”

“Heartland is where I’m from. I must get back there, for Evil has come there and he threatens everything I love. Liberty and I must stop him before he succeeds.

“We don’t know about Heartland, but we do know about Evil. He came into our land a while back and none of us had the courage to stand up to him. We once lived with the motto, 'live and let live,' but now we live in fear and comply with his demands.”

“That’s our motto in Heartland. That is interesting. I was fleeing from evil when I met Conscience and he told me Evil dwelt everywhere and had to be faced and defeated. I was returning to Heartland to face Evil when Storm picked me up and put me here.”

“We think Fate employed Storm to put you here. In order to defeat Evil, you must go into his lair and face him head on. You’ll never defeat Evil by defeating his followers. When one is defeated, he simply sends another. The battle is not on the surface, it’s much deeper than that. You have to go straight to the source, and that is where you now dwell. Go for us. Go for yourself. Go for Liberty. Go for the people you don’t know and for those you do. It is your destiny.”

The words resonated in Patriots heart and he knew the call was deeper than what he originally thought. Conscience had told him that, and Conscience is rarely wrong.

Though he didn’t know it, Divine Providence was watching over the scene. He spoke straight to Patriot’s heart, “Go, and I will go with you. Fight, and I will fight for you. Trust Me, and I will be your strength. I will be with you every step you take and I will never leave you nor forsake you.”

Patriot had never been spoken to so clearly and forcefully. He knew the Divine had stepped into the natural. How could he resist. He would go. He would go on behalf of those who wouldn’t and those who couldn’t. He would rather die free than to live under the shackles and fear of Evil. With resolve in his heart, he started down the path to the lair of Evil. He would not rest until the task was complete.

Down the road he and Liberty went, Divine Providence never far away. He hadn’t gone far when he met Old Farmer. “Who goes there?”

“My name is Patriot, and this is Liberty. We are going to the lair of Evil to defeat him. He has hurt and terrorized my land and yours, and unless he is defeated, no one will ever live in peace.”

“Boy, do I know what you mean. I was once a respected contributor to the land, but Evil showed up and began humiliating me. He told me I was stupid, a mindless donkey. He said I was good for nothing except pulling a plow and plucking corn. I started to speak up, but the words wouldn’t come out exactly right. I proved his point. So I comply like everyone else. I do what he says and mind my own business, but honestly, I’ve not been happy since he started ruling our land. I was once a landowner but now I am a slave on my own land. I hope you have success on your mission. I’d go with you but I would be a burden and hindrance.”

“I don’t think you’d be a burden or a hindrance. Truth is, I could use a good companion. Liberty is with me everywhere I go, but she’s not much for conversation. I could use the encouragement and friendship. When I face Evil, I could use a fellow soldier. Maybe this is your destiny too.”

“You know something. I think I just might take you up on your invitation. What kind of life is this anyway? Two are better than one, and with Liberty there are three of us. The odds are against us but I am no longer willing to be a slave.”

“Divine Providence is also with us, and He will help us defeat Evil. Let’s go.”

Down the road the new friends went, talking and laughing on the path. They could sense the presence of Evil at every turn, but they also knew that Divine Providence was with them, so they didn’t fear his presence.

They hadn’t gone far when they met Preacher and Politician.

“Where are you going, sojourner,” asked Preacher. You don’t look like you are from around here.”

“I’m not from around here. I’m from Heartland, but I don’t know exactly where that is right now. All I know is that Fate employed Storm to bring me here. My name is Patriot. This is my best friend Liberty. This is my new friend and fellow soldier Old Farmer. We are going to Evil’s lair with Divine Providence to defeat him. He has conquered your land and has intent on conquering Heartland. Conscience told me it is my destiny to face Evil head on. I intend to do just that.”

“We were both leaders here before Evil came,” said Politician. “We tried to stand against him, but he has a huge army who do his bidding. Honestly, we don’t have the courage that the battle demands. We’re ashamed of that, but it is the truth. We both have difficulty with the reality, but what are we supposed to do? There are just two of us, and he has thousands.”

“I don’t know what you are going to do, but we know what we must do. Why do you want to live in shame and fear? Patrick Henry, one of the founders of Heartland said, ‘Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be bought at the price of chains and imprisonment? Forbid it Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.’ We will follow his lead.”

“Those are powerful words. Do you really mean them?”

