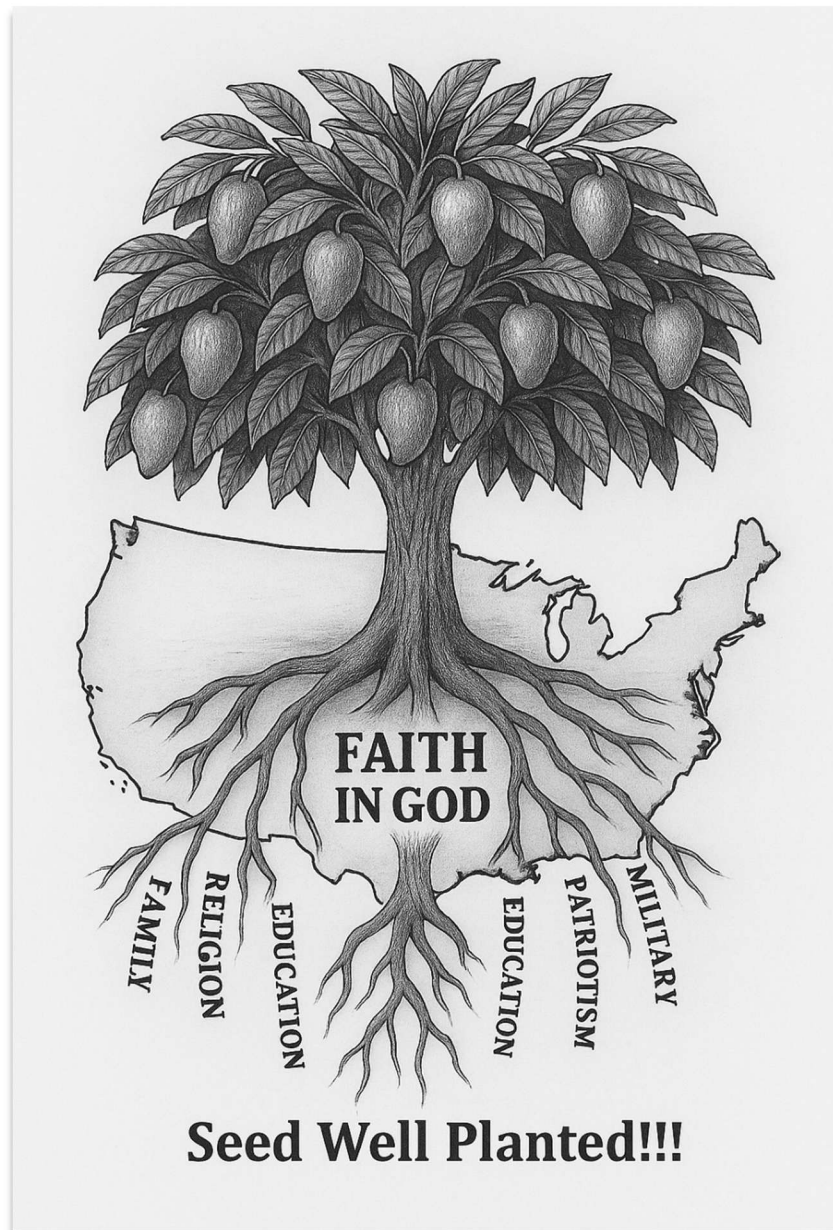


From Grief to Grit

My Journey to America



Dr. Max Martin

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Table of Contents

Preface and Disclaimer	Page 1
Introduction - From Grief to Grit	Page 3
Chapter 1: Discovering a Voice in the Noise	Page 12
Chapter 2: Faith and God	Page 15
Chapter 3: Liberty and Responsibility	Page 22
Chapter 4: Family (Familia)	Page 36
Chapter 5: Patriotism	Page 53
Chapter 6: The Republican Party	Page 69
Chapter 7: The Military	Page 86
Chapter 8: Understanding Republicans and Democrats	Page 102
Chapter 9: Power and the People	Page 119
Chapter 10: The Power Within	Page 139
The Story Behind the Cover Art	Page 191
Photos: History in Photography	Page 173

Preface and Disclaimer

This book is not a political manifesto.

It is not a theological treatise.

And it is not a biography of Rush Limbaugh, though his voice echoes through every chapter.

What you are about to read is a personal story.

A testimony, really.

It is the account of a man who came to America not by choice, but by circumstance. As a teenager, I was uprooted by a personal family tragedy that changed the course of my life. I did not arrive in this country with grand ideas about liberty or democracy. I came seeking safety, healing, and a place to belong. You will learn more about that part of my journey later from the book.

In time, however, I came to discover that America offered more than refuge, it offered *purpose*. I came to understand the deeper promise of this nation: That liberty is not the privilege of the few, but the right of all. That opportunity is not a myth, but a mission. And that citizenship is not just a legal status, but a sacred duty.

Rush Limbaugh helped me see all that more clearly.

His words didn't just inform me, they transformed me. His voice was the first to cut through the fog of political correctness, media spin, and cultural confusion. Through him, I discovered that conservatism wasn't about exclusion, it was about protecting what is good, what is true, and what is worth passing on.

When you read this book, you'll notice many quotes from Rush Limbaugh, some direct, others paraphrased from memory after years of faithful listening. With each quote, you'll also find my response: what it meant to me, how I received it, and what I learned from it. At times, you may feel like I'm repeating myself, but I promise you, I'm not.

Repetition is not redundancy; it's reflection. It's how truth settles into the soul. Each response reveals another layer of how Rush's message helped me grow, not just as an American citizen, but as a man of faith, a father, a veteran, and a leader.

This is not academic work; it's a lived experience. You won't find footnotes or citations, but you will find conviction, clarity, and heart. My story, like so many immigrant stories, is still unfolding. But I share what I know, and what I've learned, with the hope that it inspires others, especially immigrants like me, to wake up, step up, and take their rightful place in the American story.

This is also not a religious book in the institutional sense, but it is deeply rooted in faith. That's because I believe, as Rush often reminded us, that *freedom without faith leads to*

confusion, and that a constitution without moral clarity cannot stand. My faith in Jesus Christ has been my anchor, and it is inseparable from my love for this country.

You'll also find this book is not an attack on people, but it is a challenge to bad ideas. Dangerous ideas. Ideas that divide us by race; weaken us through dependency, and replace truth with political agendas. You will hear strong critiques of identity politics, media manipulation, and government overreach, not to stir up anger, but to awaken clarity and courage.

To my fellow immigrants: this book is especially for you. It's a roadmap. A warning. And a rallying cry.

You came here for a better life, this is how you *keep* it.

Not through silence, but through *citizenship*.

Not through entitlement, but through *effort*.

Not through division, but through *devotion* to the American idea.

And to all Americans, whether you were born here or naturalized like me, I hope this book stirs something in you.

A memory of what made this country great.

A vision of what it still can be.

And a renewed commitment to protect it, not just for us, but for generations yet to come.

Finally, I must be honest: my journey is not over. I continue to learn, to study, and to grow. My English is still a work in progress. I don't read as many books as I'd like, many are still difficult for me, but I watch, I listen, I ask questions, and I learn from history through the voices that speak truth. From videos, mentors, and teachers like **Rush Limbaugh** and now **Mark Levin**, I've received a real-world education, one grounded in principle, not propaganda.

So read this book not as a polished academic document, but as heartfelt testimony from someone who has lived both sides of freedom, and who will never stop fighting to keep its light alive.

As for my title, call me **Dr. Max Martin**. Not because I hold a degree from a university, but because I earned a real education in the classroom of the **EIB Network**. My Ph.D. came from thirty years of listening to **Rush Limbaugh**, the "**Doctor of Democracy**."

Rush was my: **Professor. My mentor. My American guide.** This book is my final exam, and my way of passing the torch.

Dr. Max Martin

2025

From Grief to Grit—My Journey to America

I was born in the **Dominican Republic**, a land full of vibrant music, deep-rooted traditions, and family bonds that often run deeper than blood. My earliest memories are filled with the scent of home-cooked meals, the laughter of cousins playing in the streets, and the ever-present hum of a culture that finds joy even in struggle. But beneath the warmth of those moments, life was preparing to test me in ways no child should ever have to endure.

When I was eight years old, my world shattered.

1968, My mother, my comfort, my protector, my anchor, passed away. To this day, I can still recall the hollow silence that followed her death. It was a silence that echoed in my chest, one that no amount of noise or distraction could ever truly fill. Her absence left a wound so deep that even now, as an adult, I sometimes feel the ache of it in quiet moments. I didn't just lose a parent, I lost a sense of safety, of stability, of home.

After she died, I was passed from one relative to another, moving from house to house. Each move brought a new set of rules, unfamiliar faces, and the constant reminder that I didn't really belong anywhere. I was still just a boy, but I learned quickly: don't cry, don't ask for anything, and don't get too comfortable. I survived by staying small, by staying silent. For five long years, I lived without certainty, without a place to call my own.

1973, when I turned thirteen, my father, who had been living in the United States, brought me and my little sister to join him in New York City. I hoped it would be a fresh start, a chance to finally feel settled. Instead, it felt like the beginning of another uphill climb. We landed in Spanish Harlem, a place bursting with energy and life, but also crowded with noise, concrete, and a restless urgency. I had come from an island where life moved slowly, where neighbors knew your name and people gathered outside just to talk. In Harlem, everyone was rushing somewhere. No one looked twice. I felt like a ghost, there, but unseen.

I spoke barely any English. The sounds of the city, so fast, sharp, and unfamiliar, washed over me like static. Whether I was in class, walking the streets, or riding the subway, I couldn't make sense of what people were saying. It all felt like a language meant to keep me out. I remember the first time I stepped into an American classroom. My palms were sweaty, my heart was racing, and all I could think about was not being noticed. I sat in the back, hoping to disappear into the furniture. But at the same time, I was desperate not to be forgotten or dismissed. I wanted to learn, to belong, but I was terrified.

The teacher spoke quickly, too quickly, her words slicing through the air like blades. I caught maybe one or two sounds that resembled anything familiar, but the rest was a blur. I lived in constant fear of being called on, of being asked something I didn't understand, of the sneakers or blank stares that might follow when I couldn't respond. Even the most

basic words, “read,” “write,” “answer”, felt like riddles I had no way of solving. Every textbook page, every worksheet, every sentence written on the chalkboard was a reminder that I was an outsider.

Every day felt like a test, not just of language, but of survival. I wasn’t fighting to get a good grade; I was fighting to preserve my sense of self. I didn’t want to be seen as dumb or slow, even though that’s how I feared others would see me. I had always been a smart kid back home, curious and eager to learn. But now, in this strange new world, I felt small. Invisible when I wanted to be seen, and exposed when I wanted to hide.

There were moments, quiet, heavy moments, when I wondered if I’d ever catch up. If I’d ever understand what was going on around me. If I’d ever be able to open my mouth and speak without fear, without stumbling. But no matter how hard it was, I kept showing up. I listened, watched, and learned, slowly, awkwardly, but steadily. I didn’t know it then, but every uncomfortable day, every misunderstanding, every lonely hour was shaping a resilience I would carry for the rest of my life.

I was placed in ESL classes, yet most of the instruction was still in Spanish. Those lessons helped me survive, but they did little to help me succeed. I found myself suspended between two worlds, no longer fully Dominican, not yet American, and the isolation was palpable.

In that confusion, one teacher refused to let me drift. **Mr. James, my first middle school teacher** noticed that I was restless, what today would likely be diagnosed as ADHD, and saw me teetering on the edge of chaos. Instead of disciplining me into silence, he redirected my energy. He made me responsible for taking classroom attendance each day, turning my hyperactivity into purposeful motion. It wasn’t just a small job; it was a lifeline. For the first time, I felt trusted, needed, and anchored to something bigger than my own struggle.

Mr. James was the first American authority figure who believed in me before I believed in myself. By giving me structure and ownership, he helped me harness what had felt like a liability and transform it into leadership. That simple act of mentorship became a template for every teacher and mentor I aspired to be in the years that followed.

Then came a moment that would shape the rest of my life.

Two weeks before I left my father’s apartment, something extraordinary happened, something I believe was divinely orchestrated. God led me to a beautiful family (The Grullon Family), one that had an empty room and hearts full of grace. I gathered the courage to ask the mother who would become like a second mother to me, Mama Dulce, if my sister and I could rent the room. I explained our situation, that I was leaving my father

and needed a safe place for us both. She didn't hesitate. She opened her home, not as a charity, but as an invitation to responsibility and renewal.

She made one thing clear: we could stay, but I would need to pay some rent. At first, it seemed like a burden. But overtime, I came to see it for what it truly was, a gift. Along with paying rent, I was expected to contribute through daily chores, cleaning the bathrooms, sweeping the hallway, mopping the kitchen. It wasn't glamorous, and it wasn't easy, but it taught me something profound: real love respects dignity. Responsibility isn't punishment; it's the path to freedom. Each task, each expectation, was her way of helping me grow, not just as a tenant, but as a man. In that act, she gave me more than shelter. She gave me discipline, she gave me purpose, and even more than that, she gave me a family.

In that home, I wasn't just a tenant, I became part of something whole. I was given a beautiful new mother (Mama Dulce), two brothers (Emilio and Marcos), a sister (Maritza), and a grandmother (Trinidad). For the first time in my life, I felt what it meant to be part of a family that saw me, believed in me, and expected something of me. They didn't try to fix me; they accepted me. And in that acceptance, I started to heal.

That new family didn't erase the pain of the past, but they helped redeem it. They were proof that broken beginnings didn't have to mean broken endings. They were the first living examples I saw of how liberty and responsibility could coexist in love. Mama Dulce was gentle but firm, warm but wise. She believed in structure, in rules, in respect, and she showed me that those things didn't limit freedom, they nurtured it.

In 1974, at just fourteen years old, I made a decision no child should ever be forced to make. I left my father's apartment, and I took my little sister with me. Life in that home was unstable, unpredictable, and sometimes unsafe. My father wasn't the kind of man who protected his children or provided a sense of security. He was there, but not really present. I couldn't depend on him, not for food, not for comfort, not for guidance. I had watched my sister's eyes filled with confusion and fear too many times, and I knew in my heart we deserved better. So, I made a choice, not out of courage, but out of necessity.

We packed what little we had, two small bags, a few pieces of clothing, and a handful of memories, and moved into that tiny room. It was cramped, barely big enough for a single bed we both had to share, but it was warm with possibility. It didn't have much, but it had something we had never truly known before, safety. It was the first time in my life I felt like I had taken a step toward shaping my own destiny. For once, I wasn't at the mercy of someone else's moods or failures. There was no safety net, no backup plan, just a flicker of freedom. But that flicker was enough to keep me going.

To survive, I took an under-the-table job at a local butcher shop. I was only fourteen, just a boy by any standard, but childhood had been a luxury I could no longer afford. I worked early mornings before school, and again after school until closing. I mopped bloodstained

floors, scrubbed counters, unloaded heavy boxes of meat, sharpened knives, and swept the bone dust from every corner. Whatever they needed, I did. No excuses. No complaints.

The work was hard. The hours were long. The pay was small. But to me, every dollar felt like a medal. Every blister was proof that I was still standing. Each shift I completed was a quiet declaration that I could do more than survive, I could build. I could grow. I could rise above what life had handed me.

While other kids my age worried about school dances, new shoes, or where they'd sit at lunch, I worried about making enough money to pay my \$20-a-week rent. At an age when most teenagers were focused on friends and school activities, I was focused on survival, finding work, and making sure I had a place to sleep each week, but one thing I never worried about was food. Mama Dulce, God bless her, made sure of that. Every night, she fed us with the kind of love that can only come from someone who understands what it means to be hungry. Her kitchen was a haven, always filled with the rich aroma of Dominican spices, warm rice, beans, tender meats, and homemade soup that soothed the soul. It wasn't just food; it was nourishment for our hearts.

I'd show up to school with sore arms, aching legs, and eyes that burned from lack of sleep. But I held my head high. I wasn't embarrassed, I was proud. I wasn't just getting by; I was building something. Slowly. Painfully. But surely.

There were nights I cried myself to sleep, when the silence felt too heavy, when the weight of my new responsibilities threatened to crush me. Nights when I questioned whether any of it would ever get easier, whether anyone noticed how hard I was trying. But even in those quiet, broken moments, something deep inside me refused to quit.

I couldn't quit. I had a little sister sleeping beside me, trusting me. Depending on me. Looking at me like I had all the answers, even when I had none. She gave me strength I didn't know I had. I knew I had to protect her. Provide for her. Be the foundation she could stand on, even if I felt shaky myself.

The years of hardship had planted a seed inside me, a quiet, unshakable determination. It wasn't loud or proud. It was a whisper. A whisper that said, *there must be more than this*. I didn't know what that "more" looked like. I couldn't see the road ahead. But I believed in its existence, and that belief was enough to keep moving forward.

I wasn't dreaming of riches or fame. I was dreaming of dignity. Of a future I could shape with my own hands. Of a life where I could look in the mirror and know I had earned everything I had, not through shortcuts, but through sacrifice. I wasn't just working to pay rent; I was working to earn my place in the world. And day by day, with the support of that humble home and the love of a woman who took in two children like her own, I began to find my footing.

That room may have been small, but it was the beginning of everything. It was where my sense of responsibility was born. It was where liberty first whispered my name. And it was where I made a promise to myself: I would never go back. I would move forward. Always.

I often thought of my mother, my beautiful, brave mother, a single mother who had carried the weight of the world on her shoulders without ever letting it crush her spirit. Her strength wasn't loud or showy, but steady, like the roots of a tree that holds firm in the storm. Her sacrifices were countless unseen by most but etched forever in my memory. She gave up comfort, rest, even her own dreams, so that her children might have a chance at theirs. She didn't just love us; she lived for us.

In my hardest moments, when the weight of survival felt like too much to carry, I could still feel her presence. I imagined her voice urging me to stand up straighter, to push a little harder, to never give in to despair. I knew deep in my soul she wouldn't want me to live in fear, in bitterness, or to be defined by hardship. She had taught me something better. She had taught me that dignity doesn't come from circumstances, it comes from how we respond to them.

I owed it to her memory to keep fighting, to honor everything she gave by never giving up. I owed it to my little sister, who watched my every move, who trusted me with her heart, who looked at me like I had all the answers even when I felt lost. Her belief in me gave me strength when I had none of my own. I couldn't let her down. I wouldn't.

And I owed it to myself, to the child inside me who still dared to believe that life could be more than a struggle. That even though we had started in pain and poverty, we were not condemned to stay there. That somehow, beyond the tears, beyond the exhaustion, beyond the fear, there was hope. There was a future waiting to be claimed, not handed to me, but earned.

Every step forward was a tribute to my mother's courage, a promise to my sister, and a declaration to the world that I was not a victim, I was a builder. A protector. A believer in something better.

That fight, that burning drive for something greater, would carry me into the next chapters of my life. It would lead me into the military, where I found structure and brotherhood. It would carry me into marriage and fatherhood, where I learned new kinds of responsibility and love. It would pull me into the world of business, where I had to take risks, learn fast, and build from the ground up.

In 1977, at the age of seventeen, I made a decision that would shape the course of my life: I enlisted in the United States Navy. Looking back now, I marvel at the boldness, and the humility, of that choice. I was still barely more than a child, navigating a world I barely understood. My English was so poor that on a scale of one to ten, I was a two at best.

Simple conversations felt like puzzles. Instructions took effort to decode. I often nodded, not because I understood, but because I was determined to keep going.

I didn't fully grasp what it meant to raise my right hand and swear an oath to defend the Constitution. I didn't have a complete understanding of the country I was pledging to serve. But I meant it. Every word.

That oath wasn't just a formality. It was a promise to a country that had given me soil to grow in, and to ideals I was just beginning to understand duty, liberty, and honor. I couldn't yet articulate them, but I felt their weight. I may have lacked the language, but I never lacked the love.

Maybe I joined because I was looking for something, discipline, belonging, a sense of order in the chaos. Maybe I was trying to earn my place in a country that still felt just out of reach. Or maybe, deep down, I believed that serving America was the most honest way to show my gratitude for the chance to start over. The Navy became my first real teacher. It gave me more than a uniform and a rank. It gave me structure. It gave me purpose. It gave me the English I needed, the respect I craved, and the foundation for the man I would become.

There, in the belly of a ship or the dust of a training field, I learned what it meant to be responsible for others. What it meant to follow, and eventually, to lead. I learned to rise early, work hard, speak clearly, and never quit. I didn't just learn a new language; I learned a new identity. For the first time, I began to feel not just like a visitor, but like a contributor. A thread in the larger fabric of this nation.

After my service, I transitioned to civilian life with the same sense of urgency and focus. I enrolled in college, me, the kid who once sat in the back of class afraid to speak. I got married at twenty-four and started a family. I worked long hours, sacrificed sleep, and juggled bills and babies with grit and prayer. I chased every opportunity with the hunger of someone who had once had nothing. And eventually, I earned a master's degree in business, a milestone that once felt impossible. It was proof that hard work could move mountains, that an immigrant kid with shaky English could build a life rooted in success and dignity.

And yet, even with all of that, military service, a growing family, higher education, I still felt like something was missing. I had earned the credentials. I had checked all the boxes. But I still struggled to understand the deeper rhythm of American life. The political debates. The news cycles. The values that people shouted about on TV but rarely explained. I saw people argue about freedom, identity, race, faith, and opportunity, but it often felt like I was listening from outside a window. I was American on paper. I was American in uniform. But I wanted to be American in thought, in understanding.

My Journey: How a Voice Found Me

My journey stretches across decades, through heartbreak and healing, through setbacks that tested my resolve and triumphs that reaffirmed my faith. It took me across oceans and cultures, through shifting beliefs and difficult decisions, through failures that humbled me and victories that lifted me higher than I ever imagined. And somewhere along that long, winding road, I encountered a teacher I never expected: the voice of a man I had never met, but who would shape my worldview, my values, and the vision I began to form for the kind of man I wanted to become.

That man was **Rush Limbaugh**.

When I first heard his voice, I was standing at a crossroads, caught between who I had been and who I was becoming. I was an immigrant still learning the language, a Navy veteran trying to figure out how to belong in a country that both welcomed and bewildered me. I was a man looking for direction, not just in career or culture, but in character. Rush's voice found me in that space. And it lit a spark.

His words didn't offer easy comfort. They issued a challenge. He dared me to believe that I could shape my own destiny. Those principles like hard work, personal responsibility, and love of country weren't just nostalgic slogans, they were real tools, usable and empowering. Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, I began to take the raw material of my past and reshape it into a future I could be proud of.

Rush Limbaugh. **"Talent on loan from God."** That bold declaration would one day echo through my life like a trumpet blast, unapologetic, audacious, full of purpose. But before I understood its power, I had to find my own voice. And that journey began the day I stepped onto American soil.

It was 1989. I had settled in **Largo, Florida**, trying to plant roots in a land that still felt foreign beneath my feet. My English was passable, but conversations remained a challenge. Every exchange felt like a code to decipher, full of idioms, humor, and cultural references that flew over my head. I was trying. But I felt behind.

One quiet afternoon, I reached for the radio. I wasn't looking for politics. I was looking for language, something to help me learn how Americans truly spoke. I wanted to hear their rhythm, their tone, their passion. I turned the dial and landed on **970 WFLA**, a local AM station. I expected news. Maybe a weather forecast.

What I heard instead was thunder.

A voice, booming, witty, rapid-fire, came through the speaker. It was intelligent. It was confident. It was unlike anything I'd ever heard. That voice belonged to **Rush Limbaugh**.

At first, I struggled to keep up. He spoke fast, with vocabulary that stretched my limits and references that sent me scrambling for a dictionary. He laced his commentary with humor, sarcasm, and a kind of righteous passion that was both jarring and magnetic. I didn't catch everything, but I couldn't turn it off. There was something deeper underneath the jokes and the commentary: conviction. Clarity. Courage.

He wasn't just talking, he was leading. And I kept listening. Every single day.

I thought I was tuning in to improve my English, but something much bigger was happening. I wasn't just learning how to speak the language, I was learning how to think in it. Rush became more than a broadcaster; he became my unofficial tutor. Not just in speech, but in substance. He translated American life in a way no textbook ever could.

Through his words, I came to understand that conservatism wasn't cold or cruel, it was rooted in timeless truths. He broke down complex ideas with clarity and conviction. He explained liberty not just as a right, but as a responsibility. He framed the Constitution not as an old relic, but as a living covenant. Rush spoke of capitalism as a ladder, not a trap, and it made sense to a man like me, who had worked since age fourteen just to stay afloat.

Rush taught that faith wasn't a private embarrassment, but a public strength. That family wasn't optional, it was essential. That America's greatness wasn't found in its government buildings or global dominance, but in its citizens, their work ethic, their integrity, their willingness to rise after falling.

Listening to him was like discovering the operating system of the country I now called home.

For the first time, I began to understand America, not just its laws, but its soul. And I began to see myself differently. I was no longer an outsider just trying to survive, I was a free man with something to contribute. I was a citizen with a stake in this incredible experiment. The American Dream wasn't a bedtime story; it was a blueprint. A call to action.

And Rush Limbaugh was the one who showed me the way.

With time, courage, and the lessons I had internalized from Rush, I took a leap of faith and started my own business: **TriniTech, Inc.** I didn't come from money. I didn't have a trust fund or a network of high-powered connections. What I had was grit. Faith. And a belief in the principles that Rush had helped me understand, self-reliance, perseverance, and the sacred dignity of work.

I had no guarantees. No safety net. Just the conviction that in America, you don't have to be born into privilege to create something meaningful. You just need the courage to act.

Rush taught me that.

He taught me that success in this country wasn't reserved for the elite, it was accessible to anyone who was willing to fight for it. And I believed him. I still do.

Because by the grace of God, the strength of my convictions, and the unexpected mentorship of a man I never met, I didn't just survive in America, I found my purpose here.

This book is the story of that journey.

This is the story of a boy who arrived in America with broken English, a broken heart, and a fragile dream. A boy who carried more questions than answers, more fears than confidence, but who never let go of the quiet hope that this new land might offer something more than survival. This is a story of **grief** and **grit**, of setbacks and second chances. A story shaped by hardship, lifted by grace, and propelled by the enduring power of belief.

It is also a tribute, to a man whose voice came through the radio not just as sound, but as strength. **Rush Limbaugh** didn't know my name. He didn't know where I came from or what I had been through. But his voice, bold, unflinching, and unashamed, became a guiding light during some of my darkest, most uncertain days. He helped me understand the country I had chosen, and more importantly, he helped me understand why I had chosen it. Through him, I discovered not only a clearer command of the English language but a deeper understanding of **liberty**, **personal responsibility**, **faith**, and the profound promise of the **American Dream**.

Today, I stand as a proud American citizen. I am a father who raised his children with love and discipline. A U.S. Navy veteran who once swore an oath to defend this nation. A business owner who built something from nothing but hard work and vision. A teacher who now passes on what life, and liberty, have taught me. But above all, I am a **believer**. A believer in God, in freedom, and in the enduring greatness of this country.

I wrote this book not just to tell my story, but to **offer hope**, especially to those who feel like they don't belong. To those who feel unseen or unheard. To every immigrant, every outsider, every underdog who wonders if they have a place in this nation: you do. The American Dream is not dead. It's alive and waiting, for anyone bold enough to pursue it, work for it, and believe in it.

This is my American journey, from the crowded streets of Spanish Harlem to the disciplined decks of a Navy ship, from a struggling teen to a proud citizen. It is a journey fueled by pain and possibility, by faith and perseverance. And it is, in many ways, a journey made possible by a man I never met, whose love for this country inspired me to claim it as my own.

This book is my story.

And this book is my way of saying **thank you**, to **Rush**, to **America**, and to the **God** who guided my steps every mile of the way.

Chapter 1: Discovering a Voice in the Noise

Coming to America was both exhilarating and terrifying. I arrived filled with hope yet burdened by uncertainty. I had crossed an ocean in search of freedom, opportunity, and a better life, not just for myself, but for my little sister and the memory of my mother, who had always dreamed of a brighter future for us. But landing on American soil didn't feel like a finish line. It felt like the start of an uphill climb.

Everything around me was unfamiliar: the language, the customs, the humor, the food, the way people dressed, the way they spoke, even the rhythm of everyday life. I had to relearn how to be a person in this new world. Simple conversations became mental marathons. Asking for directions, understanding a classroom lesson, or reading a street sign took all the courage and energy I could muster. I often felt like a stranger in someone else's home, standing quietly in the corner, hoping not to be noticed, yet yearning to be seen.

Years passed. I worked, I served, I studied. I paid my dues. And yet, even at thirty years old, long after I had worn the uniform of the United States Navy, I still struggled with English. I could get by, yes, but I couldn't fully engage. I couldn't express everything I felt, everything I believed, everything I had lived. There was still a wall between me and the country I had come to love. I needed a way to break through.

One quiet afternoon in 1989, during a lunch break, I turned on the radio.

It wasn't anything fancy, just a small AM unit set to **970 WFLA**. I wasn't looking for politics or enlightenment, I was simply trying to improve my English. My goal was modest: to hear how native speakers talked, how sentences flowed, how emotion translated into tone. I figured that if I listened long enough, my brain would catch on.

That's when everything changed.

That's when I found *him*.

Or rather, *he found me*.

Rush Limbaugh: A Voice That Found Me

I didn't know his name.

I didn't know his politics. I didn't know his reputation. I didn't know the history or the controversy. All I knew was that something in his voice stopped me in my tracks. It cut through the noise of my uncertainty and pierced directly into my spirit. I didn't even fully understand what he was talking about that first time. But the tone, the conviction, drew me in like gravity. It wasn't just the sound of his voice, it was what that sound carried. Clarity. Confidence. Conviction.

Rush Limbaugh didn't speak like anyone else I had ever heard. He didn't stutter or hesitate. He didn't apologize for what he believed. He didn't try to soften his words to earn applause or approval. He delivered every sentence with the certainty of a man who *knew* what he believed, and more importantly, *why* he believed it. He spoke as if America mattered. As if truth mattered. As if I mattered.

At first, I listened out of necessity. My goal was simple: improve my English. I focused on sentence structure, vocabulary, pronunciation. He was my unofficial English tutor. I studied how he paused for effect, how he emphasized words, how he structured his thoughts like building blocks of a solid argument. But something deeper began to happen, something I didn't expect.

Gradually, I stopped listening for the language and started listening to the *message*.

Because Rush wasn't just talking. He was *teaching*.

He was teaching me about America.

Not the sanitized, watered-down version taught in public schools. Not the cynical, critical version whispered by so-called intellectuals. No, Rush painted a picture of America that was alive. A nation built on divine inspiration, shaped by grit, guarded by faith, and propelled by individual courage. His words cut through the fog of confusion and revealed a country that didn't just offer freedom, it *demand*ed responsibility.

He introduced me to ideas I had never heard, or at least never heard so plainly: the principles of liberty, the genius of limited government, the blessings of capitalism, the sanctity of faith, the moral clarity of tradition, and the truth that *freedom is not free, it must be earned, defended, and understood*.

One day, he said something that landed in my heart like a hammer breaking through stone: **"There is a difference between being a citizen and being a participant. The greatness of America lies in the people who take part in shaping its future."**

That moment shifted something in me. I realized I didn't just want to live in America. I wanted to be *part* of America. I didn't want to exist in the shadows, grateful but silent. I wanted to speak, to contribute, to stand tall and claim my place, not with entitlement, but with purpose.

In Rush's voice, I found more than information. I found affirmation. I heard values I had grown up with in my family, though never articulated this clearly, echoed on the national stage. Discipline. Sacrifice. Honor. Reverence for God. Respect for work. The dignity of effort. He wasn't offering comfort; he was offering a challenge, to rise, to engage, to build.

Rush didn't tell me life would be fair. He told me life would be *worth it*.

As a young Hispanic immigrant, trying to find my footing in a new world, it was easy to feel small. I was told I was a victim. That I would never belong. That I needed the system to help me survive. But Rush gave me a different message: **You are not powerless. You are not invisible. You are not broken. You are capable. You are needed. You belong, not because someone says so, but because you've earned it.**

That message didn't intimidate me, it set my soul on fire.

Day by day, show by show, I began to see myself differently. I was not just a boy who crossed an ocean. I was a man with purpose. A soldier for freedom. A student of truth. A future citizen. A Navy veteran. A husband. A father. An entrepreneur. A man determined to give more than he had been given.

Rush gave me more than political perspective; he gave me the *language* to express what I already believed deep in my bones. More importantly, he gave me the courage to say it out loud, even when others didn't want to hear it.

When I felt lost, his words became a compass.

When I felt voiceless, his conviction gave me volume.

When I questioned my place, he reminded me: **America belongs to those who show up, stand up, and speak out, not to those waiting to be handed permission.**

Rush didn't teach me English the way a teacher would. He taught me how to *speak with meaning*. He taught me how to use my words like tools, sharp, clear, and brave. He taught me that what you believe matters *only if you're willing to say it when it's hard*. He showed me that strength isn't about how loud you are, it's about how true you are.

He wasn't just a talk show host. He was a mentor from a distance. A coach I never met. A father figure of ideas.

Rush Limbaugh didn't just change my mind.

He *helped shape my soul*.

And from the moment I found his voice, my life changed. I didn't just survive, I began to build. A life filled with meaning. A life rooted in responsibility. A life fortified by faith, family, and freedom. A life that, in every chapter, gives thanks to a nation that gave me not a handout, but a *mission*.

He once said, **"It's never time to panic. It's always time to be bold."**

That's the spirit I carry with me to this day.

And until my final breath, I will carry his legacy with honor, conviction, and gratitude.

Chapter 2: Faith and God — A Foundation of Values

Rush Limbaugh never hesitated to speak openly and unapologetically about **God**. In an era when so many in media and public life treated faith as something to be hidden, or worse, ridiculed, Rush wore his belief like a badge of honor. Not to impress, not to manipulate, but because it was **true**. His faith wasn't a performance. It wasn't a political accessory or a branding strategy. It was the **bedrock** of how he saw the world, and how he understood America.

To Rush, our rights didn't come from Congress or the Supreme Court. They didn't come from presidents or parliaments. Our rights came from **God**, and that truth changed everything. It wasn't just a theological statement; it was a **foundational truth**. One that shaped how he thought, how he spoke, and how he lived.

As someone raised with a deep, personal faith, Rush's words struck a powerful chord in me. I had always believed in God. My faith had been my anchor through storms, my compass when I felt lost. But coming to a new country, one with a different culture, different customs, and in many places, a different attitude toward belief, I found myself uncertain about how, or even if, I could live out my faith openly. Was it welcome here? Would it be mocked, misunderstood, or ignored?

Rush answered that question for me, without ever knowing I existed.

He answered the quiet question that lived deep in my heart: *Can a man of faith still belong in a country that seems to be forgetting God?*

Rush didn't just answer it; he shattered the lie that belief should be hidden or silenced. He reminded me that faith is not a weakness to be concealed, but a strength to be lived. Rush spoke of belief not as superstition or crutch, but as truth, as clarity, as the very foundation upon which our lives and our nation must rest.

"Faith," he said, "gives us direction in confusion, courage in fear, and endurance in suffering." And he didn't just say it once. It was woven through everything he said. You could hear it in how he defended the unborn, how he honored the Constitution, how he talked about the founding principles of this country not as relics, but as sacred, divinely inspired truths.

In a culture that often mocks belief, that calls faith outdated, dangerous, or even intolerant, Rush did the opposite. He elevated it. He treated it not just as important, but as *essential*. Essential to liberty. Essential to morality. Essential to identity.

For a man like me, an immigrant, a veteran, a father, this was more than refreshing. It was revolutionary.

I came from a background where faith and family were everything, but when I arrived in America, I noticed something strange. In many places, those values were being dismissed, even ridiculed. I was told to keep my beliefs to myself. To check my convictions at the door if I wanted to “fit in.” I began to wonder if maybe I had misunderstood this country I loved so much.

But then came Rush. His voice came through the static like a lifeline.

He didn’t tell me to water down my values. He didn’t ask me to conform. He told me to stand *firm*. He reminded me that the freedom to worship, to believe, to speak, these weren’t fringe rights. They were central to the American experiment. Rush reminded me that America was never meant to be godless, it was built on the belief that our rights come not from man, but from God.

He gave me permission not only to believe, but to believe *boldly*.

Rush spoke to that quiet place in me that had been waiting for permission to be fully American *without surrendering my faith*. And in doing so, he gave me something even more valuable, he gave me *confidence*. Confidence to lead my family in prayer. Confidence to share my values with conviction. Confidence to trust that this country still had room for men who believed in something greater than themselves.

He never knew my name. But he spoke to my soul.

And that’s what faith does. It reaches across time, culture, language, and even distance. Rush showed me that America is not strong *despite* faith, but because of it. And for that, I will always be grateful.

“Our rights come from God, not from man. That’s what makes America exceptional.”

When I first heard him say those words, it was as if someone had flipped a light switch in my soul. I had always loved America for its freedom, but I hadn’t fully understood the **source** of that freedom. That line, so simple, so bold, reoriented how I saw everything. America wasn’t just a political idea. It was a **spiritual one**, rooted in the eternal truth that liberty is not granted by governments, it is **bestowed by the Creator**.

Rush helped me realize something else too, something I had never been taught in school or seen in the media. He helped me see that **faith and freedom are inseparable**. Without one, the other cannot survive.

God, Morality, and the Soul of a Nation

“Without God, there is no fixed right and wrong, only what the state says is right or wrong.”

Rush Limbaugh pulled the curtain back and showed me the heart of America. Not the slogans or symbols, but the **source**. And it wasn't Washington. It was **God**.

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.” — **Declaration of Independence, 1776**

That line struck me like scripture. For the first time, I saw how the Declaration and the Bible spoke in harmony. America's Founders didn't ground our rights in government. They grounded them in **God**, a Creator who gave each person dignity, purpose, and freedom.

Rush wasn't preaching religion. He was preaching **moral clarity**, the kind this country was built on. He knew that without God, the foundation of liberty crumbles. Because without God, rights become privileges, truth becomes opinion, and law becomes a weapon in the hands of tyrants.

Rush understood that America's greatness wasn't material, it was moral. And morality without God is like a compass with no true north.

“Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof...” — **First Amendment, U.S. Constitution**

The Constitution doesn't ban God from the public square, it **protects** our freedom to bring Him there. The Founders didn't fear religion, they feared government controlling religion. That's a crucial difference, one Rush explained with passion and precision. He knew the First Amendment wasn't about silencing faith, it was about **liberating** it.

“Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, the people He chose for His inheritance.” - **Psalm 33:12**

Rush believed America was exceptional not because of geography or economy, but because of **values**. He said again and again: liberty comes with responsibility, and that responsibility begins with **acknowledging God as the source of truth**.

He warned us: if we rip God from the heart of the nation, we won't just lose our churches, we'll lose our schools, our homes, our Constitution, and our very sense of justice.

Because **without God, there is no liberty**, only permission from the state. And as history shows, permission can be revoked.

“That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed...” — **Declaration of Independence**

In Rush's voice, I heard echoes of 1776. A call not just to remember our past, but to protect our future. He reminded me that the Constitution was not just ink on parchment, it was a covenant, rooted in the idea that **our rights come from God**, and **the government exists to defend them, not define them**.

"It is for freedom that Christ has set us free. Stand firm, then, and do not let yourselves be burdened again by a yoke of slavery." — **Galatians 5:1**

Rush understood that true freedom was never free. It came with sacrifice. With duty. With moral courage. And with an unshakable belief that **truth is not a matter of opinion, it's a matter of obedience to something higher**.

His voice reminded me that we're not just citizens of a country. We're **stewards of a legacy**, a legacy handed down by patriots who knelt before God so they could stand before kings.

"We must obey God rather than men." — **Acts 5:29**

Rush wasn't trying to win a popularity contest. He was trying to wake up a sleeping nation. And for those of us who came from places where freedom was crushed and faith was mocked, his message was not just powerful, it was *personal*.

He helped me understand that **America's true strength is spiritual**. Its laws matter, yes. Its economy matters, of course. But without **moral conviction**, without **faith in God**, those things become hollow. They lose their meaning. They collapse under the weight of human pride and corruption.

Rush didn't point me to politics, he pointed me to principle. To truth. To God. And in doing so, he pointed me home.

I will never forget that. I will never forget *him*. And I will never stop fighting for the kind of America he believed in, **one nation under God, with liberty and justice for all**.

Faith, Freedom, and the Moral Foundation of America

"Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious people. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other." — **John Adams**, quoted often by Rush Limbaugh

At first, there was uncertainty about how faith would be received within the fabric of American public life. In many parts of the world, religion is routinely marginalized, confined to private rituals, hushed within sanctuaries, or separated entirely from civic and cultural discourse. Expressions of belief are often treated with suspicion or dismissed as outdated. Against that backdrop, it was easy to assume that America, too, might require individuals to compartmentalize their faith, to keep it carefully concealed from the public square in order to be accepted or taken seriously. There was a real concern that invoking God openly,

whether in conversation, decision-making, or public service, might not only draw criticism, but also create distance in a society so diverse, pluralistic, and often cautious about religious expression. Would faith be respected, or merely tolerated? Would the moral convictions shaped by belief be welcomed in civic dialogue, or rejected as intrusive? These questions loomed large. The fear was not just of exclusion, but of irrelevance, that faith might be seen as a private relic rather than a living, guiding force in the pursuit of liberty, justice, and human dignity.

But then came **Rush**, echoing the words of **John Adams**, a Founder and former President of the United States. And suddenly, I understood: my faith wasn't a burden. It was a **bridge**. It wasn't a barrier to freedom; it was the foundation of it.

Rush taught that **morality and liberty are inseparable**, and that without a shared moral compass rooted in divine truth, our freedoms will eventually erode. Because what the Constitution protects **depends** on the virtue of the people it governs. Without virtue, the law becomes a loophole; without righteousness, the republic becomes a racket.

"The Constitution of the United States guarantees to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government..." — **Article IV, Section 4, U.S. Constitution**

Rush believed, rightly, that this "Republican Form of Government" wasn't about partisanship. It was about **ordered liberty**. A government limited by law and elevated by the character of its people. And that kind of self-government, as the Founders knew, could only succeed when citizens possessed **self-restraint**, which flows not from coercion, but from **conscience**.

"Blessed is the man who does not walk in the counsel of the wicked... but whose delight is in the law of the Lord." — **Psalms 1:1-2**

Rush never compartmentalized his faith. He didn't believe in God on Sunday and then forget Him by Monday morning. Instead, he **wove his faith into everything**, policy, culture, economics, education, even entertainment. Because for Rush, **every issue was ultimately a moral issue**.

He didn't just ask: *Does this policy work?* He asked: *Is this right? Does this align with the values that made America great? Does it uphold individual responsibility, family, truth, and the God-given dignity of every human life?*

And in that seamless integration of belief and action, I saw something that changed me forever.

"Religion and morality are indispensable supports" of political prosperity. — **George Washington**, Farewell Address, 1796

Rush lived as though he believed that to his core. And so did I. Suddenly, I felt like I belonged, not just in America, but **to America**. Because the real America wasn't found in the chaos of headlines or the confusion of partisanship. It was found in the clarity of its **first principles**, and many of those principles echoed the same truths I learned at home, in church, and in Scripture.

Rush didn't claim to be perfect. He never pretended to be a saint. But he held a mirror up to the country and challenged it to return to **virtue**, to **faith**, to **truth**. He wasn't just fighting for tax policy or free markets, he was fighting for the **soul of the nation**.

He taught me that **freedom is not the absence of moral boundaries**, but the opportunity to live within them by choice, not by force. Because true liberty cannot survive in a vacuum of values.

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof..." — **First Amendment, U.S. Constitution**

That sentence, so often misunderstood, doesn't silence people of faith. It **protects** them. It guarantees that we may live out our faith **boldly, publicly, and without fear**. Rush fought to remind Americans of that every day on the airwaves.

And in his voice, I found my own.

