# War Era Story Project 2012

Submitted by: Mrs. Douglas Peters
Current home town: Cedarville, Ohio
Age: Not given

**Memories of a fine American during World War II**

My father was an immigrant from Greece when so many Europeans came to America to enjoy the freedom and opportunities that were here.

Father was a small boy when he and his parents came across the ocean and through Ellis Island to America. What a thrill it was for them! His family settled In Ohio and learned English the hard, old fashioned Way. They attended a local public school, sat there and listened and learned, working hard and studying hard. They made good grades and when old enough, found jobs to help earn their own way in this land!

When I was a teenager, my father had a strong desire to become an American citizen, so he worked at his job during the Daytime and went to night classes, taking courses in American history, government and the constitution. He knew a great deal about our American heritage. When he Finally received those citizenship papers, he was very pleased. He often reminded us in the family that freedom is not free. So, we learned the importance of respecting the law, our military service people, teachers, ministers and those in leadership in our government.

He was the wrong age to serve in the military, but volunteered to be an air raid warden during the many air raid drills we had in those war years. He wanted to do at least some small part to help protect our family, friends and nation.

It was our privilege to take him and my mother plus our small children to Washington, D.C. one week in a long ago summer. Father was especially moved with respect as we visited historic places there. He even walked up some of the steps in the Washington Monument, stood In admiration at the Lincoln Memorial, and was so pleased to be able to sit for a few minutes in the U.S. House of representatives (as we all were) while it was in session. We also visited Williamsburg, VA on that trip. It was a trip of a lifetime for this fine immigrant who appreciated the values here, the free enterprise system, and the freedom to worship God where he desired to do so.

When I see “old glory” wave in a parade or elsewhere, I too, am thankful for the privilege to be living where Christian heritage is strong. May God continue to bless America, indeed.