“With all my heart. I was going to flee from Evil, but Conscience and Divine Providence showed me the error of my ways. At this point, life is meaningless if it means I will lose Liberty and freedom. I’m not willing to live as a slave, and neither is Old Farmer. If we don’t take a stand, who will? If we don’t stand now, how many will be lost until someone does stand.”

“You know, we’ve both been saying the same thing to each other. We’re miserable. We’ve been so afraid of what others might think or what Evil might do that we have forgotten the calling upon our lives. If you would allow us to join you, we will be good soldiers and will stand shoulder to shoulder with you when Evil unleashes his hordes.”

“We would love for you to come with us. There are now six of us.”

“Six?”

“Yes, six. Divine Providence is with us too. Preacher, you should know that better than any of us.”

Preacher chuckled and hung his head. “I had forgotten, but I won’t soon forget again. Let’s go.”

Together the six went down the road toward Evil’s lair, and the further they went, the surer they were that Fate had indeed sent Patriot to gather them together for the fight for Liberty, and they were united for the fight.

In their haste they almost walked right past Industrialist. He was sad and silent when they saw him.

“Why the long face?” asked Patriot.

“Why not the long face?” replied Industrialist. “I once was a respected contributor to society, but since Evil arrived, he has convinced everyone that I am a selfish slave

driver. No one respects me any more. The fact is, that is a lie. I cared for my people. I felt good at night knowing those who worked for me were fed and had a nice place to live. That has changed since Evil took over. The land no longer prospers. He has taken away the incentive to achieve and work. He has stolen their hearts with his handouts. I would give anything to return to what we were before he came.”

“You might want to come with us,” said Preacher. “We’ve banded together to face Evil head on. We are on our way to Evil’s lair as I speak. We may not win, but each of us understands that we’d rather die as free men than to live as slaves. If we don’t win, another will take our place, and then another and another until Evil finally is revealed as a liar and removed from the land.”

“I would love to come with you. I’ve been dead ever since Evil showed up. I have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Six are better than five.”

“Actually, there are seven of us now and that is the perfect number,” Patriot said smiling. “Though you can’t see Him, Divine Providence is with us, and He promised He’d never leave. We sense His presence every step we take. With Him by our side, who can stand against us and prevail?”

Without hesitancy, Industrialist started walking, “What’s holding us back? Time’s a wasting. Today Liberty will once again be safe in the land.”

And off they went toward Evil’s lair, singing and rejoicing. Feeling for the first time that their lives had meaning and understanding that purpose gives one a reason for being. Life now existed where death had prevailed, and as the seven friends made their way toward Evil’s lair, hope once again had a place in the land, and with Divine Providence’s power, hope was sure to prevail.

Liberty, though she couldn’t speak, won everyone’s heart as she ran in and out of their midst. She became their purpose. Her energy and passion was contagious. The further they went, the more they wondered why they hadn’t started years before.

As they topped a hill, off in the distance was the most beautiful sight any of them had ever seen, a shining city on a hill. They had heard of it in stories, but they always thought it was but a story. The dream really existed.

Divine Presence knew it was there, however, for He had built it. He wanted the companions to understand the possibilities that could abound if they would but persevere. It was why He had maneuvered their path to encounter the city.

What a beautiful sight it was. They hastened forward to get a feel for what they had heard and read about. They were in need of some rest and relaxation and the city looked like the perfect place for both. They were excited.

What they didn't anticipate as they approached the city, however, was the shutters on the city and the locks on the door. Who would have dreamed that the shining city on the hill would be victim to the Evil that inhabited the land? It of all places should have stood tall in Evil's midst, but alas, nothing escapes the long tentacles of the darkened heart.

The inhabitants of the city felt safe inside the confines of the walls, but they dared not venture forth to proclaim liberty throughout the land. Though that was their destiny, Evil had prevailed, and now they lived as slaves in a city of freedom. Laughter masked the fear that permeated their midst. The shining city had lost its luster.

Patriot knocked on the large doors that were bolted shut to keep Evil out.

"Who are you?" came a voice from within.

"I'm Patriot, and I'm here with my companions. Liberty is the fur ball. Old Farmer is identifiable by the straw hat and overalls. Preacher and Politician have on the attire of leadership. Industrialist is the working man. Then there is Divine Providence. Though you can't see Him, He's with us everywhere we go."