Rush helped me see that my faith didn't disqualify me from full American participation, it prepared me for it. Because **the Constitution is not a self-sustaining machine**. It is a framework. It needs people who are anchored in truth and moral discipline to uphold it.

He once said, "Character matters. Morality matters. Truth matters. Without them, liberty becomes lawlessness."

And that's what inspired me the most. Not just that Rush believed in freedom, but that he believed in **earning** it. Through character. Through discipline. Through *faith*.

So, I no longer felt the need to apologize for my beliefs. I felt empowered by them. I no longer feared speaking about God, I knew I had a **duty** to speak boldly. Because **without God**, the Constitution becomes paper. **With God**, it becomes a covenant.

That liberty, true liberty, is what Rush defended. Not just with arguments, but with conviction. And that liberty is what I will carry forward. Not just in my words, but in my actions, my family, my business, and my citizenship. Because to truly honor America is to honor the **God who made her possible**.

“You can’t separate God from government without destroying both.”

He said it plainly, without fear. And that gave me the courage to speak about my beliefs, at work, at home, in public. It reminded me that silence isn't neutrality. Silence is surrender. And if people of faith remain silent, the public square will be filled with noise that drowns out truth.

Rush also taught me that **faith is not passive**, it is powerful. It moves us. It challenges us. It keeps us grounded in turbulent times. He never sugarcoated the problems in our society. He saw corruption, cultural decay, and the erosion of virtue. But he never gave in to despair.

Why? ***“I have faith in the American people because I have faith in God.”***

That phrase still reverberates like a bell. It affirms that hope is anything but naïve; it is a tensile force, a deliberate decision, a disciplined habit of mind. Far from floating on wishful thinking, hope anchors itself in the permanence of truth and draws strength from it. Such hope supplies the quiet stamina required to navigate unfamiliar terrain, sustaining the sojourner who feels unmoored by a new language, unfamiliar laws, and unseen expectations. If the same Providence that opened a passage across an ocean had already guided each uncertain step, then it would surely illuminate the path ahead.

Upon arrival in the United States, faith remained the single, incorruptible treasure in hand, an invisible capital no border official could confiscate. Yet even that inheritance occasionally trembled beneath the weight of cultural dislocation. Practices once instinctive suddenly felt precarious; convictions that had seemed immutable met the abrasive frictions of a pluralistic society. Then came an unexpected catalyst: a broadcast voice insisting that belief need not be left behind at customs. Hearing that message clarified a fundamental truth, God does not abide by geopolitical boundaries. The divine presence that sustained the pilgrim before the journey remains just as present beyond it, threading continuity through every displacement. In that realization, hope found fresh footing, faith steadied its pulse, and the future, though still unwritten, no longer appeared foreign.

Rush gave me permission to live my faith **boldly**. To see it not as something personal and private, but as something **essential and public**. Not to impose it on others, but to express it freely, as a witness to truth and a model for the next generation.

“If we don’t teach our children to fear God, they’ll grow up fearing government.”

That idea became more than just a passing thought, it became a foundational principle in our home. As a father, I feel a deep responsibility not just to provide for my children, but to prepare them, to equip them with a moral compass and a clear understanding of what makes America truly exceptional. I want them to know that this country’s greatness is not found in any political party or passing leader, but in the enduring principles upon which it

was built principles grounded in natural law, self-evident truths, and ultimately, in the authority of God. America's strength lies not in its wealth or military power, but in its belief in individual liberty, justice, personal responsibility, and the dignity of every human life, truths that echo biblical values and transcend political cycles.

Rush Limbaugh didn't just offer news or political analysis; what he gave me was much deeper. He instilled conviction. He helped me recognize that in the American tradition, faith is not a private relic to be hidden away in houses of worship or personal journals. Rather, faith is meant to be an active force, something to build a life upon, a family upon, a nation upon. Through his words, I came to see that America does not ask its citizens to abandon their beliefs at the door of public life. On the contrary, our system flourishes when moral clarity and spiritual courage are brought into the civic arena.

That truth became liberating. It helped me shift from feeling like a stranger navigating an unfamiliar culture, to a participant standing firmly on shared values. Rush gave voice to the idea that religious conviction, far from being a liability, is a cornerstone of the American story. And for my children, I want that legacy to be clear: that real strength does not come from political rhetoric, but from timeless truth, and that they too are called to live it, defend it, and pass it on.

“God is not a political issue. God is the reason we have a country.”

Because of Rush Limbaugh, I know that my faith is not just a relic of my past, it is the **cornerstone of my future**. It's the compass that guides me as an American, the strength that steadies me as a man, and the unshakable foundation upon which I stand in an ever-changing world.

And in the days ahead, when challenges come, and they always do, I will stand, not in fear, but in **faith**. Because I know who I am. And I know **Whose** I am.

Chapter 3: Liberty and Responsibility — The Soul of the American Citizen

One of the most powerful truths I ever came to understand, one that reshaped my view of America and my place in it, was hammered home by Rush Limbaugh: liberty is not a license to do whatever you want; it is the responsibility to do what is right.

This wasn't just a passing comment or a catchy phrase. Rush declared it often, and with conviction. To him, liberty wasn't a soft ideal or a decorative word in patriotic speeches, it was sacred. It was the foundation of the American soul. And more importantly, it was personal. Liberty, he insisted, is not about the absence of limits, but the presence of moral strength. Without character, liberty cannot survive, it unravels.

Rush didn't simply define liberty; he exposed its cost and its call. He made it clear that freedom doesn't exist in a vacuum. It demands something from us: self-restraint, virtue, and personal responsibility. True liberty is sustained not by government control, but by the internal compass of a free people, by conscience, faith, and principle.

He often reminded us that the Constitution limits government, not the people. But for that to work, the people must govern themselves. That takes discipline. That takes families teaching right and wrong, churches preaching truth, and communities built on shared values. Without that moral framework, freedom becomes reckless, chaotic, and ultimately self-destructive.

That insight didn't just inform me, it transformed me. It changed the way I viewed this nation and what it means to be an American. It reminded me that liberty is not just a privilege to enjoy, but a duty to uphold. And in that duty, we find our highest calling, not just as citizens, but as stewards of a sacred inheritance. Rush didn't merely talk about freedom; he dared us to live in a way that preserves it.

"Only a virtuous people are capable of freedom." — Benjamin Franklin

Rush echoed that belief, not just in theory, but in every message he delivered. He understood that freedom untethered from virtue is not freedom at all, it is **license**, which quickly descends into chaos. And chaos, in time, demands control. That's how liberty dies, not always through conquest, but through neglect.

He often warned us: **"If we don't defend liberty, we will lose it.** Not all at once, but inch by inch, excuse by excuse, until one day we wake up and wonder what happened to the country we once knew."

Liberty is not a gift that remains untouched on a shelf, it's a tool that must be used wisely, protected, and passed down. Liberty must be lived out every day by citizens who understand both their rights and their duties.

“We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union... secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity...” — **Preamble to the U.S. Constitution**

The Founders understood this balance. That’s why the Constitution begins not with government, but with **“We the People.”** Because in a constitutional republic, the people must govern themselves first before they can govern a nation. That’s the essence of responsibility.

Rush connected the dots in a way few others ever did. He said it clearly and without apology: “You are not a victim. You are not helpless. You are powerful. You are responsible.”

It was a bold declaration, one that cut through the noise of excuses and grievance. At first, that kind of message can feel like a burden. Responsibility is not light. It’s not easy. It requires something from each of us: time, energy, self-discipline, and a willingness to step into the uncomfortable. It doesn’t offer shortcuts or guarantees. But what it gives in return is far more valuable, purpose, dignity, and true freedom.

Rush refused to coddle. He understood that a free people must also be a responsible people, or else freedom crumbles. He challenged the culture of victimhood that strips individuals of their agency. Instead, he called on Americans, regardless of background or circumstance, to rise to the occasion of their liberty.

His message wasn’t limited to those in power or politics; it was for everyday people. He reminded listeners that the price of liberty isn’t just paid on the battlefield by patriots in uniform, it is paid in quiet, consistent acts of civic virtue. It is paid by parents who raise their children with values and truth. It is paid by workers who show up, do their jobs with excellence, and contribute to a functioning society. It is paid by neighbors who care for one another, by citizens who vote, who speak up, who engage, and who hold the government accountable.

In Rush’s vision, the American people were not passive recipients of freedom, they were its guardians. Liberty wasn’t something bestowed from above; it was something cultivated from within. And the moment we forget that, the moment we trade personal responsibility for comfort or blame, we risk losing not just freedom, but the very essence of what it means to be American.

Rush gave voice to this timeless truth with passion and clarity. He challenged, provoked, and inspired, not to divide, but to awaken. In doing so, he rekindled a deeper understanding: that in this country, freedom is not a guarantee, it is a duty. And those willing to bear that duty are the ones who keep the flame of liberty alive.

Liberty without responsibility is not freedom, it's a ticking time bomb.

“For you were called to freedom, brothers. Only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love serve one another.” — **Galatians 5:13**

Rush Limbaugh consistently emphasized a foundational truth: **liberty is not self-indulgence, it is self-governance**. Freedom, rightly understood, is not the absence of restraint but the presence of character. It demands that individuals exercise control over their own actions, impulses, and decisions. Without that self-discipline, liberty becomes unsustainable, and ultimately, someone else will step in to govern what people refuse to govern themselves.

This principle stands in stark contrast to a common belief held by many, especially those who come from countries where government plays a central, paternalistic role. The idea that government exists to protect, provide, and even direct daily life may seem natural. But as Rush often pointed out, this mindset can erode personal responsibility and undermine the very freedom people come to America seeking.

He warned that as government expands, liberty contracts. Every new entitlement, every new regulation, comes at a cost, not just in dollars, but in dignity and independence. The more citizens depend on the state for solutions, the less they look inward for discipline and upward for guidance from God or moral tradition.

For Rush, this wasn't merely a political argument, it was a cultural and moral one. Liberty thrives in a society where individuals take responsibility for their own conduct, raise their families with integrity, work with honesty, and participate actively in civic life. It withers when people expect institutions to do what they themselves are unwilling to do.

Self-governance is not just about individual behavior; it's the cornerstone of a free society. It is what allows a people to remain sovereign over their government rather than subjected to it. When citizens practice self-control, uphold virtue, and honor their responsibilities, they sustain the very conditions in which liberty can flourish.

This vision of liberty, disciplined, moral, and accountable, was at the heart of Rush Limbaugh's message. He challenged the culture not to retreat from freedom but to rise to its demands. And he reminded Americans that the preservation of liberty doesn't begin in the halls of Congress, it begins in the conscience of every individual.

“The government’s job is not to make life fair. The government’s job is to preserve liberty.”

I began to understand that the soul of the American citizen is not found in dependency but in **dignity**, the dignity of being free to choose, free to act, free to succeed, and yes, even free to fail. That’s the power of liberty. It puts the future in your hands. But it also puts the responsibility on your shoulders.

Rush once said, **“You don’t get a participation trophy for being an American. You get the freedom to do something with your life. And that’s the reward.”**

They reminded me that liberty is not guaranteed, and that every generation must rise to defend it, not just with weapons, but with **wisdom, work ethic, and unwavering faith**.

“Stand fast therefore in the liberty by which Christ has made us free, and do not be entangled again with a yoke of bondage.” — **Galatians 5:1**

This country, I came to learn, was not built by victims. It was built by visionaries. By men and women who took risks, who shouldered burdens, who built lives from scratch because they believed they had the freedom to do so. That’s the spirit Rush honored every time he turned on his microphone.

He celebrated the truck driver, the nurse, the soldier, the business owner, the single mom. He believed that liberty belonged to **all of us**, not just the powerful or the privileged, but to **every citizen** willing to embrace both **the promise and the responsibility** of American freedom.

I made a vow, not simply to live in America, but to participate in it, to *guard* what makes it exceptional. I would not be a passive resident, content to enjoy the benefits of freedom without shouldering its responsibilities. I would become a **custodian of liberty**, understanding that the rights I had been given came not from government, but from God, and with those rights came the duty to preserve them for others.

Freedom, I came to believe, is not a family heirloom passed down without cost. It is not inherited like wealth or status. **Freedom must be earned, earned through vigilance, protected through sacrifice, and renewed through each generation's commitment to virtue and truth.** I knew my children would not automatically grow up understanding this. I would have to teach them. Not just through words, but through example.

I would raise them to recognize that liberty is not license, that the strength of a country is measured not by its wealth or power, but by the moral character of its people. I would teach them that America’s greatness is not found in its politics, but in its principles,

principles rooted in natural law, divine truth, and the self-evident dignity of every human being.

In my own life, I would reflect those values. In how I ran my business, with honesty and excellence. In how I cast my vote, with discernment and accountability. In how I served my neighbors, not out of obligation, but from gratitude. And in how I carried myself each day, not as a guest in this land, but as a citizen entrusted with a sacred responsibility.

To be American is more than a legal status. It is a calling. A call to protect what others died to secure. A call to raise the next generation not in entitlement, but in truth. A call to live not just with freedom, but *for* freedom. That was the vow I made, and it is the standard I continue to strive toward every day.

“With great power comes great responsibility.” — That line may be famous from Spider-Man, but Rush used it often to describe America’s founding vision. Because liberty is the greatest power ever entrusted to mankind. And **it demands our very best.**

So yes, liberty is sacred. And yes, it is serious. But more than that, it is **ours to lose or protect.**

Not because it’s easy.

But because it’s right.

“Freedom without responsibility is anarchy. That is not what our Founders intended.”

When Rush Limbaugh framed liberty in that stark equation, the remark struck many listeners like a clarifying surge of electricity. It crystallized an intuition long felt but rarely articulated: genuine freedom survives only when yoked to virtue. America’s architects understood the danger of unbounded license; they therefore bound rights to duties, independence to accountability, and free speech to moral courage.

Across much of the world, what passes for freedom is often a carefully choreographed pageant, permitted to wave from a balcony but never allowed to roam the streets. Innovation slows, initiative withers, and the citizen is encircled by invisible bars of regulation and decree. The Founders saw how swiftly anarchy invites tyranny and how readily a populace, exhausted by chaos, will trade its birthright for the promise of imposed order.

Their answer was *ordered liberty*: a system in which citizens govern themselves first, so government need not govern them harshly later. That design assumes a people capable of policing their own appetites, honoring contracts, raising children in truth, and holding leaders to account. Where self-government falters, centralized power rushes to fill the vacuum, and freedom contracts accordingly.

Limbaugh's admonition therefore serves as more than a political slogan; it is a civic warning. Rights untethered from responsibility do not remain rights for long, they dissolve into disorder, tempt authority to overreach, and ultimately extinguish the very liberty they once promised. In the American experiment, the survival of freedom depends not merely on parchment safeguards or judicial decisions, but on a citizenry disciplined enough to live within the boundaries of conscience and moral law.

The lesson is plain: to preserve liberty, one must practice it responsibly, at home, at work, in the marketplace of ideas, and at the ballot box. Otherwise, the republic drifts from ordered liberty to chaotic license, and from license to an authority all too eager to restore "order" by decree.

But in America, I was told, the story was different.

Here, I was told I could start over. I could build a business. I could raise a family. I could rise or fall on the strength of my character and the work of my own two hands. And I believed it.

What I didn't understand, **not yet**, was that freedom isn't just the ability to act. It is the responsibility to act **rightly**. It is the duty to be **moral, honest, and accountable**, not because someone is watching, but because liberty demands it. That truth didn't come from a textbook or a professor. It came from the voice of Rush Limbaugh.

Through Rush, I came to understand that liberty and responsibility are not two separate ideas. They are **twin pillars**, holding up the very structure of the American Republic. **You cannot sustain liberty without personal responsibility**, just as you cannot sustain a home without a solid foundation.

"A Republic, if you can keep it." — **Benjamin Franklin**

Rush echoed that warning throughout his career. He believed that freedom was fragile, that the experiment launched in 1776 required **constant vigilance**, not just in Washington, but in the hearts of everyday Americans.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness..." — **Declaration of Independence**

The Founders didn't offer freedom as a government entitlement. They declared it as a gift from God, and **with that gift came profound responsibility**.

Rush helped me see that. He didn't offer easy answers or comforting lies. He didn't promise the government would fix my life or subsidize my success. Instead, he looked into the GOLDEN microphone, and into the soul of America, and said, in essence: "*You are free. Now what will you do with it?*"

That message challenged me. It made me uncomfortable at times. But it also **elevated me**. It treated me not as a victim, but as a citizen. Not as someone to be pitied, but as someone to be **trusted** with the power of liberty.

He was right. **Freedom without responsibility becomes indulgence. Indulgence becomes disorder. And disorder eventually demands control.** That's the slow slide into tyranny, **not through conquest, but through moral collapse.**

"Only a virtuous people are capable of freedom. As nations become corrupt and vicious, they have more need of masters." — **Benjamin Franklin**

In Rush's words, I heard the echo of the Founders, the warnings of prophets, and the wisdom of the Scriptures:

"You were called to freedom, brothers. Only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love serve one another." — **Galatians 5:13**

That verse became more than theology. It became a political and moral compass. Because freedom isn't about doing whatever feels good. It's about doing what is **good**, even when it costs you. That's what Rush preached, **moral clarity in an age of moral confusion.**

He didn't demand perfection. But he demanded purpose. And he offered something few others dared to say: *"The future of this country doesn't rest in Washington; it rests in you."*

Rush believed in the American people. Not as a collective mass to be managed, but as **individuals created in the image of God**, capable of great things, **if only they chose to live with integrity.**

There comes a point when a person must stop waiting for permission and start thinking like a citizen, not merely a resident or beneficiary of a system, but a participant in the preservation of liberty. A true citizen doesn't just pay taxes or serve when called; a citizen contributes virtue, effort, and responsibility. Freedom, after all, is not defined by ease or comfort, it is shaped by discipline, sacrifice, and moral conviction.

Rush Limbaugh helped countless Americans come to understand that citizenship is more than legal status; it is a calling. His words challenged listeners to see liberty not as a passive inheritance, but as an active duty. To him, being American wasn't about where one was born, it was about how one chose to live, what one was willing to defend, and how deeply one believed in the ideals that built this country.

This perspective offers a powerful truth: **Liberty is a fire. Responsibility is the fuel.** Remove either, and the light begins to fade. Freedom requires more than celebration; it demands stewardship. It requires that individuals, families, communities, and institutions, live by the very principles they claim to cherish: integrity, courage, self-governance, and faith.

In this view, preserving liberty isn't the job of a few; it is the burden and privilege of all. From the workplace to the voting booth, from the dinner table to the public square, the strength of a nation depends on the strength of its citizens. The promise of America will endure only if enough of its people choose to carry the flame, and never let it die.

“You don’t have a right to someone else’s labor. You don’t have a right to a paycheck. You have a right to pursue your own happiness, not someone else’s success.”

That statement wasn't just political analysis; it was a moral anchor. It stood in stark contrast to the modern drift toward entitlement, dependency, and economic envy. Rush Limbaugh wasn't simply defending capitalism; he was defending the dignity of the individual and the foundational truth that liberty and responsibility go hand in hand.

In those few lines, he shattered a dangerous illusion, one that too often crosses oceans and generations: the idea that government is the source of prosperity, that fairness means sameness, and that someone else's achievement is somehow a debt owed to all. He challenged listeners to reject the false comfort of collectivism and instead embrace the empowering promise of personal agency.

This wasn't a slogan. It was a standard.

Rush reminded America, and those newly arrived to it, that freedom cannot survive where success is resented and where effort is punished. The American Dream is not delivered; it is pursued. And that pursuit, by nature, involves risk, sacrifice, failure, and triumph. It demands a willingness to earn, not to envy.

At its core, this message was not just economic, it was deeply moral. It upheld the value of work, the sanctity of property, and the profound justice of earned reward. In a world eager to redistribute outcomes, Rush called people back to the origin of excellence: individual effort, guided by conscience and fueled by liberty.

That's not just commentary. That's a worldview. And that, Rush insisted, is what makes America different, and worth defending.

“All men are created equal... endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.”, — ***Declaration of Independence***

That sentence is one of the most revolutionary ideas ever put to paper, not because it promises comfort, but because it promises *opportunity*. **You are free to pursue but not guaranteed to arrive.** Rush made that distinction unmistakably clear. He knew that in order for liberty to survive, it must be paired not with envy, but with **effort**.

“The moment the idea is admitted into society that property is not as sacred as the laws of God, and that there is not a force of law and public justice to protect it, anarchy and tyranny commence.” — *John Adams*

Rush often said that the Founding Fathers didn’t intend to create a government that would do everything for the people. They intended to create a government that would **stay out of the people’s way**. They didn’t write the Constitution to regulate freedom, they wrote it to **protect** it. And that meant protecting the fruits of your labor from being redistributed by force.

“**Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom... of the people... nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.**” — U.S. Constitution, Fifth Amendment

Those words anchor a larger design: the American order was never meant to guarantee **equality of outcome**; it was established to protect **equality of opportunity**. Opportunity is a doorway, not a destination. The hinge swings for everyone, yet no statute can compel a person to step across the threshold. No citizen is entitled to another’s paycheck, harvest, or enterprise. A dream earned by someone else cannot be confiscated simply because one’s own goal seems difficult to attain.

Rush Limbaugh amplified that principle with unflinching clarity. He reminded listeners that property rights are inseparable from personal liberty, and that prosperity flows from **initiative, discipline, and, above all, grit**. In his view, the marketplace of ideas and effort functions best when individual ambition is met with personal responsibility rather than collective resentment.

This message is more than economic theory; it is a moral framework. There is **dignity in the struggle** and **nobility in the climb** precisely because the climb demands character. Success fashioned by **grit** possesses an authenticity that grievance can never replicate. A society that exalts perseverance over envy not only advances materially; it cultivates citizens capable of sustaining freedom itself.

In the end, the Fifth Amendment’s defense of property and the broader constitutional promise of liberty converge on a single truth: **rights open the door, but grit carries the traveler through**.

I was thirty years old when I first tuned in to Rush Limbaugh, still carrying the habits and hesitations of the country I had left behind. There, the government stood as the gatekeeper of every meaningful dream: advancement required a quietly delivered bribe, a well-placed contact, or public allegiance to the party line. Ambition was suspect, merit often punished, and honest enterprise smothered beneath layers of regulation and favoritism. Success

belonged not to those who worked hardest, but to those who navigated a maze of favors and permissions.

Against that backdrop, Rush's declaration, "**You don't need permission to succeed**", cut through like sunlight in a shuttered room. It was more than political commentary; it was a form of spiritual liberation. His words dismantled the internal barricades erected by years of state-imposed dependency. They affirmed that here, in America, opportunity is not rationed by bureaucrats, nor is prosperity a privilege dispensed by party officials. It is a possibility unlocked by talent, tenacity, and **grit**.

Rush's message reframed the very nature of aspiration. In place of waiting for the right signature or the right connection, he placed the responsibility squarely on the individual: learn the rules, master your craft, work harder than the next person, and the marketplace will recognize your value. The contrast was stark. Where I had once been conditioned to seek approval, I was now challenged to exercise agency. Where access had once depended on someone else's favor, it now rested on my own determination.

This realization did more than broaden economic horizons; it reset the moral compass. It taught that honest achievement dignifies the achiever and enriches the community, that wealth honestly earned need not be apologized for, and that the pursuit of excellence, far from being selfish, advances the common good. In that sense, the words I first heard at thirty still echo today: permission is a relic of tyranny; liberty demands initiative. And in America, initiative is not only allowed, it is expected.

That truth transformed how I saw myself. I wasn't a beggar at the gates of democracy. I was a **builder** within it. I was a **citizen**, not a client. My value wasn't determined by what I could get from the system, but by what I could give, what I could create, what I could build.

That's the message I now live by, and the message I pass to my children. I don't teach them that life is fair. I teach them that **life is possible**. That in America, we don't steal someone else's dream, we chase our own. We don't envy success; we learn from it. We don't wait for a handout; we offer a hand up.

Rush didn't give me a handout either. He handed me a **mirror**. And in that mirror, I didn't see a victim. I saw a man equipped with everything necessary to rise: **faith, courage, and freedom**.

"Whatever you do, work heartily, as for the Lord and not for men." — *Colossians 3:23*

That verse echoes the essence of what Rush taught: that work is holy. That effort is honorable. That labor is not something to be taken by force, but to be given as a gift to your family, your community, your country.

Rush taught me to take pride in building, not begging. In earning, not expecting. In striving, not demanding. That's what liberty looks like when it's alive. That's what the Founders envisioned. And that's what I choose to embody every day, not because I have to, but because **I'm free to.**

Rush reminded me: **America doesn't owe me success. But it gives me the space to pursue it.** And that is more than enough.

“The beauty of the American system is that your future is not determined by your past; it is determined by your effort.”

When Rush Limbaugh uttered those words, they did not register as mere rhetoric. For countless newcomers, and for many native-born citizens as well, the line sounded less like a slogan than a lifeline. Its power lay not in poetic flourish but in the simple accuracy of the claim: in the United States, human potential is measured more by diligence and character than by pedigree or pre-arranged favor. Truth, spoken plainly in a culture that still rewards hard work, lands like revelation to anyone accustomed to systems where outcomes are fixed at birth.

In many parts of the world, social and economic hierarchies operate as sealed compartments. Advancement may hinge on family name, political allegiance, or the quiet payment of bribes. Ambition is suspected of subversion, initiative discouraged as unwelcome disruption, and hope doled out in rationed, state-approved portions. By contrast, the American landscape presents something radically different: a blank page on which citizens are invited, sometimes challenged, to write their own narrative.

That blank page does not erase struggle; it reframes it. Effort becomes the primary currency and **grits** the decisive variable. Past hardship may still cast a shadow, but it no longer dictates the borders of possibility. In this framework, today's discipline outweighs yesterday's disadvantage; moral endurance overtakes inherited limitation; and personal responsibility replaces imposed dependency.

None of this occurs automatically. The invitation to rise comes with corresponding obligations: study when others sleep, work when others rest, persevere when others quit. Yet the promise remains remarkable: here, the ceiling is constructed less of glass than of will. Character, not caste, determines trajectory, and the verdict on one's future is rendered daily in the quiet court of effort.

Such an outlook is not merely motivational; it is foundational. It forces a shift from grievance to gratitude, from passivity to participation. In a country where the past may inform but does not imprison, liberty and responsibility converge in the same place: the human heart resolved to labor, improve, and aspire.

I didn't understand that right away. At first, I brought with me all the fear, shame, and uncertainty that comes from losing everything. But step by step, job by job, classroom by classroom, I began to learn the rules of this new land, not just how to speak English, but how to speak *freedom*.

And it was Rush Limbaugh who helped me hear that language clearly.

He didn't offer pity. He offered **clarity**. He didn't give me excuses. He gave me **expectations**. He didn't validate my wounds. He called me to **healing through responsibility**.

"The American Dream doesn't guarantee you success, it guarantees you the **freedom to try**."

Rush made it plain: America doesn't owe you a life, it gives you the liberty to **build** one. But that liberty is not passive. It's not automatic. It's not a prize that gets mailed to you. It's a duty that must be **exercised** daily, through work, through discipline, through moral clarity.

He helped me realize that **liberty lives in the quiet places**, not the loud protests.

- In the father who shows up, exhausted but committed.
- In the veteran who defends freedom without ever demanding recognition.
- In the single mother who prays over her children and teaches them to live with honor.
- In the immigrant who works graveyard shifts so his kids can walk into the daylight with a backpack and a purpose.
- In the teenager who refuses to surrender to bitterness and instead picks up a dream, even if it's just a seed at first.

That's what Rush meant when he said America is **not found in programs or politicians**. It's found in **people**. People who take the freedom they're given and multiply it through faith, sweat, and sacrifice.

"With great freedom comes great responsibility." *The principle echoed in the words of Scripture: "To whom much is given, much will be required."* — **Luke 12:48**

Rush never made liberty sound easy. He made it sound **sacred**. And sacred things must be **protected**, not just by laws, but by the **hearts** of those who live under them.

That's why our Founders didn't build a system based on comfort. They built a system based on **virtue**:

“We have no government armed with power capable of contending with human passions unbridled by morality and religion... Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious people. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other.” — **John Adams**

Rush understood that quote deeply. And so did I, once I started listening. **Freedom without effort isn't freedom, it's fantasy.** And effort without virtue is dangerous.

I came to understand that America's greatness isn't in her riches or her roads, it's in her belief that **what you do today matters more than what was done to you yesterday.** That's what sets this country apart from every place I had known before. Not perfection, but possibility.

That truth rescued me. It lifted me. It gave me a foundation. I may not have come from legacy or wealth. But I came with **will.** And in America, **that's enough to begin.**

Rush didn't hand me a roadmap; he handed me a challenge. To **take ownership of my future,** to not waste my pain, and to never surrender to bitterness. He reminded me that America gives every citizen a sacred trust: **to build, not to blame.** To contribute, not to complain.

So, I made a vow, not just to be grateful for this country, but to **live worthy** of its promise. I chose not to be the man who waits, but the man who works. Not the man who envies, but the man who earns. Not the man who protests, but the man who **protects.**

Rush gave me more than insight. He gave me **language** for my convictions. But even more than that, he gave me **courage to live them out.**

And for a broken, scared teenager who came here by tragedy, that was everything.

“The strength of this nation doesn't come from Washington, D.C. It comes from Main Street.”

To some, those words might sound simple, a catchphrase, even. But to me, they were revolutionary. I came to this country with no connections, no inheritance, and no map. Just hope, heartbreak.

I began to understand that the heartbeat of this nation isn't found in government buildings or political speeches. It's in the small businesses that open before dawn and close long after the sun sets. It's in the father who works two jobs and still makes it to his child's game. It's in the churches that feed the hungry, the teachers who teach truth in the face of pressure, and the veterans who continue to serve their communities long after they've hung up the uniform.

Main Street is where America lives.

And it was **Rush Limbaugh** who gave words to what I was living. He didn't whisper these truths, he proclaimed them. He declared, without apology, that **government is not the engine of greatness in this country**. The American citizen is. He called out the bloated bureaucracy that seeks to make dependency look like compassion and warned us that when government becomes the answer to every problem, it eventually becomes the source of new ones.

"A government big enough to give you everything you want is big enough to take away everything you have." — ***Often quoted by Rush, originally from Gerald Ford***

Rush exposed a dangerous lie: that the more the state gives, the more loving it becomes. He warned us that **every handout has a hook**, and every promise of comfort can come at the cost of our liberty. Because every time we ask the government to solve something we could solve ourselves, we give up not just freedom, we give up responsibility, and with it, a piece of our dignity.

He taught that **the soul of this country was never built on ease**. It was built on effort. And the minute we trade effort for entitlement, we start to lose not only our freedoms, but our sense of purpose.

That wasn't just political theory. That was *moral clarity*.

"For even when we were with you, we gave you this command: If anyone is not willing to work, let him not eat." — ***2 Thessalonians 3:10 (ESV)***

Rush believed in the **American worker**, the American parent, the American dreamer. He believed that a free people, motivated by **virtue and vision**, could outperform any centralized system, any elite agenda, and any bureaucratic decree. Because real strength doesn't come from regulation, it comes from **responsibility**.

That's what I began to see in my own life. I started with nothing, no money, no connections, and barely any English. But I had something that mattered more: the freedom to try. And **Main Street welcomed me**. Not with parades, but with opportunity. Not with handouts, but with a handshake and a challenge: **earn your place**. And so I did.

I worked. I studied. I failed. I got back up. And with each step, I saw what Rush meant, **America rewards those who don't quit**.

"The future of this nation does not depend on what happens in the White House. It depends on what happens in your house."

That's why Rush never talked down to Americans. He **lifted them up**. He didn't divide people by race or class, he united them by calling them to rise above the culture of blame,

victimhood, and entitlement. He challenged us to believe not in government salvation, but in **personal transformation**.

Rush believed in **me**, even before I believed in myself. Not because he knew my name, but because he believed in **every American who was willing to try**, regardless of where they started.

So, I chose to build. I chose to be a contributor, not a complainer. I chose to raise a family, start a business, pay my taxes, and serve my community, not because I was forced to, but because I was **free to**.

Main Street taught me how to live as an American. And Rush taught me why it matters.

And today, when I look around, when I see neighbors helping neighbors, when I see volunteers showing up when there's no applause, when I see faith, sacrifice, and quiet strength lived out in everyday life, I am reminded that this country's future **does not belong to the elite**. It belongs to the **resilient**.

To the farmer.

To the teacher.

To the immigrant.

To the soldier.

To the small business owner.

To the truck driver.

To the mom who teaches her kids right from wrong.

That is where America's power lives. That is Main Street. And that is what Rush Limbaugh fought for.

He gave us the courage to believe again, not in government, but in **ourselves**. And that belief is what will keep this Republic alive.

"Big government is the enemy of freedom because it makes you dependent. And dependency kills dreams."

That wasn't just a clever turn of phrase. It was a revelation. A warning. And for me, it was also a mirror, one that forced me to look back on the world I had escaped and the one I was now fighting to protect.

I have lived on both sides of that truth.

I saw what dependency does, not from a textbook or a theory, but from the street corners of New York City, where I landed as a young immigrant trying to survive. There, under the shadow of towering government buildings, I saw the quiet decay of human potential. Government handouts didn't lift people; they *trapped* them. Food stamps, housing

vouchers, and endless social programs were presented as lifelines, but too often they became leashes.

They told people, “You can’t do this on your own.” And eventually, people believed it.

I watched as once-hopeful men lost their ambition. I saw young people grow up with their eyes already dimmed, convinced the best they could expect in life was a monthly check and low expectations. I saw neighbors become dependent not just on help, but on hopelessness. And perhaps the most tragic of all, I saw fathers lose their fire. The provider was replaced by the program. The protector replaced by policy.

It was all dressed in the language of compassion. But it was control.

Rush Limbaugh never shied away from telling that truth. He said what many were too afraid to say: **dependency is bondage, dressed up as benevolence**. It drains your spirit. It dulls your hunger. It teaches you to wait for salvation instead of pursuing redemption.

“You can’t be free if you’re dependent on someone else for your survival.”

He reminded us that real freedom is not found in comfort; it’s found in **courage**. And that courage starts when you reject the easy path of dependency and choose the hard road of responsibility.

Rush didn’t just criticize big government. He **championed the individual**. He lifted up the forgotten American, the worker, the father, the immigrant, the entrepreneur, who chooses to rise without waiting for permission.

He didn’t offer excuses. He offered empowerment.

“Liberty is always just one generation away from extinction.” — **Ronald Reagan, often quoted by Rush**

Rush echoed this truth again and again. Liberty is not permanent. It is fragile. It must be taught. Lived. Passed on, not through slogans, but through **sacrifice and example**. If we don’t model freedom, our children will grow up with only its shadow.

That’s why I’ve dedicated my life to building, not just a home or a business, but a legacy. A legacy of **freedom**, of **faith**, of **fortitude**. I want my children to know that in this country, they are not defined by what they lacked yesterday, but by what they are willing to work for today.

Because in America, **you don’t need permission to dream**.

You need **grit**.

You need **faith**.

You need the kind of freedom that doesn’t wait for government solutions but creates private success.

That freedom doesn't come from the White House. It doesn't come from Congress. It doesn't come from government checks. **It comes from God**, and it is secured by people who refuse to bow to the lie that someone else must save them.

Rush gave me that courage. He helped me look at my past, not as a weight to carry, but as a reason to rise. He gave me the words to speak my values and the strength to live them.

And so, I will keep building. I will keep speaking. I will keep raising a generation that doesn't beg but builds. That doesn't depend, but dares.

Rush once said that **conservatism is rooted in optimism**, not the naive kind, but the kind built on truth and effort. I carry that optimism now, not because life is easy, but because liberty is possible.

And I will spend the rest of my life proving him right.

“Freedom has to be defended by every generation. It's not automatic. It's not permanent. It must be earned and re-earned.”

You see, I didn't come to America chasing freedom. I didn't even know what true freedom looked like. I came because I had no other choice. My mother had passed away. My childhood had been shattered. And in the Dominican Republic, there was no one left who wanted us, no safety, no future, no place to belong. I arrived not as a young man with a plan, but as a boy carrying grief, fear, and the weight of a little sister on my shoulders.

America didn't greet me with open arms or easy answers. It met me with silence, with confusion, with cold stares and a language I didn't speak. It met me with the hard truth that survival here required something more than pain, it required purpose. And I didn't know yet where to find it.

I was almost thirty years old when I first heard Rush Limbaugh's voice crackle through the radio. By then, I had already weathered enough storms to know that adulthood wasn't just a matter of age, it was a series of choices, trials, and quiet battles. I was working, raising a family, learning a new culture, and still trying to figure out where I truly fit in this vast country I now called home.

Then I found Rush. Or perhaps, more truthfully, God made sure I heard him.

It didn't feel accidental. His words didn't come to me like entertainment or background noise. They arrived like a signal, sharp, timely, and impossible to ignore. It was as if someone had taken all the fragmented convictions forming inside me and gave them voice, clarity, and courage. His message didn't flatter emotions; it challenged assumptions. It didn't coddle; it convicted. But in that conviction, I found direction.

Rush didn't just speak to me, he spoke for me, in ways I hadn't yet found the language to express. And at nearly thirty, I realized something profound: I wasn't lost; I was being positioned. Positioned to understand liberty, not just as a place on a map, but as a moral responsibility. Positioned to rise, not because someone gave me permission, but because I was finally ready to stand.

In hindsight, I believe God used Rush as a compass at a time when I desperately needed direction. And that moment, nearly three decades into my life, was when I truly began to understand what it meant to be an American in soul, not just in status.

In Rush Limbaugh's voice, I heard clarity in the chaos. A man who didn't whisper false hope or offer cheap sympathy. He didn't excuse weakness; he challenged it. He didn't pat you on the back for being a victim, he pushed you to rise as a victor. He called on men to be responsible, to be bold, to be *free*, not just in theory, but in action. That was the first time I heard someone say that liberty isn't a birthright. It's a *burden*, one you carry proudly, one you pass down with conviction, not comfort.

That truth cut through my confusion like light through fog.

I realized something: I couldn't just *live* in America; I had to *earn* my place here. Not by asking for approval, but by *contributing*, by *becoming*, by *building*. Every day. Through work, through faith, through **grit**. I didn't want to be another number in a system. I wanted to be a citizen. A father. A man whose freedom wasn't handed to him but fought for and lived out loud.

Rush taught me that freedom doesn't mean an easier life. It means a *higher standard*, a life of obligation, of personal discipline, of sacred responsibility. It means showing up even when it's hard. It means rejecting the soft lies of government dependency and embracing the hard truth of self-reliance. It means preparing your children to be not just consumers of liberty, but defenders of it.

That's when everything changed for me.

I decided I wouldn't be a spectator. I wouldn't drift. I wouldn't simply be grateful, I would be *faithful*. I would be the man who gets up early, works with honor, teaches his children to love this country not for what it gives, but for what it expects in return. I would not curse the burden. I would *carry* it. Gladly. Proudly. For those who came before me, and for those who would come after.

Because of Rush, I stopped seeing myself as a foreigner just trying to fit in. I began to see myself as an American with a *duty*.

Because of Rush, I don't just fly the flag, I fight every day to be *worthy* of it.

Because of Rush, I don't just speak about freedom, I *live* it, I *defend* it, and I *teach* it to the next generation.

He didn't just give me words. He gave me a blueprint. He didn't just stir my emotions. He *armed* me with truth. He didn't just show me what liberty is, he convinced me that I was strong enough to carry it.

And for a boy who came to this land with nothing but pain in his past and fear in his heart, that changed everything.

Rush Limbaugh didn't just teach me how to think.

He taught me how to live as a free man.

And I will spend the rest of my life proving him right.

Chapter 4: Family (Familia) — The Heart of a Nation

One of the qualities I most admired in Rush Limbaugh, something that struck a deep chord in my heart, was his unwavering, unapologetic reverence for the family. To Rush, family wasn't just one of many social institutions; it was *the* institution. The original one. The divine blueprint. The foundation upon which all lasting civilizations are built.

Rush knew what too many in modern society seem eager to forget: before government governs, before schools teach, before laws are written or enforced, there is the family. Before a child ever hears from a president, a teacher, or a preacher, they hear from a parent. Or they don't. And that difference, presence or absence, can shape the entire direction of a life.

He said it plainly, but powerfully:

“The family is where everything begins. You want to change the world? Start with the values you teach your children.”

That wasn't just a nice slogan for him. That was a battle cry. A worldview. A moral compass. He believed in the sacred duty of mothers and fathers, not just as providers, but as *protectors, teachers, and examples*. To Rush, raising children wasn't merely a private act of love, it was a public act of patriotism. He saw family as the training ground for good citizenship, the seedbed of self-government. When families are strong, nations are strong. When families collapse, no program or policy can put the pieces back together.

That message wasn't just inspiring, it was *personal* for me.

When I lost my mother, I lost the heartbeat of my world. There was no safety net. No guidance. No warmth waiting for me at home. Just survival. And yet even through that loss, I remember the things she instilled in me, quiet strength, sacrifice, loyalty, and faith. I remember the promise I made to myself when I had to grow up too fast: that one day, I would build something different. I would build a family rooted in the values my mother showed me, and the ones Rush helped me rediscover.

When my sister and I lived alone in that small room in New York City, we didn't have much. But we had each other. And in that small space, I began to understand that *family is not just blood, it is responsibility*. It is sacrifice. It is love in action, even when no one is watching and no one is helping.

So, years later, when I built my own family here in America, I didn't take it for granted. I saw every moment, every Sunday at church, every lesson about right and wrong, as something sacred. As a second chance. A holy mission.

Rush validated that mission. He gave words to what I was living. He made me *proud* to put family first, not just as a personal priority, but as a *patriotic one*. He said loud and clear

what so many were afraid to say: that the nuclear family is not outdated, it's *essential*. And not just essential for children, but for the future of this Republic.

Rush warned us, often and with force, that when families disintegrate, everything else, schools, communities, morals, even national identity, begins to collapse. No government can raise your children for you. No amount of social welfare can fill the absence of a father. No curriculum can replace the daily discipline of a mother's love and a father's example. And yet, our culture tells us the opposite. It tells us that family is flexible, optional, outdated. Rush called that what it is: *a lie*. A dangerous one.

He was right. He *wasn't* against change. He was against the kind of change that destroys what works. He knew that while technology may evolve, human nature does not. Children still need parents. Marriage still matters. Morals still matter. Traditions are not chains, they are anchors.

Rush reminded us that the home is where we first learn how to live in a free society. It's where we learn to respect authority, to love God, to obey rules, to tell the truth, to forgive, to try again. It's where we first experience accountability, structure, and unconditional love. Those early lessons become the foundation for how we later treat our neighbors, vote our values, and defend our country.

So, when I look at my family today, my children growing up in the land of opportunity, learning to say the Pledge of Allegiance, reading the Bible, and working toward their dreams, I don't see just a family. I see a *victory*. A *legacy*. A living argument in favor of everything Rush believed.

Rush Limbaugh taught me that investing in your family isn't just a private choice, it's a *public service*. It's the highest form of leadership. The boldest stand you can take in a culture that mocks commitment and faith.

Rush Limbaugh often reminded his audience that the strength of a nation is not forged in the halls of Congress but in the living rooms, kitchens, and front porches of everyday American homes. National renewal, he argued, does not begin with legislation or government programs, it begins around the dinner table, in shared traditions, in family prayers, in the discipline of children, and in the daily choices that shape the next generation.

In an age when institutions are faltering and cultural anchors are loosening, Rush made the bold and unwavering case that the family remains the cornerstone of a free society. He spoke with clarity and conviction about the irreplaceable role of fathers and mothers, not simply as caretakers, but as moral educators, spiritual leaders, and guardians of national character.

He emphasized that raising children with values, not just comforts, is a civic duty. That instilling truth, responsibility, and faith is an act of cultural preservation. That when a family chooses discipline over indulgence, order over chaos, and commitment over convenience, they are not merely maintaining a household, they are defending the American experiment.