"We know Divine Providence. He built the city. If He is with you, then we will let you in. It looks like you could use some rest and this is a haven of rest, or at least, it once was a haven of rest. It's hard to rest when Evil and Terror lurk outside."

"That's why I'm here," said Patriot. "Fate sent Storm to bring me here. Conscience and Divine Providence convinced me of my destiny. Liberty is mine to protect. Along the way I met the others, and they have proven to be quite an army. If I were Evil, I'd stand in fear. He doesn't have the right to the throne of the kingdom, and it is our intent to take it back. We won't relent until we do, but a little rest and relaxation would be a welcomed friend."

At that, the large door swung open and a bastion of glory was present in the middle of the story. People from all walks of life were there - different colored people, different genders and classes, different purposes and callings. All were there in the city, and all had a place and a reason. None were better than the other. They understood that they were all created equal and they all participated in the furtherance of the society in which they dwelt. None basked in the glory while others provided it.

All built and obtained the glory equally. The only thing missing was the willingness to venture beyond the walls. Patriot and his companions were there to change that.

The person Patriot didn't expect to encounter in the city was Conscience, but he was there. He had been chosen by Divine Providence to rule the city, but even he couldn't go without an ally, and finding the willing proved to be a tall task, even for him. He was delighted when Patriot arrived, and he was even more encouraged that he had garnered a small army of same-minded people.

"So you listened to my words," he said to Patriot.

"Yes I did, and truer words were never spoken. You were right in saying there is no place Evil doesn't dwell. We can't run from him, we must face him and defeat him. I'm glad you were there when I wasn't thinking clearly. Had you not set me on the right path I wouldn't have met my new friends. Fate sent Storm to bring me here because defeating Evil isn't accomplished by defeating his workers. Divine Providence has made it clear that it is Evil himself who must be faced and defeated. He said He would be with us and He has proven Himself trustworthy." Patriot had indeed listened.

"You have one task remaining here after you rest. You and your companions must continue to Evil's lair. He stole the scepter of the kingdom from We The People. It must be returned to its rightful owner. Until then, Evil will continue to rule."

Patriot was more than willing to continue forward. "We understand our purpose and our calling. We are committed to it. I've know that Liberty will never be safe until Evil is defeated. I love Liberty and will never let him be taken from me again."

Old Farmer chimed in. "Patriot helped us believe. We believed a lie before he came along, but we will never again be ruled by a tyrant. Freedom and Liberty won't be safe until Evil is vanquished, and with Divine Providence with us, he will be vanquished."

Preacher spoke up. "It amazes me how I stood in fear when Divine Providence was with me. I would give Him lip service, but until Patriot came along, that's all it was. Now, He is more than lip service. He's my constant companion and I have full confidence that as He took down Evil in days of old, He is just as capable of taking down Evil in the present."

Politician was next to speak. "I was chosen to lead and I've shivered in the shadows. I've been a poor leader, but I've chosen to take the role for which I was chosen, and

that is not to rule over people – it is to be the people’s servant, and there is no better place to start than by defeating Evil. I will not quit until Liberty is safe in the land.”

Last to speak was Industrialist. “I was dead until Patriot came along. It feels good to live again. I’ve decided to live until I die. I will never have life removed from me again. I have a lot of resentment and hatred in my heart for what Evil has done to our land. I will not rest until the scepter is returned to We The People.”

“Then it’s done,” said Conscience. “All that needs to happen is for the quest to be finished, and I have full confidence that Divine Providence will be with you and help you succeed.” A broad smile crossed his face. “What a day of jubilation this is. We rejoice that you have come. The shining city will once again shine, and her doors will no longer be barred. Hallelujah Chorus will once again echo throughout the land. It is decreed. So be it.”

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Rest felt good to the companions, but rest of mind and heart was not quick to come. Such would only come when Evil no longer ruled the land, and so it was, they decided to move forward to the quest instead of basking in the glow. Everything they needed for the journey was in hand. All they needed now was for Evil to show his face. They wouldn’t have to wait long.

Threat and Intimidation had always been close allies with Evil, and they both were there to meet the companions on the journey. Signs were posted at every corner of the path warning them to turn around or face the consequences. Darkness and Fear joined them in the purpose, but none of the chilling experiences and obstacles they placed on the road proved sufficient to turn the companions around. Like a mother lion fighting for her cubs, they had set their hearts to the mission, and only death could stop their progress.