Limbaugh challenged the idea that family is a private matter detached from public consequence. On the contrary, he insisted that every strong republic is built on strong homes. The breakdown of the family, he warned, is the prelude to the breakdown of freedom. When citizens outsource the moral and educational formation of children to the state or to entertainment culture, liberty begins to erode from the inside out.

Legacy, he often said, is not measured in fame or fortune, but in the values that outlast us. A child who knows right from wrong, who respects truth, who loves their country and their Creator, carries forward a legacy far more enduring than any law or policy.

In Rush's worldview, family was not a retreat from politics or power, it was the front line. And in a culture increasingly hostile to tradition, raising a principled family became, in his words, "a revolutionary act."

"You cannot have a strong country without strong families. Period. That's not opinion, that's reality."

Rush didn't say that to win applause, he said it because it was true. And he said it often. For him, the defense of the family wasn't just rhetoric, and it certainly wasn't nostalgia for a bygone era. It was a cultural imperative. It was the foundation upon which everything else, faith, freedom, responsibility, prosperity, was built.

He understood that when the family breaks down, society follows. He recognized the slow and often deliberate erosion of the family unit in America. Not just through policy, but through ideology, ideas pushed by academia, amplified by Hollywood, and reinforced by government programs that removed fathers from homes, dismissed mothers as outdated, and treated children as wards of the state.

Rush didn't talk about the family to be politically popular. He talked about it because he knew it was the last line of defense against tyranny. A strong family teaches discipline. It teaches love. It teaches sacrifice, patience, work ethic, faith, and resilience. And above all, it teaches a child who they are, and who they belong to, not the state, not the culture, but to a heritage greater than themselves.

He saw how radical movements tried to redefine family, not to include more people, but to dismantle the very idea of stability, order, and tradition. He called out those who treated

masculinity like a threat, motherhood like a burden, and children like obstacles to self-fulfillment. He called out government policies that penalized marriage, and welfare systems that rewarded fatherlessness.

But Rush didn't do it with bitterness. He did it with hope. He believed in redemption. He believed in rebuilding. He believed that if we could strengthen our families, we could save the nation.

As a father myself, I felt that message in my soul. I saw firsthand how the American Dream was tied not just to opportunity in the workplace, but to order in the home. I realized that the most patriotic thing I could do was raise my children with values that transcend politics, truth, honor, faith, gratitude, and courage.

Rush Limbaugh reminded America of something many had forgotten: culture does not begin in Washington, D.C. It begins at the dinner table. It begins in the quiet routines of family life, in bedtime prayers, shared meals, and the everyday acts of discipline and love that shape a child's character.

While Secretary Hillary Clinton once famously said, *"It takes a village to raise a child,"* Rush offered a bold and necessary correction: *No, it takes a father and a mother.* Not a village. Not a committee. Not a government initiative. Children are not raised by consensus or legislation. They are raised by example, by the presence of a father, by the love of a mother, and by the values those parents teach and live by.

That is not to say that single parents cannot raise good, strong, moral individuals, they can, and many do, often under immense pressure and with incredible sacrifice. But Rush was unapologetic in saying that the **best** foundation for a child, the strongest chance for stability, character development, and long-term success, comes from the presence of **both** a mother and a father, united in purpose.

He said it plainly: A child's first and most important teacher should be a parent, not a bureaucrat. A father's presence is more powerful than any government check. A mother's love is stronger than any social program. No institution, no matter how well-funded, can replace the family. And a nation that forgets these truths is not progressing; it is unraveling.

Rush believed that when the family breaks down, the republic soon follows. That public virtue cannot exist without private virtue, and private virtue is born and nurtured in the home. He warned that as the state grows, the family often shrinks, not just in size, but in purpose. The more we delegate to government what once belonged to parents, the more we trade liberty for dependency.

In a time when traditional values were mocked and fatherhood was dismissed as optional, Rush stood firm. He defended the nuclear family not just as a preference, but as a civilizational cornerstone. Raising children who understand right from wrong, who honor

their country, and who respect their elders is not merely a domestic responsibility, it's a patriotic act.

In Rush's worldview, the family is not a private retreat from the public square, it is the foundation of the public square. And to protect freedom, we must first protect the family.

He was right.

A strong nation begins with strong homes. And strong homes begin with people who are willing to lead with love, stand with conviction, and build a legacy that won't be erased by cultural trends or political whims.

Rush helped me see that being a family man is not a personal decision; it's a patriotic one. And in these uncertain times, defending the family is one of the most radical acts of love for America that anyone can perform.

Because in the end, America isn't just made in Congress or the courtroom. It's made in the living room.

And I know this truth not just in theory, but in my own life.

If I hadn't had **Mama Dulce**, I don't know where I'd be today. She wasn't just a caretaker; she was a warrior of love. She gave me what I had lost: stability, compassion, structure, and the warmth of a home. She didn't have a government title. She wasn't trained by a state agency. She was simply a woman who understood that healing begins with family.

She reintroduced me to trust. To discipline. To tradition. She cooked, she prayed, she corrected, and she never gave up on me. In a world that often tells boys to be tough and silent, she showed me that strength comes from love, and that love must be taught at home.

Mama Dulce helped reset my American story. She didn't erase my past. She redeemed it. She helped turn my wounds into wisdom, and my loneliness into legacy. She reminded me that the American Dream isn't just about success, it's about belonging.

And later, when I joined the **U.S. Navy**, I found a different kind of family, one forged in service, forged in duty. The Navy gave me brothers who didn't care where I came from, only that I had their back. We were united not by blood, but by values, honor, courage, and commitment.

To this day, those bonds remain unbroken. I still lean on those men, and they lean on me. We are veterans now, but the family we formed in uniform is still alive and well. In the Navy, I learned that patriotism isn't just a feeling, it's a fellowship. It's a willingness to serve something bigger than yourself, and to do it alongside others who share your cause.

So yes, **Rush was right**: strong families build strong nations. But family doesn't always look the same. Sometimes it's a woman like **Mama Dulce** who gives a boy a second chance. Sometimes it's a squadron of sailors in a hangar bay in Florida. And sometimes, it's the family you build with your own two hands, for the next generation.

In every case, the lesson holds true: **America survives through its families**. That's where faith is taught, where freedom is cherished, and where character is formed. Not in government buildings. Not on social media. But in homes, around tables, in hugs, in prayers, and in daily decisions to love, protect, and lead.

That's why, today, I fight for the family, not because it's political, but because it's personal. Because without it, I would not be who I am. Family gave me direction when I felt lost. It gave me purpose when the world seemed hollow. And it gave me roots in a land where I once felt like a stranger.

God, in His perfect timing, brought a beautiful woman into my life, Jessie Joy. She wasn't just an answer to a prayer; she was part of God's plan. Jessie came into my life when I needed a partner to continue the journey of being a father. Even though we did not live with my children, she stood beside me every step of the way, encouraging me to stay focused on their growth, their education, their faith, and their future. Her support wasn't loud or flashy, it was steady, faithful, and filled with quiet strength. She understood that fatherhood doesn't end with presence; it thrives with purpose.

Rush often reminded us that the family is the backbone of a free society. That freedom doesn't survive where the home is weak. And that defending the family is not just a conservative cause, it's a moral obligation. I took that to heart. I still do. Because the strongest nations are built on strong families, and the strongest families are built on sacrifice, discipline, and unwavering love.

Jessie Joy helped me live that truth. She helped me remember that loving your children also means investing in their future, even when the circumstances aren't ideal. She didn't just love me, she loved what mattered to me. And in doing so, she helped me become a better man, and a better father.

In the end, I don't just advocate for the family because I believe in it, I advocate for it because I've lived the difference it makes. And for me, that difference has been everything.

As a father, I've been blessed beyond measure. I have three beautiful children and one precious granddaughter, and they are my greatest pride. They are not just successful in their own right, they are *servants* of their community and examples of what faith, hard work, and love can build.

My daughter is a teacher, shaping young minds with integrity and compassion. One of my sons is a firefighter, running into danger when others run away, living a life of courage and sacrifice. And my other son is a businessman, building opportunity not just for himself, but for others in our community. All three serve the people of **Tampa Bay Area, Florida** with heart, honor, and humility. And most importantly, all three love the Almighty God.

That's the foundation. That's the root. That's the legacy.

Rush always understood that the family is not just some sentimental relic, it is the *bedrock* of a free society. His defense of the family was never about scoring political points. It was about truth. It was about reality. He saw with clarity what too many ignore: that when the family breaks down, the nation begins to unravel.

He warned us. Not with bitterness, but with urgency. Because he knew that a culture that mocks fatherhood, belittles motherhood, and treats faith like a punchline cannot survive in liberty. He knew that government programs can never replace the lessons taught around a dinner table. That no bureaucracy can provide what a father's example or a mother's love can instill. He knew that families are where citizens are formed, where values are passed down, where character is shaped, and where children learn to honor God, love their country, and serve their fellow man.

Rush's words affirmed what I already felt deep in my bones, that raising strong children isn't just a personal duty, it's a *patriotic* one. That every bedtime story, every ride to practice, every Sunday at church, every moment of discipline or encouragement is a building block for the future of America.

I didn't raise my children to depend on the government. I raised them to depend on God, on truth, on one another. I raised them to be people of character who lift others and live with purpose. And today, as I watch them serve and lead and give back, I know that Rush was right: *a strong America starts in the home*.

And if we want to preserve this nation for the next generation, for my granddaughter and her future, then we must do more than talk about values. We must *live them*. We must fight for the family, protect it, and pass it on stronger than we received it.

Because in the end, the true strength of a country isn't measured by the size of its government, but by the strength of its families.

And in that truth, I've found not only inspiration, but purpose.

“Liberals want to raise your kids, so they can teach them what to think, not how to think.”

To some, that may have sounded like a political jab. To me, it was a personal call to arms.

You see, I didn’t have the blessing of being raised by a family. After my mother passed away, I wasn’t nurtured I was *dropped into survival mode*. I was young, alone, and caught between grief and uncertainty. There was no one to teach me right from wrong, no father figure to guide me, no comforting home to fall back on. The streets of the Dominican Republic weren’t kind to the vulnerable. And when no one in my extended family wanted to keep us, I learned quickly that life wasn’t going to wait for me to figure it out.

But then came America. Then came the U.S. Navy. And then came marriage, and children. And suddenly, I was standing in a role I had never seen modeled for me: a husband, a father, a man with responsibility not just for his survival, but for the lives of others.

That’s where Rush came in.

Rush Limbaugh was more than a voice on the radio. He was the *teacher I never had*. The steady hand, the bold truth-teller, the one who gave voice to the things I instinctively believed but had no words for. He filled in the gaps, not just in my politics, but in my understanding of what it meant to be a man, a protector, a provider, and a *leader* of a family.

Rush made it clear: raising a family wasn’t just a private decision, it was a *cultural stand*. In a world growing more chaotic, more morally confused, more ideologically aggressive, he reminded us that the family is the *last fortress of truth*. The final stronghold where children can be taught not just *what to think*, but *how to think*, with logic, with love, with faith, and with courage.

He challenged me to be more than just present in my children’s lives. He pushed me to be *purposeful*. He taught me to raise my kids with clarity, with conviction, and with the values this country was built on, freedom, faith, hard work, and personal responsibility.

Rush didn’t celebrate fatherhood as a quaint tradition, he *elevated* it. He called it what it truly is: a *sacred duty*. The *front line* in the battle for the soul of America.

And for me, in those early years of being a father, still navigating a new language, a new country, a new way of life, his voice was my compass. When I doubted myself, I found steadiness in his principles. When I didn’t know what to say to my kids about the world, Rush had already said it, clear, confident, and unapologetic.

He gave me courage to lead my family boldly. To build in my children what I never had: a foundation. A faith. A future.

And today, I look at my children, now a teacher, a firefighter, and a businessman, and I see the impact of that vision. I see the fruit of standing up, of choosing truth, of loving boldly, of refusing to outsource parenthood to politicians and bureaucrats.

Rush showed me that if we lose the family, we lose *everything*. But if we fight for it, if we strengthen it, nurture it, *honor* it, then there's no limit to what we can build. Not just in our homes, but in this great nation.

Because in the end, America isn't saved in Washington. It's saved around dinner tables, in bedtime prayers, in hard conversations, and in the quiet, sacred work of fathers and mothers who refuse to give their children over to the lies of the world.

And that's a legacy I will spend my life defending.

“If you raise children who respect others, honor their faith, and love their country, you’ve already done more to preserve liberty than any law ever could.”

To Rush, the family wasn't just important, it was *foundational*. It was the original government, the first school, the earliest church. It was where values were passed down, not just spoken but lived out. Where a father teaches his son to shake hands firmly and look others in the eye. Where a mother shows her daughter how to kneel in prayer, not as a sign of weakness, but of strength. Where Sunday wasn't just a day off, but a day set apart for rest, reflection, and reverence. Where the American flag wasn't just a symbol, but a sacred emblem to be respected, defended, and saluted.

Rush would often speak with deep reverence about his own father, a man of fierce conviction, moral clarity, and deep love for God and country. He'd say his dad raised him “with a Bible in one hand and the Constitution in the other.” That image stuck with me the first time I heard it. Not because it was poetic, though it was, but because it was *powerful*. It captured the very essence of what fatherhood, what family, what patriotism should look like.

That line became more than just a quote for me. It became a *standard*.

Because I knew what it felt like to grow up without that kind of foundation. After my mother died, I didn't have a family that gathered around the table. I didn't have a father who prayed with me or taught me the Constitution. I didn't grow up with structure, traditions, or even safety. I lived in survival mode, floating between uncertainty and abandonment.

So, when I had my own children, I didn't just want to be a good father, I wanted to break a cycle. I wanted to build what I never had. I wanted my children to know stability, discipline, faith, and love, not as abstract ideas, but as the daily fabric of our home. I wasn't trying to imitate perfection; I was determined to give them a foundation that could withstand the pressures of a broken world.

Many people encouraged me along the way. Mentors, pastors, friends, they each poured something valuable into my life. But at a pivotal time, when I was still trying to find my footing as a father and a man in a culture I was still learning, God put a voice in my life that cut through the noise. That voice was Rush Limbaugh. He wasn't the only one who helped shape me, but he was the principal when I needed one. His words gave me clarity where I had confusion, courage where I had hesitation, and conviction where I had uncertainty.

Rush helped me understand that fatherhood is not just a personal responsibility, it's a civic one. That raising a family rooted in truth, anchored in faith, and proud of its country is more than a private victory. It's a public service. It strengthens the very fabric of the nation. In a culture where too many voices undermine the family or minimize its importance, Rush stood firmly and unapologetically on the side of fathers, mothers, and the sacred work of parenting.

He helped me see that being a father isn't just about providing food and shelter, it's about building character, teaching values, defending truth, and preparing the next generation to carry the torch of liberty. That's not just parenting. That's patriotism.

Because no government program can replace a father's presence. No policy can substitute for a mother's prayers. No law can teach a child the value of liberty, the cost of freedom, or the power of faith the way a family can.

Rush reminded us that the real preservation of liberty doesn't happen in the chambers of Congress, it happens in living rooms, around dinner tables, in bedtime prayers and morning hugs. It happens when a child learns to tell the truth even when it's hard, to stand for what's right even when it's unpopular, and to love their country even when it's imperfect.

And now, I see the fruits of that truth in my own children: a teacher who inspires young minds, a firefighter who runs toward danger to protect others, a businessman who builds with integrity, and all of them, grounded in faith and service. All of them loving the Almighty God.

I didn't just aim to raise good kids. I aimed to raise *citizens*. Americans. People who will carry the torch of freedom not just because they were told to, but because they *believe in it*. Because they were shown, day after day, what it means to live it.

And in that, I know, I've done my part. I've kept the promise. I've honored the legacy.

Not just for my family, but for my country.

“My father raised me with a Bible in one hand and the Constitution in the other. That’s what I call a real education.”

That line from Rush Limbaugh wasn’t just a soundbite. It was a mission statement. It captured the essence of what every American parent should aim to instill: faith and freedom, side by side. Not as competing forces, but as complementary truths. Because if one hand teaches righteousness, and the other teaches rights, then together they train up a child for citizenship in both Heaven and on Earth.

To Rush, the family wasn’t simply a source of love or comfort, it was a *moral training ground*. A sacred institution where the next generation learns the values that form the backbone of a free society. It was where children were to be taught not just how to succeed, but how to *live rightly*, how to honor their word, respect their elders, defend what’s right, and take personal responsibility.

The Constitution opens with these timeless words: *“We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union... secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity...”*

Rush reminded us that “posterity” isn’t just a poetic word, it means *our children*. The next generation. And the “blessings of liberty” are only blessings if they are *preserved and passed down*. That doesn’t happen automatically. It happens through families.

But liberty without virtue is chaos. And that’s where the **Bible** enters.

In **Proverbs 22:6**, we are told: *“Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.”*

To Rush, that verse wasn’t outdated. It was *essential*. It meant that the home must be the first school, the first church, the first courthouse. That’s where the Constitution’s principles become real, not just written in law, but etched on the heart.

I listened to Rush as a young father, but had not yet fully understood. I was trying to raise my children the right way. And when Rush spoke about faith, family, and freedom, I didn’t just hear a political philosophy. I heard a *calling*.

Rush made it clear that raising children with a strong moral foundation is not just a personal duty, it’s a patriotic one. As he often said, *“The nuclear family is the smallest unit of freedom.”*

And when that unit is broken, the nation suffers.

He warned us: if we allow the state to replace the father, if we allow culture to mock motherhood, if we let schools teach confusion instead of clarity, then we are handing over our future to strangers. And when that happens, freedom is not just forgotten, it's *forfeited*. The Bible teaches in **Deuteronomy 6:6-7**: *"And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children..."*

Rush Limbaugh understood a truth that too many overlooks in today's world: the most enduring legacy a parent can leave is not wealth, fame, or status, it is truth. Truth passed down not through institutions or slogans, but through daily life. Truth taught at the dinner table. Truth lived out in quiet consistency. Truth rooted in the eternal wisdom of Scripture and safeguarded by the enduring principles of the Constitution.

He reminded us that homes, not halls of power, are where the future of a nation is formed. That character is not cultivated in political speeches but in personal choices. And that a parent who raises a child with discipline, conviction, and love is doing more to secure the future of America than a hundred politicians debating policy on Capitol Hill.

Inspired by that vision, many families across this country, including mine, have made the decision to build households where the Bible is not just referenced but lived. Where the Constitution is not just studied in textbooks but respected in conversation and conduct. Where discipline is not control, but care. Where freedom is not assumed, but earned through responsibility and reverence.

Rush often said that character is national security. That when a father models integrity, or a mother teaches truth, or a family bows their heads in prayer, they are defending the Republic in a way that no law or government program ever could. Because when children are taught the Ten Commandments alongside the First Amendment, they are not just learning how to behave, they are being equipped to live as citizens of both heaven and this great nation.

This, Rush taught us, is how a culture survives. This is how liberty endures, not from the top down, but from the inside out.

As the First Amendment so powerfully affirms: *"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof..."* These are not just words etched into parchment; they are the cornerstone of a free society. The ability to live one's faith openly, to teach it without fear, to pass it on from one generation to the next, is

not merely a political right. It is a spiritual calling. A duty. A trust handed down from both heaven and history.

Rush Limbaugh helped clarify that truth for millions of listeners, including myself. He didn't just defend faith in the abstract; he emphasized its role as a driving force in the American story. He reminded us that faith is not a retreat from public life, but the foundation of it. That liberty, without virtue, cannot last. And that virtue, without faith, cannot flourish.

What happens around the dinner table, in bedtime prayers, in quiet conversations about God, country, and character, those are not just moments of personal growth. They are acts of cultural resistance. They are how a free people remain free. Rush understood that every time a parent corrects with compassion, teaches with conviction, or opens the Bible with their children, something larger than personal morality is taking shape. They are forming souls. And they are fortifying the foundation of liberty itself.

So today, we must raise the next generation the way Rush once described, with faith in one hand, and freedom in the other. Because the Bible teaches how to live, and the Constitution protects the right to live that way. Together, they do more than guide individual lives, they uphold a civilization.

In an age where both faith and freedom are often dismissed or distorted, we must remember: they are not opposing forces. They are the twin pillars of the American promise. Without one, the other cannot stand. And without both, the very idea of America begins to fade.

“The family is not some outdated institution; it’s the launchpad for everything good and decent in this country.”

To many, that may sound like a sentimental reflection or a nod to simpler times. But to those who understand the weight of responsibility, the fragility of culture, and the importance of generational legacy, it's not just a saying, it's a truth to live by.

Rush Limbaugh didn't just defend the family as a cultural ideal; he elevated it as the bedrock of the American experiment. He made it unmistakably clear: strong families build strong citizens, and strong citizens build a free nation. That message wasn't nostalgic, it was a warning, a challenge, and a call to action.

In an era where cultural forces seek to redefine or even devalue the role of the traditional family, Rush stood firm. He reminded Americans that the health of the Republic doesn't begin in Washington or in courtrooms, it begins in living rooms. Around dinner tables. In bedtime routines. In the way parents model truth, enforce discipline, and cultivate love.

That message matters deeply, especially to those who didn't grow up with it. Many children today are raised in environments where stability is scarce, where fathers are absent, and where values are outsourced to schools or screens. And while countless single parents do extraordinary work, some of the greatest people this country has known were raised by one, there's no denying that a mother and father, united in love and purpose, give a child the strongest possible foundation.

Rush never condemned the brokenness. He acknowledged it. But he never allowed it to become an excuse for cultural surrender. Instead, he pointed to the standard. He challenged America to aim higher, not just politically, but personally.

That perspective was revolutionary. It shifted the narrative. Raising a family wasn't framed as a private duty, it was described as public service. A sacred calling. A foundational act of patriotism.

Because the truth is, no degree of economic prosperity, technological innovation, or political reform can replace what a loving, values-driven family provides: character, stability, and the moral courage to stand for what is right.

When Rush said the family is the launchpad of everything good, he wasn't theorizing. He was telling America exactly where its strength begins, and where its revival must start.

I didn't have that kind of family growing up. When my mother died, life fell apart. I was just a boy, pushed into survival mode, trying to be strong for my siblings without any real guide. No father to walk me through manhood. No stable home to run to. I could've been lost. And many like me were.

But God had other plans.

He brought me to America.

He led me into the U.S. Navy, where I found structure, honor, and brotherhood.

He blessed me with children who became my reason to keep going, even when it would've been easier to quit.

But God didn't just stop there.

In His mercy, He also gave me **Mama Dulce**, a woman who didn't just open her home, but opened her heart. She stepped in when the world stepped out. She wrapped me in grace when all I had known was grief. Through her, I learned that family isn't always built by blood, it's built by love, by sacrifice, and by a decision to show up when others won't.

Through **Mama Dulce**, I also gained brothers and a sister, not by birth, but by bond. They didn't replace what I had lost. They became something new, something redemptive.

Together, we created a new kind of family, rooted in resilience, faith, and mutual devotion. We laughed together, cried together, rebuilt something sacred together.

That, too, was God's doing.

He took my broken beginning and wrote a better story.

He replaced my fatherless nights with a household full of voices that prayed together, worked together, and dreamed together.

So, while my past was filled with hardship, my future, by God's grace, became filled with *hope*.

Many years later, as I look back over the long road, through the struggles of fatherhood, the demands of work and study, the quiet sacrifices made in the name of love and duty, one truth remains clear: it was never random. It was never meaningless. Through it all, Rush's voice echoed with clarity and conviction, reminding me that the fight for family, for order, for love, is not just worthwhile, it is sacred.

This work, the quiet, daily labor of building a home rooted in truth, is holy. It is patriotic. It is the kind of legacy that does not simply shape a single generation, but can alter the course of many to come.

Because I didn't just survive.

I was rebuilt. Rebuilt by faith. Rebuilt by family. Rebuilt by the unshakable truth that God never leaves a willing heart unfinished.

And in His divine timing, God used Rush Limbaugh as part of that rebuilding. Through the voice of a man I never met, He gave me something more than commentary. He gave me a teacher. A mentor. A guide who stood in the gap when I needed one the most.

Rush taught that fatherhood is not a burden or a backup plan, it's a sacred assignment. To lead your family with conviction is not arrogance; it's righteousness. To speak truth over your children, to discipline with purpose, to love with both strength and tenderness, this isn't just good parenting. It's cultural preservation. It's national defense. It is the quiet, unwavering work of protecting the soul of a free people.

Because at the end of the day, strong families are not a byproduct of a great nation. They are the source of it.

And for that lesson, for the conviction it stirred and the foundation it helped me build, I will always be grateful.

In a world that often tells men to sit down, shut up, or outsource their responsibility, Rush gave me *permission to lead*.

To open the Bible and speak truth.

To set boundaries without shame.

To model courage and character instead of compromise and convenience.

He reminded me that **discipline is love**, that **faith is strength**, and that **conviction is a virtue**, something to be worn boldly, not hidden away.

So, while the world pushed the lie that success was about hustle and status, Rush reminded me that real success starts at the dinner table. That the most powerful influence I could ever have wouldn't be in a boardroom or on a stage, it would be in the eyes of my children, as they watched how I lived, how I handled failure, how I honored God.

That was my legacy.

And that was worth every sleepless night, every exhausted morning, every paper I wrote after midnight and every shift I clocked in at dawn. Because I wasn't just building a career. I was building a *life*, brick by brick, lesson by lesson, on the solid rock of faith, family, and freedom.

Today, when I see my children, strong, grounded, faithful, and proud to serve their community, I don't just see *them*. I see the ripple effect of that sacrifice. I see the fruits of the foundation I fought to lay. And I understand, deep in my soul, what Rush meant when he said: **"You want to change the world? Go home and love your family."**

I didn't grow up with that kind of legacy.

But by God's grace, and with the help of Rush's voice, I'm leaving one.

And *that*, I believe with all my heart, *is the true American Dream*.

"Do not be ashamed to raise your kids with faith, morals, and patriotism. That's how you save America."

Those weren't just talking points. They weren't delivered to win applause or boost poll numbers. They were a cultural call to arms, words meant for ordinary Americans trying to do something extraordinary: raise strong families in an era that often mocks the very values that built this nation.

Rush Limbaugh's words became more than inspiration; they became a framework for living. Especially for those of us who came to America not just for opportunity, but for belonging, for a place to build, to believe, and to raise children in truth. In a culture where faith is sidelined, morality is redefined, and patriotism is portrayed as a flaw, his voice offered permission to push back. To plant roots. To lead.

He reminded us that the front line of freedom is not in Washington, it's in the home. It's found not just in policies or elections, but in kitchen-table conversations, bedtime prayers, and in the courage to say "no" to a culture unmoored from truth, and "yes" to values that endure: faith, responsibility, **grit**, and love of country.

Many Americans worry they're not doing enough. That without a perfect past or pedigree, they're somehow unqualified to lead their families well. But Rush made it clear: you don't need a title to lead, you need conviction. And that conviction begins in the home. The family is not a side issue. It's the foundation. It's where children learn to honor God, to cherish freedom, to speak truth, and to become the kind of citizens who don't just enjoy liberty, but protect it.

His message was clear: being a parent is not a backup plan, it's a battleground. A child raised with clarity, discipline, faith, and patriotism is a force for good in a world desperate for meaning. And raising them that way isn't just noble, it's essential. Because if we lose the family, we lose the culture. And if we lose the culture, we lose the country. It really is that simple.

Rush helped redefine what it means to be a father, not as a passive presence, but as an active protector. A man who teaches his children to love this nation, not because it's perfect, but because it's worth preserving. A father who models virtue, defends truth, and stands his ground even when the world tells him to sit down.

And the result? Strong families. Strong communities. Strong citizens.

Families that live out the belief that liberty is not inherited, it's earned. That patriotism is not naïve, it's noble. That to believe in right and wrong is not outdated, it's foundational.

Rush didn't just offer ideas; he laid down a blueprint. And for those who followed it, who led with faith, who taught with principle, who loved with strength, there's a quiet but powerful legacy unfolding all across this country.

He challenged parents to lead from a place of courage, not conformity. To shape the next generation not with screens or slogans, but with stories, structure, and Scripture. To raise sons and daughters who know how to think, how to pray, how to speak with purpose, and how to live with honor.

Because politics isn't just what happens in Congress. It's what happens when a father tells the truth. When a mother holds the line. When a child learns to say the Pledge of Allegiance and mean it.

Rush reminded us that conservatism is not about nostalgia, it's about preservation. Preserving what works. Preserving what's good. Preserving what's true.

Being a conservative, he said, wasn't just about being a Republican. It was about standing for the principles that make freedom possible: personal responsibility, limited government, faith, family, and the dignity of work.

And that's how America is saved, not through sweeping speeches or campaign slogans, but through everyday families, doing everyday things, rooted in eternal truths.

“You are the people who make this country work.”

Rush Limbaugh spoke those words to everyday Americans, workers, parents, small business owners, volunteers, those who keep the nation grounded, principled, and moving forward. And people listened. Not just with their ears, but with their lives.

Those words became a call to action, not just to vote, but to engage, to step off the sidelines and become participants in the American story. That influence sparked something in many of us. We began to show up, at school board meetings, at city councils, at neighborhood gatherings. We started mentoring the next generation, not with slogans, but with presence. With encouragement. With truth.

It wasn't about seeking recognition. It was about responsibility. About showing up, not to make noise, but to make a difference. To help others rediscover the dignity of work, the importance of strong families, and the quiet power of conviction.

Rush reminded us that leadership doesn't always come with a title. Sometimes, it looks like a father who keeps his promises, a neighbor who steps in when others step back, a citizen who stands for what's right, even when it's unpopular. That's the leadership that holds communities together. That's the kind of patriotism America needs.

Because this country was never sustained by elites. It was built and preserved by patriots, by people who took their roles as citizens seriously. Who understood that liberty is only secure when ordinary people live with extraordinary purpose.

In the end, Rush Limbaugh didn't just call for action, he awakened a sense of purpose. He reminded us that our voices matter, not because we're famous or powerful, but because we are free. He taught that patriotism isn't measured by perfection, but by participation. And that the most important work in saving America doesn't begin in Washington, it begins at home, in how we raise our families, run our businesses, serve our communities, and live out our values when no one's watching.

That message didn't just stay with me, it moved me.

Starting my own company wasn't simply a business decision. It was a declaration of belief. A way to live out the very principles Rush helped me see more clearly: faith, freedom, and personal responsibility. I named it **TriniTech, Inc.**, not after a trend or a product, but after the eternal truth that grounds my life: the Trinity, **Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.**

That name reflects what I stand on. Every decision, every client, every challenge, and every success is built on that foundation. **TriniTech** is more than a company, it's my way of participating in the **American Dream.** It's proof that in this country, your future isn't dictated by your past, but shaped by your principles, your **grit**, and your willingness to serve something greater than yourself.

Rush once said, ***“You are the people who make this country work.”*** I took that personally. I decided I wouldn’t just believe it, I’d prove it. By creating something. By leading something. By honoring God, and by investing in others.

Because that’s how you preserve freedom: not just by talking about it, but by building something with it.

I launched **TriniTech** in **Largo, Florida**, not just with a business plan, but with a mission. I didn’t come from wealth or legacy. I didn’t inherit a roadmap to success. What I had was something far more powerful, *faith in God, faith in this country, and faith in the idea that with discipline and drive, I could build something lasting.* Something real. Something that mattered.

For me, entrepreneurship wasn’t about chasing money. It was about living out the **American Dream**, not as a theory, but as a fact. I wanted my children to see it with their own eyes. I wanted them to witness what happens when a man refuses to surrender to fear, when he chooses perseverance over excuses, when he trusts in God and gets to work.

TriniTech was built with sweat, prayer, and purpose. I was building for my family. I was building for the next generation. I was building to send a message, not just to my kids, but to my community. To every immigrant. To every working-class parent. To every person who has ever felt overlooked or underestimated I wanted them to see that the path to opportunity in this country is *not closed*. It is still wide open. It may not be easy. It may require sacrifice. But it is real, and it is *possible*. That’s what makes America different. That’s what makes it *exceptional*.

In **TriniTech**, I saw more than a business, I saw a legacy. A way to give back. A way to empower others. A way to say, *“This is what’s possible in a country that still rewards hard work, values faith, and honors personal responsibility.”*

Starting this company was my way of saying thank you to a country that gave me a second chance at life. It was my way of honoring my mother’s memory, my children’s future, and the God who carried me through every chapter of the journey.

I didn’t just want to start a company. I wanted to start a movement, quiet, steady, faith-filled, to remind people that the American Dream is not dead. It’s alive. It’s waiting. And all it asks is that you rise to meet it.

Rush Limbaugh’s voice was like rocket fuel during this chapter of my life. He lit a fire in me that had been quietly burning for years. His words gave structure and substance to what I already felt deep in my soul. He helped me articulate what I believed: that freedom is not a handout, it is a responsibility, and an opportunity that must be seized with both hands.

“Freedom has to be defended by every generation. It’s not automatic. It’s not permanent. It must be earned and re-earned.”

I realized in that moment: *I am that next generation*. I am the one who must take up that mantle, not just for myself, but for my children, for their children, and for the country that gave me a second chance when I had nowhere else to go.

Launching **TriniTech, Inc.** wasn’t just a career move. It was my declaration of commitment to the American Dream. I wasn’t born into privilege or positioned for easy success. I was forged through struggle, sacrifice, and the fire of responsibility. Creating my own business was my way of defending freedom, not with speeches or slogans, but with sweat, integrity, and the firm belief that true liberty demands participation.

By building something of value from the ground up, I wasn’t just providing services or creating jobs, I was proving a point. I was proving that capitalism, when grounded in character, can lift families, strengthen communities, and honor the legacy of those who sacrificed before us. Each client I served, each problem I solved, each honest dollar I earned became another stone laid on the foundation of a life rooted in principle.

Rush opened my eyes to the fact that conservatism wasn’t about exclusion or holding people back. It was about *calling people higher*, toward liberty, personal responsibility, accountability, and faith. That’s what I built **TriniTech** on. Those were my guiding principles, not just in business, but in life. I didn’t want favors or shortcuts. I wanted to earn my place. Because in this country, if you work hard, honor your commitments, and never play the victim, you *can* rise.

There was a time, early in my journey, when I felt like a visitor in this land. I was grateful, yes, but uncertain if I truly belonged. I worked hard, raised my family, served in the military, paid my taxes, but there was always that whisper of doubt: *Am I just a guest here? Or something more?*

Rush answered that for me.

He gave me the confidence to walk like I belonged, because I did. Not because I was given something, but because I had *earned* it. He didn’t just help me think like an American. He taught me how to *act* like one.

Rush reminded us that America isn’t kept alive by politicians or policies; it’s kept alive by people. By families who raise their children right. By businesses that operate with integrity. By churches that teach truth. By individuals who show up, not with complaints, but with solutions. That’s where America begins, not in Washington, but in the home, in the small business, in the humble determination of ordinary citizens living with extraordinary purpose.

Through my family, my business, and my unshakable belief in conservative values, I found my place in that greater story. I became more than a man with an immigrant past, I became a man with an American purpose. I didn't just start a business; I made a contribution. I didn't just live in this country, I began *building* it, one decision at a time.

Rush helped me understand that freedom is not a birthright, it's a responsibility. A responsibility to *do something* with the opportunity you've been given. A responsibility to protect the values that built this nation. A responsibility to pass on not just money or success, but *principle*, to the next generation.

Because of him, I don't just love America, I work for her.

Because of him, I don't just enjoy freedom, I defend it.

Because of him, I stopped asking, "*What can this country do for me?*"

And started living the answer to, "*What can I do to keep this country strong?*"

Rush gave me more than ideas.

He gave me a mission.

And for that, I am forever grateful.

Chapter 5: Patriotism — Loving a New Home with Deep Conviction

Becoming an American citizen was one of the proudest and most emotional moments of my life. I still remember standing in that courtroom, surrounded by people of every color, accent, and background, each of us clutching a small American flag. When the judge asked us to rise and take the oath, I placed my hand over my heart, and something profound happened. I wasn't just reciting words; I was pledging myself to an ideal. To a history. To a promise.

That day, something inside me shifted. There was pride, yes, but also something deeper. A quiet reverence. I had crossed an invisible line, not just legally, but spiritually. I belonged. I was no longer an outsider looking in, no longer just a guest in this country's grand story. I was now a character in that story. An American, not by birth, but by choice, by conviction, and by sacrifice.

After serving three years of active duty in the United States Navy, I applied to become a citizen. I had joined the Navy to carve out a future far beyond the chaos and confinement of inner-city life. I wanted more than the noise and struggle of New York's concrete corners, I wanted purpose, structure, and a path to truly become part of the country that had taken me in when I had nowhere else to go. I didn't speak fluent English when I enlisted, but I spoke the universal language of commitment. I showed up early. I worked hard. I followed orders. And I grew into a man, disciplined, focused, and filled with purpose.

Because of my honorable service in the military, I was exempt from taking the standard naturalization test. And yet, the significance of that moment wasn't diminished. If anything, it was amplified. It wasn't a shortcut; it was recognition that I had already proven, through action, my allegiance to this nation. I had worn the uniform, taken the oath, and defended the flag. Becoming a citizen wasn't a reward, it was a continuation of that commitment.

Still, it wasn't until I began listening to Rush Limbaugh that I truly understood the depth of what it meant to be an American. Rush didn't just speak about politics; he spoke about the soul of the country. He gave voice to the heartbeat of liberty. He reminded me that patriotism is not just about flying the flag or voting on Election Day, it's about loving this country enough to defend it in every way possible. To raise your family with values. To speak truth. To work hard. To live free.

Through Rush, I came to understand that being an American isn't simply a matter of paperwork or geography. It's a moral posture. A covenant with the past, a responsibility in the present, and a torch to carry into the future. Through his words, I came to understand that patriotism isn't passive. It's active. It's not inherited; it's earned.

He spoke often of America's greatness, not as a boast, but as a challenge. A challenge to live up to the ideals of the Founders, to guard our freedoms, and to pass them on, stronger, to our children. He reminded us that patriotism isn't about perfection, it's about purpose. It's about fighting for what's right, even when it's hard. Especially when it's hard.

I carry that responsibility with me now. As a father, as a husband, as a business owner, and as a citizen. I live in this country with gratitude, but not passive gratitude. Active gratitude. The kind that gets up early, works late, tells the truth, and does the right thing when no one's watching.

That's what patriotism means to me, not just loving America when it's convenient but standing with her when others walk away. And when I see my children, one a teacher, one a firefighter, one a businessman, all serving their communities and loving God, I know I've done something right. I know the sacrifice was worth it.

Rush Limbaugh reminded me that America isn't a place to escape to, it's a place to build in. A place to believe in. A place to fight for. And I do. Every single day.

“Being an American is not just a matter of blood or birth. It's a matter of spirit, of belief in the ideals that made this country great.” — Rush Limbaugh quoting Theodore Roosevelt

That quote didn't just inspire me, it **reshaped me**. It became a mirror, a challenge, and a promise all at once. I came to America not as a tourist, not even willingly at first, but as a young teenager torn from the familiar by a painful family tragedy. What I found here was not just a new country, but the chance to become a **new kind of person**, not because I changed who I was, but because I embraced **what America called me to be**.

Patriotism, as Rush defined it, wasn't about waving a flag on the Fourth of July and calling it a day. It wasn't a shallow label, or a costume you wear when it's politically convenient. **It was a posture of the soul**. It was active. Intentional. It was about living the ideals that made America not just a country, but a cause, **liberty, personal responsibility, justice, faith**, and the unwavering belief that no matter where you begin, you can rise, you can build, and you can define where you end up.

That message struck me hard, because it ran counter to what I had been told about America by others. I had heard the narrative of oppression, of division, of systemic failure. But Rush offered a different narrative, **a true narrative**, one rooted in history, in triumph, and in the power of the individual over the collective.

He helped me understand that **America is not a nation of bloodlines. It's a nation of belief**. You can be born here and still not understand her. And you can arrive here from

anywhere on earth and become one of her fiercest defenders. That's what makes this country exceptional: it is built not on ethnicity, but on **ideals forged in revolution and preserved through sacrifice.**

I had always loved my culture, my heritage, my past. But this was different. This wasn't love based on memories or geography. **This was love based on principles.** This was about a constitution that begins not with government power, but with three historic, world-shaking words: **"We the People."**

Rush Limbaugh was unflinching in his defense of those words. He didn't apologize for loving his country. He didn't water down its greatness to fit modern sensitivities. He spoke with clarity and conviction, reminding us that **patriotism was under attack**, not just from foreign enemies, but from within, from radicals who sought to erase our history, tear down our heroes, confuse our children, and replace gratitude with guilt.

But Rush never backed down. He met every challenge with **facts, with passion, and with the courage to speak what others were too afraid to say.** He taught me, and millions like me, that patriotism wasn't some relic of the past. It was a daily decision. A daily duty. A mindset that says: **"I believe in America not because she's perfect, but because she's good, and because her greatness lives in me."**

Today, I walk with that truth in my heart. I speak it to my children. I teach it to the young people I mentor. I carry it into every room I enter, not with arrogance, but with humility and gratitude. Because I know what it means to have lost home. And I know what it means to find one, not in a place, but in an idea.

Being American is not about where you were born. It's about what you're willing to believe, defend, and build. That's the America Rush fought for. That's the America I live for. And that's the America I will defend until my last breath.

I still remember the first time I **felt truly American.** It wasn't during a naturalization ceremony. It wasn't when I received my Social Security card, or even when I joined the U.S. Navy. Those were milestones, yes important and symbolic. But the moment I *felt* it deep in my bones came during something much quieter, much more personal.

I was about 18, in uniform, standing in line at a restaurant near the base. I was just a young man, far from the place I once called home, trying to make sense of this new identity I was still learning to wear. I had my doubts. I still struggled with the language. I still felt like an outsider in many rooms.

An older gentleman, a Vietnam vet by the look of his hat, stepped ahead of me in line. He turned around, looked at me in the eye, and simply said, **"Thank you for serving our country."** Not *your country.* *Our country.*

That was it.

In that simple act, those five words, I was no longer “the kid from somewhere else.” I wasn’t being judged by my accent, or my last name, or my origin story. I was being seen as one of them. One of *us*. **An American.**

I walked out of that restaurant with tears in my eyes and my chin a little higher. That’s the power of this country. It doesn’t demand you forget where you came from, but it invites you to become something bigger. It takes you in, it molds you, and if you’re willing, it gives you a new birth of freedom.

Rush understood that. He didn’t speak just to those born in middle America or raised in conservative homes. He spoke to all who were willing to listen, to immigrants like me, to young men in uniform, to single moms struggling to make ends meet, to business owners, truck drivers, and college students. His voice wasn’t for a political class. **It was for a people.** A free people.

Thanks to him, I didn’t just learn about America, I became a citizen of her soul.

And if this book does anything, I pray it reminds others, especially immigrants, that your greatest gift in coming here isn’t just the passport or the paycheck. It’s the chance to believe in something bigger than yourself. To carry on the legacy of freedom. To say with full conviction: **“I am an American, not by blood, but by belief. Not by chance, but by choice.”**

“Real patriotism is loving your country even when it’s hard, especially when it’s hard.”

It stripped away the shallow definitions I’d grown up with, where patriotism was confused with parades, flags, or political slogans, and it replaced them with something deeper. Something forged in struggle.

You see, I wasn’t born into American freedom. I came into it through pain, through heartbreak, through tragedy. I didn’t choose America in a moment of ease or convenience; it was chosen for me during one of the hardest seasons of my life. At just eight years old, I lost the only home I had ever known. A family tragedy shattered the world I once understood, and in an instant, everything changed. I was uprooted and brought to a new land, not by design, but by the quiet hand of Providence. What began in heartbreak slowly unfolded into a journey of redemption. Through hardship, I discovered not only a new country, but a deeper sense of purpose. And in time, that journey gave me more than just a place to live, it gave me a new identity, one rooted in resilience, faith, and freedom.

When you’ve *suffered* your way into freedom, you don’t take it for granted. You don’t treat your citizenship like a piece of paper, it becomes a piece of your soul. You see the flag not

just as a symbol of what is, but of what's possible. And you realize that patriotism, real patriotism, isn't about loving a perfect country, it's about loving a country with the courage to keep trying to be better.

Rush helped me realize that, over and over again, he reminded us that **patriotism is not passive**. It's not just enjoying the fruits of liberty; it's taking responsibility for the roots. It's standing firm when the culture wants to bend you. It's showing up to vote, to volunteer, to speak truth in love, even when your voice shakes. It's raising your children not just to be good people, but to be *grateful* people. To understand that freedom is a gift, yes, but also a burden. One that each generation must carry forward or risk losing altogether.

Rush helped me see that citizenship isn't just a set of rights. It's a sacred duty. It's showing up when others sit out. It's saying what needs to be said, even when it's unpopular. It's teaching your children not to worship government, but to honor God, love their neighbor, and defend liberty at all costs.

And yes, it's hard. There were times I felt alone in my convictions. Times when friends walked away. Times when my own family questioned why I was so outspoken, so "political." But I don't speak out because I want to win arguments. I speak out because I owe something, to the country that gave me a second chance, and to the God who guided me through it.

I owe it to America. And that's what real patriotism looks like.

Because if we only love this country when it's easy, when our party is in power, or when the news is good, or when the flag is trending, we don't really love it. We're just borrowing comfort from it.

But when we love America *when it's hard*, when it's messy, divided, uncertain, that's when our patriotism becomes real. That's when it becomes a light to others.

Rush didn't just love America. He *believed* in it, flaws and all. And because of his voice, I came to believe in it too, not just as a place I live, but as a cause I fight for.

"America is the only country where you can arrive with nothing and still achieve everything. That's not a slogan. That's truth."

That wasn't just a line Rush Limbaugh said, it was the story of my life.

When I first heard Rush speak those words, they didn't land on me as political commentary or a motivational phrase. They were a validation of my own journey, a confirmation that what I had experienced wasn't just personal, it was profoundly American.

Because I did arrive with nothing.
No inheritance.
No social safety net.
No connections.

Only **faith, grit**, a fire in my soul, and a dream I dared to believe was still possible.

Rush's truth gave me more than encouragement, it gave me *moral clarity*. It gave me the boldness to be unapologetically patriotic. For years, I felt like I had to tone down my love for this country. As an immigrant, I was often met with suspicion for waving the flag too proudly or treated as if my loyalty needed to be proven again and again. I was told, sometimes quietly, sometimes directly, that my passion for America was naïve, or that I didn't understand her flaws. But Rush gave me permission to stop apologizing.

He made it clear that *patriotism isn't a birthright, it's a choice*.
And I had made that choice with every fiber of my being.

Rush helped me understand that the American identity is not about where you're from, it's about what you believe. It's about embracing the promise of a nation built not on race or royalty, but on *principle*. Principles enshrined in the Constitution, words that don't belong to a political class, but to *We the People*.

"We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union..."

That line told me I belonged. Not because I was born here, but because I was working to make this union better, stronger, freer, for myself, my family, and everyone who comes after.

The Constitution does not guarantee happiness.
It guarantees the *right to pursue* it.

As stated in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments: **"No person shall be... deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."**

And in Article I, Section 9, our founders prohibited the government from granting titles of nobility, because success in this country is not inherited by bloodline but earned through effort.

In America, even a poor boy from the Dominican Republic, one who worked in a butcher shop at fourteen in the ghetto of New York City, slept in a rented room, and had no father to guide him, *could still rise*. Not because of what government gave him, but because of what God placed inside him: *courage, purpose, and the will to work*.

I wanted other immigrants, young people especially, to understand that. That the American Dream is not a myth. It's not dead. It's just being drowned out by a culture of entitlement,

dependency, and victimhood. But if you ignore the noise, if you focus, if you pray, if you commit, *it's still alive*.

I am living proof.

Rush reminded me that America is not great because it is perfect.

America is great because it makes *progress possible*.

Because it does not guarantee equality of outcome but promises equality under the law.

Because it was founded on the revolutionary idea that *rights come from God, not government*.

As the Declaration of Independence boldly states: ***"That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights..."***

That line meant the world to me.

Because I knew what it was like to live in a place where your rights could be taken, bought, or silenced.

In America, I found the opposite.

And I never took it for granted.

That's why I don't whisper my patriotism.

I shout it.

Because love for America is not something to be ashamed of, it's something to be passed on.

I built my family, my business, and my future on three foundations: **Faith, Freedom, and Responsibility**. Rush helped me connect the dots between my personal struggle and the larger American story. He reminded me that success isn't just about what you gain, it's about what you give back. It's about raising children who understand sacrifice. It's about mentoring the next generation. It's about showing that this country didn't just give you a new life, it gave you a *calling*.

So, I wake up every day not just to work, but to honor that calling.

To steward the freedom I was given.

To build a legacy worthy of the opportunity I've received.

That's the America I love.

Not a perfect one, but a *possible* one.

And thanks to Rush Limbaugh, I no longer hesitate to say it out loud:

God bless this country, my country.

The United States of America.

“You can’t love America and want to remake it into something it was never meant to be.”

Rush Limbaugh didn’t just say those words, he embodied them. His patriotism wasn’t seasonal or symbolic; it was a steady, unapologetic conviction woven into everything he stood for. He didn’t wear the flag like a costume or use it as a backdrop for applause. He honored it because he understood its meaning, and more importantly, its cost. His love for this country was not based on nostalgia or sentiment, it was grounded in truth, forged by history, and fueled by a deep belief in the founding principles that made America exceptional. Rush didn’t just defend the idea of America, he reminded us what it means to preserve it.

Rush reminded us that America wasn’t founded on bloodlines or borders or kings. It was founded on an idea, the most radical idea in the history of human civilization: that *ordinary people* could govern themselves. That *freedom* wasn’t a gift from a ruler, but a right from God. That you didn’t need to belong to the right class, the right race, or the right family to pursue happiness. You just needed to be willing to take responsibility for your own life.

That’s what made America exceptional, not perfect, but exceptional. And Rush knew that once we start tampering with that foundation, once we try to erase the principles of self-governance, individual liberty, and moral accountability, we risk becoming something unrecognizable. He warned us, again and again, that freedom is fragile. That it is not passed through DNA. It has to be taught, protected, and defended by every generation. Because if we fail to do that, we don’t just lose elections, we lose the soul of the nation.

As someone who chose America, who earned my citizenship, who served in uniform and pledged allegiance with tears in my eyes, I knew exactly what he meant.

Rush gave people like me permission to say what we already felt: that loving America means preserving her, not transforming her. It means honoring her Constitution, not rewriting it out of convenience. It means protecting the very things that make her worth loving in the first place, her freedom of speech, her rule of law, her religious liberty, her entrepreneurial spirit, and her belief in the dignity of every individual.

And that love, real love, requires discipline. It requires us to tell the truth, even when it’s unpopular. It requires us to reject the temptation of entitlement and embrace the challenge of effort. It requires us to fight for our children, our culture, and our Constitution, because no one else is going to do it for us.

Rush often said, “The way to love America is to understand America.” And he helped me do just that. He helped me understand that patriotism is not blind devotion, it’s informed

gratitude. It's standing guard over the ideas that changed the world and refusing to let them be dismantled, diluted, or destroyed.

Not a government that provides everything, but a nation that offers everyone the freedom to provide for themselves. Not a culture of conformity, but a republic of conscience. Not a utopia shaped by bureaucrats, but a land guided by principle, faith, and courage.

That is the America I will fight for.

And that is the America Rush helped me understand, defend, and love, not blindly, but deeply.

“They want you to be ashamed of loving your country. Don’t fall for it. Wear that love like armor.”

Those weren't just words Rush Limbaugh spoke; they were a *battle cry* in a time of cultural confusion and national doubt. A time when loving America out loud makes you a target. A time when waving the flag can get you mocked, and standing up during the anthem makes you controversial. But Rush knew exactly what was at stake.

Rush saw the coordinated effort to paint patriotism as dangerous, as outdated, as ignorant. As if believing in the greatness of America meant ignoring her faults. As if pride in our Founding Fathers meant complicity in their sins. As if standing tall and grateful made you the enemy of justice and progress.

But Rush didn't flinch. He didn't apologize. He pushed back, not with *rage*, but with *clarity*. He reminded us that true patriotism doesn't come from pretending America is perfect. It comes from knowing her story, seeing her flaws, recognizing her growth, and still choosing to love her fiercely.

“The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government...” — *U.S. Constitution, Article IV, Section 4*

That's not just legal language. That's a covenant. A promise that this nation, at its core, belongs to the people, *not the elites, not the mobs, not the media*. And as a people, we're called not just to enjoy freedom, but to defend it.

I came from a place where patriotism was expected but hollow. In my childhood homeland, we sang the anthem, but it didn't mean much. The flag flew, but it wasn't tied to liberty. It was tied to power, wielded by the few, endured by the many.

But America? *America was different.*

Here, no one made me love the flag. No one forced me to salute or kneel in prayer. I *chose* to. And in that choice, I found a deeper love than I had ever known. Patriotism in America wasn't robotic, it was *voluntary*. That made it real. That made it powerful.

Rush helped me understand that patriotism isn't something you whisper in private. It's something you *wear like armor*. Not out of arrogance, but out of gratitude. Especially now, when the culture tries to shame it, when our children are being taught that America is nothing but a collection of sins, when our history is rewritten not to inspire, but to condemn.

Rush gave me the courage to speak truth boldly. To stand tall, not just as an immigrant, not just as a veteran, but as an *American*. And he reminded us all that service doesn't always mean wearing a uniform or carrying a weapon.

You serve your country when you:

- Raise a family rooted in faith, discipline, and love
- Run a small business that honors responsibility and rewards hard work
- Mentor young people to think critically and live courageously
- Pray for your nation, your leaders, and your fellow citizens

“Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.” — Psalm 33:12

That verse isn't just spiritual truth. It's a national prescription. Our blessings come not from government but from *God*, and when we forget that, we lose our way.

Rush never let me forget that being a patriot doesn't mean closing your eyes to America's problems. It means loving her enough to want her to succeed. It means knowing her promise is worth preserving. It means being part of the solution, at home, in your church, in your business, in your neighborhood.

He often said, **“There is no other place like America.”**

And he was right.

Because where else could my story unfold but here?

Where else but in America could a boy from the Dominican Republic, raised without a father, shaped by hardship in the gritty streets of New York City, clinging to faith and fighting for every inch of progress, rise beyond survival? I didn't grow up with wealth or connections. I grew up with **grit**. With Mama Dulce's prayers and a hunger for something greater. I faced language barriers, cultural shock, and the quiet ache of fatherlessness. But I also faced every challenge with determination, because I believed, deep down, that here, effort matters more than pedigree.

From those humble beginnings, I became a Navy sailor, proudly serving the country that adopted me. I became a husband, a father, a mentor. I earned a master's degree and stood at the front of classrooms as a college professor, once a student of struggle, now a teacher of perseverance. And eventually, I founded my own company, **TriniTech, Inc.**, built not just on ambition, but on values: faith, responsibility, and relentless drive.

That business has taken me across the globe, not as a tourist, but as a trusted partner. I've sat at tables in Europe, walked industrial floors in South Korea, led negotiations in Mexico, and spoken to leaders throughout Central and South America. Not because someone handed me a seat, but because I earned it. Because this country gave me the freedom to build, to grow, to try, to fail, and to rise again.

Only in America can a story like mine exist, not as the exception, but as a living proof that with grit, grace, and the liberty to pursue greatness, anything is possible.

In June 1998, I had the distinct honor of being part of one of the 16 American companies selected by the U.S. Commerce Department to join **President Clinton's** trade mission to Northern Ireland. This historic initiative brought together leaders from industries such as aerospace, agriculture, health, computers, and food. The mission's goal was more than just economic outreach, it was a strategic effort to expand opportunity and help reinforce the fragile peace established by the Good Friday Agreement.

I also had the privilege of participating in multiple trade missions to Latin America alongside **Governor Jeb Bush of Florida**. These missions were more than business ventures, they were bridges of opportunity, fostering economic partnerships, promoting Florida's global presence, and strengthening relationships with our neighbors in the region. Representing my company and my adopted country in those efforts was both an honor and a responsibility I carried with deep pride.

And every time I step off a plane in a foreign land, I carry America with me. Its work ethic. Its optimism. Its belief that **anyone**, from **anywhere**, can make something of themselves through hard work, responsibility, and faith.

"That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights..." — Declaration of Independence

That's not just beautiful language. That's the blueprint for everything I've achieved.

I've seen other systems. I've seen countries where opportunity depends on who you know, where freedom is fragile, where faith is discouraged, and where government replaces family. And every time I see those things; I'm reminded of how rare and precious America really is.

Rush helped me see that more clearly than anyone else. He didn't just love America, he **understood** it. He reminded people like me that patriotism isn't about being blind to flaws, it's about being grateful for the freedom to fix them.

So yes, I've traveled far. I've stood in skyscrapers and sat in strategy meetings with international partners. But the soil I planted my dreams in, the place that made it all possible, is **The United States**.

This land didn't just give me a passport. It gave me a purpose.

And I will always carry that with pride.

Where else but America could a Latino boy, raised in the ghetto streets of New York City with no father, no wealth, and no head start in life, go on to serve honorably in the U.S. Navy, raise children grounded in faith and values, and build a company that gives others the dignity of work and purpose?

Only in America. Only in a place where liberty is not a gift handed down by rulers, but a right *endowed by our Creator*, and secured through hard work, responsibility, and sacrifice.

So, no.

I will *not* be ashamed of loving this country.

I will *not* silence my patriotism to blend into a culture of resentment.

I will wear my love for America like armor, *forged in faith, tempered by service, and sealed in gratitude*.

Because this country didn't just give me a new life.

It gave me a *calling*.

And I will answer that call with everything I have.

Not just for me, but for my children, for the generations still to come, and for the land that saved me.

God bless America.

And thank you, Rush Limbaugh, for teaching us how to love her without apology.

"America is the only nation on Earth that was founded on an idea, freedom. If we ever stop believing in that, we lose who we are."

Rush said that. And the more I've lived, the more I've seen, the more I believe it.

Most nations are built on geography, race, royalty, or conquest. Their identities come from ancient bloodlines, old wars, and tribal allegiances. But America was different.

Revolutionary, not just in its fight, but in its founding.

America was built on an idea. A radical, divine, and world-changing idea: **that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.** Those words from the Declaration of Independence aren't just poetic. They are powerful. They are the moral and philosophical foundation of this country.

The Constitution echoed that foundation by beginning not with a king's command or a dictator's decree, but with the voice of the people: **"We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union..."** That wasn't political fluff. That was a promise. A commitment to strive, not toward perfection, but toward something greater than ourselves.

Rush Limbaugh understood that. He reminded us that America is not defined by ethnicity or class, but by commitment, to liberty, to the rule of law, to the dignity of the individual. And he was clear: if we ever stop believing in the idea that built this country, the idea of freedom rooted in divine rights and personal responsibility, we won't just drift. We'll collapse.

Patriotism, isn't blind loyalty. It's informed allegiance. It's not pretending America has never stumbled. It's believing that her founding principles are still worth standing on. And that's a vital distinction. Because there are voices today, loud ones, who want to tear down what they do not understand. They confuse our imperfections with our identity. They treat liberty like a relic instead of a responsibility.

But as President Ronald Reagan warned, **"Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction."** It isn't passed through blood. It must be taught, defended, lived, and loved. That kind of love for America isn't a feeling. It's a decision. A discipline.

Thanks to Rush, I came to see that *loving* America doesn't mean denying her flaws. It means doubling down on her founding truths. Our greatness is not found in flawless execution, it's found in our relentless pursuit of a *more perfect union*.

Rush didn't shy away from reminding us what was at stake. He saw the growing threats, cultural rot, government overreach, moral confusion, and creeping socialism, not just as political issues, but as attacks on the very idea of America. And he wasn't afraid to sound the alarm.

"A Constitution of government once changed from freedom, can never be restored. Liberty, once lost, is lost forever," warned John Adams.

Because freedom, Rush taught, is not self-sustaining. It must be believed in. It must be defended. It must be passed on.

That's why I'm writing this. Because I didn't grow up in this idea of freedom. I came to it. I walked into it. I suffered my way into it. And now I *live* it, not just for myself, but for my children, for my community, for every immigrant who still dreams of what I've found here.

I came to this country with nothing, but what I was given was *everything*: a chance. A chance to rise, to work, to worship, to serve, to speak, and to live in a nation that didn't judge me by my past but invited me into a shared future. That's the power of the American idea.

Now, as a father, a husband, a veteran, and an entrepreneur, I know that my freedom is not just a gift. It's a *duty*. I don't take it for granted. I teach it. I model it. I live it.

Because if we ever stop believing in the idea that built this nation, freedom as a divine right and a civic responsibility, we don't just lose our way. **We lose who we are.**

“If you don't appreciate this country, you don't understand it. And if you don't understand it, you're not qualified to criticize it.”

Rush Limbaugh didn't say that to silence dissent, he said it to invite reflection. To those who have only known freedom, it might sound bold or even confrontational. But to those who have lived without it, who have stood in food lines, whispered their thoughts for fear of punishment, or watched opportunity vanish under the weight of state control, it sounds like truth.

You cannot fully value liberty until you've lived in its absence. You cannot appreciate the majesty of the First Amendment until you've experienced the cold silence of censorship. And you cannot comprehend the miracle of American self-government until you've endured systems where power is hoarded at the top, and the people serve their leaders, rather than the other way around.

Those who arrive in America from countries ruled by corruption, ideology, or tyranny often carry a perspective that is difficult to explain, but impossible to ignore. They know that what America offers is not perfect, but it is precious. Because here, the individual matters. Here, rights are not favors granted by rulers but gifts endowed by our Creator. Here, the citizen is sovereign, not the state.

Many of us did not come here chasing comfort. We came because we had nowhere else to go. Some were driven by hope. Others, by desperation. But almost all were drawn by the promise of a place where hard work could change your destiny, where freedom was not just an ideal, but a living, breathing reality protected by law and sustained by sacrifice.

And it was voices like Rush Limbaugh's that helped us understand not just where we were, but why it mattered. He didn't simply analyze the headlines. He unearthed the roots. He

reminded us that America is not merely a nation, it's a moral proposition. A covenant between the governed and those who govern. A promise that liberty, once won, must be defended in every generation.

He taught that criticism without context is not courage, it's ignorance. And that gratitude is not weakness, it's wisdom. He showed how patriotism is not about denying a nation's flaws but defending its virtues.

For those of us who came to America not to change it, but to join it, Rush offered more than commentary. He offered clarity. He helped us see that love of country is not naïve. It is necessary. Because once freedom is lost, it rarely returns.

That's why his words still echo in the hearts of millions: *If America falls, there is no second America waiting in the wings.*

Rush spoke often about gratitude, the kind that comes not from entitlement, but from awareness. The awareness that what we have here in America is not normal. It's exceptional. It's rare. It's fragile. And it must be guarded.

Rush made it clear that there's a difference between constructive criticism and destructive contempt. Patriotism, he said, doesn't mean pretending America has no flaws. But it does mean recognizing the *miracle* of this country and refusing to tear it down just because it isn't perfect.

Thomas Jefferson once said, ***"The government you elect is the government you deserve."*** But as Rush Limbaugh often emphasized, it doesn't stop at the ballot box. The condition of a nation is shaped not only by its elected leaders, but by the collective mindset of its people, their values, their expectations, their gratitude or resentment. A republic, after all, is only as strong as the character of those who sustain it.

Rush reminded Americans that the real battle isn't just over policy, it's over perspective. If we cultivate a spirit of entitlement rather than responsibility, we slowly erode the very foundation that makes freedom possible. If we choose bitterness over gratitude, apathy over engagement, then the blame for a declining nation lies not in Washington, but in the mirror.

Many around the world live under systems where the people are ruled, not represented. Where elections are theater. Where rights are ornamental. Where the powerful remain unaccountable, and the powerless are expected to remain silent. In those places, dreams are crushed before they can take root. Dissent is punished. Progress is tied not to effort or merit, but to obedience and connections.

That's why, for those who have lived under such systems, American freedom is not theoretical, it's transformational. Every right protected by the Constitution, every peaceful

transfer of power, every opportunity to speak, to worship, to work, to rise, none of it is taken lightly. Because the absence of those freedoms has been tasted. And once you've seen what life looks like without liberty, you hold tight to every ounce of it.

This is the America that must be preserved. Not through slogans or sentiment, but through civic virtue. Through gratitude in action. Through citizens who understand that freedom is not automatic, and democracy is not self-sustaining.

Rush called on Americans to be more than spectators in their own country, to be stewards. He reminded us that love of country requires effort, not just emotion. That the true test of a free people is not whether they demand change, but whether they are willing to be the change, through work, through sacrifice, and through unshakable faith in the ideals that birthed this nation.

And I've made it my mission, not just to live that freedom, but to *model it*, to *teach it*, and to *protect it*. As a father, I pass it on to my children. As a veteran, I stand beside those who swore an oath to defend it. As an immigrant, I carry it with pride. And as a student of Rush Limbaugh, the Doctor of Democracy, I speak of it with conviction and gratitude.

So no, I will not apologize for loving this country. I will not be silent when its values are mocked or misunderstood. I will not surrender to the voices who speak of America only with bitterness and blame. Because to truly understand America is to appreciate it. And to appreciate it is to *serve* it, not to scorn it.

Rush helped me see that America doesn't need to be transformed. It needs to be *understood*. It needs to be *honored*. It needs to be *defended*. And that's exactly what I intend to do, with everything I have, for as long as I live.

“America is worth defending. America is worth celebrating. America is worth fighting for. Always.”

Rush Limbaugh didn't speak of America as if it were just a place on a map. Rush spoke of her as a mission, a miracle, a sacred trust handed down through generations. When Rush talked about this country, it wasn't with vague admiration or casual patriotism. It was with fire, with reverence, with clarity. America, he said again and again, was not perfect, but she was exceptional. And that distinction mattered.

He reminded us that patriotism isn't something you wear on a shirt or wave only at a parade. It's not a seasonal sentiment reserved for the Fourth of July, Veterans Day, or Memorial Day. No, real patriotism is a posture of the heart, a daily decision to recognize the blessings we've inherited and to defend them, so they're not lost on our watch.

For me, as someone who came to America not by choice but through tragedy, Rush gave that patriotism structure. He turned it from a warm feeling into a worldview. He gave it meaning in the context of duty. I didn't just fall in love with America because of what she offered. I fell in love with her because of what she stood for. Liberty. Dignity. Responsibility. Justice. Faith. And above all, the belief that each person matters, not because of their status, wealth, or origin, but because they are created equal by God.

I began to understand, through Rush's words, that America wasn't built by government or granted by kings. It was built by *people*. By families. By workers and soldiers and teachers and pioneers and preachers, men and women who believed that freedom is not something you wait to receive, it's something you fight to keep.

Thanks to Rush, patriotism became more than just a sentiment for me, it became a compass. A foundation. A constant in a world that seemed to drift further into confusion. When the culture demanded compromise, when the media pushed cynicism, when the political winds shifted, Rush's voice reminded me to stay grounded. To stand firm. To stay proud of the country that had given me not just a second chance, but a *purpose*.

Children should be taught to love this country, not with blind allegiance, but with clear understanding. True patriotism isn't about ignoring flaws; it's about recognizing the full scope of a nation's story and choosing to honor the ideals that make it worth preserving. America's history is not a perfect record, but it is a powerful testament to perseverance, courage, and the pursuit of justice.

The goal of teaching history should not be to instill guilt, but to inspire strength. A strong nation equips its young people to understand both the struggles and the triumphs of its past. From the Declaration of Independence to the Constitution, from the turning point at Gettysburg to the bravery on the beaches of Normandy, and from the tragedy of Ground Zero to moments of everyday heroism, America's story has been one of resilience and renewal.

This is not a tale of guaranteed outcomes, but of relentless hope. Each generation inherits the responsibility to carry the torch forward, to preserve liberty, defend truth, and protect the principles that make self-government possible. A citizen's duty begins with understanding that freedom is not inherited without effort. It must be taught, valued, and actively defended.

To raise the next generation with a deep appreciation for the nation's founding ideals is not a political act, it is a civic one. Because when the culture forgets what it means to be free, the country risks forgetting how to remain free.

We are a people who rise. Who rebuild. Who reach higher with every generation. That is the American character, resilient, unyielding, and hopeful. It's a spirit that must be taught

and passed on, especially to the next generation. They must understand that freedom is not inherited automatically, it is protected deliberately. Our obligation is not to apologize for America's existence, but to ensure her preservation.

To live as a citizen of this country is to carry both privilege and responsibility. It means voting with conviction, working with integrity, and serving with purpose wherever one is called. These acts, done consistently and with humility, are not just civic duties, they are expressions of gratitude. Gratitude for the opportunity to live in a nation where liberty is not granted by rulers but enshrined in law. Where the future is not dictated by party or class, but open to those with vision, determination, and **grit**.

Many around the world have known life without freedom. They've experienced governments that punish dissent, silence faith, and stifle ambition. For them, America is not a cliché or a political argument, it is a beacon. And when that beacon is dimmed by self-doubt or cultural cynicism, we risk losing more than pride; we risk losing purpose.

Rush Limbaugh reminded Americans, new and native-born alike, that patriotism is not noise, it's conviction. It's not about outshouting others; it's about outlasting them in principle. It's about standing firm, even when it's inconvenient. Speaking truth, even when it's unpopular. He offered not just commentary, but clarity, a lens through which to see the country not as perfect, but as exceptional. Not as something to deconstruct, but to defend.

Loving America isn't an act of nationalism, it's an act of stewardship. To love this country is to recognize the weight of its promise, and the cost of its preservation. It's not about waving a flag for attention; it's about carrying it with honor. It's about seeing the nation not only as land to occupy, but as a legacy to protect.

This isn't just political philosophy, it's a way of life. One that doesn't demand perfection, but expects participation. A citizen's voice matters most not in moments of crisis, but in the daily discipline of responsibility, raising families with strong values, telling the truth, serving others, and giving thanks.

That is the enduring legacy Rush championed: a nation kept strong not by Washington's declarations, but by ordinary people living extraordinary values. The more we understand that, the more we strengthen the very foundation that makes America worth believing in, and worth passing on.

Chapter 6: The Republican Party — Finding My Political Home

As a young Hispanic immigrant, my first steps into the American political landscape were hesitant and unsure. Like many in my community, I defaulted to the Democratic Party. It was what we were told supported immigrants, minorities, and working-class people like us. It was the "safe" choice. But deep down, even before I had the words to explain it, I felt something didn't quite align.

I grew up believing in hard work, in faith, in personal responsibility, in family, and in freedom. And I started to notice that the loudest political voices claiming to represent people like me were also the ones undermining those very values. That internal tension only grew louder, until the day I discovered Rush Limbaugh.

At first, Rush caught me off guard. His voice was powerful, his words bold, and his tone unapologetic. But he wasn't rude, he was real. He didn't try to win you over with charm or condescension. He came at you with truth, and he let you decide what to do with it. He spoke not like a politician, but like a patriot. And he woke something up in me.

I didn't agree with him right away. But I couldn't stop listening. He challenged me, not to hate, but to think. He made me question what I believed, why I believed it, and where those beliefs came from. And slowly, I began to realize I wasn't changing, I was finally discovering my true political identity.

Rush introduced me to conservatism. Not the stereotype the media portrays, but the real thing. A belief system grounded in timeless truth and constitutional principles. A philosophy that says government is not your master, it's your servant. That rights come from God, not from politicians. That success comes from effort, not entitlement.

Ronald Reagan once said, ***"The most terrifying words in the English language are: I'm from the government and I'm here to help."*** That's not cynicism. That's wisdom. That's a warning that when the government tries to become your provider, it ends up becoming your ruler.

I learned through Rush, and through experience, that the Democratic Party offered promises, but conservatism offered purpose. The left said, "You can't make it without us." Conservatism said, "You can make it because you're free."

Donald Trump, for all the controversy that surrounded him, cut through the noise with a kind of clarity that mirrored Rush in many ways. He said, ***"We will no longer surrender this country, or its people, to the false song of globalism."*** That hit me. Because like Rush, President Trump believed in putting America, and Americans, first. He believed that citizenship means something. That borders mean something. That a nation must protect its culture, its laws, and its values if it wants to survive.

For the first time in my life, I felt like the conservative movement wasn't just something I could support, it was something I belonged to.

Rush helped me see what the Founders had intended. **Thomas Jefferson** reminded us that, *"The price of freedom is eternal vigilance."* And that vigilance doesn't come from Washington, it comes from **We the People**.

James Madison wrote, *"The powers delegated by the proposed Constitution to the federal government are few and defined."* That's not an accident. That's the blueprint for a free society. It's conservatism, in its purest form.

The Republican Party became my political home not because I was recruited, but because I was reborn, politically, intellectually, and spiritually. I came to realize that my values weren't incompatible with conservatism, they were the very foundation of it.

Rush once said, *"Conservatism is not about radical change. Conservatism is about preserving the things that work."* And he was right. It's about preserving freedom, faith, family, and opportunity, the things that made this country great in the first place.

I found a movement that doesn't judge you by where you come from but empowers you to go as far as your faith and effort can carry you. I didn't need to be a victim. I needed to be free.

So today, I'm proud to call myself a conservative. I don't just support the Republican Party, I understand why it matters. It's not about red vs. blue. It's about right vs. wrong. Freedom vs. control. Sovereignty vs. surrender.

I stand with those who believe, as **President Reagan** once said, *"Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on."* That's the fight I've joined, not with bitterness, but with boldness. Not because I was born here, but because I chose this country, and I choose to defend it.

And as **President Trump** said, *"We don't worship government. We worship God."* That spirit, that unapologetic declaration of who we are, is the heartbeat of conservatism. And it beats strongly in me today.

"Conservatism is not something you need to be indoctrinated into. You live it, you feel it, you know it. It's common sense, rooted in truth."

Before I ever knew the word *conservatism*, I had been living it.

I wasn't shaped by think tanks or policy memos. I didn't arrive in this country searching for a political identity, I came as a teenager, seeking a new life, carrying with me the quiet strength of my mother's Christian value and faith. Long before I ever cast a vote, I had

already been shaped by values that ran deeper than any party line. I trusted in God. These weren't values I read in a textbook. They were woven into the rhythm of my daily life. They were modeled by the strongest person I've ever known, my adopted mother, **Mama Dulce**. She didn't preach about principles. She lived them. Every prayer she whispered over her children, every meal she stretched to feed one more mouth, every quiet act of sacrifice and service, those were my textbooks. That was my political education before I even knew what politics was.

Mama Dulce raised me from the age of fourteen to seventeen, in a home where money was scarce but love was abundant. Alongside my adopted brother and sister, I learned that a family isn't defined by blood, but by sacrifice, shared struggle, and unconditional care. We didn't have much, but what we had was real, faith, discipline, and a deep sense of belonging that shaped me in ways no wealth ever could. Loyalty, discipline, faith, self-restraint, and unconditional love weren't theoretical to us. They were necessities, survival tools in a world that didn't always give second chances. We learned that complaining didn't fix anything, and that responsibility wasn't something to run from, it was something to rise to.

So, when I finally heard Rush Limbaugh, it wasn't like hearing a new philosophy. It was like remembering something old and sacred. He didn't lecture. He illuminated. He gave words to what my heart had always known. He articulated the convictions I had already lived. That's the moment it all clicked. I wasn't becoming something new, I was finally recognizing who I had always been.

Rush didn't recruit me into conservatism. He revealed it to me. He helped me connect my personal story to a broader truth: that conservatism isn't just a political label. It's a way of thinking. A way of living. A worldview built on the belief that freedom is God-given, not government granted. That families, not bureaucracies, are the building blocks of civilization. That hard work is noble, not oppressive. That every person, regardless of where they came from, has the capacity to rise.

And that belief isn't foreign to me or my culture. In fact, it's the heartbeat of where I come from. I saw it every day in **Mama Dulce**, the woman who became more than a mother to me, she became my anchor. I watched her live her faith out loud, praying with boldness, working with quiet strength, and loving with a kind of grace that didn't ask for recognition. She didn't just talk about sacrifice, she embodied it.

Those values, faith, sacrifice, perseverance, were woven into every part of our life. The elders in our community, immigrants who came to America with little more than hope and hard-earned wisdom, carried those same values. We believed in respecting our elders, honoring God, working without complaint, and treating others with dignity, especially

women. I was raised to open the door for them, not because it was expected, but because it was right. It was a matter of honor.

And yet today, too many are being told that those values no longer belong in American politics. That they're somehow outdated or exclusionary. But I know better. I've lived both sides of the American experience, from the margins to the mission, and I can tell you with certainty: those values aren't the problem, they're the solution.

Rush helped me see what I already knew deep down: that the core of conservatism isn't hatred or division, it's gratitude, responsibility, and the courage to protect what's worth preserving. Conservatism is the language of liberty, and the values I learned from **Mama Dulce** are its grammar.

As **Ronald Reagan** once said, ***"All great change in America begins at the dinner table."*** That's where I first learned to be a conservative. Around tables where prayers were spoken, chores were assigned, and nothing was wasted. Around tables where you showed gratitude for what you had and responsibility for what you didn't.

And as **President Trump** boldly reminded us, ***"Faith and family, not government and bureaucracy, are the true American way."*** That's not just political rhetoric, that's personal reality. That's what I saw every single day growing up in **Mama Dulce's** home.

Today, I carry those same values forward, not just as a conservative, but as a father, a husband, a mentor, and a proud American citizen. I didn't need a government program to raise my children; I needed a moral compass, and I found that in faith, family, and personal responsibility. I don't look to politicians to define my worth; I look to God, who gave me the strength to rise. And I will never apologize for loving this country or defending its founding ideals, because I remember where I came from, and I will never forget what I found here: freedom, dignity, and a future worth fighting for.

Conservatism isn't about power. It's about principle. It's about the courage to stand for truth when the world demands compromise. It's about honoring the past while building a future rooted in virtue. It's about living out the values you claim to believe, every single day.

Thanks to Rush, and thanks to **Mama Dulce**, I came to understand that conservatism isn't something you inherit by birth or by party. It's something you live. It's something you earn through sacrifice, responsibility, faith, and conviction.

I didn't learn conservatism in a classroom. I learned it in real life, from the strength and quiet dignity of **Mama Dulce**, who took me in and raised me until I joined the U.S. Navy. In the hardest years of my youth, she became my protector, my provider, and my guide. Under her roof, I learned what it meant to serve others before yourself, to give without expecting, to stand firm in faith even when life shook you to your core. Through her actions, I witnessed the true meaning of duty, integrity, and unconditional love.

And then, years later, I heard those same values, the ones I had seen lived out daily, spoken boldly and unapologetically through the voice of Rush Limbaugh. He gave language to what I had felt all along. He helped me understand why those values mattered not just in my home, but in my country.

Now, I carry those lessons forward, not because they were handed down from a political platform, but because I saw them lived in the eyes of a strong woman and heard them echoed in the voice of a great American. And that is why I now live them, defend them, and pass them on.

“We conservatives believe in people. We believe in the individual, not the collective. We believe that you can do anything, and we want to get government out of your way so you can.”

This wasn't just a political statement. It was a profound expression of a worldview, one that champions freedom, personal responsibility, and the dignity of individual potential.

In many parts of the world, government is not viewed as a safeguard of liberty, but as an obstacle to it. People learn from a young age that their success is not tied to effort or merit, but to connections and compliance. Advancement doesn't flow from excellence or innovation, but from obedience to a political machine. Bureaucracy becomes a gatekeeper. Power becomes personal. And hope becomes currency, distributed only to those who play by the regime's rules.

In such environments, the state does not exist to serve its citizens. It exists to be served. Corruption is not the exception, it is the system. Education, employment, healthcare, and legal documentation are all tools of political control. Fall out of favor with the ruling party, and access to even basic services can disappear overnight.

What's most tragic is how quickly this kind of oppression becomes normalized. Children grow up believing that silence is safety. That ambition is dangerous. That individual dreams must be submitted to the collective will. The culture teaches them to stay quiet, stay small, and never challenge the status quo.

That is what makes the American promise so radical, and so precious.

In America, the founding idea is not that power flows from the state to the people, but from the people to the state. Government exists not to rule but to protect. Rights are not permissions granted by politicians, they are inalienable, bestowed by God and secured by the Constitution.

Rush Limbaugh understood this distinction deeply. He didn't just argue policy, he reminded people of their worth. He believed that the individual was the single most

powerful engine for good in a free society. Not the collective. Not the bureaucracy. The individual. The person with **grit**, talent, conviction, and faith. He understood that when you unleash people from the grip of overreaching government, they don't just survive, they soar.

That's why Rush spent decades pushing back against the creeping influence of statism. Not because he hated government, but because he loved freedom. He knew that when the state grows beyond its boundaries, it does not merely become inefficient, it becomes oppressive. And that is a lesson history has taught over and over again.

The conservative vision Rush articulated was never about exclusion or elitism. It was about empowerment. It was about restoring faith in the average American, the worker, the entrepreneur, the parent, the pastor, the soldier, the student. It was about reminding people that greatness doesn't come from Washington, comes from within.

And in a world where collectivism is often disguised as compassion, Rush made it clear: the most compassionate thing a government can do is get out of the way and let people rise on their own merit. That is the essence of liberty, not the promise of equal outcomes, but the guarantee of equal opportunity.

That belief remains a cornerstone of the American conservative movement. And it remains a message the world still needs to hear.

Here, in America, your success didn't hinge on political favoritism. It was tied to your character, your hustle, your willingness to take risks and get back up when you failed. At first, I couldn't quite describe it. It was unfamiliar and exhilarating, this idea that no one was going to stop me from trying. No bureaucrat was going to block my way because of my last name or my vote. No official was waiting to hand me or deny me opportunity. It was mine to earn.

And then I discovered Rush Limbaugh. He didn't offer me political theory. He offered clarity. He didn't speak to groups. He spoke to individuals. To people like me, immigrants, workers, believers, dreamers, who wanted nothing more than a fair chance and the freedom to earn it. He didn't tell me who I *should* be. He reminded me of who I already was.

Rush didn't talk about conservatism as an ideology. He talked about it as a way of life. A worldview built not on government control, but on human potential. He helped me understand that the dignity I felt when I provided for my family, the pride I felt when I took responsibility, the gratitude I felt when I prayed over my children, those were conservative values. I had been living them all along. I just didn't know they had a name.

I didn't need to be recruited into conservatism. I had been living it in exile, quietly, instinctively, from the moment I rejected the lie that my life should be dictated by a bureaucrat or controlled by a collective. Rush helped me see that conservatism wasn't

about greed or privilege. It was about liberty. It was about giving individuals the breathing room to rise, to fail, to learn, to try again, not because the state allows it, but because God Himself endowed us with that right.

President Ronald Reagan once said, *“Government is not the solution to our problem; government is the problem.”*

Rush gave me the courage to claim my voice, to stand proudly as a conservative not because I had been taught to be one, but because I had discovered I already was. He didn't change my identity. He clarified it. He showed me that real conservatism isn't about political power, it's about personal freedom. It's about trusting individuals more than institutions, and principles more than polls.

Rush didn't convince me to become a conservative. He helped me recognize that I already was, and that I always had been. And that message didn't just transform my understanding. It transformed me.

“Capitalism is not greed. Capitalism is freedom, the freedom to dream, to risk, to build, to fail, and to try again.”

To some, that statement may sound ideological. To others, aspirational. But for anyone who has lived under systems where ambition is punished, success is politicized, and failure is permanent, those words are liberating. They don't just describe a theory, they describe a way of life. A pathway forward.

Rush Limbaugh's unapologetic defense of capitalism wasn't about defending corporations or Wall Street, it was about defending the dignity of the individual. It was about protecting the right of every person to pursue their own vision, make their own decisions, take their own risks, and earn the rewards of their own labor. In a world where collectivism often masquerades as compassion, Rush reminded America that real compassion is allowing people the freedom to forge their own path.

Capitalism, at its core, is not a guarantee of riches, it is a guarantee of opportunity. It does not promise equality of outcome, but it offers the chance to try. And for millions of people, that chance is everything. That chance is what lifts families out of poverty, turns ideas into industries, and gives birth to innovation, entrepreneurship, and social mobility. Not because of government grants or forced redistribution, but because people are finally free to put their ideas to the test.

In many nations, systems of control rob individuals of that dignity. Hard work is not rewarded, it is exploited. Success is not celebrated, it is confiscated. The individual is not

empowered, they are managed. And in that environment, dreams are silenced long before they are pursued.

Rush understood the difference. He recognized that when government replaces the marketplace as the engine of progress, freedom withers. When outcomes are dictated rather than earned, people stop striving. And when people stop striving, entire societies stagnate.

Capitalism doesn't eliminate hardship, it makes resilience meaningful. It doesn't erase failure, it gives failure purpose. Because under capitalism, failure is not the end. It's a teacher. It's a beginning. It's the space where lessons are learned and character is formed. And in that way, capitalism is not just an economic system, it is a moral one. It requires responsibility. It rewards discipline. It demands innovation. And it honors effort.

That's why Rush Limbaugh's message resonated so deeply with those who had tasted hardship and refused to surrender to it. He gave language to the silent pride of small business owners, immigrants, veterans, and working families who didn't ask for handouts, only the freedom to try. He reminded them that striving to build a better life, whether for your family, your company, or your community, is not selfish. It is noble. It is American.

No one is promised success in a capitalist society. But everyone is given the same precious gift: the chance. The chance to dream. The chance to act. The chance to fail and try again. And in that freedom, something sacred is preserved, not just economic prosperity, but human potential.

That's what Rush fought for. And that's why his message endures.

President Ronald Reagan once said, *"Entrepreneurs and their small enterprises are responsible for almost all the economic growth in the United States."* That is the heart of the conservative vision, not to control the people, but to unleash them. To create a society where the single mother, the recent immigrant, the blue-collar worker, and the dreamer with nothing but an idea can rise.

President Donald Trump put it this way: *"In America, we don't punish success. We preach the Gospel of hard work, determination, and personal responsibility."* And that Gospel rang true for me. Because I didn't want to be managed by a system. I wanted to rise in spite of it. That is what capitalism offers. Not perfection. Not privilege. But *possibility*, the sacred chance to build something that lasts, something that matters.

And that's why I chose conservatism. Not because it was easy, but because it was right. Not because someone handed me a talking point, but because it reflected the very values that brought me here in the first place.

I chose a party that doesn't apologize for American greatness but fights to protect it. A movement that places responsibility over resentment, opportunity over envy, and liberty over dependency. I chose to align myself with those who believe that a strong work ethic, a deep faith, and a love for this country are not outdated values, they are the very foundation of our national success.

Rush Limbaugh helped me recognize that I didn't need to be transformed, I needed to be awakened. He didn't indoctrinate me. He reminded me that what I was living was already the beating heart of conservatism.

You see, for me, conservatism isn't academic. It's not theoretical. It's personal. It's practical. It's the story of survival, and then success. It's what allowed me to lift my head, build a life, and teach my children that their future belongs to them, not the government.

That's why I'm proud to say: I didn't just come to America. I became an American. And I didn't just register with a political party. I chose a set of principles, principles that changed my life. I became a conservative not because it was trendy, or popular, or easy, but because it was true. And that truth, that hard-won, tested, freedom-loving truth, has set me free.

“We're not Republicans because we love politicians. We're Republicans because we love America.”

It was never about elevating men in suits. It was about elevating *principles*, eternal, unshakable truths that outlast presidents, outlast parties, and outlast the daily noise of politics. Rush Limbaugh made that clear every single day. His voice didn't echo because it was loud. It echoed because it was rooted in something deeper, *conviction*. He taught that conservatism wasn't about clinging to the past, nor was it about slowing progress. No, it was about preserving the moral and constitutional foundation that makes any real progress possible in the first place.