Off in the distance, Evil watched their approach. It had been a long time since he had seen such resolve, but he wasn’t limited to fear tactics. He had Wickedness and Violence in place, and it was time to call out his forces.

Before they knew what had hit them, the companions found themselves surrounded by Evil’s hosts. They were everywhere and they were vicious in their attack. It was obvious that the six weren’t physically up to the task they had committed themselves to, and before long, four were left for dead, Patriot was captive, Liberty had fled, and hope seemed all but lost.

As the four bound up their wounds, they couldn't help but wonder what had happened. Hadn't Divine Providence told them and assured them He was up to the task. Why didn't He help? Why had this been allowed? Who were they now without Patriot to lead them? What chance did they have without the assurance of Divine Providence helping them? Had they come this far for nothing?

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Not far away, Patriot found himself locked up in the dungeon of Evil, and only time would determine his fate. What had gone wrong? He expected to be basking in victory, not wallowing in defeat. But now...

Evil entered the dungeon in the middle of Patriot's thoughts. His heart was dark and his intent was clear. "You dared to think you could stand against me. Your companions are dead on a hillside, your beloved Liberty has left your side, and now it's just you and me, and trust me, I'm far more seasoned and powerful than you. And where's Divine Providence now? You trusted in the fallible and it has failed you. Fate and Storm brought you here to die. When I return, you will pay the consequences of daring to defy my right to rule," and with scepter in hand, Evil was gone.

Not one thing he said seemed a lie. Divine Providence hadn't been there, and his companions with all their resolve were no matches for Evil. He had led them on a suicide mission and they had died on a hillside never knowing what hit them. Guilt and shame entered his heart as he wept for his companions and for Liberty. Death would be a welcomed sight when it came.

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Back on the hillside, a very different scene was transpiring. Instead of wallowing in pity, the companions found resolve to continue forward. Liberty had returned and was spurring them on. Patriot depended on them, and so did the kingdom, and they were determined not to let them down. Bruised and battered they arose, and bruised and battered they moved forward.

Evil was so distracted by his pride and pomp that he failed to see them coming.

Before anyone knew, Evil's lair had been breached, but that was but the beginning of the battle. Before the companions was a labyrinth of confusion, a labyrinth that only

Liberty could maneuver, and maneuver she did. With the four by her side, they soon stood beside the large door behind which Patriot was imprisoned.

Perseverance would not allow them to stop, even when all seemed lost. Perseverance would not let them rest when all strength had left. Perseverance caused them to pursue the goal despite the wounds of battle. The door of bondage proved no match for the band of brothers, but as Patriot stepped out of the dungeon to be embraced by his comrades, their purpose for being there still lay before them. They had come this far. There was no turning back. Evil had to be defeated.

However, the element of surprise was no longer on their side. The breach was discovered and their plot was known, and now it would be Evil they would face, not just his hordes.

Never had Old Farmer faced a more menacing foe. Preacher trusted Divine Providence, but even He seemed to pale beside the monster they faced. Politician understood now why he had shivered in days of old.

Industrialist was the exception to the rest. He had spent too long living as a dead man. There was nothing he faced that was more menacing than where he had been. Undaunted, he stepped forward to face the giant who had stared down most mortal men. Evil took a step back. He wasn't used to someone actually getting this far, and he certainly had little experience with one who brazenly stood in his face.

“Do you not understand that I have power to kill you?” shouted Evil.

“You have but one power, and that is the power that has been given to you from above, and I know that power is on our side this day. You may pull sword and spear, but I come at you in the name of the LORD.”

Again Evil stepped backwards, as did his hordes. “Stop right there or I will destroy you all with my great power.”

By this time the others had taken courage and they stood shoulder to shoulder with Industrialist. “Fear and Intimidation were defeated on the path. You have nothing left with which to conquer us. We are more than conquerors through Him who loves us.” Old Farmer never dreamed such words would proceed from his lips, but there they were, and again, Evil began to shrink before their eyes.

“Hordes, attack them, attack them,” Evil said weakly, but just as he had begun to shrink, so too had his followers. Some had flown off hoping to fight another day. Some were already dead on the floor. Still others were groaning about being

persecuted before their time. Evil found himself out manned and over powered, but he refused to go without a last gasp effort.

“Soldiers, arm yourselves and fight for me. I will give you riches in the kingdom,” but the soldiers who had sworn to uphold the laws of the kingdom had come to realize that the laws of the kingdom had been breached by Evil, and they moved to the side of Patriot. It was time for them to fight for Liberty.