Conservatism is not a personality cult. It's not built around slogans or personalities. It's built on principles, the kind of principles that built this country from the ground up:

- That our rights come from *God*, not government.
- That the family is the central unit of society.
- That personal responsibility is the path to dignity.
- That freedom is not granted by politicians but protected by the people.

Rush often said: **“Conservatism is not something you're talked into. It's something you feel in your soul, because it aligns with your experience, your values, your reality.”**

I didn't need a degree in political science to believe that government should stay out of the way. I didn't need a policy expert to tell me that work matters, that character counts, or that a man should take care of his family. I had lived it. I had *survived* by it. And I had *thrived* because of it.

I stop Here.....

Where I came from, the government was king. It decided what opportunities you could have, what success you could pursue, and even what dreams you were allowed to chase. That wasn't freedom. That was bondage dressed up in bureaucracy.

But America was different. It wasn't built on control; it was built on courage. It didn't promise equal *results*; it promised equal *opportunity*. And the political philosophy that best protects that promise isn't socialism, isn't statism, isn't big-government liberalism, it's conservatism.

Conservatism believes that faith in God and trust in individuals creates more prosperity than any government program ever could. It believes that people don't need to be *managed*, they need to be *trusted*. Trusted to raise their kids, run their businesses, worship freely, speak boldly, and live with dignity.

President Ronald Reagan once said: **"Government is not the solution to our problem. Government *is* the problem."** He wasn't mocking America. He was reminding us of what made it great in the first place, *self-governance*, not central planning.

And President Donald Trump, with all his bravado, captured the heart of the matter when he said: **"We will no longer surrender this country, or its people, to the false song of globalism."** That's not just a political statement. That's a call to protect America's soul, its identity, its values, its sovereignty.

I didn't become a Republican because I idolized any politician. I became one because I revere the Constitution. Because I cherish liberty. Because I understand that power should always flow *from the people*, not *to* the people.

When I cast my vote, it's not for a man. It's not even for a party. It's for a vision, a vision of America where truth is honored, effort is rewarded, and freedom is defended at all costs.

Because I love this country. And real love isn't passive, it's not just about waving a flag on the Fourth of July or reciting a few patriotic lines. Real love is active. It gives without expecting anything in return. It sacrifices, it serves, and it stands firm, especially when it's difficult. Real love doesn't run when times get tough. It digs in deeper. That's the kind of

love I have for America. Not because she's perfect, but because she gave me a chance, and I'll spend the rest of my life giving back.

It's why I work hard. Why I serve my community. Why I raise my children to know the value of truth, work, and faith. It's why I speak out. Because love of country means standing up when it matters most, not just for our sake, but for the generations still to come.

That's why I'm a conservative. That's why I'm a Republican. Not because it's easy, but because it's right.

“If we don’t defend what we believe in, the Left will define this country in their image. And that is a future without liberty, without God, and without the Constitution.”

That wasn't just a warning. It was a prophecy. A declaration of war, not with weapons, but with ideas, values, and truth. It was a call to arms for every American who understands that freedom doesn't sustain itself, that liberty is not self-renewing, and that the Constitution is only as strong as the people who are willing to fight for it.

When I first heard those words, I knew something deep inside me had shifted. I could no longer pretend that this fight was political theater or that my role was just to vote every four years and hope for the best. I realized: **conservatism is not a spectator sport**. It's a responsibility. A daily commitment. A moral obligation.

Because if we don't stand for what we believe in, if we don't speak it, defend it, and live it, others *will* define this nation for us. And they'll do it without reverence for our history, without respect for our faith, and without understanding the price that was paid in blood and sacrifice to make America what it is.

Rush Limbaugh made that truth impossible to ignore. He didn't whisper it. He thundered it. He understood that the cultural war was not about headlines, it was about hearts. And once I heard him speak with that clarity, that passion, I couldn't un-hear it. I couldn't go back to a passive life. Politics stopped being distant. It became personal. *It became moral. And it became urgent.*

I came to see that being conservative isn't about nostalgia or bitterness, it's about preserving something worth fighting for. It's about choosing **truth over trends, freedom over comfort, and God over government**.

And in that light, the Republican Party wasn't just another political group. It was a *refuge*. A home for people like me, people who still believe in the dignity of work, the sanctity of life, and the power of individual liberty. People who know that you don't help the poor by punishing the successful, and you don't fix injustice by destroying justice itself.

We believe in equal opportunity, not equal outcomes. We believe that what you earn is yours to keep, not for the state to redistribute in the name of “fairness.” We believe that the American Dream is not a government-issued check, but a reward for perseverance, sacrifice, and grit.

And I knew, in my soul, that liberty is *not* the default setting of the human condition. Tyranny is. I had lived in its shadow. I had seen governments that smothered ambition, mocked faith, and turned citizens into subjects. And I knew that what we had in America was rare, *a covenant*, not a coincidence. A miracle born of divine providence and human courage.

Rush helped me connect the dots, between my past and this present fight. He showed me that silence is not neutrality; *it is surrender*. And I refuse to surrender this country to those who see it not as a miracle to protect, but an inconvenience to remake.

So, I made a choice. I stood up. I spoke out. I planted my flag, not just in a political party, but in a philosophy. A worldview. A moral code. One rooted in freedom, in personal responsibility, in the Judeo-Christian values that built this nation from the ground up.

Because if we don’t define what America is, someone else will. And they won’t do it with love or loyalty. They’ll do it with contempt. With revisionist history. With policies that punish success, erase faith, divide us by race, and place government on a throne that belongs only to God.

And the result will be a nation unrecognizable to those of us who came here believing in her promise. It will be a nation our children won’t inherit, because it will no longer be free.

We cannot let that happen.

Not on our watch. Not in our silence. Not while we still have breath in our lungs and truth in our hearts. Because we don’t just believe in America, **we are willing to fight for her.**

“We don’t believe in equal outcomes. We believe in equal opportunity, and that means you get to reap the rewards of your labor.”

That wasn’t just a statement of policy, it was a declaration of identity. A line in the sand between being controlled and being free. Between being managed like a subject and being empowered as a citizen. It was the difference between waiting for someone to hand you your future and having the courage to go out and build it yourself.

In my life, no one handed me anything. I’ve had to fight for every single inch. I’ve worked low-wage jobs, started over more than once, and been knocked down more times than I can count. I’ve been fired. I’ve been overlooked. I’ve been underestimated. But none of that broke me. In fact, it built me.

Because being fired never meant failure, it meant freedom. It meant a new beginning. A new direction. Every time the door closed; I refused to sit in the hallway. I kept walking. I kept pushing. I saw those setbacks not as rejection, but as redirection. I stood up with a clearer mind, a stronger will, and a deeper faith in what's possible.

That is the America I believe in. The America I love. Not a land of guarantees, but a land of *grit*. Not a government that coddles, but a culture that challenges. A country that doesn't promise equal results but dares you to chase greatness with everything you've got.

And that's where conservatism made all the difference in my life. It taught me to own my story. To stop blaming others. To stop waiting for someone else to fix my life. My transformation didn't happen overnight. It didn't happen in front of a crowd. It happened quietly, in the long nights, the early mornings, the moments of doubt when it would've been easier to quit. But instead of quitting, I leaned in. I got up. I started listening more. I started voting with intention. And I stopped apologizing for believing in things that were once considered common sense: hard work, faith, responsibility, and freedom.

Rush Limbaugh was the voice in the storm, the one who reminded me that my struggle wasn't just a personal journey, it was a principled stand. He gave words to what I already knew deep down: that dignity isn't found in comfort, it's forged in challenge. That success isn't sacred when it's handed to you, it's sacred when it's *earned*. That the American Dream isn't a gift wrapped in government, it's a prize claimed through perseverance.

Rush didn't teach me how to feel. He gave me the *language* to articulate what I had always believed. He didn't just inform me; he ignited something in me. A fire. A mission. A calling. He showed us that you don't have to wear a suit or hold office to make a difference. You just need conviction. Courage. Clarity. A backbone made of principle and a heart anchored in truth.

Conservatism, he said, wasn't about protecting privilege, it was about unlocking *potential*. The potential of people like me, immigrants, workers, parents, believers. People who weren't born into ease, but into opportunity.

So, I made a choice. I became a Republican. Not because it was popular, it wasn't. Not because it was easy, it never is. But because it was *true*. It matched the grit of my life. It matched the fire in my belly. It matched the America I knew, not for what it gives me, but for what it allows me to *become*.

I want my children to know that truth. I want them to understand that we are not victims of our past, we are authors of our future. That their last name, their skin color, none of that limits them. *Only their choices do*. And in a country like this, those choices matter. Because in America, your future isn't dictated, it's discovered.

I want them to grow up knowing that success isn't selfish. It's inspiring. That failure isn't final, it's fuel. That we are not defined by what happens to us, but by how we respond. And that freedom, real freedom, means being responsible for your own story.

Rush reminded us of that. He woke us up. And from the ashes of being fired, forgotten, and underestimated, I rose, not bitter, but bold. With a mission to build. To serve. To lead. And to never stop believing in the greatness of this country, and in the even greater strength that lies within each of us when we are free to pursue our God-given purpose.

Because conservatism isn't just a political philosophy. For me, it was the difference between being stuck and being set free. And now, I live that freedom. Every single day.

“You don’t need to be in government to serve your country. Raise a great family. Start a business. Tell the truth. That’s patriotism.”

That simple truth shattered every misconception I had about what it meant to serve. It redefined what it meant to lead. I didn't need a title. I didn't need a podium. I didn't need to wait for someone to hand me permission. What I needed, what all of us need, was purpose. And the courage to live it out, unapologetically, every single day.

That's what I've tried to do since the moment I became an American. Not just in word, but in action. I serve my country, not from a government office, but from my own home. As a father, I raise children who know our country's story, who understand its values, and who respect the flag that flies over their freedom. As an entrepreneur, I take risks, create jobs, and provide opportunity. And as a community leader, I stand in the gap for those still finding their voice in this great nation.

Patriotism, I've come to understand, is not just about saluting the flag or celebrating the Fourth of July. It's about embodying the principles behind that flag, every day, in real, tangible ways. That freedom is not guaranteed, it must be defended. And that America is not great by accident, it is great because of the people who show up, who stand firm, who speak truth, and who serve others. I remind them often: freedom is not free, and if we don't protect it, we will lose it, slowly, silently, and then all at once.

As a business owner, I contribute not just to the economy, but to the spirit of this country. I create value. I employ others. I take what I've learned, often through trial and error, and pour it back into my community. Capitalism, to me, is not a dirty word. It is dignity. It is empowerment. It's the freedom to try, to fail, to get back up, and to succeed, not by taking from others, but by serving others better.

And yes, I've been fired before. More than once. But I never let that be the final chapter. I refused to accept defeat. Instead, I turned each setback into a springboard. I chose to see

being fired not as failure, but as freedom, the freedom to reinvent, to grow, and to build something better. That mindset, that resilience, could only happen in a country like America, where second chances still exist, and dreams still matter.

But my calling didn't end with my own success. I knew I had a responsibility beyond my personal story. That's why I founded the **Hispanic Community Council of Chautauqua County in New York**. Not to wait for government to fix what was broken, but to step up and lead. To provide real help to people who needed it, not as dependents, but as citizens. We empower Latino families to navigate the system, to understand their rights, to find resources, and most importantly, to believe that they are not forgotten. That they belong. That they matter. That they are not victims, they are contributors to this American story.

I didn't ask for permission. I didn't wait for approval. I saw a need, and I answered the call. Because service doesn't start with a paycheck or a pension. It starts with *conviction*.

I speak out, not for applause or recognition, but because I know what silence costs. I come from a place where the government decides what you can say, what you can believe, and whether you matter. Where patriotism is demanded, not lived. Where elections are illusions, and freedom is a memory. Here in America, I found something different, something worth protecting with every breath: the right to speak freely, to think independently, and to live without fear.

I will never take that for granted. I will never stop defending it. And I will never stop speaking the truth, because truth is the first casualty when fear and control take over.

I speak with gratitude, not grievance. I do not curse this country's flaws; I cherish its blessings. I don't dwell on the imperfections; I honor the potential. I vote. I volunteer. I give back. I build bridges. I challenge lies. I plant seeds of faith, hope, and opportunity. And I do it all because I love this country, not for what it has done for me, but for what it allows *me to do for others*.

Rush Limbaugh was right when he said the strength of this nation is not found in Washington, D.C. It's found in the homes, the churches, the schools, and the small businesses of everyday Americans who refuse to quit. Who lead by example. Who believe in God, in truth, and in the enduring greatness of this Republic.

You don't need a position to lead. You don't need a platform to serve. You don't need approval to act. You need conviction. You need courage. And you need a love for this country that burns hotter than any hatred the world tries to throw your way.

That's what I strive to embody, not just as a citizen, but as a patriot. A servant. A builder. A believer in this American experiment.

Because America doesn't just need politicians. It needs parents. It needs mentors. It needs entrepreneurs. It needs truth-tellers, faith-walkers, and freedom-defenders.

It needs *you*. And it needs me.

And I will never stop showing up.

“You don’t have to be born here to be a great American. You just have to believe in what makes America great.”

I wasn't born in the United States. I didn't grow up singing the national anthem at baseball games or learning the names of the Founding Fathers in a classroom. I didn't pledge allegiance to the flag each morning. I didn't know what the Constitution was. But even before I arrived, something in my spirit yearned for what this country offered: freedom, opportunity, and dignity.

My journey to America didn't begin with dreams, it began with tragedy.

I was just eight years old when my mother died. That loss split my life in two: before and after. Overnight, my world collapsed. No home. No stability. No certainty. Just questions no child should ever have to face. I was forced to grow up fast, to fend for myself, to learn how to survive in a world that didn't offer many second chances. But even in that hardship, in the grief and instability, God was working. Because every painful step was leading me toward something greater. He was guiding me toward a place where liberty wasn't just a word in a book, it was a living, breathing promise.

When I first arrived in America, I was too young to grasp the magnitude of the blessing I had stepped into. I didn't understand what freedom truly meant, not yet. I didn't know that I had just crossed into a land where my past wouldn't define my future, where dreams weren't dictated by party loyalty or family status, but by faith, effort, and perseverance. I didn't inherit America's blessings. I *chose* them.

I chose freedom over fear. I chose opportunity over oppression. I chose the Constitution over control. I chose to believe that my rights didn't come from rulers, but from God. And I chose to live not as a victim of my circumstances, but as a steward of the second chance I had been given.

America didn't owe me anything, and yet, she gave me everything: a new beginning, a blank page, and the tools to build a life of purpose. I didn't just come to this country; I committed to it. At seventeen, I joined the U.S. Navy not just to serve, but to escape. I was running from the weight of poverty, from the brokenness of my surroundings, from a life that offered no clear path forward. But I wasn't just running away, I was running *toward* something: a

future. A better life. A chance to provide not only for myself, but for my little sister, who depended on me more than anyone else in the world.

That oath I took at seventeen wasn't just a string of formal words, it was a defining moment. It marked the end of uncertainty and the beginning of responsibility. When I put on that uniform, it wasn't just fabric on my back, it was a declaration of purpose. A promise that I believed in the values that built this country. A signal that I was ready to fight for the freedoms I had only just begun to understand.

I didn't serve for glory. I didn't serve for medals or recognition. I served out of gratitude, for the liberty I had been given, for the dignity that service restored in me, and for the chance to stand tall in the soil that had accepted me, nourished me, and allowed me to grow.

Rush Limbaugh didn't just influence my politics; he helped shape my identity. He didn't preach to me; he spoke to me. He didn't demand that I fit a mold, he held up a mirror and helped me see who I already was. He helped me understand that I wasn't just an immigrant trying to fit in, I was an American who had found his place. Not as a guest in someone else's home, but as a full and rightful heir to its promise.

Rush taught me that conservatism isn't about party lines or political trends. It's about eternal values: faith in God, belief in the dignity of the individual, reverence for liberty, respect for the rule of law, and the moral responsibility to stand up for what is right, even when it's hard, even when it costs you. He showed me that real conservatism is rooted in gratitude, not grievance; in conviction, not convenience; in courage, not conformity.

I didn't have to change who I was to become a conservative. I simply discovered that my entire life had already reflected those values. I had lived with faith, fought for freedom, honored family, and overcome adversity, and now, I had a name for it. Conservatism wasn't a political label; it was my life's testimony. And that testimony gave me a mission.

I founded the **Hispanic Community Council of Chautauqua County** not because it was easy, but because it was *necessary*. I know what it's like to feel voiceless. I know the fear, the frustration, the confusion that so many Latino families experience when trying to build a life in a country they deeply love but don't yet fully understand. I didn't want to wait for someone else to act. I stepped up, not because I had every solution, but because I refused to stand by in silence.

We serve, we educate, we empower, not as victims begging for scraps, but as citizens building a legacy. We help people find their place, their purpose, and their power, not through dependency, but through self-determination. Because that's what this country is about. Not what you are given, but what you *build*.

I vote. I mentor. I serve. I lead. Not because I crave power, but because I cherish freedom. As a teenager in the Dominican Republic, I saw firsthand how a government can control not

only what you do, but what you say, how fear seeps into everyday life, how opportunity is reserved for the politically connected, and how dreams are quietly silenced. I remember learning early to stay quiet, to look down, to not draw attention, because one wrong word could close doors that were barely open to begin with.

That's why I don't take liberty for granted. I know what it means to wonder if you'll ever have a voice, and I know the miracle of finally finding it. And now that I have it, I use it, to defend the values that set people free, to mentor the next generation, and to honor the country that gave me more than a second chance. It gave me a platform, a purpose, and a place to belong.

Rush gave me more than political insight. He gave me courage. He gave me permission to speak boldly, to stand firmly, and to live freely, not just as a citizen, but as a *patriot*. Because being conservative isn't about preserving the past, it's about protecting the truth. It's about believing in the greatness of this country, and in the strength of her people.

I wasn't born in America, but I was born to be *free*. And that freedom found me here. I will spend the rest of my life honoring that gift, not by taking, but by giving. Not by staying silent, but by speaking up. Not by hiding, but by standing tall under the banner of liberty.

Because you don't have to be born in America to love her. You don't need perfect conditions to embrace her promise. All you need is the courage to believe in her values, and the willingness to fight for them.

And I do. Every single day. That's not just patriotism. That's my *purpose*.

Chapter 7: The Military — Respecting Those Who Defend Our Freedom

I didn't speak English when I first arrived in America.

I was a young Hispanic man living in the ghetto of New York City chasing something I couldn't yet name, a way out, a way forward. I came from a neighborhood most people try to forget. Poverty wasn't a season. It was a cycle. Violence wasn't a rare event. It was a rhythm, a whisper at dusk that often turned into a siren by midnight. Dreams didn't grow easily there. And if they did, they were quickly trampled by the weight of reality.

But I didn't want that life. Not for me. And especially not for my little sister.

We had already lost so much. I couldn't let our surroundings dictate our future. I didn't have powerful connections. I didn't have money. But I had two things: determination and a quiet belief, one I barely understood, that this country still offered something better if I was willing to fight for it.

That belief led me to the United States Navy.

Let me be honest: I didn't join the military because I was some poster-boy patriot who understood the Constitution. At that time, I didn't even know what patriotism really meant. I joined because I was desperate. Desperate to escape the ghetto. Desperate to break the cycle. Desperate to breathe air that didn't smell of despair. I joined because I needed structure. I needed direction. I needed to survive, and I wanted my sister to see there was more to life than what we'd known.

I wasn't trying to become a hero. I was just trying to become *someone*.

Someone with purpose. Someone with dignity. Someone who could show the next generation, my sister, and maybe one day my own kids, that we don't have to be defined by the zip code we were born into, the accent we speak with, or the labels that society quietly tapes to our backs.

Joining the Navy wasn't about waving a flag or repeating slogans.

And the moment I stepped off that bus at boot camp, everything changed.

The Navy didn't just give me a uniform. It gave me an identity.

It took a scared kid with broken English, bruised pride, and blurry dreams, and it gave him direction. It gave him pride. It gave him a mission. I wasn't drifting anymore. I was moving forward, with purpose, with people, with power that didn't come from politics, but from personal responsibility.

I still remember the first time I stood in formation. Standing tall, chest out, wearing the uniform of the **United States Navy**. My boots were tight, my heart even tighter. But something inside me shifted. For the first time in my life, I wasn't running from anything. I was standing *for* something, something bigger than me, something eternal.

And I wasn't standing alone.

The Navy gave me more than training, it gave me a second family. Not one formed by blood, but by brotherhood. I served alongside men and women from every walk of life, rural kids from the Midwest, city kids from the Bronx, children of immigrants, descendants of farmers, the rich, the poor, the brilliant, the struggling, and none of that mattered. Because when we suited up, we were one team. We had one mission. And we had each other's backs.

We didn't all look the same. We didn't vote the same. We didn't even pray the same. But when we deployed, trained, fought, or grieved, we were family. We depended on each other to get the job done. And more importantly, we depended on each other to make it home.

That's when I started to understand what *real* patriotism looked like.

It wasn't about shouting the loudest or flaunting the flag on social media. It was in the quiet moments, hoisting the American flag at dawn with sore shoulders. Folding it at sunset with tired eyes. Saluting it with reverence that only comes from knowing how much it costs to keep it flying.

It was in the sacrifices, birthdays missed, funerals attended from afar, long watches on cold nights, deployments spent far from family. It was in the realization that freedom isn't free, not even close. It's bought and paid for daily by ordinary people doing extraordinary things, most of whom will never make headlines.

It was in those moments that I began to understand that America isn't just a country. It's a promise.

A promise that says if you serve with honor, if you live with courage, if you believe in something greater than yourself, you *can* rise. You *can* belong. You *can* matter.

That's what the Navy gave me, not just a career or a paycheck, but a future. A foundation. A reason to be proud of who I was becoming.

And when my tour ended, I didn't leave the Navy behind, I carried it with me. I carried the lessons. The discipline. The pride. The patriotism, earned, not inherited. Understood, not assumed.

Years later, when I began listening to Rush Limbaugh, it all clicked.

Rush spoke about patriotism, personal responsibility, and American greatness, not as abstract ideals, but as living truths. And for the first time, I realized that I wasn't just a veteran with a story. I was a *conservative* with a voice.

Rush gave words to what I had lived. He reminded me that America doesn't owe you success, but it *offers* you the chance to earn it. That freedom isn't about comfort, it's about courage. That our military isn't a burden to society, it's the backbone of our liberty.

Thanks to my service, I came to understand the value of this country. Thanks to Rush, I came to understand how to *defend* that value in the public square, with truth, with confidence, with conviction.

Today, when I look back at that scared young man who enlisted to escape the barrio, I don't see a statistic or a stereotype. I see a soldier of purpose. A protector of freedom. A man transformed by service and forged by sacrifice.

And when I say I'm proud to be an American, I say it with the weight of memory, the clarity of conviction, and the fullness of gratitude.

Because I didn't just *wear* the uniform.

I *earned* the right to love this country, deeply, loudly, and without apology.

“We owe our freedom to those who stand on the wall, who wear the uniform, who never ask for fame, but always answer the call.”

Those words are more than poetic. They are personal. They're not a slogan to me, they are the truth I have lived.

I was one of those who stood on the wall.

I was one of those young men who raised his right hand and swore an oath, not for applause, not for recognition, but out of a deep, burning belief in the promise of this country. I put on the uniform of the **United States Navy** not because I wanted glory, but because I wanted to *give back*. I believed in the America I had come to know, not the America of the headlines or political debates, but the America of second chances, of silent dignity, of opportunity born from sacrifice.

You see, I didn't come to America by choice. I came by tragedy.

When I was just eight years old, my mother passed away. In a moment, my world collapsed. I lost not only a parent, I lost my foundation. My future became uncertain. I was passed from place to place, often unsure where I belonged or if I belonged anywhere at all. I didn't just lose my home. I lost my identity.

I was, for a time, a boy without a country and a child without a family.

But this country, this beautiful, and faithful land, slowly became my home. Its people became my adopted family. Its values became my compass. In America, I found the room to rebuild. I found the freedom to dream. I found the strength to stand. And when I could finally give something back, I didn't hesitate.

I continue serving in the U.S. Navy Reserve not because I am bound by duty alone, but because I owe a debt, not of obligation, but of gratitude. Gratitude to a nation that gave me a second chance. Gratitude to a people who welcomed me when I was lost. Gratitude to the flag that flew over every chapter of my transformation, from immigrant to sailor, from student to citizen, from follower to leader.

My service is not repayment, it's a reflection. A reflection of the pride I feel for this country, and the deep love I carry for its ideals. I wear the uniform not just to defend American

freedom, but to honor it. Because everything I've become, every opportunity I've been given, was made possible by the promise of this land and the people who sacrificed before me.

I served to defend the very freedoms I was just beginning to understand. I served not as a native son, but as a grateful one. I served because I believe, with every fiber of my being, that liberty is not just a gift, it's a sacred responsibility. A gift paid forward by those willing to stand the watch. This is my way of saying thank you, not just in words, but in action.

And my service didn't stop when I took off the Navy uniform.

Today, I proudly wear another, as a **Captain and Deputy Commander in the Civil Air Patrol**, right here in **Jamestown, New York**. My mission is different, but my purpose is unchanged. I now mentor cadets, guide the next generation, promote aerospace education, support emergency services, and model the same principles that shaped me, discipline, duty, and devotion to country.

It's a new uniform, but it serves the same flag.

My work in the **Civil Air Patrol** is about more than drills and training. It's about building citizens. It's about helping young men and women understand that patriotism isn't about perfection, it's about participation. That service can take many forms, but it always begins with the willingness to put others before self.

Rush Limbaugh understood that kind of service.

Rush didn't glamorize war. He never used the military as a political backdrop. He spoke of servicemen and women with reverence, not rhetoric. When he talked about "the troops," he reminded America that we are more than uniforms. We are fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, neighbors and friends. We are people with stories, sacrifices, and a deep-seated love for the freedom we swore to protect.

Rush understood what many still don't: that freedom is *fragile*. That liberty is *not inherited*, it is *earned and defended* in every generation. He helped civilians see what those of us in uniform know instinctively, that the true strength of a nation isn't found in its institutions or its wealth, but in the character of its citizens.

He reminded us that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance, and that someone must always be willing to *answer the call* when others hesitate.

Through Rush's voice, I found validation. Through his words, I felt seen, not just as a veteran, but as a believer in the principles that make America exceptional. He helped me recognize that my service didn't end when my enlistment did. On the contrary, that's when the real mission began.

Because being a veteran is not just about what you've done. It's about what you continue to do. It's about how you live. How you lead. How you give back.

Today, I serve in a different way, as a father, a mentor, a citizen.

I raise children who respect the flag, who understand the value of sacrifice, who stand at attention during the national anthem not because they're told to, but because they *believe* in what it represents. I teach young cadets not just how to wear a uniform, but how to carry themselves with honor. I stand in my community not as someone who demands respect, but as someone who works every day to *earn* it.

Because service doesn't stop when the uniform comes off.

In fact, that's when it matters *most*.

It matters in the way you raise your family. In the way you treat your neighbor. In how you vote, how you speak, how you show up for your community. It matters when you pick up trash no one else will, when you mentor a child who needs direction, when you stand up for what's right, even when no one is watching.

I didn't wear the uniform to make a statement. I wore it because I love this country. And I still do.

Every day. In every way.

As a veteran.

As a Captain in the Civil Air Patrol.

As a father.

As a husband.

As a citizen.

As an American.

Because true service is not just a chapter in your life, it's the *theme* of your life.

And when I think of the words, "We owe our freedom to those who stand on the wall," I don't just nod. I remember. I reflect. I recommit.

Because I was there. And I still am.

"The American soldier doesn't fight because he hates what's in front of him; he fights because he loves what's behind him, his country, his family, and our freedom."

That quote hits home for me. It's not just a clever line. It's a lived reality.

I still remember the day I stepped off the bus at Navy boot camp, nervous, uncertain, carrying everything I had lost and everything I hoped to become. I was young, far from

home, and suddenly surrounded by strangers, barking voices, and a level of intensity I had never experienced before. The air was thick with the scent of sweat, steel, and determination.

Boot camp was brutal. It broke you down, not to destroy you, but to rebuild you. The days bled into nights, the screaming into silence, the push-ups into pain. You were stripped of comfort, of luxury, of identity, until all that remained was your will, your grit, and the brothers and sisters beside you.

I trained with Americans from every walk of life. Black, White, Latino. Some were rich, others had grown up with nothing. Inner-city kids stood next to farm boys. First-generation immigrants like me bunked with descendants of Mayflower passengers. We didn't look the same. We didn't sound the same. We didn't even worship or vote the same. But none of that mattered.

Because when we put on the uniform, we became one.

We weren't there for a paycheck. We weren't there for medals or media praise. We were there because we believed in something *greater than ourselves*, in duty, in honor, and in the fragile, priceless gift of freedom.

And it was during those grueling weeks, when my muscles ached and my mind was tested, that I began to understand something profound, the kind of truth Rush Limbaugh spoke so clearly about when he called the military "the soul of America."

It wasn't about politics. It wasn't about power or conquest. It was about *sacrifice*. It was about *selflessness*. It was about a quiet, disciplined strength that holds the line so others can live free.

Rush never used the military as a talking point or a campaign slogan. He treated us as patriots, not props. He didn't glorify war, but he honored the warrior. He reminded the country that soldiers, sailors, airmen, and Marines don't ask for much, just the opportunity to serve, the respect of their nation, and the sacred promise that their sacrifice will not be forgotten.

And in doing so, he gave us a voice, the kind of voice that reaches into the heart of a working-class home or a lonely barracks overseas and says, "You matter. Your service matters. Your *country* still sees you."

In the military, I learned that real leadership doesn't come from barking orders or chasing applause. It comes from *showing up*, when it counts, when it hurts, when it's hard. Leadership is about taking care of your people, pushing through pain, and doing the right thing, even when nobody's watching. Especially then.

You don't lead by being fearless. You lead by being willing, willing to stand up, to take the hit, to walk into the unknown because something worth protecting stands behind you.

For me, that "something" was America, the country that took me in when I had no one else. The nation that offered me not just shelter, but a future. It was my family, the one I found in this country and the one I later built with love and purpose. It was the belief that liberty isn't cheap and shouldn't be taken for granted. It must be defended, by those who know what it costs.

Military life taught me more than how to follow orders or handle equipment. It taught me *discipline, integrity, and respect*. It taught me to stand tall, even when I felt broken. It taught me that patriotism isn't a show, it's a *promise*.

A promise to live not just for yourself, but for your neighbor.

A promise to protect what's right, even when it's unpopular.

A promise to honor the country that gave you a second chance, even when others forget what a blessing that is.

That promise didn't end when I left active duty. If anything, it deepened.

Today, I continue that mission in a different uniform, as a **Captain in the Civil Air Patrol**, mentoring cadets, supporting emergency services, and preparing the next generation of patriots to take the baton. I serve as a husband, a father, a mentor, a community leader, and an entrepreneur. In every role, I carry the same commitment I forged in the military: to serve, to uplift, to protect.

Rush helped people like me, veterans, immigrants, workers, parents, rediscover that *loving your country* isn't something to whisper. It's something to live boldly. He made it okay to be proud of America, even when it wasn't trendy. He spoke directly to the heart of the nation and reminded us that the strength of this republic has never come from Washington. It has always come from the *people*.

From the ones who wake up early, go to work, raise their children, volunteer on weekends, and still find time to pray for their country. From the ones who wear the uniform, and from those who support them. From those who know that freedom isn't free, and are willing to pay its price, day after day.

Rush gave a voice to our values. He reminded us that patriotism isn't hate; it's love. It's love of family, love of freedom, love of a nation that isn't perfect, but is *worth fighting for*.

And I'll keep fighting for her, with my words, with my work, and with my example.

Because I remember what's behind me.

And I know it's worth defending.

“Every freedom you enjoy, your right to speak, to worship, to pursue happiness, was defended by someone who put on the uniform and said, ‘I’ll go.’”

When I raised my right hand and took the oath to support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, I didn’t see myself as a hero. I wasn’t chasing medals. I wasn’t looking for applause. I wore the uniform of the United States Navy because I believed in something greater than myself, the idea that freedom, once earned, must always be guarded. That liberty is not automatic. It is passed down through generations, bought and paid for with service and sacrifice.

Serving in the **U.S. Navy** remains one of the greatest honors of my life. It tested me in ways I never imagined. The days were long, the expectations were high, and the weight of responsibility was real. I had to earn every stripe, every salute, every quiet moment of pride. But never once did I resent the sacrifice. I welcomed it.

I was grateful.

Grateful to stand in ranks with the best of America, men and women of all colors, backgrounds, faiths, and stories, bound together by a common purpose: to protect this country and its people. Grateful for the discipline, the structure, and the honor that came with the uniform. Grateful to serve the nation that had given me a second chance at life, when my first one had been ripped away by tragedy.

And though I didn’t consider myself extraordinary, there was someone who saw the extraordinary in all of us who served.

His name was **Rush Limbaugh**.

Rush made sure America never forgot its warriors, those on the front lines, those in training, those who came home scarred, and those who never made it home at all. Through his voice, he gave us dignity. He gave us visibility. He gave us a place in the national conversation at a time when others tried to push us into the shadows.

He didn’t use the military as a backdrop for speeches or photo ops. He honored us because he understood us. He knew that freedom doesn’t come from politicians in suits, or bureaucrats in marble offices, it comes from men and women in boots, in camo, in silence. People who give up comfort for a greater cause. People who don’t ask for recognition but deserve our deepest respect.

Rush never glorified war, but he **glorified the warrior**. He didn’t romanticize violence, but he recognized that peace only exists because brave souls are willing to defend it. He understood that behind every freedom enjoyed in this country, from the right to protest to the right to pray, stood a soldier, a sailor, an airman, or a Marine who once said, “Send me.”

And when that sacrifice was mocked or minimized, Rush didn't stay silent. He called it out. Loudly. Unapologetically. Whether it was politicians using the military as a political prop while slashing its funding, or celebrities mocking American values from the safety of their Hollywood mansions, Rush stood up. He reminded the nation that our military was not a political tool or a cultural scapegoat. It was the living embodiment of duty, sacrifice, and patriotism.

He had the courage to say what many were too afraid to say: that freedom isn't free, and those who enjoy it owe a debt to those who defend it. Not a guilt trip, but a call to gratitude. Not a burden, but a blessing, to live in a country where others were willing to bleed for your right to be free.

Every time Rush thanked a veteran on the air, every time he told the story of a fallen hero or a decorated warrior, every time he reminded his audience of the meaning of Memorial Day, Veterans Day, and Independence Day, he was anchoring the nation in what truly matters: truth, honor, and remembrance.

And for those of us who have worn the uniform, that meant everything.

Even now, though I'm no longer on active duty, my service hasn't ended. Today I continue that mission as a **Captain and Deputy Commander in the Civil Air Patrol** in Jamestown, New York. I mentor cadets, support emergency services, promote aerospace education, and prepare the next generation to understand what it means to lead, to serve, and to sacrifice.

No, I'm not in a war zone. But I'm still standing watch. Because service doesn't stop when the uniform comes off. It transforms. It grows. It deepens.

Rush reminded America that you don't have to serve in the military to *support* the military. You just have to respect what it stands for. You just have to remember who paid for your freedom and live in a way that honors them.

Freedom isn't maintained by chance. It's preserved by choice, the choice to answer the call, to stand the post, to raise the next generation with pride in their country, and to never forget the price that was paid so we could live free.

So yes, your freedom to speak, to worship, to pursue happiness, it wasn't born out of luck. It was preserved by those who raised their right hand and said, "I'll go."

And I was proud to be one of them.

"If you can't stand for the flag, if you can't respect the military, then you don't understand what makes this country worth defending."

That kind of clarity wasn't just refreshing, it was rare.

In an age when the flag is too often seen as controversial instead of unifying... when patriotism is met with cynicism, and military service is either politicized or pushed to the margins... Rush Limbaugh stood firm. Unapologetic. Uncompromising. And deeply loyal to the men and women who wear the uniform of the United States military.

For Americans like me, that loyalty meant something.

Because far too often, veterans are honored in words but forgotten in deeds. We're remembered on national holidays but overlooked in the policies that shape our futures. We're thanked in speeches but left out of the cultural conversation about what defines this nation and what keeps it free.

But Rush didn't forget us.

He made sure we were part of the national story every single day. He reminded America that those who serve are not just defenders of land and liberty, we are the living embodiment of duty, sacrifice, and courage. Our service wasn't a political chess piece to him. It was sacred. It was foundational. It was part of the moral bedrock that makes America what it is.

He knew that when someone kneels during the anthem, or burns the flag, or scoffs at our armed forces, they're not exercising enlightened protest, they're revealing a disconnect from the very blessings they claim to enjoy. They've lost sight of the cost of freedom. They've forgotten that every right they exercise was earned by someone who stood in harm's way, far from home, so that they could speak freely, live boldly, and pursue happiness in peace.

And Rush never let that truth get buried beneath headlines or hashtags.

He wasn't afraid to say what so many of us felt in our hearts: If you can't respect the flag, the anthem, or the warriors who defend them, then you've missed the entire point of America. This country was never perfect, but it is exceptional. Not because of its government, but because of its people. Especially those who answered the call to serve and risked everything to keep the flame of liberty burning.

I remember vividly the first time I saluted the American flag, not as a civilian, but as a sailor. I remember the chill of boot camp mornings, the bark of commands, the endless hours of discipline. But I also remember the pride, the unity, and the unspoken bond that forms between people who are willing to bleed for the same cause. People who love this country not just for what it gives, but for what it stands for.

And even after my active duty ended, that sense of mission never left me. It transformed. It deepened. It matured into a lifelong responsibility.

That's why today, I continue to serve as a **Captain in the Civil Air Patrol** and **Deputy Commander in Jamestown, New York**. Because the call to serve doesn't retire with your rank. It only evolves. I may not be standing watch on a carrier deck anymore, but I'm still on duty, guiding the next generation of leaders, protecting the values that built this nation, and keeping the spirit of patriotism alive in a culture that too often forgets its roots.

And I do it with pride. With purpose. With resolve.

So, when I see someone mock the anthem or turn their back on the flag, I don't just get angry. I get *determined*. Determined to remind them, and everyone around me, that freedom is not a fashion statement. It is not a phase. It is a privilege. And that privilege was bought with the lives of the brave, not the whims of the comfortable.

Rush understood that better than anyone in media. He refused to let patriotism be redefined by those who never paid for it. He gave us the words, the courage, to keep standing tall, even when it felt like the world was turning upside down.

Veterans like me don't ask for parades. We don't demand special treatment. What we ask for is simple:

We ask for truth.

We ask for honor.

We ask for a country that lives in a way that is *worthy* of the sacrifice made on its behalf.

Thanks to voices like Rush's, that truth is still being told. That flag is still flying high. And that spirit, the spirit of service, sacrifice, and unapologetic patriotism, is still alive.

And as long as I have breath in my lungs and strength in my soul, I will continue to stand guard, not just over a piece of land, but over an idea. An idea called America. The last, best hope of freedom on this Earth.

"It is the soldier, not the activist, who guarantees our right to protest. It is the soldier who defends the freedom of every American, even those who don't understand its cost."

That truth may not be popular in today's culture, but it's undeniable. And it's a truth that those of us who've worn the uniform understand in our bones. Not because we read about it. Not because we heard it in a lecture or saw it on a screen. But because we *lived* it.

Service isn't about applause. It isn't about medals or media coverage. It's about sacrifice, silent, daily, and often unseen. It's about waking up every morning knowing you've signed your name to a blank check made payable to the United States of America, for an amount

up to and including your life. And you do it knowing that most people will never grasp the depth of that commitment. And you do it anyway.

Because it's not about being understood. It's about being faithful. Faithful to the Constitution. Faithful to the oath. Faithful to your brothers and sisters in arms. And above all, faithful to the idea that America, though imperfect, is worth defending.

It's about resilience, of body, mind, and spirit. It's about facing danger without flinching. It's about enduring loss and hardship and still believing in the flag you salute. It's about carrying the weight of responsibility, not just in battle, but long after you return home.

Rush Limbaugh understood that.

He didn't glorify war. He never turned patriotism into a bumper sticker slogan. Instead, he spoke with fierce and unflinching honesty about the men and women who serve. He didn't see us as victims or props. He saw us as heroes, not because we asked to be called that, but because we lived a life of service, duty, and honor without needing recognition.

Rush told the hard truth that many tried to ignore, that freedom isn't preserved by celebrities on stage, or activists in the streets, or politicians at podiums. It's preserved by ordinary Americans who do extraordinary things, who leave their families, who serve in silence, who give without expecting anything in return.

He often spoke of what he called *citizen leadership*, the idea that military service doesn't end when the uniform comes off. In many ways, it only begins.

Rush believed that veterans were uniquely equipped to lead this nation forward. Not because we held rank, but because we had already lived the values that make leadership possible, discipline, sacrifice, humility, courage, and a mission-first mindset.

He knew we weren't interested in parades. We wanted purpose. We didn't crave attention. We craved responsibility.

Because we understand something that can't be taught in a classroom: the freedoms we fought for don't maintain themselves. They must be protected, not just on the battlefield, but in our homes, our neighborhoods, our schools, and our communities.

That's why I continue to serve.

Not just with medals on my chest, but with service in my heart.

Whether I'm standing in a classroom teaching my children about honor and duty... mentoring young Latinos in Chautauqua County who are searching for identity and purpose... or guiding cadets in the **Civil Air Patrol as a Captain and Deputy Commander**, helping them become the leaders of tomorrow... I serve with the same sense of mission I carried in uniform.

Because I am a *citizen soldier*, a title Rush would have respected deeply. And he made it clear that the survival of this republic doesn't rest in the hands of bureaucrats or elites. It rests in the hearts of ordinary men and women who are willing to *stand*, to *speak*, and to *serve*.

Veterans know that freedom isn't just a flag on the Fourth of July. It's not just a lyric in the national anthem. It's a fight, a sacred fight, and it doesn't end when the war is over. It continues every day in the way we live, lead, and give.

Rush Limbaugh gave us the microphone. He made sure our voices were heard when others tried to silence us. He honored the fallen. He reminded America what real courage looks like. And more importantly, he challenged the rest of the country to *deserve* the freedom we fought to protect.

He reminded us, veterans and civilians alike, that coming home didn't mean we were finished. It meant we had more to give. It meant that our next mission had just begun.

And for that, I'm not just grateful. I'm inspired.

Because in the America Rush believed in, and that I still believe in, duty doesn't expire, honor doesn't fade, and service never ends.

“They don’t ask for much, just that we remember. That we honor. That we never forget what they gave for us.”

And that's exactly what I strive to do, not just on holidays or special occasions, but every single day.

For me, remembrance isn't passive. It's not just a moment of silence or a folded flag. It's action. It's commitment. It's living in a way that reflects the values we fought to protect. I carry the stories, the lessons, and the legacy of my time in uniform wherever I go. They shape how I think, how I lead, how I raise my family, and how I serve my community.

When I speak to young people, I don't just tell them about the Navy. I tell them what military service gave me, discipline, brotherhood, accountability, and a sense of mission that still fuels me. I remind them that true purpose isn't found in comfort or ease, but in sacrifice and service. I don't speak for applause; I speak because I remember what it felt like to stand the watch, to carry the flag, to look into the eyes of my fellow sailors and know we were protecting something sacred.

I still stay connected with a close-knit group of Navy airmen I served with at **Naval Air Station Cecil Field** in Florida. Luis Arrango. Angelo Segarra. Brothers not by blood, but by fire, the fire of shared sacrifice, trust, and duty. We still call one another. We visit when we

can. We lean on each other through life's storms. Time has passed, and life has changed, but that bond? That's forever. That's the kind of loyalty the military forges, not through convenience, but through commitment.

Now, as a Captain and mentor in the Civil Air Patrol, I see how the smallest acts of guidance can change the course of a young person's life. I think of Cadet Gonzales, just a boy when he first put on that uniform, eyes full of curiosity and potential. I had the privilege to mentor him, to challenge him, to believe in him. Today, he's become a man of integrity and promise. Watching him rise is one of the great honors of as a mentor. Because in him, I see the future of this country. And I know that the time and care we invest in the next generation will determine the strength of America tomorrow.

That's why I still serve, not for medals, not for recognition, but for the mission that never ends: *to guide, to uplift, and to pass the torch.*

Rush Limbaugh once asked a question that has stayed with me since the moment I heard it: **"What kind of country will we pass on to the next generation?"**

That question drives me. It challenges me. It keeps me up at night. Because it's not enough to enjoy the freedoms we were given, we must *defend* them, *preserve* them, and *teach* them. We must model them through our parenting, our leadership, our faith, our work ethic, and our involvement in the community.

Freedom isn't automatic. It doesn't pass through bloodlines. It passes through conviction. It's something each generation must choose, must fight for, must live out, or risk losing.

When I mentor cadets, when I speak to young leaders, when I stand in front of that flag and salute, I'm not just honoring my past. I'm investing in our future. I'm honoring those who came before me by shaping those who will come after me.

I don't serve for medals or titles. I serve to ensure that this country, this incredible, flawed, yet exceptional country, continues to shine as a beacon of liberty for generations to come. That it remains a place where courage is honored, where duty still matters, and where the sacrifices of heroes are never forgotten.

That's how I keep my promise to the ones who never came home. That's how I say, with my life, *"I remember you."*

And I always will.

"Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on." – President Reagan

President Reagan's words aren't just a warning, they are a mission. A solemn charge. A truth so powerful that it pierces through the noise of our time and calls every American to attention.

For me, that mission is no longer theoretical. It is personal. It is daily. It is the reason I get up in the morning and the reason I serve, even out of uniform. My duty now is not just to remember the sacrifices of the past, but to ensure those sacrifices were not in vain. It is to *hand freedom on*, intact, vibrant, and uncompromised, to the next generation.

I carry with me the legacy of brothers and sisters who stood the line beside me, who knew that liberty is not permanent unless protected by conviction. I remember their faces. I recall the quiet moments before deployment, the sound of reveille at dawn, and the sacred ritual of saluting the flag, not as a formality, but as a vow. A vow to guard what so many take for granted.

Today, that vow echoes through every part of my life. I live it out by raising my own children to understand a truth too many forget: that freedom is not a birthright, it is a sacred gift, paid for in blood, secured by service, and preserved through courage and vigilance. I teach them that liberty must be guarded, not just celebrated.

But it doesn't stop with my family. I share that same message with the cadets I mentor, the students I speak to, and every young person I have the privilege to guide, including my own grown children. I want them all to inherit not just a nation, but a mission: to live with purpose, to stand for truth, to carry forward the values that make America exceptional.

I want them to grow up, and grow strong, in an America that still knows what it stands for: an America of liberty, faith, personal responsibility, and boundless opportunity. A country that honors its past, defends its principles, and boldly fights for its future.

But I don't carry this burden alone. I carry it for your children, too. I carry it for the kids I mentor in the Civil Air Patrol, for the young men and women in my community who are still figuring out what it means to be an American. I carry it for every young Latino boy or girl who might feel unsure of where they fit in this country, and I tell them, *you belong here, because America belongs to those who love her enough to serve her.*

Rush Limbaugh understood that. He never wore the uniform, but he fought a different kind of battle, a cultural battle. A war for truth, for values, for the soul of this nation. He didn't need a rifle to defend freedom. His weapon was the truth, and his battlefield was the microphone. Through him, millions of Americans remembered what patriotism really meant.

Rush gave voice to those of us who had been silenced. He reminded America that military service is not something to be pitied or politicized, it is to be honored. He stood up when

others sat down. He spoke the truth when others danced around it. And he did it not for fame, but because he believed in the America that still lives in the hearts of patriots.

Through Rush, I came to understand something deeper: that defending liberty is not just the role of those in uniform, it is the responsibility of every American. Every parent who teaches their children right from wrong. Every citizen who votes with principle. Every pastor who speaks truth from the pulpit. Every worker who shows up, works hard, and plays by the rules. *That is service.* That is patriotism in motion.

Because freedom demands more than gratitude, it demands action. It demands that we do more than wave a flag once a year. It calls us to live in a way that is worthy of those who gave everything. To become stewards of a legacy that does not belong to any party or class, but to every citizen, regardless of race, background, or belief.

It demands courage when truth is unpopular. It demands conviction when convenience would be easier. And it demands love, yes, *love*, for this imperfect, powerful, beautiful country that has given so many of us a second chance at life.

And that is exactly what I intend to give back.

That is my mission. That is my promise.

To honor the fallen, by standing for what they died to defend.

To inspire the living, by showing that service does not end, it evolves.

And to hand freedom on, one life at a time, one lesson at a time, one act of courage at a time... until the torch of liberty burns even brighter in the hands of those who come after us.

We are not done. America is not finished.

And as long as I breathe, I will do my part to make sure that freedom does not become a forgotten chapter but remains our living story.

Chapter 8: Understanding Republicans and Democrats, Rush's Clarity on the Divide

This chapter may be the most personal, and perhaps the costliest, one I will ever write. I know that by sharing these truths, I risk alienating friends, and even some family members may struggle to understand the lens through which I now view the world. As a Hispanic, I come from a culture where family is everything, deeply woven into the fabric of daily life, a source of identity, strength, and loyalty. Faith is not a casual belief but a guiding force that shapes values and decisions. In many Hispanic homes, politics is rarely discussed openly; when it is, it often carries heavy emotion and tends to lean in one direction, influenced more by tradition, community narratives, and heartfelt sentiment than by critical examination.

So, when I began to explore conservative ideas and found myself quoting Rush Limbaugh, a figure many in my community had been taught to fear or dismiss without ever truly listening, I knew I was stepping onto a difficult path. I was crossing a line that would cost me relationships, comfort, and approval. But I chose to walk that path, not out of rebellion

or defiance, but out of a genuine desire to understand. To grasp the deeper truths beneath the noise.

It was Rush who provided that clarity. He didn't just explain the political divide between Republicans and Democrats; he gave me a framework and a language to articulate what I had long felt intuitively in my heart. He reminded me that freedom is not a gift handed down by governments or politicians; it is an inherent right we are born with, a divine trust entrusted to each individual. The true role of government, he taught, is not to control or engineer our lives, but to safeguard the liberty that empowers us to pursue our own dreams, to take responsibility for our own futures, and to live according to our own values.

Rush's clarity illuminated the fundamental philosophical differences between the parties, one that views people primarily as individuals capable of greatness and responsibility, and the other that often treats people as perpetual dependents in need of management and control. He helped me understand why conservatives champion faith, family, and personal accountability, while liberals frequently emphasize government intervention and social engineering. These were not just political choices; they were reflections of competing worldviews about human nature, freedom, and the path to a prosperous society.

Navigating this divide as a Hispanic immigrant was not easy. The weight of cultural expectations, the risk of estrangement from loved ones, and the fear of misunderstanding all loomed large. Yet, embracing this clarity gave me a new voice, one rooted in gratitude for the country that welcomed me, respect for the sacrifices made by generations before me, and conviction in the principles that uphold the American promise.

This chapter is not just a political analysis. It's a personal journey, one of wrestling with identity, faith, and allegiance. It's about the courage to think independently, to seek truth even when it's unpopular, and to stand firm in the values that shape who I am and who I hope to be. It's about honoring the legacy of those who fought for freedom and ensuring that legacy continues through honest dialogue, committed citizenship, and unwavering faith in the American experiment.

“This isn't Republican vs. Democrat. This is liberty vs. tyranny. It's the individual vs. the state.”

Rush Limbaugh never reduced politics to a petty rivalry between red and blue. For him, it was never about personalities, it was always about principles. The real battle, he said, was far more serious and far more consequential: a fight between two irreconcilable worldviews.

On one side is conservatism, rooted in faith in the individual. It holds that every human being is born with God-given rights, capable of self-government, and responsible for their

own destiny. It believes in freedom as the natural condition of man and views government not as a provider but as a protector, limited in scope, accountable to the people, and restrained by the Constitution.

On the other side stands modern liberalism, which increasingly operates under the belief that people are too vulnerable to be trusted with freedom. It sees the state not as a servant of the people, but as the architect of society. In its name, bureaucrats assume the power to redistribute wealth, control speech, redefine truth, and mandate behavior. All in the name of compassion. All in the pursuit of equity.

Rush made this divide real, not just theoretical, by showing how it plays out in our daily lives. Let's look at three areas where that contrast becomes crystal clear: immigration, education, and healthcare.

Immigration: From Sovereignty to Chaos

Rush believed in legal immigration. He believed in the rule of law, the importance of borders, and the sovereignty of the nation. He believed that America is worth protecting, not just physically, but culturally and ideologically. He saw the Left's approach to immigration as less about compassion and more about control. Open borders weren't just a policy failure, they were a political strategy to flood the country with future voters dependent on the state.

I came to this country not by choice, but through tragedy. My mother passed away when I was just eight years old, and after her death, life became uncertain and unstable. My father, doing the best he could under the circumstances, began the long and painstaking process of petitioning for us to immigrate to the United States, legally. It took five years. Five long years of waiting, praying, filling out forms, and trusting in a process that promised a better future if we honored its rules.

By the time we arrived, I was a teenager carrying not just the grief of my childhood, but also the hope that America would be everything we had heard it could be. I didn't arrive with wealth, education, or connections. I arrived with the scars of hardship and the strength of discipline, knowing that nothing would be handed to me, but everything was possible.

That's why I ask, with honesty and conviction, why should someone who crosses the border illegally, bypassing the rules and systems that govern immigration, be granted the same rights and privileges as someone like me, who waited in line, respected the law, and came through the front door?

Is that fairness?

Is that justice?

Is that the America that rewards integrity and effort?

I understand the desperation that drives people to seek a better life. I lived that desperation. But honoring the law, even in hardship, is what makes America worth coming to. If we erase the difference between legal and illegal immigration, we don't just undermine the rule of law, we devalue every sacrifice made by immigrants like me who followed the rules, who waited, who proved ourselves before asking to be accepted.

Rush Limbaugh helped me understand this deeper truth: compassion without order becomes chaos. A nation without borders becomes just a place, not a people. And a people without laws cannot remain free.

I don't say this out of bitterness. I say it out of love, for a country that gave me a second chance, and for the millions who are still waiting, legally, to be welcomed into this land of opportunity. Their sacrifice deserves to mean something. And America's laws deserve to be respected, not ignored.

Education: From Learning to Indoctrination

Rush often said that public education had become one of the Left's most powerful tools for reshaping American society, not by teaching, but by indoctrinating. Classrooms that once focused on reading, writing, and arithmetic have been turned into platforms for activism, grievance, and anti-American ideology. The result is a system that no longer educates children to think critically, but conditions them to conform to political narratives.

That's not education. That's control.

As a parent, I saw this firsthand. I knew my children's future depended on more than test scores; it depended on the values they were being taught. That's why my we made the sacrifice to send our kids to private school. At the time, we were living in a community where the local public schools no longer reflected the values or educational quality we wanted for our children. The private school we chose was excellent, but it only went from first through seventh grade. We knew we had to think ahead. We weren't just planning for now; we were investing in our children's future.

So, we made another decision, a harder one. We moved to Palm Harbor, Florida. Not for prestige. Not for a bigger house or a nicer view. We moved because the public schools in Palm Harbor still believed in real education. They focused on academic rigor, not political ideology. In that community, we found schools that taught history, not revisionism; character, not victimhood; and truth, not propaganda.

We didn't make that move because it was easy. We made it because it was necessary. Because as parents, we believed it was our responsibility, not the government's, to protect our children's minds and shape their hearts. And today, we are grateful we did.

We were blessed to afford that choice, but it shouldn't require a financial sacrifice to protect your child from state-sponsored agendas. Education should empower young minds, not program them. Parents, not politicians or bureaucrats, should remain the primary influence in a child's moral and intellectual formation.

Today, through my non-profit, the Hispanic Community Council, I use what Rush Limbaugh gave me: the clarity and courage to speak out on these issues. I meet regularly with local Hispanic pastors and families to address the needs of their children. We discuss education, values, discipline, and opportunity. We don't just talk about problems, we look for real, community-rooted solutions. These families don't want handouts. They want a fair shot, a good education, and the freedom to raise their children according to their faith and values.

Rush taught me that the fight for the soul of America begins in the classroom, and that speaking truth, even when it's unpopular, is an act of love and responsibility.

Healthcare: From Care to Control

Healthcare is another front in the war between liberty and tyranny. Rush understood that when government controls your healthcare, it controls your body, your decisions, your privacy, and your future. Bureaucrats become the gatekeepers of life and death, deciding what care you receive and when. It's not about compassion, it's about compliance.

Rush was fearless in exposing the truth: universal healthcare may sound kind, but it's a Trojan horse for total control. Under the banner of "health equity," the Left demands more taxes, more mandates, more regulations, and less personal freedom. And once you're dependent on the government for your healthcare, you're dependent on it for everything.

I've seen what happens when people are forced to beg the state for care. I've seen how dignity disappears when bureaucrats make decisions instead of families and doctors. That's not the America I signed up to defend. That's not the freedom I wore the uniform for.

In Chautauqua County, where I live and serve, our Hispanic population, many of whom are from Puerto Rico and are American citizens by birth, face not only economic and social barriers, but also a frustrating lack of access to essential services in their native language. By law, government agencies are required to provide services in Spanish, but too often, those services are unavailable, incomplete, or handled with indifference. This isn't just a failure of communication; it's a failure of dignity and equal treatment.

That's why, through my nonprofit, the Hispanic Community Council, I continue the fight. We don't just advocate for education and cultural representation. We work to expand access to healthcare, ensure that public services meet legal language access requirements, and elevate the voices of families who too often go unheard.

We meet with local leaders, health networks, and government officials to demand accountability and real solutions. We assist with translation, connect families to trustworthy care, and fight for clinics and schools that reflect and respect the communities they serve.

Because freedom isn't just the right to vote, it's the right to live with dignity. It's the right to access the services you're legally entitled to. It's the right to raise your children, care for your elders, and build a future, without fear or silence. That's the America I believe in. And that's the America I'm working to protect.

In all of these areas, the question is the same: Who decides? The individual or the government? You or the bureaucracy? That's the real dividing line in America today. And Rush made it clear, our future depends on which side we choose.

Rush didn't just give me clarity he gave me conviction. He reminded me that freedom is not preserved by silence. It's preserved by those who are willing to speak, to stand, and to sacrifice. Not just in battle, but in everyday life.

This chapter may cost me friends. It may strain some family ties. But I won't apologize for standing on the side of liberty. I won't stay silent about what's true just to stay comfortable. Because I didn't come to America to blend in. I came to stand up.

And with Rush's voice in my heart, that's exactly what I intend to do.

“We conservatives believe in the individual. We believe that every one of you has the ability to be the best you can be. We don't believe you need to be managed by the government.”

Those words weren't just political rhetoric to me, they were a lifeline. A revelation. A reminder of what I instinctively knew but had never heard said out loud until I listened to Rush Limbaugh.

Rush helped me understand that conservatism isn't about controlling others. It's not about maintaining power or enforcing conformity. It's about releasing people, unlocking their God-given potential by getting government out of their way. It's about principles that have stood the test of time: faith, family, freedom, responsibility, and individual dignity.

Conservatism, as Rush defined it, isn't fueled by bitterness, grievance, or fear, despite what critics claim. It is powered by faith. Faith in people to rise when they are free. Faith in families to raise their children, teach their values, and shape their futures without interference from bureaucrats. Faith in hard work, knowing that the struggle builds strength, and the reward builds pride. Faith in tradition, not because it's old, but because it has proven itself worthy.

And above all, faith in America, not as a perfect nation, but as a good one. A unique one. A nation where your past does not determine your future, and where the only permission you need to succeed is your own willingness to try.

I came to this country not looking for a handout, but for a chance. A chance to serve, to grow, and to build something better. Rush gave me the language and the confidence to say that out loud, even when it wasn't popular. Even when it meant standing alone. Because he reminded me that true conservatism doesn't look down on people, it lifts them up. It doesn't tell people what they can't do, it reminds them of what they were born to do.

Rush often said, ***“There is no limit to what you can do in this country, because this country is designed to get out of your way, not stand in it.”*** That's what drew me to conservatism. That's what inspired me to reject the soft tyranny of dependency and embrace the bold responsibility of freedom.

We don't believe you're a victim of your circumstances. We believe you're the author of your future. We don't believe Washington knows best. We believe your family does. We don't believe you need government to empower you. We believe you were born empowered, by your Creator.

That's what I leaned from. That's what conservatism means to me. And that's the America I will always fight to preserve.

“Conservatism is not an ideology of hate. It is an ideology of love, love of country, love of freedom, love of the individual.”

That line may surprise some people, especially those who've only heard conservatism defined by its enemies. But when Rush said it, I knew it was true, not just in theory, but in my spirit.

Because real conservatism doesn't come from bitterness. It doesn't come from prejudice. It comes from *gratitude*, from knowing how rare and precious liberty is. From understanding that freedom isn't the default condition of humanity, it's the exception. It has to be protected, defended, and lived out, every single day.

When Rush described how the modern Democratic Party had drifted away from its working-class roots and become consumed with identity politics, government dependency, and centralized control, it struck a nerve. He exposed something I had felt but couldn't fully articulate: that too much of what passes for “compassion” in politics today is just control wearing a mask.

And I had seen that control up close.

I grew up in New York City, in the ghetto, where the government promised *safety* and *housing, food* and *medical insurance*, all to keep us depending on the system as a good source of support. And I wasn't just watching from the sidelines, I was in it. I was part of that system.

I remember being just fourteen years old, no parents, no real stability, no roadmap for the future. I was in the system. I relied on food stamps to eat, on Medicaid for basic healthcare. I didn't use government housing only because, by the grace of God, a family came into my life and gave me a roof over my head. They weren't wealthy, but they were generous, and they gave me something government never could: a sense of belonging. That family was a blessing, a lifeline in a world that often felt cold and chaotic.

At the time, the government safety net felt like salvation. When you're young, alone, and scared, anything that keeps you afloat feels like help. But over time, I began to see it differently. The system wasn't built to help people rise; it was built to keep them *comfortable* in place. It gave you just enough to survive, but never enough to thrive. It didn't lift you up, it held you still. It created dependency, not dignity. It offered support, but not solutions. It removed urgency, dulled ambition, and replaced personal responsibility with permanent reliance.

Looking back, I realize the true poverty I experienced wasn't just material, it was *aspirational*. The system didn't ask me what I was capable of, it assumed I couldn't do more. It didn't challenge me to grow, it managed me to stay. That's why, when I heard Rush talk about "soft tyranny," it hit me like lightning. He wasn't exaggerating. He was describing my life.

What was missing? *Dignity. Responsibility. Freedom.*

That's why what Rush called "soft tyranny" felt so real to me. It wasn't just a political talking point; it was my lived experience. The way dependence was dressed up as progress. The way victimhood was weaponized. The way ambition was treated like betrayal. And the way the people trying to break out of the system were often criticized by those still trapped in it.

Rush didn't just expose the lie. He gave us the courage to fight it.

He reminded us that conservatism is rooted in *love*, not for a government, but for a country. A country that lets you rise. A country that says your future is yours to create. A country that judges you not by your group identity, but by your character, your effort, your will to succeed.

Conservatism, Rush said, doesn't reduce you to your race, your gender, your status, or your wounds. It sees you as a whole person, capable of greatness, worthy of liberty, responsible for your own destiny.

And that's why I chose it.

I didn't turn to conservatism because I was angry, I turned to it because I was grateful. Because I didn't want to be managed, manipulated, or pitied. I wanted to be free.

Rush gave me permission to love this country out loud. To say what so many immigrants feel but are afraid to speak: that America is still worth fighting for. That freedom is still a cause worth defending. That we don't need more programs, we need more purpose. We don't need more division; we need more dignity.

So yes, conservatism is an ideology of love. Love that tells the truth. Love that takes responsibility. Love that raises strong families, builds strong communities, and defends the sacred right to be left alone. Rush made that love impossible to ignore. And I'll never forget it.

“Liberalism thrives on turning groups against each other. Divide and conquer, that's the strategy. It's not about unity. It's about control.”

Rush wasn't just pointing out political tactics; he was exposing a pattern I had witnessed but never fully understood until he gave it a name. Identity politics. Victimhood culture. Manufactured divisions. These weren't just unfortunate trends; they were strategic tools used by the left to keep people emotionally manipulated and politically compliant.

As an immigrant, I came to America without any political baggage. I didn't grow up in a Republican or Democrat household. I wasn't raised on Fox News or CNN. I didn't inherit political allegiance; I had to earn it the hard way. I had to discover it for myself, through life experience, through asking uncomfortable questions, and through listening to voices like Rush Limbaugh's.

His voice didn't indoctrinate me, it liberated me. It gave me a lens through which to see the truth of what was happening around me. Rush didn't just talk about policies; he talked about principles. He explained the *why* behind the headlines. And when he broke down the philosophical foundations of both parties, it clicked:

- **Republicans believe the role of government is to protect our God-given rights, not to issue them like rations.**
- **Democrats increasingly see the government as a moral authority, a provider, a social referee, tasked with managing people's lives, redistributing outcomes, regulating speech, and redefining truth itself.**

Rush opened my eyes to how the left thrives on division, pitting rich against poor, Black against White, male against female, immigrant against citizen. Not to bring justice or

healing, but to maintain control. To keep people in a state of emotional dependency, always aggrieved, always afraid, always needing a savior in Washington.

But conservatism was different. It didn't see me as part of a demographic to be exploited. It saw me as a human being, capable of greatness. It didn't promise me a handout, it reminded me of my power to stand up, to rise, to build something for myself and my family. It called me to personal responsibility, not permanent grievance. And it treated me with something far more powerful than pity, it treated me with respect.

“The bigger the government, the smaller the individual.”

I didn't need a lecture in political theory to understand what happens when government grows too large, I had seen it, felt it, and survived it. I knew what it meant to live in systems where power flowed from the top down, where the individual was seen not as a unique soul with God-given potential, but as a statistic, a problem to be managed, a dependent to be placated.

I had lived through programs that were sold as compassion but delivered control. I had seen firsthand how government “help” could quietly become government bondage, how food stamps, Medicaid, and social services, while lifesaving in the moment, were never designed to empower me. They were designed to contain me. To make me manageable. Predictable. Quiet.

But God never created us to be managed by men.

“Now the Lord is the Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom.” — 2 Corinthians 3:17

Rush Limbaugh helped me see that truth with new eyes. He gave me the language to articulate what I'd long felt in my soul: that true dignity comes not from dependency, but from responsibility. That conservatism, unlike collectivism, treats each person not as a problem to be managed, but as a soul made in the image of God, capable, accountable, and free.

Rush Limbaugh gave voice to what I had always felt but didn't yet have the words for. He showed me that conservatism isn't just about economics or party platforms, it's about human dignity. It's about trusting people more than politicians. It's about believing that each person, regardless of where they start, has the right, and the *ability*, to shape their own destiny.

He explained the difference between *earned success* and *engineered equality*. The first builds strength. The second breeds stagnation. One empowers you to rise, the other convinces you that you can't.

Where liberalism says, “You can’t make it without us,” conservatism says, “You have what it takes, go for it.” Where big government promises to level the playing field by lowering the bar, conservatism raises expectations and clears the path.

Rush never promised that life would be easy. But he reminded us that liberty gives us the space to try, to fail, to learn, to get back up, and to grow. That’s what makes freedom sacred, not because it guarantees success, but because it guarantees the *chance*.

And that’s why I chose conservatism, not because it handed me something, but because it refused to limit me. I believe, like Rush did, that the role of government is not to *give* us rights or define our potential, but to protect the liberty God already gave us.

“You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.” — John 8:32

That truth cost me something. It meant choosing a different path than many in my community. It meant risking relationships, losing favor, being misunderstood. But it also gave me something much greater, clarity, conviction, and a mission.

And I now live that mission every day: to pass on not just the blessings of liberty, but the understanding of where it comes from. Not from Washington. Not from any politician. But from God Himself.

“It is for freedom that Christ has set us free. Stand firm, then, and do not let yourselves be burdened again by a yoke of slavery.” — Galatians 5:1

That’s what conservatism protects. That’s what Rush preached. And that’s what I will defend, because I’ve lived the difference.

“The American Dream is not about being given things. It’s about being left alone so you can pursue your happiness on your own terms.”

When Rush Limbaugh said those words, they didn’t sound like just another political opinion, they sounded like prophecy. They cut through the noise of entitlement culture and reminded me of something far more enduring than politics. They echoed a truth that wasn’t just conservative, it was spiritual.

His message brought to mind the words of Scripture, particularly 1 Thessalonians 4:11–12:

“Make it your ambition to lead a quiet life: You should mind your own business and work with your hands, just as we told you, so that your daily life may win the respect of outsiders and so that you will not be dependent on anybody.”

That verse struck me because it aligns perfectly with the real heart of the American Dream, not handouts, not guarantees, not manufactured equality. But liberty. The kind of liberty

that gives you room to grow, to fail, to learn, to build. The kind of liberty that dignifies the individual instead of diminishing them. That's what makes America exceptional.

Rush understood that. He preached it every day to millions of listeners who needed a reminder that their success, their value, their potential didn't come from Washington or some bureaucratic program, it came from within. From faith. From hard work. From the desire to live free and take responsibility for your own life.

For me, that perspective was nothing short of transformative. I arrived in the United States at the age of thirteen, confused, overwhelmed, and unsure of my place in this vast, unfamiliar country. Like many immigrants, I believed in the promise of America, but I didn't yet understand the depth of the gift I had been given. From my teenage years into my late twenties, I worked hard, served in the Navy, and tried to build a future. But it wasn't until I started listening to Rush Limbaugh that the pieces began to fall into place.

Rush helped me see beyond the surface of opportunity. He taught me to understand why America worked, why freedom mattered, and why personal responsibility wasn't a burden, it was a blessing. His voice gave me clarity. His message gave me courage. Through him, I began to understand that I wasn't just living in America, I was living out the American Dream. And that dream came with a responsibility to protect it, defend it, and pass it on.

He made it clear: America was never designed to be a nanny state. It was never meant to coddle us into mediocrity or protect us from the consequences of our own choices. It was built on the idea that government is not your provider, it is your protector, and only to the extent that it safeguards your God-given rights.

That revelation changed everything for me. It changed how I saw politics. It changed how I saw economics. But more importantly, it changed how I saw the Constitution.

What once looked to me like an old, dusty book of legal jargon suddenly came alive. I saw it for what it truly is: **a covenant**. A sacred, deliberate framework written by men who understood the fallen nature of mankind and the divine right of every person to live free. It was no accident that the Constitution begins with **"We the People"** and not "We the Government." That wasn't clever wording, that was a moral statement. A declaration that in this country, power flows upward from the individual, not downward from the state.

Rush Limbaugh wasn't a politician, but he taught more Americans about the Constitution than most politicians ever have. He didn't need a podium in Congress, Rush had a Golden microphone and a mission. And through that mission, he helped people like me discover that being an American isn't about what you're given. It's about what you're free to become.

That's the kind of truth that changes lives. That's the kind of vision that drives people to work harder, aim higher, and raise their families with the kind of values that endure across generations, values like personal responsibility, integrity, faith, and resilience.

There were sacrifices, too. As a business owner and provider, I traveled across the country and abroad, often missing birthdays, school plays, and important moments as they grew up. Those were not easy choices, but they were made out of love, a love rooted in the belief that I was building something bigger than myself. I wasn't just earning a living; I was building a legacy.

They witnessed the sacrifices I made, not with bitterness, but with purpose. They heard the stories of where I came from, of what I left behind, and of how far God had brought us. And in those stories, they found not just inspiration, but instruction.

Because they saw it in me, they began to believe it for themselves. They understood that success is not guaranteed, but it is possible. That dignity is not given, it is earned. And that true freedom isn't doing whatever you want, it's choosing what is right, even when it's hard.

Today, each of my children walks their own path with pride and conviction. One is a compassionate teacher, shaping young minds with knowledge and integrity. Another is a brave firefighter, risking his life to protect others with courage and honor. And the third is a sharp and dependable business manager, leading with wisdom, accountability, and determination.

They are living proof that the American Dream is still alive, not because the government delivered it to our doorstep, but because it was modeled in our home, day by day, choice by choice. They are my legacy, not just of success, but of the values that make success meaningful: faith, hard work, sacrifice, and love of country.

But it's not only my children who've received this message. For ten years, I served as a professor at **Jamestown Business College**, where I taught students the power of entrepreneurship, the importance of ethical leadership, and the role of free enterprise in building a better life. In the classrooms of Dunkirk High and Middle Schools, New York, I step in as a substitute teacher, knowing that many students are searching, not just for information, but for guidance and truth. And as a mentor to cadets and young people in my community, I invest in the next generation, teaching them the values that shaped me: faith in God, discipline in action, and pride in responsibility.

Whether at home, at school, or in the community, I carry the same message: the American Dream is real. But it is not guaranteed. It must be pursued with purpose, protected with vigilance, and passed on with courage. And I will continue to do just that, because I've lived it, and I want others to know they can, too.

That's what Rush taught me. That's what America taught me. And that's the dream I now carry forward, not one of comfort and dependency, but of courage and self-determination.

Because in the end, freedom isn't something we inherit like a trophy. It's something we *steward*, and something we must earn anew, in every generation.

“The Constitution is not an instrument for the government to restrain the people, it is an instrument for the people to restrain the government.” — Patrick Henry

Rush Limbaugh didn't just quote lines like that for applause. He breathed life into them. He echoed that sentiment in nearly every broadcast, reminding millions of listeners that **freedom doesn't come from Washington, it comes from God**. From nature's law. From the undeniable truth that our rights are not bestowed by men in suits or bureaucrats in marble buildings, but by our **Creator**.

“...they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.” — Declaration of Independence

Rush didn't recite those words like a professor quoting dusty history. He *believed* them. He *lived* them. And more importantly, he helped the rest of us believe in them too.

When I first heard Rush talk about these truths, it didn't feel like politics. It felt like purpose. It lit a fire in me. It was the moment I stopped seeing myself as just an immigrant living in America and started seeing myself as an **American with a mission**. No longer just a recipient of liberty, but a **steward** of it. No longer content to enjoy freedom passively but compelled to **protect** and **pass it on**.

That's what Rush taught: **Liberty is not maintained by spectators. It is preserved by citizens, active, engaged, courageous citizens**. He shattered the myth that America is something you inherit like a family heirloom. No, America is something you must choose, defend, and live out, every single day.

I realized my responsibility wasn't to sit back and ask, “*What can America do for me?*” It was to ask, “*What can I do to protect what makes America possible?*” And the answer was clear: I had to become more than just someone who enjoyed freedom, I had to become someone willing to stand up for it.

Because the Constitution doesn't promise you comfort. It doesn't promise success or equality of outcome. It promises **freedom**, the sacred space to rise or fall by your own effort, your own choices, your own will. That's not cruelty. That's dignity. That's the real American Dream.

“Commit your work to the Lord, and your plans will be established.” — Proverbs 16:3

That's how I try to live now. I don't want the government to run my life. I want **God to guide it, my work to define it, and my character to carry it forward**. Because true freedom is not just the absence of tyranny, it's the presence of virtue. And virtue begins with accountability to something higher than government: to God, to conscience, to truth.

Rush helped me see the Constitution not as an old document locked in time, but as a living covenant, a limit on government power, **not on personal liberty**. He made me understand that America was *never* designed for top-down control. It was designed for bottom-up responsibility. The people were meant to be the masters. The government, the servant.

"The Constitution is a limitation on the government, not on the people."

The first time I heard those words on Rush's show, it was like a lightning bolt of clarity. In that moment, everything I had absorbed from the system, the media, the schools, the so-called experts—was turned upside down. For the first time, I understood a truth that changed everything: **government's role is not to define liberty, but to protect it**.

It's not supposed to dictate how I live, what I think, how I worship, or what I can say. It's supposed to **protect** my right to do all of those things, freely, without interference, and without fear.

That understanding was radical to me, not in the rebellious sense, but in the foundational one. It brought me back to the root of what America really is. A country **built on trust in the individual, not control by the state**. A country founded on the belief that you and I, with grit, faith, and freedom, can do more good than any centralized government ever could.

So now, every time I speak, serve, vote, or raise my children, I do it with that knowledge in my heart. I am not a subject. I am not a dependent. I am **a citizen of the United States of America**, endowed by my Creator, protected by the Constitution, and awakened by the truth that Rush Limbaugh spent his life sharing:

Freedom isn't free. And it doesn't defend itself. It requires people like us to speak up, stand firm, and pass it on.

That is my duty. That is my identity. And thanks to Rush, I now understand the magnitude of the gift I've been given, and the sacred responsibility to guard it, for my children and for the generations yet to come.

"What's the difference between a liberal and a conservative? A liberal will interpret the Constitution, a conservative will quote it."

The first time I heard that one sentence from Rush Limbaugh, it hit me hard. It wasn't just smart; it was deeply true. In that sharp contrast, he revealed the heart of the ideological

divide in America. To a conservative, the Constitution is not a suggestion or a flexible set of evolving ideals. It is a fixed, foundational document, a contract between the people and their government, written in the plain language of liberty and designed to restrain power.

Liberals, as Rush pointed out, too often treat the Constitution as a “living, breathing document”, which is just another way of saying they want to bend it until it means what they wish it said. They interpret, reinterpret, and twist its meaning, using modern language and emotional appeals to justify expanding government control. Conservatives, on the other hand, return again and again to the original text. We quote it because we believe its authors meant what they wrote, and that their principles are as true today as they were in 1787.

Rush made it clear: conservatives don’t worship the Constitution, we respect it. We don’t try to rewrite it through activist judges or bureaucratic fiat, we defend it, word for word, because it defends us. It limits government. It empowers individuals. And it remains the greatest safeguard of freedom the world has ever known.

Rush’s brilliance was in how he could take that profound truth and make it simple. He didn’t just read the Constitution, he taught it. He didn’t just quote it; he lived by it. And in doing so, he reminded millions of Americans, including immigrants like me, that our rights do not come from Washington. They come from God, and the Constitution is the guardian that keeps them safe.

Rush understood something many Americans today have forgotten: the Constitution was written not to empower government, but to *restrain* it. It was crafted by men who understood, as Jeremiah 17:9 says:

“The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; who can know it?”

Because of that reality, they didn’t trust unchecked power, not even their own. They built a system of checks and balances, rooted in the belief that no man, no party, no institution should be trusted with total control over free people.

Rush didn’t ask me to hate the other side. He didn’t call for mobs or riots or vengeance. He challenged me to *understand* the other side, to study their arguments, to think critically. And then, armed not with rage, but with reason, he taught me how to dismantle those arguments, piece by piece, with facts, history, logic, and principle.

He always said: **“Conservatism wins when it’s explained.”**

He was right. Because truth doesn’t need to be shouted, it just needs to be spoken clearly.

Rush helped me become more than just politically aware. He helped me become intellectually armed. Not to destroy my opponents, but to debate them. To engage without fear. To be confident in what I believe and why I believe it.

He wanted his listeners to stand on solid ground, not emotional slogans, not victimhood narratives, but timeless American ideals: personal responsibility, limited government, free markets, strong families, and a deep reverence for faith and country.

Rush reminded us of Jesus' own words in John 8:32:

“Then you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.”

That's what the Constitution represents: freedom rooted in truth. Truth about human nature. Truth about justice. Truth about liberty. And Rush Limbaugh was one of the few voices who never wavered in speaking that truth boldly, day after day, for over 30 years.

Through him, I came to see the Constitution not as a legal document frozen in time, but as a moral shield, a gift passed down to protect each generation from the tyranny that always creeps in when people forget where their rights come from. Not from government. Not from parties. Not from popularity. But from God.

“For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; it is he who will save us.” — Isaiah 33:22

Thanks to Rush, I now know that to truly love this country is to understand what makes it worth defending: not just the land, but the laws. Not just the flag, but the freedom it represents. Not just the Constitution, but the Creator who inspired it.

“Feelings aren't facts. And facts don't care about your feelings, but liberals do, because that's how they win.”

Rush Limbaugh didn't say that to mock. He didn't say it to belittle. He said it to **awaken** us.

In a society that increasingly places emotion above reason, where personal feelings are treated as untouchable truth and objective reality is dismissed as “offensive,” Rush stood like a lighthouse in a storm of confusion. His voice cut through the noise with a simple but profound reminder: **Truth is not subjective. Truth is eternal. Truth stands, even when the crowd demands it sit down.**

He taught me that **truth doesn't ask for applause**. It doesn't bend to trends or tiptoe around fragile egos. **Truth simply is.**

And once you truly grasp that, once you realize that facts don't change just because someone is offended, you're no longer easy to manipulate. You're no longer swayed by headlines designed to stir panic, or by politicians who exploit emotion to pass laws that undermine liberty. **You see through the narrative. You recognize the trap. And you stand firm.**

Rush helped me see that our culture is being conditioned to **feel** rather than **think**, to react instead of reflect. And in that kind of environment, people who speak hard truths are labeled as dangerous, divisive, or cruel. But he never backed down. Not because he lacked compassion, but because he knew that **true compassion is grounded in truth**, not in coddling, not in lies, not in politically correct deception.

“Have I now become your enemy by telling you the truth?” — Galatians 4:16

That verse perfectly captures the spirit of what Rush represented. He was called every name in the book. He was attacked, misquoted, and vilified by those who couldn't stand his message, not because it was hateful, but because it was **true**. And **truth**, when spoken boldly in a world built on lies, always sounds like rebellion.

But Rush didn't rebel for attention. He spoke truth because he loved this country too much to stay silent. He loved the people too much to let them be deceived. He believed that a free society depends not on how people feel, but on whether they **think clearly, act justly, and live responsibly**.

He gave me the tools to do just that. To think beyond emotion. To anchor my beliefs in principle, not popularity. To **vote my values**, even when the world told me I was on the wrong side of history.

And most importantly, he reminded me that **feelings can be real, but they don't make reality**. You can feel scared and still be safe. You can feel offended and still be wrong. You can feel good about a lie and still suffer the consequences of believing it.

That's what sets Rush apart. His goal was never to divide Americans, it was to **unite us under truth**. Not under party lines. Not under race or gender or class. But under the unshakable foundation of facts, faith, and freedom.

Thanks to Rush, I no longer see truth as a weapon, but as a compass. It points north whether I like it or not. And if I choose to follow it, even when it's uncomfortable, even when it costs me, I find something more lasting than comfort: **conviction**.

In the end, I've learned that the strongest life isn't the one built on feelings, but the one built on truth. And Rush Limbaugh, with his boldness, brilliance, and belief in America, helped me find that foundation.

And now it's my turn to share it. To speak it. To stand by it.

Because **truth matters. Even when it hurts. Especially when it hurts.**

“Being a conservative in America today means you will be attacked. But take heart: the truth is on your side.”

Rush Limbaugh warned us early and often: **if you stand for truth, you will be targeted**. If you speak boldly, you will be misunderstood. If you live by conviction, you will be mocked. But he also gave us something more powerful than a warning, he gave us **encouragement: don't back down. Don't fold. Don't let fear drown out your voice**.

Because conservatism, real conservatism, is not about anger. It's not about winning arguments for the sake of ego. It's not about being flawless. **It's about being faithful**. It's about **responsibility**, not reward... **accountability**, not applause... **sacrifice, service**, and **steadfastness** rooted in **truth**.

"Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid... for the Lord your God goes with you; He will never leave you nor forsake you." — **Deuteronomy 31:6**

Rush lived by this kind of courage. And he called the rest of us to it, not with hatred, but with **clarity**. He never told us to hate the other side. He told us to understand them. To listen, not to surrender, but to sharpen. To defeat falsehoods with facts, not fury. His message wasn't **rage**; it was **resolve**. It wasn't **resentment**, it was **reason**.

"The truth of conservatism is timeless. It doesn't need to be reinvented. It just needs to be remembered."

Rush saw conservatism not as a political trend, but as a moral compass, **older than any party, deeper than any politician**, and **rooted in Judeo-Christian values**. To him, America wasn't exceptional because of its military might or economic power, it was exceptional because it was founded on **God-given rights**, not man-granted privileges.

"For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; it is He who will save us." — *Isaiah 33:22*

That verse echoes the structure of the very government our Founders designed: **judicial, legislative, executive**, all under **God's authority**. Our system of liberty wasn't born from man's brilliance, but from reverence for a higher power. **And Rush never let us forget that**.

This chapter may offend some. It may cost me friends. It may even stir division within my own family. But I can't tell the story of my American journey without telling the truth about Rush Limbaugh. Because he didn't just shape my politics, **he reshaped my purpose**. He helped form my identity as a **citizen**, a **father**, a **mentor**, and a **man of faith**.

Rush showed me that **to speak the truth in love is not only possible, it's necessary**. And it's biblical.

"Speak the truth in love, growing in every way more and more like Christ." — *Ephesians 4:15*

Thanks to Rush, I no longer feel like an outsider in this country. I no longer feel like a guest who should stay quiet and be grateful. **I feel like a guardian. A steward** of the founding

ideals that made this nation a sanctuary for liberty. A **defender** of values that transcend culture, race, or political correctness.

I used to whisper what I believed. **Now, I proclaim it.**

Yes, that boldness may cost me some relationships. But **silence would cost me more.** Because the moment we stop telling the truth is the moment we start losing our freedom. **Freedom is not passed down in silence. It is preserved through courage, defended through action, and lived out in truth.**

“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is freedom.” — 2 Corinthians 3:17

So, I speak not just for myself, but for those who can’t. I write these words not to win arguments, but to **stir hearts**. I take this stand not to provoke, but to **preserve** what’s worth protecting.

Rush gave me the courage to do that. Not just to live in America, but to **live for America**.

And as long as I have breath, I will do exactly that.

Chapter 9: Power and the People — Embracing My Role in The Federal Constitutional Representative Democracy

One of the most transformational lessons I learned from Rush Limbaugh was about *power*, not the kind that flows through marble halls of Congress or gleams under television studio lights. No, Rush spoke of a quieter, more enduring force: the righteous, resilient power of the American citizen. It’s the kind of power not granted by title or wealth, but by virtue of being born, or choosing to become, an American.

Rush often reminded his audience that "We are not governed by elites, we govern them." That single idea lit a fire in me. It reframed my entire understanding of what it meant to live in a free society. It wasn’t about waiting for the right politician to fix things. It wasn’t about casting blame on others for our nation's problems. It was about ownership, *citizenship*. It was about standing up, speaking out, and taking responsibility for the direction of our country. That idea became a core part of my identity as an American.

Growing up as an immigrant, I once viewed power as something distant and inaccessible, something reserved for others. But Rush taught me that in America, power begins at the dinner table, the ballot box, the city council meeting, and the church pew. It starts with a parent teaching their child about the Constitution, a neighbor helping another in need, or a

veteran mentoring the next generation. These seemingly small actions are the threads that hold the republic together.

Rush would say, “The people of this country are good, decent, hardworking, and honest, and they are the ones who make America exceptional.” That message gave me both encouragement and challenge. It meant I had a duty, not just to enjoy the freedoms I’d earned, but to protect them for others. It meant I had a role to play, no matter how humble, in keeping the flame of liberty alive.

This chapter of my life is about learning that citizenship is not a spectator sport. I realized that embracing democracy meant more than casting a vote every four years. It meant being informed, staying engaged, and holding fast to the values that define us: faith, family, freedom, and responsibility.

I began my journey into civic life by getting involved where I could, starting small, but with purpose. I joined local boards, lending my voice to the issues that affected my community. I wrote letters to elected representatives, not out of protest, but out of a sense of duty to speak up for what mattered. I volunteered in civic organizations, where I saw firsthand how ordinary people could drive extraordinary change. I mentored young men and women in the Civil Air Patrol, sharing not just my knowledge, but my belief in service and responsibility. And through it all, I wore my Navy service not as a symbol of what I had done, but as a daily reminder of what I still must do.