Preacher began to move forward with Scripture in tow. Politician realized in that moment that strength cometh from the LORD, and he too began to quote from the good Book.

Into the corner Evil crept, but there was no place left to hide.

“In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, I command you to depart,” shouted Patriot, and with that the battle ended. Evil was no more. The one who seemed unconquerable proved insufficient for the power of Spoken Word, and Divine Providence smiled over the companions. That is when they saw Him.

“Why did You leave us on the hillside? Why did You allow Patriot to be captive? Why did You not fight for us when we were overtaken and overwhelmed.”

Understanding prevailed when Divine Providence spoke. “Had I fought for you, you would never have had the honor of standing taller than you thought you were. I was with you all the time. I protected you from death, but not from harm. Old Farmer was not so dumb as he thought he was. Preacher, you and Politician proved that great courage resided in your breast. It just had to be brought to the surface. And you, my dear Industrialist, I’ve never seen anyone live so large. Patriot, you never sought fame or glory, but you simply led, a quality that few possess, and even fewer attain. I’ve never been prouder. And Liberty,” Divine Providence said as He patted the little fur ball on the head, “you held the group together. Each of you found your strength, and together you became an imposing foe. I never left you. I never forsook you. But I never coddled you. That wasn’t what you needed.”

The companions sat for a few minutes in silence pondering His words and the events of the journey, realizing that they had started from nothing and had accomplished greatness. None felt they were anything but mortals, nor did they boast of their exploits, but each understood the power of friendship, sticking together, and the power of never giving up.

There wasn’t a lot of talking going on as they made their way back to the shining city on the hill. They were tired. Sometimes one needs to contemplate.

As they approached the gate to the city, word had preceded them. People were milling around outside the walls. The city seemed a bit brighter than it had before, and maybe it was. Cheers greeted them from every corner of the city. People came to see the courageous six with Divine Providence always with them. Victory was won, Evil was vanquished, and freedom once again ruled the kingdom.

It was a good day.

Greatness garners respect, and by day's end, it was a consensus of the kingdom that such a group deserved to sit in positions of power, for power belongs to those who earn it and respect it, and they had earned every ounce they received.

But Patriot and Liberty weren't looking for position in the city. They just wanted to go back to Heartland where they could live and let live.

"You know," said Old Farmer, "I read once that if you delight in the LORD, He will give you the desire of your heart. I've never seen one who so delighted in good, nor have I ever walked with one so selfless. I think if you were to ask Divine Providence the way to Heartland, He could direct your path."

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With those words, Patriot woke up as Liberty licked his face. It was a dream, the American Dream. But then, who said dreams have to be fiction?

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Footnote:

This is the story of America, a story that has been repeated on many occasions throughout our great history. Today we face another opportunity for Patriot to arise and save Liberty. There will always be those who will send but not go, but there will always be those who can be inspired to believe they can vanquish Evil so Liberty can long live in the land.

The shining city on the hill has lost some of her luster, and to some degree her inhabitants refuse to venture forth to the fullness of their existence because of the tyranny that many political leaders represent. It's time for the Patriots to stand. It is time to protect Liberty. It is time to lead the faithful. It is time for We The People to

once again understand that America is a nation “of the People, by the People, and for the People.” It is time for us to be We The People.

Become involved. Be vigilant. Be brave. United We Stand.

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If this story seems eerily reminiscent of The Wizard of Oz, it is because the principals of the children’s tale by L. Frank Baum are the story of the price freedom demands. It was not written as a political satire, so my rendition is not his, but the principals are in place, nevertheless.

It could also be the Story of Christianity with **Christ** being Patriot, **Salvation** being Liberty, **God’s Will** being Fate, **His Coming** being Storm, **Those who have not yet signed on for duty** being the people of the land, **Those who follow and obey the calling of the LORD** being the four companions, **Conscience** being Conscience, **The Holy Spirit** being Divine Providence, **Satan** being Evil, **Fear, Intimidation, Terror, and Threat** being who they are, **Demons** being Evil’s Hordes, **The Right to Rule** being the scepter, **The Church** being the shining city on the hill.

You can tell the same story from many different angles because the same characters are always in play.

Hope you always remember. Be blessed.

Dan Zimmerle  
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God Bless America