Every action I took, every meeting, every letter, every conversation, was a step toward something bigger: stewardship. Rush Limbaugh used that word often. He reminded us that America doesn’t belong to the politicians or the bureaucrats. It belongs to us, the citizens. And with that ownership comes a sacred responsibility, to guard it, to grow it, and to pass it on stronger than we found it.

Scripture teaches, “To whom much is given, much is required” (Luke 12:48). I’ve been given the gift of freedom, the blessing of opportunity, and the voice of a citizen in a constitutional republic. Rush made sure I never took that lightly.

The power of the people is not loud, flashy, or corruptible. It’s principled. It’s rooted in personal responsibility and fueled by love for country. I embraced that power, not to control others, but to serve, to lead where I can, and to stand firmly on the truths that made this nation great.

In this chapter, I stepped fully into the role that every American is called to, guardian of liberty, defender of truth, and participant in the greatest experiment in self-government the world has ever known.

“Real power in America lies with you. Not with politicians, not with bureaucrats, not with the media, *you*.”

Those words, simple and direct, hit me like a lightning bolt the first time I heard Rush Limbaugh say them. It wasn't just a clever turn of phrase; it was a revelation. A truth so pure and so unexpected that it stopped me in my tracks. I had grown up in a country where power belonged to the few, remote, untouchable, and often corrupt. Where the government wasn't accountable to the people, and the people knew better than to expect it to be. Where speaking out wasn't seen as brave, it was dangerous. Where silence was safety, and compliance was survival.

But in that one sentence, Rush shattered the mental chains I didn't even know I was still carrying.

Here in America, I discovered something radically different: questioning power wasn't rebellion, it was *responsibility*. Holding leaders accountable wasn't a crime, it was a duty. Participating in the system didn't make you a threat, it made you a citizen. It was as if someone had finally handed me a key to a door, I never thought I was allowed to open. Behind it was a truth I had always hoped was real but had never dared to believe.

Rush often reminded his listeners that America was founded on a miracle, the miracle of *self-government*. A nation not ruled by kings, emperors, or elites, but by ordinary men and women endowed with rights not from the state, but from God. The Constitution didn't *give* us those rights, it *protected* them. And with those rights came a calling: to be active, informed, and courageous in the stewardship of liberty.

In the country of my birth, power was feared. In America, I was taught that power, true power, belongs to the citizen. To the parent who shows up at the school board meeting. To the small business owner who refuses to close his doors. To the young soldier who volunteers to defend the Constitution. To the voter who casts a ballot not based on promises, but on principles. That is the quiet strength of a free people. That is the power Rush spoke of.

It took me years to fully grasp the weight of that gift. I had worn a military uniform, served this country, sworn an oath. But it was in Rush's voice, daily, unwavering, unapologetic, that I began to *believe* that my voice mattered just as much as any senator's or judge's. That I didn't need to be part of the elite to shape my country's future. I just had to be involved. I just had to care.

America's power doesn't come from Washington, D.C., it comes from living rooms, barbershops, factories, farms, and churches. It comes from families who pray together, communities who serve together, and citizens who vote with both their conscience and

their courage. Rush knew this. He never wavered from it. And he reminded us, me, that the ultimate check on tyranny was not another branch of government, but *we the people*.

That message didn't just inspire me, it transformed me. It wasn't a slogan. It was a wake-up call. It shook the foundations of how I saw myself, my country, and my purpose in both.

It changed how I raised my children. I no longer just hoped they would turn out well, I became intentional. I taught them that freedom isn't inherited, it's earned. That the American Dream doesn't come in the mail with a voter registration card, it comes through sacrifice, work, and a moral compass rooted in faith. I showed them, by example, that loving this country means *serving* it, not just benefiting from it.

It changed how I voted. I stopped looking for politicians who promised more and started looking for leaders who protected what already made this nation great: our liberty, our Constitution, and our individual responsibility. I understood, finally, that my vote wasn't just a civic duty, it was a sacred act of stewardship.

It changed how I mentored young cadets. I didn't just teach them drills or discipline, I taught them to stand tall in a world that often rewards conformity over courage. I showed them that character matters, that service is honorable, and that America needs more than just critics, it needs protectors, builders, and believers.

It even changed how I walked through the world. I stopped being a spectator. I became a participant in something far greater than myself, a free republic that demands engagement, conviction, and action. I saw my life not as a series of personal struggles, but as part of a bigger story, a story that began long before me but will continue after me.

And above all, it reminded me of what the Bible teaches in **James 1:22: "Do not merely listen to the word, and so deceive yourselves. Do what it says."**

That message, the message I heard from Rush Limbaugh, didn't just make me think. It made me *do*. It called me off the sidelines and into the arena. It challenged me to be a better father, a better American, and above all, a better servant of the truth.

Rush used to say, "There's only one thing standing between the ruling class and total control, and that's you." That quote stays with me to this day. Because in America, power isn't inherited, it's *entrusted*. And the only thing more dangerous than a government that seizes power is a people who forget they already have it.

"The Constitution doesn't give us our rights. It recognizes them. It doesn't empower the government. It restricts it."

That truth, spoken by Rush Limbaugh and rooted in the very soul of American founding philosophy, changed everything for me. It was more than a political statement; it was a moral and spiritual awakening. Suddenly, I saw my life, my role in this country, and my responsibilities through a completely different lens.

The Declaration of Independence declares with thunderous clarity: *“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights...”* That word, **unalienable**, matters. It means our rights don’t come from government. They don’t come from man. They come from **God**. The Constitution doesn’t bestow liberty, it safeguards it.

And the Constitution itself begins with a phrase that stirred something deep within me the first time I understood its full meaning: **“We the People...”** Not “we the rulers,” not “we the privileged,” but we, the ordinary citizens. That preamble is a declaration of ownership, of *sovereignty*. In my country of birth, the government stood above the people. In America, the people stand above the government. That’s not just a political difference. It’s a moral revolution.

As an immigrant, this wasn’t something I was born into by blood, it was something I *chose*. I chose to become a citizen of a nation founded on the bold idea that *freedom is the birthright of all*, and that government exists only by the **consent of the governed**. I didn’t just receive rights, I *accepted responsibilities*. I didn’t just enjoy liberty; I committed to *protect it*.

Rush helped me understand that the American idea is more than history, it’s a mission. One grounded in faith and principle. As the Apostle Paul wrote in **Galatians 5:1**, *“It is for freedom that Christ has set us free. Stand firm, then, and do not let yourselves be burdened again by a yoke of slavery.”* It reminded me that liberty, true liberty, is a gift from God, not a government perk. And like all gifts from God, it must be stewarded, not squandered.

The Constitution’s genius lies in what it *doesn’t* do. It doesn’t give power to the federal government without limits, it *chains it down*, as Thomas Jefferson emphasized. The **Tenth Amendment** declares: *“The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution... are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.”* That means **I** matter. **You** matter. The individual citizen is not a subject of the state, we are its master.

That realization moved me from silence to speech, from observation to action. I was no longer just a guest in America. I was a **stakeholder**, a **citizen**, and yes, a **patriot**. Through Rush’s voice, and through the sacred words of our founding documents and Scripture, I discovered that freedom is not something we ask permission to enjoy. It is something we are born to defend.

The Bible says in **Micah 6:8**, “*What does the Lord require of you but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with your God?*” In America, that walk includes defending the justice of self-governance, showing mercy to the oppressed by protecting liberty, and humbly recognizing that our rights are not earned, they are **endowed** by our Creator.

And so, I stepped into my role. Not out of anger or rebellion, but out of gratitude. Gratitude for the miracle of this country. Gratitude for the Constitution. Gratitude for the men who risked everything to sign the Declaration. Gratitude for the voice of a man named Rush, who reminded me every day that the fight for freedom begins in the heart of the citizen, and never ends.

The Silent Majority — America’s Backbone

Rush Limbaugh often spoke with reverence about the “***silent majority***”, those millions of everyday Americans who never sought attention, recognition, or power. They were not loud. They weren’t featured on the news or trending on social media. But they were, and still are, the backbone of this nation. These are the people who quietly built America, brick by brick, generation after generation, with hard work, personal responsibility, and a fierce love for God, family, and country.

They were the farmers rising before dawn to tend the soil, asking for no praise but grateful for the rain. They were the factory workers and truck drivers, keeping the nation running with calloused hands and strong backs. They were the moms’ packing lunches and teaching values around the dinner table, and the dads working late so their children could have a better shot at life. They didn’t demand credit. They didn’t beg for government handouts. They simply did what needed to be done, every single day.

These were the people I came to know and love. I met them in church pews, where they bowed their heads and gave thanks even during hard times. I met them standing in grocery store lines, where they’d smile and make small talk, not realizing the strength and decency they radiated. I met them at the local community meetings, where they volunteered their time not for applause, but because they believed in community and the future of their children. I saw them running small businesses, opening early and closing late, sacrificing to serve others and keep their American Dream alive.

They didn’t wave signs or block traffic. They didn’t scream into microphones or demand that others validate their views. Instead, they paid their taxes, raised their kids, respected their neighbors, and showed up, quietly, consistently, and faithfully. *That* is what makes America great.

Rush understood this better than anyone. He championed the silent majority because he knew that in their humility lay true strength. He often reminded us that patriotism doesn’t need to be shouted from rooftops, it’s lived out in the small, everyday acts of ordinary

people. These citizens weren't trying to tear America down; they were doing their best to hold it together. They didn't march to destroy; they knelt to pray. They didn't burn flags, they saluted them.

This silent majority isn't passive, they're principled. They believe in law and order, in faith and decency, in earning your way instead of demanding entitlements. They believe in teaching their kids the value of hard work, the dignity of honesty, and the sacred responsibility of freedom. These are the Americans who fight on the cultural and spiritual front lines, not with violence or vitriol, but with virtue and quiet resolve.

In the Bible, Jesus said in **Matthew 6:3**, "*But when you do a charitable deed, do not let your left hand know what your right hand is doing.*" That verse, like the silent majority, is about doing good not for praise but because it is right. That's who these people are. That's who Rush defended, those who didn't need a spotlight to stand for truth.

As an immigrant, I didn't find my identity in celebrities or politicians, I found it in these humble Americans. They reminded me of the values I cherished: duty, faith, perseverance, and family. They welcomed me, challenged me, and inspired me to live a life worthy of the freedoms I had chosen. They may be silent, but they are not weak. They may be quiet, but they are not uninformed. They may be humble, but they are heroic.

Rush believed in them because he *was* one of them. A voice for those who felt voiceless. A megaphone for those who refused to be manipulated or forgotten. And through him, I learned to never underestimate the power of the people who pray more than they post, who serve more than they shout, and who love their country not for what it gives them, but for what they can give back.

The silent majority is still here. They are still raising flags and children, still building businesses and leading Bible studies, still believing in America even when the elites scoff and the media sneer. And as long as they endure, so will this nation.

Because at the heart of America's greatness is not noise, but *character*.

Not power, but *principle*.

Not pride, but *patriotism*.

And in the quiet persistence of their daily sacrifice, the soul of our nation is not only preserved, it is strengthened. As long as they endure, so does America. **Duty. Honor. Country.**

"You are the who make this country work. Not Washington. Not Hollywood. Not the media. You."

When Rush Limbaugh said those words, they didn't just inform me, they *freed* me. They broke the chains of a lie I had carried for most of my life: the belief that to make a real difference, you had to be rich, famous, or politically connected. That change only came from the top. That influence required a platform, and that power belonged to the few.

But Rush dismantled that illusion with conviction. He reminded us that the true engine of America doesn't run on celebrity or bureaucracy, it runs on **ordinary citizens doing extraordinary things** in **Faith, Humility, and Strength**. *"The heart of America doesn't beat in the halls of Congress,"* he often said, *"It beats in the homes, churches, and communities of its people."* And I finally understood what that meant.

It was liberating because it meant that I mattered. That you mattered. That the mother raising her kids with values, the truck driver hauling goods across state lines, the pastor preaching hope, the coach teaching discipline, the teacher investing in a child's future, they were not bystanders. They were the foundation. They are the republic.

The Bible speaks to this truth in **1 Corinthians 1:27–28**, where Paul writes, *"But God chose the foolish things of the world to shame the wise; God chose the weak things of the world to shame the strong... the lowly things of this world and the despised things, and the things that are not, to nullify the things that are."* In other words, God uses the humble to do mighty things. That is the story of America. That is the story of the American people Rush championed every single day.

This message flipped my worldview. I had grown up in systems where you were taught to stay in your place, to leave the decisions to the elites, to assume that power would never belong to you. But in America, I learned that the janitor with courage, the farmer with faith, and the veteran with scars can have more influence than any bureaucrat in a suit. And that is **revolutionary**.

Rush reminded us that the American Dream was not reserved for the Ivy League or the Hollywood elite. It belonged to the dreamer, the doer, the builder. He spoke directly to the men and women who felt ignored or looked down on by the coastal elites and media class. And he told them, "You're not forgotten. You're not alone. And you are the ones who hold this country together."

And he was right.

We are the ones who pay the taxes, raise the families, protect the streets, defend the borders, and preserve the values that made this nation great. It's not the talking heads on cable news who make the country work, it's the silent hands in the factories, the faithful voices in the churches, and the loyal hearts who stand for the flag even when no one is watching.

This truth is echoed in the **Declaration of Independence**, which affirms that *“Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.”* That phrase, *“consent of the governed,”* is not just a political ideal, it’s a declaration of dignity. It means **you are not ruled, you rule**. You are not a subject of the state, you are a sovereign individual, created in the image of God, endowed with unalienable rights, and entrusted with the responsibility to defend them.

Rush believed in the people, not the institutions. And because of him, I began to believe in myself, not as a powerless immigrant, but as a *citizen of the greatest nation on earth*, called to take part in something bigger than myself. I realized that influence isn’t measured by how many people follow you, but by how faithfully you live what you believe.

So today, when I speak, when I vote, when I teach my children, or help a neighbor, I do it with confidence. Not because I’m famous. Not because I hold office. But because I am an American. And in this nation, *that is enough*.

“You have more power than you know. Every vote you cast, every truth you speak, it matters.”

Rush Limbaugh repeated those words like a rallying cry, and over time, I didn’t just agree with them, I began to *live* them. In the country I came from, power was something distant, hidden behind military uniforms, corruption, or iron gates. But in America, I learned that power wasn’t locked in palaces, it was **distributed among the people**, one voice, one vote, one choice at a time.

I was not a bystander to democracy; I was a participant. I started paying close attention to **local elections**, not just national headlines. I realized that school board members, city councilors, and county clerks were not just names on ballots, they were decision-makers whose choices affected my children’s education, my taxes, my community, and my rights.

I didn’t always show up to school board meetings, my children attended private school, and later we moved to a district where the public schools respected parents and focused on real education. But not every family has that option. And if your children aren’t learning, if they’re being fed ideology instead of instruction, then you owe it to them to stand up and speak out. Not with anger, but with clarity. Not to attack, but to ask questions and demand accountability.

That’s why I started showing up, to school boards, to town halls, and to city forums. I didn’t go as a protester. I went as a parent, a neighbor, and a proud citizen of this country. I encouraged others, especially fellow immigrants, new Americans like me, to do the same. I reminded them of what Rush used to say: *“Silence is not virtue when truth is under attack. It is surrender.”*

And I refused to be silent. Not for myself, but for the children who deserve better, and for the country that gave me the freedom to speak in the first place.

Democracy, I learned, is not a spectator sport. It isn't something you watch from the sidelines and critique from a couch. It's something you engage in, with your hands, your voice, your mind, and your heart. It is a **sacred duty**, not just a right granted by citizenship, but a **responsibility entrusted to the free**.

The **Bible** speaks directly to this kind of active responsibility. In **James 4:17**, it says, *"Therefore, to him who knows to do good and does not do it, to him it is sin."* In other words, when we see what is right and choose silence or apathy, we are not being neutral, we are being negligent. And I refused to be that.

The **U.S. Constitution**, in its very first three words, **"We the People"**, places the power squarely in our hands. Not "we the elites," not "we the bureaucrats," but **we** the grocery clerks, the teachers, the veterans, the small business owners, the immigrants who swore an oath to defend this country with their lives.

That's what Rush was really saying: **We still have the power, but only if we use it.**

So, I began using it.

I registered new voters, not to push a party, but to ignite a sense of responsibility. I didn't tell them to register Republican. I told them to register with the political party they believed would do the most good for this country. I trusted them to make that decision for themselves, just as I had. Because real leadership isn't about control, it's about conviction, about planting the seeds of truth and trusting people to let it grow.

I spoke at local churches, community centers, and civic events. I met people who were discouraged people who had lost faith in the process, who felt like their voice didn't matter. I had hard conversations with neighbors, friends, and even strangers who had been misled, who believed the lie that government is their savior or that their vote doesn't count.

To each of them, I said: *"If we don't speak the truth, someone else will speak a lie in its place. If we don't vote our values, someone else will vote against them. If we don't show up, the people who want to remake America into something unrecognizable will."*

Because citizenship is not passive. It's not just a right, it's a responsibility. And silence, in times of moral crisis, is not neutrality. It's surrender. I choose to stand. I choose to speak. I choose to lead by example, not for politics, but for principle. Not for a party, but for the future of this country I love.

That message especially resonated with fellow immigrants. Many of us had fled from places where elections were rigged or meaningless, where free speech came with a price,

and where truth had to be whispered. In America, we finally had the freedom to speak boldly, and it would have been a sin to waste it.

I reminded them, and myself, that voting isn't just a political act. It is a **moral one**. It is the peaceful expression of our stewardship over the blessings of liberty. And as **Romans 12:21** commands, *"Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good."* In our context, that means we overcome corruption, lies, and division not by staying quiet, but by standing up, showing up, and speaking out.

So now, every time I step into a voting booth, I do it with reverence. Every time I speak the truth in love, even when it's unpopular, I do it with purpose. Because I know that **freedom is not automatic. It is earned, preserved, and passed on, one citizen at a time.**

And I will not be silent.

"Freedom is always one generation away from extinction. If you don't fight for it, protect it, and pass it on, we will lose it."

The Drive-By Media — Manipulating the Masses

Embracing my role in America's democratic process meant more than casting a ballot. It meant training my mind to recognize truth from manipulation. It meant realizing that one of the greatest threats to freedom wasn't just bad policy, it was bad information. And Rush Limbaugh opened my eyes to this war over *narrative* when he introduced millions of Americans to the truth about what he called the **"Drive-By Media."**

The "Drive-By Media" didn't report news, they executed hit jobs. They would swoop in, distort a story, stoke division and panic, and then move on, leaving behind wreckage and confusion, never correcting their lies or owning their mistakes. Rush often said, *"They're not journalists anymore. They're activists. And worse, they're manipulators."* And once I saw it, I couldn't unsee it.

Take the **Russia collusion hoax**. For years, the mainstream press hammered President Trump with endless headlines and accusations, implying he was a Russian agent, an accusation as outrageous as it was false. I remember hearing so-called "journalists" speak as if they had proof, as if the Mueller investigation would bring the walls crashing down. But after millions of taxpayer dollars and years of division, the conclusion was simple: **there was no collusion**. It had all been a political hit job, driven by lies and amplified by the Drive-By Media.

They didn't apologize. They didn't correct the record. They just moved on, to the next manufactured outrage. It wasn't about truth; it was about power.

And then came the **Hunter Biden laptop scandal**. Just weeks before the 2020 election, a legitimate story broke: emails, business dealings, and compromising material were found on a laptop that clearly belonged to Joe Biden's son. Any rational press would have investigated. But the Drive-By Media *suppressed* it. Big Tech platforms like Twitter and Facebook went even further, they **banned** it, called it "Russian disinformation," and silenced one of the most explosive stories of the decade.

Only **after** the election, when it no longer threatened their preferred outcome, did major outlets quietly admit: *Yes, the laptop was real. Yes, the emails were authentic. Yes, the American people had been lied to.* But by then, it was too late. The damage was done. The truth had been buried when it mattered most.

Rush wasn't surprised. He had warned us for years: *"The media isn't just biased. It's complicit."* He showed us how narratives are manufactured, how headlines are shaped, and how **fear and falsehoods are used to control public opinion**.

That truth hit me hard. In my home country, state-run media was expected. But in America, where freedom of the press is a protected right, it felt like a betrayal. As **Isaiah 5:20** warns: *"Woe to those who call evil good and good evil, who put darkness for light and light for darkness..."* That's what the modern media has become, masters of inversion, cloaking lies in virtue and silencing truth in the name of "fact-checking."

Rush armed us with wisdom. He challenged us not to be passive consumers of media but to be **critical thinkers**, to cross-check, to read deeply, and to listen widely. Most importantly, he taught us to **trust our own common sense**.

And I began to pass that on to others, my kids, my neighbors, my fellow immigrants. I told them what Rush told me: *"Don't let them tell you what to think. Don't let them shape your reality. The truth is out there, but you have to work for it."*

Now, when I hear a headline, I ask: *What's the full story? Who benefits from this narrative? What are they leaving out?* I don't just read mainstream outlets. I dig. I compare. I listen to those they try to silence.

Because I know what's at stake.

The **Declaration of Independence** begins with these words: *"When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands..."* That revolution began because people **refused to be lied to**. They refused to be ruled by voices that didn't represent them. That spirit lives on in every American who dares to question the narrative and seek the truth. And as **John 8:32** says, *"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."*

Rush helped me understand that truth is not a luxury, it is the foundation of liberty. And if we ever stop seeking it, or surrender it to the media mob, then we don't just lose the truth. We lose America.

"Ignorance is the most expensive commodity in America today. That's why the left loves it so much."

Rush said those words with the clarity of a man who understood the battlefield we were standing on. Ignorance, willful, cultivated, weaponized, isn't just a personal flaw in modern America. It's a *strategy*. And it is one of the most effective tools used by those who seek control.

The left doesn't fear disagreement. It fears **informed dissent**.

Why? Because when the people are misinformed, or worse, *uninformed*, they become vulnerable. They believe what they are told, not because it's true, but because it's repeated. They trust media soundbites instead of their own instincts. They trade liberty for security and responsibility for dependence.

And the media? It has become the left's favorite weapon. Through selective reporting, emotional manipulation, and outright suppression of truth, the **Drive-By Media** sows fear, confusion, and division. They tell the people *what* to think, not *how* to think. They rewrite history, blur facts, and treat truth like an inconvenience.

But as Rush reminded us, the antidote to tyranny is **truth**, and truth begins with **education**. "*Once a person becomes informed,*" he said, "*they become dangerous to tyranny. They become free.*"

And freedom is not something you inherit. It is something you must **protect**.

Citizenship as a Mission

Thanks to Rush, I now see **citizenship** not as a status I obtained when I took the oath of allegiance. I see it as a **mission**, a daily, ongoing commitment to defend, uphold, and participate in the republic we have been blessed with.

I came to America as an immigrant, but I stayed because I became a citizen, **not just by paperwork, but by purpose**. That change didn't happen in a courtroom or a DMV. It happened in my heart, when I realized that **liberty is a responsibility**, not a handout.

Democracy doesn't run on autopilot. It requires **fuel**. That fuel is *awareness*, *action*, and *accountability*. It needs informed, engaged citizens who see their voice not as a whisper but as a weapon of truth.

I live by the belief that **one voice can make a difference**, not because of fame, wealth, or influence, but because **truth** spoken in conviction can move mountains. And when those voices unite across neighborhoods, pews, and town halls, they form the **greatest firewall against tyranny** the world has ever known: **We the People**.

“We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union...” Those words in the Constitution weren’t written for politicians. They were written for *citizens*. For farmers and factory workers, parents and pastors, immigrants and entrepreneurs, for all of us. The Constitution doesn’t exist to empower the government. It exists to **limit** it, and to empower *us*.

As Proverbs 1:7 says, *“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and instruction.”* That one verse is more than spiritual advice, it’s a warning. When a people forget God, when they reject truth and instruction, they don’t become free thinkers, they become vulnerable. Ignorance may feel convenient. It may even be celebrated in a culture obsessed with feelings over facts. But ignorance is dangerous. It’s how nations fall. It’s how freedom fades.

History makes this clear. Look at Venezuela, once a thriving economy, now brought to its knees not by war, but by the slow erosion of truth, responsibility, and faith. Look at Cuba, where government promised equality but delivered only repression. Look at the former Soviet Union, where knowledge was controlled, speech was censored, and citizens were punished for thinking independently. These nations didn’t crumble overnight. They decayed slowly rotted from within by lies, silence, and the abandonment of godly wisdom.

America is not immune. We are not too big to fail, too special to fall. That’s why we must hold fast to what is true. Because when the people are uninformed, they can be misled. When the people are misled, they can be manipulated. And when they’re manipulated long enough, they can be enslaved without even realizing it.

This is why I speak out. This is why I vote, teach, and mentor. Not because I think I know everything, but because I fear what happens when good people stop seeking knowledge and stop teaching the next generation to seek it too. I don’t want America to become another cautionary tale. I want it to remain a light to the world, a nation rooted in wisdom, guided by truth, and blessed by the fear of the Lord.

I didn’t just raise my children, I prepared them. I taught them the truth about this country, not the watered-down, edited version they might find in textbooks, but the hard-fought truth earned through blood, sacrifice, and conviction. I wanted them to understand that America is not perfect, but she is good. That her greatness doesn’t come from government handouts, but from the people who give of themselves for something greater.

Now that my children are grown, I see the fruits of those lessons. They didn't grow up confused about who they were or what this country meant. They grew up with a foundation built on gratitude, not grievance. On faith, not fear. On truth, not trend.

I taught them that the freedom they enjoy came at a price, and that someone paid it. That every right comes with responsibility. That the flag we fly isn't just fabric, it's a symbol of lives given and ideals defended. I reminded them that while others may try to rewrite history, we must remember it honestly and honorably.

Because if we don't teach our children the truth, who will? The same voices that try to divide us? The same systems that erase faith, rewrite civics, and blur the lines between right and wrong?

No, it's up to us. It's up to parents, citizens, and patriots. That's why I never waited for a school to teach them what they needed to know about this nation. I lived it. I showed it. I taught them to love this country, not blindly, but bravely. And now, as adults, they carry that love forward, not just in what they say, but in how they live.

Because the American Dream isn't something you inherit, it's something you defend, pass down, and keep alive.

I also reach out to other new Americans, people like me, who once believed that politics was only for the elite. I tell them what Rush told me: **"This country is yours. Don't wait for permission to speak. You are the power they fear."**

Citizenship, I've learned, is not a title. It is a mission, one that begins with gratitude, grows with knowledge, and flourishes through action.

Because in the end, a free nation isn't defined by its government. It is defined by the **character, courage, and convictions of its people.**

And I refuse to be silent.

"We don't need to transform America. We need to restore it. And that begins with 'We the People.'"

Rush said those words with unwavering conviction because he understood what many Americans have forgotten: that the strength of this country is not in its politicians, its bureaucracies, or its capital. It is in its people, **ordinary citizens** who believe in **extraordinary principles.**

I came to realize that the most powerful person in this republic isn't the president, it's the **informed citizen**. Not the one with a title, but the one who takes time to **read**, who dares to **think**, who commits to **vote**, who refuses to be silent, and who leads, *not from the top, but from the front porch, the classroom, the pulpit, the workplace*.

Rush helped me see this clearly. Power in America doesn't trickle down from the government. It **rises up** from the people. That's why our Constitution begins not with "We the Congress" or "We the Government," but with "**We the People**." Those three words are not a slogan. They are a mission statement. A declaration that sovereignty rests with the citizen, not with the state.

When I became an American citizen, I took an oath. But for me, it wasn't just **legal**, it was **spiritual**. I pledged allegiance not just to a flag of red, white, and blue, but to the **vision** that flag represents **liberty, justice, and self-governance under God**.

That vision, rooted in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bible, is constantly under siege. Not always by armies, but by **ideas**. Bad ideas. Destructive ideologies. Lies disguised as progress. Institutions that trade truth for power. Media that profit off of fear and division. And cultural voices that ridicule faith, morality, and patriotism.

Rush saw this war for what it was. He said, *"They don't just want to change America. They want to remake it. Tear it down and rebuild it in their own image."* But America doesn't need a new foundation, it needs a **restoration** of the old one: the foundation of faith, family, freedom, and individual responsibility.

Psalm 11:3 asks, "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" Because if we lose sight of what makes America exceptional, we don't just lose a nation, we lose the last great hope for human liberty.

But as Rush reminded us, **we are not helpless**. We are not victims. We are not spectators. We are **the American people**. And when informed and united, we are the most powerful force for good in human history.

My role, and yours, is to guard that vision. To teach it. To live it. To pass it on. That's not the government's job. It's **ours**. Because liberty is not passed down in the bloodstream. It must be taught, defended, and cherished generation **after generation**.

And so, I wake up each day not just as a resident of this country, but as a **guardian** of its values. I don't wait for Washington to solve my problems or define my principles. I look to God, to our founding documents, and to the wisdom of voices like Rush, who reminded us that **freedom isn't free, and it isn't fragile either, so long as we are willing to fight for it**.

Passing the Torch — One Citizen at a Time

I didn't just take Rush's lessons to heart; I made them part of my **life's work**. Because once you see citizenship as a mission, you can't keep it to yourself. You have to share it. You have to pass it on. **The torch of liberty is only as strong as the hands willing to carry it forward.**

That's why I speak up, not just in public, but at the dinner table. Not just in elections, but in everyday conversations. I tell my children that their rights don't come from the government. *They come from God.* I remind them what the **Declaration of Independence** boldly declares:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights..."

Not **granted, endowed**. Not from Washington, but from the **Creator**. And that truth changes everything.

So, I mentor the next generation. I talk with young Americans, especially immigrants like me, about what this country means, and what it requires. I've worked with students, cadets, and neighbors. I challenge them to think for themselves, to ask hard questions, and to take responsibility for their freedom.

I remind them of **Proverbs 22:6**:

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The same goes for **citizenship**. If we train up the next generation to love this country, to understand its founding, and to see themselves as active participants, not passive recipients, then we are fulfilling our highest civic and spiritual calling.

Rush always believed in the next generation. He knew America wasn't just a land. It was an **idea**. And ideas can only survive if they are **taught, lived, and defended**.

That's why I tell every young person I meet:

"You are not too small to matter. You are not too young to lead. You are not too late to make a difference."

Because the future of this country doesn't belong to politicians. It belongs to **patriots**, those who understand that freedom is fragile, but worth fighting for. Who understand that **your voice, your values, and your vote matter**.

That's what I learned from Rush Limbaugh. And that's what I now teach others, one conversation, one classroom, one child at a time.

We don't need a revolution. We need a **restoration**. And it begins with each of us, taking our place, doing our part, and standing tall, not just as citizens on paper, but as **keepers of the flame**.

Rush had a simple but profoundly powerful take on negativity. He once said:

“It’s easy to be negative.”

At first, it sounded almost too obvious. But the more I lived, the more I realized how true, and how dangerous, that statement really was. Negativity requires no courage, no discipline, and no vision. Anyone can point fingers, tear down, criticize, or complain. That’s the path of least resistance. But building something? Offering solutions? Leading with conviction and clarity? That’s hard work, and that’s where the real power lies.

Rush wasn’t condemning criticism, he was warning against what he called “*negative power*”, the corrosive force that seeks only to destroy, never to build. That kind of power is easy. What’s hard is stewardship. That’s the word Rush used often: **stewardship**, the idea that this country doesn’t belong to politicians or pundits. It belongs to *us*, “We the People.”

That’s not just political rhetoric, it’s the foundation of our republic. The **U.S. Constitution** begins with those words:

“We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union...”

an eternal reminder that America is not a top-down regime; it is a bottom-up miracle, made strong by the character of its citizens.

That truth is not only constitutional, it is biblical. The Bible tells us in **Romans 12:21**: “**Do not be overcome by evil, but overcome evil with good.**” And in **Galatians 6:9**: “**Let us not grow weary in doing good, for at the proper time we will reap a harvest if we do not give up.**”

Those verses, like Rush’s words, push us beyond complaint and toward action. They tell us to resist the cynicism of the age, and to keep doing the right thing, even when it’s hard, even when we feel alone.

I took that challenge seriously. I asked myself: What am I building? What legacy will I leave, not just for my children, but for the cadets I mentor, the students I teach, the families I serve through the Hispanic Community Council?

Today, I do everything I can to lead by example. I stand up for educational choice and parental rights. I fight for dignity in healthcare and transparency in government. I speak truth, not just because it’s right, but because I want the next generation to know that our freedoms aren’t secured by shouting, they’re secured by sacrifice, service, and faith.

In a world that often rewards outrage more than outcomes, I hold fast to the words of **John 8:32**: “**Then you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.**”

That’s the America I believe in. That’s the mission I live for. Because as Rush said, it’s easy to be negative. But it’s holy, constitutional, and life-changing to be constructive.

The Courage to Speak — Conviction Over Conformity

“The American people are not the problem. Government is the problem.”

That truth, so simple and bold, cuts through decades of noise and blame. For too long, Americans have been told they’re too divided, too angry, too privileged, too backward. But that’s a lie. ****The people are not the problem, ****the system that seeks to control, silence, and manipulate them is.

We don’t need to be loud to be powerful. We don’t need to march in lockstep to make an impact. **What we need is clarity.** Clarity of principles. Clarity of truth. Clarity of identity, **who we are**, and what we’re willing to stand for.

Because truth, when spoken with courage, echoes longer than any headline. It lives in the hearts of those who refuse to be bullied into silence. But I won’t pretend it’s easy.

Speaking up comes at a cost. I know that cost personally. I’ve lost friendships. I’ve been judged, mischaracterized, even dismissed by those I once called family. Some couldn’t understand how someone from my background could hold conservative beliefs. They assumed I had betrayed my culture, or worse, forgotten it. But the truth is the exact opposite.

I didn’t turn my back on my culture, I honored it. I embraced the values my mother and Mama Dulce taught me: **faith, hard work, gratitude, sacrifice, and family.** And when I found those same values reflected in the founding ideals of America, I knew I had not lost my identity, I had **fulfilled it.**

I didn’t fall in love with a political party. I fell in love with a nation that gave me the freedom to **believe, speak, and build** without fear. I fight for America not because it is perfect, but because it is **good.** And I believe what **Alexis de Tocqueville** once observed still holds true:

“America is great because she is good. If America ceases to be good, she will cease to be great.” – Alexis De Tocqueville (A French political scientist and historian who wrote “Democracy in America”. His observation, “America is great because she is good; if America ceases to be good, she will cease to be great,” suggests that America’s strength and greatness are fundamentally linked to its moral character and virtuous principles.)

I fight for this country because I’ve tasted what it means to be free.

Because I’ve seen what it means to live without it. And because I want my children, and yours, to inherit more than slogans and debt. I want them to inherit **honor, history, and hope.**

And that requires courage.

Courage to speak up in a culture that demands silence.

Courage to stand tall in the face of ridicule.

Courage to say what is right, even when it's unpopular.

"Have I now become your enemy by telling you the truth?" — Galatians 4:16

That verse speaks to what so many Americans feel today: isolated, misunderstood, and vilified simply for speaking truth. But as Rush taught us, **we are not alone**. We are not fringe. We are not extreme. We are the **backbone of this country**, the ones who raise families, serve in the military, open businesses, and bow our heads in prayer. We are **the majority**, silent no more.

I will never apologize for loving this country. I will never be ashamed of my faith, my flag, or my freedom. I will never stop reminding others that America is worth defending, not just in times of crisis, but in times of complacency. Because the most dangerous lie we can believe is that our voice doesn't matter. It does.

Your voice matters. Your vote matters. Your courage matters. This isn't just politics. It's **personal**. It's **spiritual**. It's **moral**. It's about defending the light of liberty before it flickers out in silence.

"Being a conservative in America today means you will be attacked. But take heart: the truth is on your side."

That warning wasn't a complaint. It was a call to courage.

Rush never sugarcoated the cost of standing up for conservative principles in a culture bent on conformity. He knew that defending faith, family, freedom, and the Constitution would come with arrows, some from the media, others from people you once called friends.

And he was right. I've felt the sting of mockery. I've faced accusations, not for breaking laws or hurting anyone, but for daring to speak truth in an age of lies. For loving the country that gave me freedom. For believing that God, not government, is the source of my rights.

But thanks to Rush, I no longer fear those attacks. I welcome them as confirmation that **I'm standing where I ought to stand**.

I no longer feel like a guest in this country. I feel like a **citizen**, in the truest, fullest sense of the word.

Not just someone with paperwork, but someone with **purpose**. Not just a resident, but a **patriot**. Not just a name on a voter roll, but a **voice for the truth**.

Through Rush's words, I found not just clarity, I found a calling. I came to see that conservatism is not a political posture. It is a **moral compass**. It is rooted in timeless values: that rights come from God, that responsibility belongs to the individual, and that freedom is worth defending at all costs.

I am no longer content to be a bystander. I am a **guardian of the American idea**, that sacred truth carved into the soul of our founding documents and echoed in Scripture:

“Stand firm then, with the belt of truth buckled around your waist...” — Ephesians 6:14

Truth isn't just an idea. It's a weapon. And in the hands of informed, courageous citizens, it's unstoppable. So, I don't shrink back. I step forward.

I carry the convictions of a man who lived under tyranny, found freedom, and chose to fight for it, not just for himself, but for the country that made it possible.

And now, I fight not with anger, but with **conviction**. Not with hate, but with **hope**. Not for one party or one generation, but for **the promise of America itself**.

Because once you know the truth, you don't run from the battle.

You run toward it.

“One person with courage is a majority.” — Attributed to Thomas Jefferson and popularized by Ronald Reagan

I used to think one voice didn't matter. That real influence belonged to politicians, celebrities, or wealthy donors behind closed doors. But now I know better. One voice grounded in truth, guided by faith, and driven by conviction can shake the foundations of apathy and corruption. One voice can become a rallying cry.

I believe it now, not just in words, but in how I live. I've taught it to my children, and I continue to teach it to my Civil Air Patrol cadets and my students in the classroom. Whether at the dinner table, on the drill field, or in a lecture hall, I pass on this truth: that freedom must be understood to be valued, and it must be valued to be preserved. I don't just tell them what America is, I show them why it matters.

Because courage is contagious. It only takes one person, one parent at a school board meeting, one student who refuses to stay silent, one neighbor willing to speak the truth, for others to find their own voice.

That's what democracy demands. Not just voters who show up every four years, but **citizens who show up every day**. People who care enough to learn, bold enough to speak, and brave enough to stand, even when it costs something.

Rush Limbaugh didn't just teach me how to think critically. He didn't just arm me with facts. **He awakened me to the noble duty of living as a free American.**

He showed me that freedom is not a mood, or a slogan, or something you casually inherit. It's a **discipline**. A **daily decision**. A gift you cherish, and a flame you defend.

And now I live by this unshakable truth:

The power doesn't belong to Washington. It doesn't belong to the media. It doesn't belong to unelected bureaucrats or global elites.

It belongs to **the people**.

It belongs to **those who believe in liberty**.

It belongs to **you. And it belongs to me.**

"We the People of the United States... do ordain and establish this Constitution." —

The Preamble to the U.S. Constitution

That phrase wasn't symbolic. It was revolutionary. It declared that this nation would never belong to kings or tyrants again, but to the governed, the ordinary, the faithful, and the brave.

So, every time I speak up, every time I vote, every time I remind someone of their rights and responsibilities, I am participating in something sacred.

I am carrying the torch.

And I challenge you to do the same.

Let courage rise in you, not because it's easy, but because it's necessary.

This country doesn't need more noise. It needs more **courageous Americans** who know who they are, what they stand for, and why it all matters.

Because one person with courage really is a majority, when that person refuses to be silent, refuses to be bought, and refuses to let the flame of freedom die on their watch.

A Call to the Courageous

I didn't come to America for a handout. I came for a chance. And I found more than I ever dreamed: **liberty wrapped in responsibility, and freedom forged by faith.**

This country took me in, but more importantly, it called me **up**.

Up to serve.

Up to speak.

Up to stand.

And now, I extend that call to you.

You don't need a platform to make an impact. You don't need permission to defend the truth. You don't need fame, wealth, or title to be a leader.

You need only what our Founders had: **conviction and courage.**

"We hold these truths to be self-evident..."

"...that all men are created equal..."

"...that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights..."

That wasn't a suggestion. That was a declaration. One made not by elites or rulers, but by brave men who risked everything to secure the blessings of liberty, for themselves, and for you.

Now it's your turn.

Don't wait for someone else to fix America. Don't wait for perfect conditions or popular approval. Don't wait until it's too late.

Speak truth. Cast your vote. Defend the good. Teach the next generation.

Let them see in your life what Rush taught us all: that the greatness of America doesn't reside in Washington, it resides in **We the People.**

And if we don't carry the flame, who will? *"For God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."* — 2 Timothy 1:7

We are not victims. We are not voiceless. We are **citizens of the greatest nation on Earth.** And it's time we start acting like it. So, take up the torch. Hold it high. And **never, ever** let it go dark.

So, as I close this chapter, I offer not just a reflection, but a prayer, a prayer for this nation, and for each of us who call it home:

Almighty God,

You have blessed this land with liberty, with opportunity, and with hope. You've given us not just rights, but responsibilities. Help us to honor that gift. Give us the courage to speak truth, the wisdom to discern it, and the strength to defend it, no matter the cost.

Let us raise our children to know that freedom isn't free, and that silence in the face of tyranny is not love, but surrender.

Let us walk in humility, but never in fear.

Let us be the light in a culture of confusion.

Let us be the voice that reminds others: **"The power is in your hands."**

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." — Psalm 33:12

Rush Limbaugh reminded me every day that **being American is not about where you're from, it's about what you believe.**

And I believe this:

That the truth still matters.

That freedom is still worth fighting for.

And that one person, filled with faith and courage, can still change the world.

So now, I pass the torch to you.

Carry it boldly.

Guard it fiercely.

And never forget:

You are not powerless. You are the majority.

And as long as you live like it, America still has a future.

Chapter 10: The Power Within

Rush Limbaugh once declared:

“We are born free. We are born with rights. They are not given to us by man or by government.”

That idea isn't just bold, it's foundational. It's liberating. It's revolutionary. And for millions around the world, it's still rare.

In many countries, including the one where I was born, freedom is not assumed, it is rationed. Rights are not inherent, they are conditional, extended or withdrawn based on political loyalty, personal connections, or the whims of those in power. In such places, government is not a servant of the people, it is their master.

The grip of the state reaches into every aspect of daily life. Speech is measured. Dissent is dangerous. Authority is feared, not respected. Even children learn quickly that safety lies in silence and that obedience often outweighs truth.

This is what makes the American idea so exceptional. The belief that our rights are not privileges granted by leaders, but gifts endowed by our Creator. That government's role is not to control us, but to protect those God-given rights. This principle is not just written

into the Constitution; it lives in the hearts of those who understand what it's like to live without it.

In that truth lies the greatness of America. And in forgetting it lies the risk of losing everything that makes this country worth preserving.

In that world, **strength meant submission**. It meant staying quiet, following orders, not rocking the boat. It meant keeping your head down and your dreams small. You learned not to expect too much. Not to hope too loudly. Not to believe that your life belonged to you.

And here in the United States, I learned something radically different. I didn't learn it in school. I didn't learn it from a textbook. I learned it from **Rush Limbaugh**.

He wasn't just a voice on the radio, he was a voice that shook my entire foundation. He helped me realize that in this country, power doesn't come **from the government**, it comes **from the people**. The people are not subjects. They are sovereign.

Rush often quoted the Constitution and reminded us of these words:

"We the People of the United States... do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Not **we the elites**, not **we the government**, not **we the privileged**, **We the People**.

That line alone rewired how I thought about citizenship. It gave me a new sense of dignity and responsibility. I was no longer someone trying to fit in. I was someone who belonged, not because a man in a suit gave me permission, but because the very founding documents of this nation **recognized my rights as inherent**, not inherited.

Rush gave meaning to those ideas. He taught that real strength isn't found in control over others, but in **self-control, discipline, courage**, and the unwavering belief in liberty.

He reminded me that **freedom is not a gift**; it's a birthright, but it must be **guarded, exercised, and defended** in every generation.

"The Constitution is not an instrument for the government to restrain the people, it is an instrument for the people to restrain the government." — *Patrick Henry, a quote Rush often referenced*

In many parts of the world, fear is a way of life. Neighbors watch what they say, not out of courtesy, but out of caution. People are punished not for crimes, but for opinions. Families are divided, not by choice, but by regimes that demand loyalty over liberty. These are not distant memories, they are daily realities in nations where freedom is conditional and rights are negotiable.

But in America, the story is different. Here, the individual is not a number or a tool of the state. Here, people are not defined by party allegiance or silenced by fear. They are recognized as free citizens, endowed with unalienable rights, protected by law, and empowered by opportunity.

Rush helped me see that real strength is quiet but unshakable. It's found in fathers who go to work every day to provide. In mothers who raise their children with values. In small business owners who pour their savings into something that might one day grow. In patriots who speak truth in a world that punishes it.

I've come to believe that America's strength doesn't come from its armies or its wealth, it comes from **its people**, and the power they carry within. A power rooted in faith, protected by law, and awakened by truth.

And I saw that power in myself.

Rush Limbaugh lit a fire in my soul that made me want to stand taller, not just as an immigrant or a citizen, but as a defender of something sacred. He reminded me that strength isn't found in compliance, but in **conviction**. Not in fear, but in **faith**. Not in dependency, but in **self-reliance**.

Thanks to him, I didn't just admire America, I understood it. I saw it clearly, flaws and all. But more importantly, I saw what it made possible.

"No person shall... be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law..." — *U.S. Constitution, 5th Amendment*

That sentence alone gave me more security, more hope, more **strength**, than any government program ever could.

Rush showed me that **real strength isn't loud**, but **it is lasting**. It's what carries a man through long nights, hard choices, and high expectations. It's what holds a family together. It's what builds a business. And it's what defends a nation.

I thank God for bringing me to a land where that kind of strength is still possible. And I thank Rush Limbaugh for helping me discover the power within.

"The Constitution is not there to tell you what you can do. It's there to tell the government what it can't do."

That single idea turns oppressive logic on its head. In many parts of the world, power is concentrated in the hands of a few, and government exists not to protect liberty, but to enforce obedience. In such places, silence is a survival strategy. Compliance becomes a

way of life. Questioning authority is dangerous. Protesting is forbidden. And ambition is often seen as rebellion.

Citizens in those systems learn not to flourish, but to fade, to think small, to avoid notice, to trade freedom for false security. But America was built differently.

Here, the Constitution places limits on government, not the governed. It declares that rights do not come from rulers, but from God. It affirms that people are not subjects, but sovereigns. This framework of liberty, articulated in 1776, refined in 1787, and defended ever since, is not just a document. It's a miracle of human history.

Many may grow up learning about Jefferson, Madison, and Hamilton in school. Others may discover them later, through voices like Rush Limbaugh, who helped millions understand the Constitution not as a relic, but as a living promise. A promise that power belongs with the people, and that freedom is not granted by the state but protected from it.

He didn't just teach history. He **brought it to life**.

He opened my eyes to the fact that America's founding wasn't about bureaucracy, it was about **belief**. The belief that all men are created equal. That rights come **not from government**, but from **God**. That the purpose of government is not to rule over the people, but to be bound by the law and answer to the people.

As the **Tenth Amendment** states: "**The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution... are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.**"

This line from the Tenth Amendment isn't just a legal formality, it's a revolutionary declaration. It affirms a foundational truth: that real power in America belongs not to distant bureaucracies or central authorities, but to the people themselves.

In much of the world, citizens are trained to submit to power, not wield it. They're taught to comply, not question. Government is something to fear, not to oversee.

But in America, the Constitution flips that script. It doesn't limit the people; it limits the government. It doesn't assume the state grants rights, it insists those rights are inherent, God-given, and untouchable by man.

Voices like Rush Limbaugh's reminded Americans that they are not mere observers of history, they are its authors. That in a constitutional republic, citizenship is not passive; it's participatory. And liberty, once understood, demands vigilance, responsibility, and courage from every generation.

We are not owned by the government. We are not subjects. We are free citizens, entrusted with the preservation of a nation built on principle, protected by law, and powered by the people.

Rush Limbaugh once said, “*Silence is surrender.*”

That truth echoes louder today than ever. In many places around the world, silence is a survival tactic, an instinct learned under regimes where speaking out means punishment. But in America, silence can cost something even greater: freedom itself.

Remaining quiet in the face of growing threats to liberty, dignity, and national purpose isn’t neutrality, it’s concession. Failing to speak up allows others to redefine the nation, to rewrite its founding values, and to erode the rights that generations before us fought to secure.

Understanding this transforms the role of every citizen. Citizenship isn’t just a legal status; it’s a sacred trust. A role in the greatest political miracle in human history: a nation founded not on bloodlines or borders, but on the bold idea that government derives its power from the governed.

To stay silent is to abdicate that responsibility. But to speak, to engage, to vote, to stand, is to take part in that miracle. A miracle of self-government. A living, breathing experiment in liberty, conceived in courage, and protected by a Constitution that still recognizes the sovereignty of the people.

“We the People of the United States... do ordain and establish this Constitution...”

— *Preamble to the U.S. Constitution*

Not *we the government*. Not *we the elites*. Not *we the educated*. But **we the people**.

Rush’s definition of power wasn’t what the media pushed. It wasn’t about rage or revenge or canceling your opponents. It wasn’t about titles or wealth or credentials. It was about **governing yourself**. About mastering your own instincts, taking responsibility for your choices, and living by principle, not pressure.

It was about **self-discipline**. About doing the right thing, not the easy thing. About building your life on truth instead of trends.

Rush redefined what strength meant to me. It wasn’t loud. It wasn’t angry. It was **rooted**, **resilient**, and **righteous**. The strength of a father who teaches his children to love this country. The strength of a business owner who signs the front of paychecks. The strength of a citizen who votes with conviction, not convenience.

America is more than a place on a map; it is a responsibility. Freedom is not merely the license to do as one pleases; it is the solemn trust to safeguard something sacred. It demands virtue, vigilance, and a sense of duty. Because liberty without responsibility is not

freedom, it is chaos. True self-government depends on citizens who understand that the blessings of this nation come with the burden of preserving them.

There comes a point when stepping back is no longer an option, when silence becomes complicity and hesitation becomes a risk to everything that matters. The weight of responsibility, once feared or avoided, must be embraced. Not out of pride, but out of clarity.

Because once you've seen what the world looks like without freedom, when rights are privileges, and truth is dictated by power, you understand what's at stake. Liberty is not self-sustaining. It must be defended, spoken for, and passed on.

And that defense begins when ordinary citizens stop shrinking from responsibility and start standing in its light. Not to seek attention, but to ensure that the darkness never takes root here.

“Congress shall make no law... abridging the freedom of speech...” — First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution

In many parts of the world, such a statement would be nothing more than a dream, an unattainable promise buried beneath censorship, oppression, and fear. But in America, it stands as the law of the land: a cornerstone of liberty and a shield for the truth.

The First Amendment is not just a legal protection; it is a profound declaration that ideas matter, that conscience has a place in the public square, and that no government has the right to silence the voice of its people. It is this foundational principle that empowers every American, not just to speak, but to speak boldly.

Rush Limbaugh understood this power. He championed the right to speak freely not as a privilege for a few, but as a duty for all. He challenged millions to think critically, to resist groupthink, and to take personal responsibility for preserving the ideals enshrined in our founding documents.

His voice reminded this nation that freedom is not self-sustaining, it must be defended in every generation. That defense does not rest solely in the hands of soldiers or lawmakers. It belongs to every citizen willing to stand, speak, vote, teach, and lead with courage and clarity.

In this republic, power does not flow from palaces or parliaments. It flows from the people, free people, who understand that liberty requires more than slogans. It demands action rooted in principle, protected by knowledge, and driven by gratitude for those who came before.

To remain silent in the face of truth is not humility, it is surrender. And to surrender our voice is to forfeit our rights as American citizens.

Let us never forget: The Constitution cannot defend itself. It relies on us. On citizens who know their rights, speak without fear, and live with the understanding that freedom, once lost, is not easily regained.

"If you commit to being the best you can be, there is no limit to what you can accomplish."

I wasn't born into wealth. I didn't speak English fluently when I arrived in America. I didn't have family in high places or a roadmap to success laid out before me. What I had was far less glamorous, but infinitely more powerful: **willpower**, **faith**, and **discipline**, traits that were forged in hardship and refined in service to the greatest country on earth.

The United States Navy gave me more than a uniform and a purpose. It gave me a mirror. It showed me who I really was, and who I had the potential to become. The Navy demanded that I rise to the occasion, every day, without excuses. It taught me that strength comes not from comfort, but from commitment. That honor is earned, not assumed. That teamwork, discipline, and duty aren't just words, they're a code, a way of life.

In boot camp, no one cared where you came from. All that mattered was whether you showed up, gave your best, and had your brother's back. You learned quickly that blaming others, making excuses, or waiting for someone else to fix your problems would get you nowhere. That culture of accountability shaped me and saved me.

But it was Rush Limbaugh who gave voice to the fire that the Navy had stoked inside me.

He said the things I had felt but hadn't yet found the words for. That in America, **success isn't handed to you, it's offered to you, like a challenge**. And whether you rise to meet it is entirely up to you. Listening to Rush was like listening to someone who understood me, even before I fully understood myself. He made sense of my instincts. He confirmed what my gut and my upbringing had taught me, that hard work, not handouts, is what builds a life worth living.

Rush Limbaugh didn't sell false hope. He didn't offer excuses or encourage blame. He didn't preach victimhood or entitlement. Instead, he called Americans to rise. He told us that no matter where we started, we were not trapped by our past. He believed, and taught, that every person is born free, not to be managed by government, but to be empowered by liberty. And that freedom, real freedom, comes hand in hand with responsibility. That dignity is not handed out; it is earned through effort, sacrifice, and perseverance.

That message hit home for me in a way most people couldn't understand.

I grew up in the ghetto, without a mother to nurture me or a father to guide me. I knew what it was like to be overlooked, to be surrounded by hardship, to feel as though your life has

already been written before you've had a chance to live it. With no roadmap and no role models, it would've been easy, even expected, for me to depend on government assistance, to stay in place, and to accept limitation as my destiny.

But that wasn't God's plan.

Even in those dark and uncertain years, I was not alone. I now know that the faithful prayers of **Mama Dulce**, a woman who stepped in with love, wisdom, and relentless faith, were rising up to Heaven on my behalf. She prayed when I had no hope. She believed when I could not see the way forward. And God heard those prayers.

His answer came in the most unexpected form: **The United States Navy**.

When every door seemed shut, the Navy opened one. I was a high school dropout at the time, and yet, by what I believe was divine providence, the Navy was recruiting even those without diplomas, a rare exception in that era. It was more than a lifeline. It was a calling.

Through discipline, purpose, and service, the Navy gave me structure. It taught me leadership. It restored in me a sense of worth and direction. It showed me that even broken beginnings can lead to meaningful destinies. It was God's way of showing me that my life wasn't an accident, it was a mission.

And when I later discovered **Rush Limbaugh**, his voice echoed the truths I had lived. That liberty isn't a handout. That no government program can substitute for personal resolve. That the American Dream isn't something you wait for, it's something you work for.

Rush reminded us that the power to overcome isn't found in a government office, it's found in the human spirit. In faith. In discipline. In the quiet strength to say: *"I will not be defined by where I started, I will be defined by who I become."*

And thanks to Mama Dulce's prayers, the grace of God, the opportunity of the Navy, and the wisdom of Rush Limbaugh, I did become more. And I've never looked back.

"There's no limit to what you can accomplish if you commit to being the best you can be."

When I heard that, it felt like lightning in my chest. I had always worked hard, but now I had a *philosophy* to match my grind. For the first time, I didn't feel like I was just trying to make it, I felt like I was *meant* to. Not because anyone cleared a path for me, but because I had what it takes to carve one out myself.

Rush taught me that the American Dream wasn't a myth, it was a mission. A personal mission. Not handed down by the government, but lifted up by individual courage, persistence, and moral clarity.

I came to realize that I didn't have to be born here to be **part of this country's story**. I just had to fight for it. I had to *own* it. And thanks to my time in the Navy, I knew how to fight, with integrity, with resolve, and with a servant's heart.

Rush gave me the confidence to believe that my story mattered. That my values had a place here. That this country didn't just *accept* people like me, it *needed* people like me. People who weren't afraid of hard work. People who still believed in personal responsibility, in earned success, and in the redemptive power of freedom.

He used to say, ***"Power is earned, not given."*** And I understood that in my bones. I had earned everything, not because I was special, but because I refused to give up. I refused to wait for permission. I refused to see myself as a victim. And that mindset changed everything.

Rush reminded us all that liberty is **not passive**. It's not a guarantee. It's not just something written in our founding documents, it's something that must be defended and lived every single day.

It's defended:

- When you get up early to provide for your family.
- When you teach your children to honor God, their parents, and their country.
- When you build a business from the ground up.
- When you speak truth, even when the culture says to stay silent.
- When you vote your conscience, even if it makes you unpopular.

That is the American spirit. And that's the power Rush helped reignite in me, and in millions like me.

I may not have been born here, but this land, this *idea*, this great experiment in human liberty, it lives in me now. My service in the Navy gave me the tools. Rush gave me the vision.

Together, they reminded me of something too many people forget:

In America, your future is not inherited, it is created.

And if you're willing to commit, to sacrifice, to strive with everything you've got, there truly is no limit to what you can accomplish.

"You are not a victim. You are an American. Act like it."

He didn't see us as fragile. He saw us as forged. Not helpless but hardened by experience and capable of greatness. Rush reminded us that our scars didn't make us damaged, they

made us dangerous to the lies that kept us down. He didn't speak to the victim in me. He spoke to the *fighter*.

And I needed that.

When I lost my mother at just eight years old, my world collapsed. I didn't just lose a parent; I lost the only safe place I had ever known. Her voice, her embrace, her protection, they were gone, and nothing in my life would ever feel whole again. That moment didn't just take my childhood. It robbed me of certainty. Of peace. I had to learn to survive, not later, but *immediately*.

There were no warm safety nets. I didn't have time to grieve like a child. I had to adapt. I had to fight. I had to move through pain while pretending I wasn't hurting. And though I pressed forward, I carried a deep, silent message inside me: *Life dealt you an unfair hand. You'll always be one step behind.*

And maybe, on paper, that was true.

But Rush Limbaugh's words shattered that inner narrative.

“You are not a victim. You are an American. Act like it.”

Those words didn't come to me as an insult. They came like a challenge, sharp, undeniable, and awakening. Not spoken with cruelty, but with clarity. Not shouted in anger but delivered with the quiet strength of truth. They cut through the noise of self-pity and the lies of dependency like a scalpel through fog.

It was the kind of sentence that doesn't ask for agreement, it demands a response. A call not just to think differently, but to live differently.

In that moment, something shifted inside me. All the labels the world had tried to place on me, poor, broken, abandoned, disadvantaged, lost their grip. I realized that victimhood is a trap, not a truth. That freedom demands responsibility. And that dignity is not given by systems, it is earned through courage, discipline, and faith.

That one line carried centuries of American grit behind it. It echoed the spirit of the Founders who pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor. It echoed the quiet strength of every settlers-immigrant who came here to build, not to beg. It reminded me that being an American is not a guarantee of comfort, it is a call to character.

I understood then: I wasn't defined by my past. Not by the loss of my mother, the absence of my father, or the struggles of my childhood. I was defined by the choices I made now, in freedom. I was an American. And it was time I acted like one.

Because what Rush was really saying was this: Yes, life can be unfair. Yes, tragedy can strike. But your identity is not defined by what broke you, it's defined by how you rebuild.

Rush gave me permission to stop dragging my past like a chain. He helped me realize that being hurt didn't make me weak, it made me *qualified*. Qualified to rise. Qualified to lead. Qualified to turn pain into purpose. He taught me that the moment you embrace a victim mindset, you surrender the most precious thing you have in this country: your agency.

I didn't need a government program to tell me I was disadvantaged. I needed a voice to remind me that I was *still dangerous* to anything that tried to hold me down.

Rush helped me see the difference between compassion and captivity. He understood that real dignity doesn't come from being protected, it comes from **overcoming**. He helped me stop asking, "*Why me?*" and start asking, "*What now?*"

He replaced my victimhood with vision. He gave me something no social worker ever could: *expectation*. He expected me to rise. To grow. To serve. To lead.

He taught me that pain can become your prison, or your *platform*.

And I chose platform.

I stopped hiding my childhood loss like a secret. I started carrying it like a torch. That grief became fuel, fuel to push forward, to raise strong children, to love with intensity, to build with courage, and to serve others with the kind of empathy only survivors can offer.

Rush didn't save me. He didn't need to.

Because he reminded me, I didn't *need* saving, I needed *reminding*.

Reminding of who I am. Of where I live. Of the blood, sweat, and ideas that built this nation, this miracle, that I now get to call home. He reminded me that being American is not about being perfect. It's about being *powerful*, in spite of everything that tried to keep you small.

He made me proud to be responsible. Proud to push back. Proud to *own* my story. And proud to live with the fire of a man who refused to be defined by his wounds.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident," says our Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights..."

Rush helped me finally believe that. Not just as a principle, but as *my personal truth*.

Because I am not a victim.

I am an American.

And I will act like it.

"The more dependent you are on government, the more power government has over you."

That wasn't just a political statement. It was a *warning*. One that echoed like thunder in my own life.

Rush often said that government dependency is disguised as compassion. It comes wrapped in soft words, "assistance," "support," "equity", but when you pull back the curtain, what you find isn't empowerment, it's *control*. A leash that doesn't feel like a leash... until you try to move forward. Until you try to grow. Until you try to become more than what you were handed.

And I knew that leash well.

At the age of fourteen, before I ever stood proudly in a Navy uniform, before I ever raised my hand to take the oath of American citizenship, I was a poor teenage boy living off government aid. Food stamps and Medicaid. Those programs helped me survive, and I will never pretend otherwise. They put food on our table. They got us through a dark time.

But survival is not the same as *living*.

Those programs didn't help people rise; they helped them remain dependent.

What was sold as "assistance" often became a cage. A system designed not to empower, but to pacify. Instead of offering a hand up, it offered a leash, one that quietly trained individuals to expect less, reach less, and accept stagnation as stability.

The conditions tied to the help became barriers, not bridges. You could earn, but not too much, or you'd lose your benefits. You could work, but not with too much ambition, or the system would penalize your progress. You could survive, but you could not thrive.

It was a form of soft control that looked like compassion but functioned as containment. Incentives were inverted. Initiative was punished. Excellence was discouraged. People were not encouraged to rise beyond their circumstances, they were managed within them.

That's not empowerment. That's quiet resignation, enforced by policy.

A truly just society doesn't trap its people in systems of perpetual dependency. It challenges them to grow, equips them to succeed, and rewards the dignity of work, risk, and self-responsibility. Programs that do anything less may offer short-term relief, but they often steal long-term potential.

As Rush often reminded us: real compassion is not measured by how many people the government takes care of, but by how many no longer need its help.

The truth I discovered later, thanks to Rush Limbaugh, is that a government check can quiet your hunger, but it can also silence your drive.

Rush never shamed people like me for needing help. On the contrary, he offered us a hard, necessary truth: **compassion is not keeping people where they are, it's helping them see where they could be.**

He challenged us to look in the mirror and stop asking what the government could do *for* us and start asking what we could do *for ourselves*. Not because we were unworthy of help, but because we were *capable of more*.

That shift in mindset changed the course of my life. And it allowed me to help change someone else's.

Far too many Americans find themselves caught in a cycle of dependency, programs that offer just enough to survive, yet never enough to thrive. Food stamps, welfare checks, and subsidies can ease immediate hardship, but they often come with an unspoken bargain: *security at the cost of sovereignty*. The benefits that appear to lift people up can quietly hold them down, discouraging extra hours, new skills, and genuine independence.

A mentor once remarked that personal responsibility is not a burden; it is a gift. Dignity isn't found in dependence; it is discovered in purposeful action. Real compassion, therefore, is not handing someone more money, real compassion is handing them **truth**.

That truth begins with honest conversation. It shows that government assistance is rarely a ladder and more often a leash: earn too much and the rungs disappear; strive too hard and the leash tightens. Over time, the message becomes clear, *survive, but do not excel*.

Breaking that cycle requires more than words alone. It calls for walking beside those trapped in the system, offering mentorship, encouragement, and, when welcome, prayer. It means reinforcing a higher vision: human beings are made for more than handouts; they are made for freedom.

- **The process is slow.** Setbacks happen, and progress can feel incremental.
- **The work is hard.** It involves building skills, finding employment, and learning to navigate life without safety-net rules holding income down.
- **But change is possible.** First a job, then a better job. Independence grows, confidence returns, and the spark of self-respect rekindles.

When an individual finally stands unaided, no longer defined by a case number, there is a transformation that reaches far beyond the paycheck. Shoulders square. Eyes brighten. Purpose replaces resignation. That is the fruit of genuine empowerment.

And it begins with one unshakable conviction: **we were born for freedom, not for lifelong dependency.**

Rush was right: **dependency numbs ambition**. It shrinks dreams to fit the size of a government box. But once you break free, once you taste what it feels like to earn and build and own your future, you *never* want to go back.

As the Constitution reminds us, “We the People” are the ones in charge, not the bureaucracy, not the elite, and certainly not the endless programs that promise progress but deliver stagnation.

Rush taught me that you don’t measure a society by how many people are on assistance, but by how many people no longer *need* it. Real compassion, real leadership, real love for your neighbor is not giving them a fish. It’s teaching them they *already have the strength* to fish for themselves.

That’s the message I carry now. Not shame. Not anger. Not bitterness. Just *clarity*.

I’m grateful for the things that got me through my youth. But I’m far more proud of the choices that helped me leave those years behind. And even more proud of the people I’ve helped do the same.

Because of Rush, I learned that the power to rise was always within me. That government may offer comfort, but only *freedom* offers growth. And that real hope doesn’t come from a monthly check, it comes from knowing who you are, what you’re made of, and what this country still makes possible for those who dare to try.

And that is the American spirit Rush defended with every breath: **faith over fear, responsibility over dependency, liberty over control**.

Conservatism: The Philosophy of Power - “*Conservatism is the antidote to tyranny.*”

To Rush Limbaugh, conservatism wasn’t just a political stance, it was a moral and philosophical blueprint for a free and flourishing life. It wasn’t about preserving privilege or clinging to outdated traditions. It was about preserving the foundational truths that make human greatness not only possible, but inevitable, if we’re willing to accept responsibility.

Rush often reminded us that conservatism doesn’t seek to control people’s lives; it seeks to set them free. It aims to *limit government*, not because we hate government, but because we understand its natural appetite for power. Conservatism insists that real solutions begin at the grassroots, in homes, in churches, in businesses, and in communities, not in bureaucracies or behind closed doors in Washington.

Rush Limbaugh often reminded his audience that the strength of a nation begins in the strength of the family. The home is the first and most enduring institution of learning, discipline, love, and moral formation. It is where values are modeled, where character is

forged, and where true freedom is first tasted. Undermine the family, he warned, and you weaken the very foundation on which the republic stands.

Nowhere is this lesson more urgent than in many Latino communities, where father-absence and limited extended-family support have become tragically common. Government programs, often designed with good intentions, can unintentionally deepen the problem. By tying benefits to single-parent status and marginal employment, the state creates incentives that favor instability over commitment. When fathers are sidelined and intact families are penalized, the cycle of dependence tightens. The result is a community that remains politically manageable but economically and culturally vulnerable, exactly the condition in which expansive government thrives.

This dynamic illustrates why healthy families are such a threat to unchecked bureaucracy: a strong household teaches self-reliance, respect for authority that is earned rather than imposed, and loyalty that flows upward from the dinner table, not downward from Washington. Children raised with an engaged father and a unified parental presence are less likely to lean on the state for identity, discipline, or daily bread. They are more likely to build futures, in business, service, or higher education, that reduce government's grip on their lives and increase their stake in the nation's success.

For that reason, Rush argued, those who wish to expand state power often treat the family as a rival institution. By eroding paternal influence and diluting parental authority, government replaces the father, the mentor, even the pastor, becoming the principal provider and moral arbiter. Over time, what looks like compassion becomes control.

The surest antidote is a cultural and political recommitment to family resilience. Policies that reward marriage rather than penalize it, public rhetoric that honors fatherhood rather than dismisses it, and civic leaders who champion parental rights over bureaucratic mandates, these are the tools that restore dignity and independence. Protect the family, and you protect the republic; neglect it, and the state grows at liberty's expense.

He championed *free markets* not because they make people rich, but because they make people responsible. In a free market, success is earned. Incentives are aligned with hard work, innovation, service, and risk. And failure is not final, it's a lesson. Rush believed that economic freedom was the natural partner of personal liberty. You cannot have one without the other.

He promoted *moral clarity* because without it, freedom becomes chaos. Conservatism does not confuse tolerance with acceptance or disagreement with hate. It calls good and evil by their proper names. It stands unapologetically for life, truth, law, order, and justice, based not on feelings, but on enduring principles.

And at its core, conservatism rests on the belief in *something greater than yourself*, God, truth, tradition, and the eternal value of the individual soul. Rush understood that without a higher standard, freedom collapses into selfishness. Conservatism calls us to live for more than our appetites. It calls us to live for what is right.

Rush often said, “We are born free. We are not made free by government.” That simple truth is the beating heart of conservatism. The government does not grant you your rights, it exists to *protect* the rights you already have. And if government steps outside those boundaries, it becomes a threat, not a protector.

That’s why Rush saw conservatism as the only reliable defense against tyranny. Because it puts the individual at the center, not the collective. It values voluntary action over forced compliance. It believes in persuasion over coercion, truth over narrative, and faith over fear.

When this philosophy takes hold, it rewires the way a person sees the world. The individual who once looked to government programs for survival, and who feared authority as an unchallengeable force, begins to walk in a new kind of confidence, not arrogance, but informed self-assurance. Victimhood is replaced by stewardship: the recognition that each citizen is a caretaker of liberty, responsible to preserve it and pass it on. Government is no longer viewed as a benevolent provider; it is rightly understood as an employee of the people, constrained by the consent of the governed.

Such a shift is at the heart of genuine conservatism. It transforms dependence into dignity, fear into responsibility, and passive citizenship into active guardianship of the republic. Wherever this change is embraced, whether in struggling households, neglected neighborhoods, or thriving suburbs, it produces the same outcome: freer, more resilient citizens who measure opportunity not by government’s reach, but by their own capacity to create, to serve, and to lead.

That is the promise of a constitutional worldview anchored in personal responsibility. And it remains available to anyone willing to exchange the comfort of dependency for the confidence of self-governance.

Rush taught us that conservatism isn’t just for the wealthy, the white, or the elite. It’s for anyone who wants to live free. It’s for anyone who values truth over trends, and courage over comfort. It’s for the immigrant who wants to build something, the veteran who’s sacrificed everything, the business owner who refuses to give up, and the parent who wants a better future for their children.

Conservatism doesn't say life is fair. It says life is *yours*, to steward, to shape, to fight for. It doesn't guarantee you success. It offers you the *opportunity* to pursue it.

That's why I stand proudly as a conservative, not because Rush told me to, but because he taught me to *think*, to *question*, to *believe* in the power of liberty and personal responsibility. That's what conservatism is: the philosophy of real power, the kind that no government can give, and no tyrant can take away.

“There's no such thing as equal outcomes, only equal opportunity.”

That single truth is more than a clever distinction; it is a door that swings wide to freedom. Once understood, it dismantles a quiet, but crippling, assumption that someone else holds the keys to one's future. It exposes the lie that success is something owed, that fairness must result in sameness, and that if one person has more, another has been wronged.

What Equal Outcomes Produce

When a society pursues uniform results, it must eventually throttle excellence and penalize initiative, because true equality of results requires levelling down, not lifting up. History offers abundant proof:

- In the twentieth century, centrally planned economies promised equality. Instead, they delivered shortages, gray markets, and an elite class of party officials immune to the rules they imposed on everyone else.
- Even today, nations that fix wages or cap profits to “close gaps” routinely stunt innovation, drive their most ambitious citizens abroad, and end up with less wealth to redistribute than before.

Forced equality of outcome breeds resentment among the productive and dependency among the rest. It inverts incentives, rewarding passivity while punishing risk-taking and excellence.

What Equal Opportunity Demands

By contrast, genuine equality of opportunity rests on secure property rights, impartial laws, and a cultural belief in self-ownership. It affirms what the Declaration of Independence calls “unalienable Rights,” among them “Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.” Those words do not promise guaranteed destinations; they promise open roads.

This vision demands responsibility:

- **Rule of law** — so no one is above or beneath justice.

- **Education that empowers** — not indoctrination that infantilizes.
- **Family and community support** — the first safety net and best classroom for virtue, discipline, and hope.

It also invites moral accountability. As the apostle Paul wrote, ***“Each one should test their own actions. Then they can take pride in themselves alone, without comparing themselves to someone else”*** (Galatians 6:4). Opportunity does not erase hardship, but it equips citizens to rise above it, and to help their neighbors rise as well.

Chains Broken

Once the difference between outcomes and opportunity becomes clear, the chains of entitlement and envy fall away. The mindset shifts:

From: “I deserve what others have.”

To: “I can achieve what I am willing to work for.”

From: “If I fall behind, the system has failed me.”

To: “When I fall, I learn, adapt, and persevere.”

That change unleashes initiative. It fuels invention, entrepreneurship, and service far more effectively than any decree from above. In the words of 2 Thessalonians 3:10, ***“The one who is unwilling to work shall not eat.”*** This is not cruelty; it is an affirmation that dignity is inseparable from responsibility.

A Call to Stewardship

Equal opportunity is neither automatic nor self-sustaining. It must be defended, in courts, classrooms, boardrooms, and ballot boxes. Citizens must resist policies that promise comfort at the cost of liberty, and instead champion those that secure a fair starting line: honest elections, transparent governance, and an economy where effort is rewarded.

Because when the playing field is open but the finish is not fixed, human potential flourishes. Society gains from every breakthrough: each new patent, each small business, each act of charity funded by honest profit. Over time, it raises everyone, rich and poor alike.

That is the power of the truth: **there is no such thing as equal outcomes, only equal opportunity.** Embrace it, and the future is shaped not by what others owe, but by what each person is free to accomplish.

Rush helped me see through that lie. And once I did, the fog lifted. I didn’t need to be coddled. I didn’t need a guarantee. I didn’t need someone to level the playing field for me, I just needed *a shot*. And for all of its flaws and imperfections, America gave me that shot.

Rush's voice drew a bold, necessary line between **equality of opportunity** and **equality of outcome**. One lifts you up. The other holds you down. One says, "Here's your chance, go earn it." The other says, "Sit tight, we'll decide what you get." One respects your potential. The other insults it.

He made it clear: government can protect your *rights*, but it should never promise your *results*. That's up to you, and God.

Coming to this country with little more than hope in my heart and a dream in my pocket, I had no idea where the road would lead. I had no connections, no family money, no perfect command of English. But what I did have was hunger. Drive. Faith. And that was enough.

I never imagined that road would lead to a career in the United States Navy, or to earning a master's degree in business. I didn't expect to raise a family, build a business, and one day call myself a citizen of this great nation. Those achievements weren't handed to me, they were *earned* through long nights, relentless effort, and a refusal to quit. They were earned through belief, first in God, then in myself.

Rush's voice accompanied me through that journey. It wasn't just background noise; it was *mentorship*. In those early years, when I stumbled, when I failed, when I felt like giving up, he was there, in that familiar voice on the radio, reminding me:

"If you're afraid of failure, you'll never succeed."

Those words stuck to my soul. They helped me reframe how I saw failure, not as proof I wasn't enough, but as confirmation I was in the fight. That I was in the *arena*, getting stronger.

I was fired from jobs. I faced rejection. I stood at crossroads more than once, unsure which way to turn. But every no brought me closer to a yes. Every locked door taught me how to knock louder, push harder, or build my own door. Rush didn't sugarcoat reality, he *equipped us* to face it head-on.

He showed me that success wasn't about luck or background or skin color. It wasn't about who your parents were or what zip code you grew up in. It was about *who you chose to become*. And that choice was yours, every day.

Rush also helped me understand that my story wasn't rare or "inspirational" because I was an immigrant, it was *American*. This is what America *is*, a place where you can come from nothing and build something. You don't have to apologize for working hard. You don't have to justify your ambition. You don't need permission to build a future for your family.

All you need is *opportunity*, and the courage to *seize it*.

Rush gave me that courage. He didn't tell me what to think, he taught me how to think. Rush offered something rarer than instructions; he offered a framework. He did not dictate conclusions; he demonstrated a method: question premises, test evidence, trace ideas to first principles, and refuse shortcuts that trade emotion for analysis. By dismantling political slogans, historical myths, and media spin in real time, he modeled how to think rather than what to think. Listeners learned to ask, ***“Compared to what? At whose expense? By what authority?”***, the very questions that keep a self-governing people free.

That habit of disciplined inquiry became a form of armor. It revealed that liberty is never a government grant; it is a daily practice, lived, defended, and handed down. It challenged citizens to move beyond talk and into action: build strong families, start honest businesses, serve in uniform or community, and engage the public square with both courage and civility.

Armed with this mindset, anyone can erect sturdy foundations, first at the kitchen table, then in the workplace, the pulpit, and the polling booth. The tools Rush placed in reach are timeless: faith that anchors, responsibility that matures, work ethic that produces, and freedom that enlarges the soul. Properly applied, they do more than secure individual success; they strengthen the very fabric of the republic each new generation is called to uphold.

And once I embraced that mindset, I stopped waiting for someone to fix my circumstances. I became the one who *fixes* things. I stopped being just a worker and became a *builder*. A leader. A citizen.

That's what Rush did for millions like me, immigrants, veterans, business owners, moms and dads. He awakened the leader within us. He turned self-pity into *purpose*. He turned envy into *excellence*. He taught us that success isn't something to resent, it's something to *respect*. And to *pursue*.

Because in America, success isn't guaranteed, but it *is* possible. And more than that, it's *expected*, if you're willing to *earn it*.

That's what equal opportunity is all about. It's not a promise of fairness; it's the *freedom to rise*. And it's a freedom I now carry into every part of my life, my work, my family, my faith, and my legacy.

I raise my children not to demand fairness, but to *strive for excellence*. Not to expect outcomes, but to seize *opportunities*. Not to blame the system, but to believe in the *power God gave them* to create, to overcome, to build.

Rush showed me that mindset. He planted it like a seed, and over time, it grew into a way of life. A life that honors the blessings of liberty by living with integrity, effort, and gratitude.

That's what I want the next generation to know: **you don't need equal outcomes, you need equal opportunity, and the courage to act on it.** That's not just a conservative idea. That's a *human* idea. That's an *American* idea.

And it's why, to this day, I thank God for Rush Limbaugh, for speaking truth when it was unpopular, and for reminding us all that the American Dream is still alive... *if you're brave enough to chase it.*

Chapter 11: The Source of Strength

At twenty years old, life came to a sudden halt. While working on a construction site, I fell from a third-floor scaffold and shattered nearly every bone in both feet. Thirty days in traction, confined to a hospital bed, followed. When I was discharged, I traded the bed for a wheelchair, then for crutches, and finally for an unsteady limp. I was single, physically restricted, and, apart from the devoted girlfriend who would become my wife four years later, virtually alone. No parents or siblings lived nearby, no extended family to lean on. Recovery felt endless; progress uncertain.

By the time I reached twenty-three, I had returned to work and retaken my place in society, on paper, at least. I held a job; I paid my bills; I carried responsibilities. Yet inside, I was still wandering. The scars on my feet mirrored the scars on my spirit: past traumas, fatherless questions, and a nagging sense that every ladder I climbed was leaning against the wrong wall.

Then one evening, quiet, unremarkable, but orchestrated by grace, everything shifted. In that stillness, I turned back to the One I had been running from and rediscovered the wellspring I never knew I missed. It wasn't a mild adjustment; it was a spiritual homecoming, *back to truth, back to grace, back to Jesus Christ.*

Recommitting my life to Christ at twenty-three re-ordered my entire worldview. Identity, once fragile, found its anchor. Questions that once seemed unanswerable found context in His sovereignty. Pain that once felt pointless became part of a redemptive narrative. My soul, restless for years, finally touched bedrock.

From that point forward, faith was no longer a chapter in my autobiography; it became the subtitle, the through-line, the lens. It reshaped how I viewed my injury, my relationships, my ambitions, and my role in the world. Life did not become easier, rehabilitation still demanded grit, but it became steadier, because the foundation beneath it could no longer be shaken.

That foundation stands on three immovable pillars:

1. **Faith** — the anchor of identity and source of unearned grace.
2. **Family** — first embodied by the girlfriend who pushed my wheelchair, held my crutches, and later stood beside me as my wife, teaching me that covenant love outlasts circumstance.
3. **Freedom** — the precious gift to rise, rebuild, and pursue purpose without the chains of victimhood.

In the years since, those pillars have carried more weight than any therapy brace or steel rod could ever bear. They remind me daily that broken bones can mend, wounded spirits can heal, and a life once headed the wrong direction can be rerouted, if it is rooted in Faith, strengthened by Family, and exercised in Freedom.

Faith — The First Anchor

In the long, silent nights that followed my accident, I began to see the injury not as punishment, but as preparation. Lying in traction, watching clocks crawl and muscles weaken, I sensed that God was giving me, not an exit, but an opportunity. He was stripping away false securities and forging something stronger for a purpose I could not yet see.

Faith first revealed its power long before adulthood tested my resolve. At seven years old, I was struck by a car while crossing the street, left unconscious for nearly two months and branded with a three-inch scar across my forehead. By every earthly measure, I should not have survived. Yet I did. Looking back, that childhood brush with death was not random chance; it was early evidence that God was preparing me for something greater proof that my life was being preserved for a purpose I could not yet fathom.

Years later, lying in traction after my construction accident, that earlier miracle returned to mind. I began to see a pattern: each crisis was less a punishment than a preparation. Faith revealed itself not as a crutch for the weak, but as an engine for the willing, steady when

the world is unstable, luminous when circumstances grow dark, unwavering when every other compass spins.

God never promised an easy road, but He did promise purpose, and purpose changes everything. It disciplines the mind, humbles the heart, and steels the will. From the scar of childhood to the shattered bones of young adulthood, every wound became a witness: if I still drew breath, it was because God still had work for me to do.

With that understanding, I stopped interpreting setbacks as dead ends and started receiving them as training grounds. Emotional disappointments, financial pressures, spiritual droughts, each threatened to crush me, yet none succeeded. Whenever the weight grew unbearable, I fell, not in defeat, but to my knees. And every time I rose, I stood taller.

Faith became the first and immovable anchor in my life:

- **A sustaining power** when human support ran thin.
- **A clarifying light** cutting cleanly through confusion and fear.
- **A trustworthy compass** pointing to truths that never shift with headlines or moods.

In that discovery I found what words alone cannot capture: the assurance that no moment of pain is wasted, and no obstacle is meaningless, when God is preparing you for something greater than you can yet imagine.

Family — The Sacred Bond

Faith gave me the strength to love well; family provided the reason to live well.

When we first arrived in the United States, there was no web of extended family waiting—no cousins to play with, no aunts to lean on, no lifelong friends to help us find our footing. My sister and I were technically under our father's roof, but in reality we were raising ourselves. Days passed without seeing him. The apartment building we lived in eventually caught fire, forcing us out into the street and making it painfully clear that staying with him was neither stable nor safe. We had no true parent to guide us, no sanctuary to call home.

That is when **Mama Dulce** stepped in. Five months into an otherwise lonely transition, she filled the void that biology had left empty. Though we shared no bloodline, she embraced us with the devotion of a true mother—firm in discipline, rich in compassion, and steadfast in prayer. In her kitchen we learned that family is not merely the people who share your DNA, but the people who show up when it matters most.

Years later, when I became a father, I carried those early lessons with me. But I'll be honest, I wasn't a perfect father. **I didn't have a model to follow.** I didn't grow up watching a strong man lead a home with integrity and love. What I *did* have was a deep desire to do

right by my children. So, I did the best I knew how. I leaned on faith, I prayed through uncertainty, and I stayed present, through long nights, hard conversations, and growing pains.

My children didn't need perfection; they needed presence. They needed a father who showed up. Who admitted when he was wrong. Who worked hard, kept promises, and modeled how to rise after a fall. Leadership, I learned, begins in the home, not in speeches, but in consistency.

My family became my legacy in motion, proof that faith translates into flesh-and-blood reality. God has blessed me with *three* beautiful children, and the very first was a baby girl. The moment I held her, I experienced a kind of love I had only read about: unconditional, overwhelming, and unmistakably divine. In her tiny face, I grasped, perhaps for the first time, the depth of God's own love for His children.

That revelation reshaped everything. Every lesson drawn from faith, grace, responsibility, patience, conviction, poured naturally into our home. Parenthood was no longer merely a role; it was a sacred trust. Each time I look into my children's eyes, I'm reminded anew of what truly matters. Economies fluctuate, cultures shift, and seasons change, but a household rooted in God's truth remains enduring and eternal, a living testimony that love, rightly ordered, outlasts every storm.

Family is not just a social unit; it's a spiritual fortress. It is where children learn what freedom looks like. Where young men and women learn how to face the world with courage and character. And if we want to restore strength to our communities, especially in places where the government has tried to replace fathers, **we must first restore the family.**

Empires rise and fall. Markets boom and bust. But a household anchored in faith, led with humility, and built on love will endure. Because in the end, **it is not programs that build nations, it is families.** And those families, even imperfect ones like mine, can be used by God to shape a better future.

Freedom: Moral Responsibility

And then came *freedom*, the great gift and great test of this nation.

When I recommitted my life to Christ, I didn't just find personal clarity, I found patriotic clarity. I began to see that true freedom is not simply the absence of chains, but the *presence of virtue*. Freedom isn't doing whatever you want; it's the ability to do what's *right* without coercion or compromise.

And that's where Rush came in.

Rush: The Voice That Confirmed the Call

Rush didn't just affirm my beliefs; he gave them a voice in the public square. He reminded us that America's greatness doesn't begin in Washington, D.C., it begins in *our homes, our churches, our hearts*. He boldly said what many were too afraid to say: that our rights do not come from government, they come from *God*.

He wasn't just a broadcaster. He was a cultural truth-teller. And every time he spoke about faith, it was like hearing a friend echo the very convictions God had placed on my heart.

"America is good because its people are good," Rush often said, echoing a truth deeper than politics.

"And when the people turn away from God, freedom begins to fade."

That warning became my mission. Because I had *seen* what a life without faith looks like. I had lived it. And I had *felt* what life with faith brings: strength, clarity, and unshakable resolve.

Living the Legacy

Today, I live and lead with this triad, **Faith, Family, Freedom**, not because it's trendy or easy, but because it's *true*. It's the only path I know that leads to real joy, lasting impact, and inner peace.

I raise my children to know that their dignity doesn't come from man, it comes from God. I teach them that their family is not just a group of relatives, but a mission field of love, grace, and accountability. And I remind them that freedom is both a gift and a duty, a call to protect, to serve, and to live with principle.

Rush helped reinforce that message. He gave me the courage to speak it out loud, to stand firm when the culture around me demanded silence, and to walk boldly in truth when it would have been easier to retreat.

Conclusion — A Foundation Worth Building On

I have not walked an easy road.

I lost my mother at eight, crossed an ocean at thirteen, and spent my first months in America sleeping light because our building caught fire and my father seldom came home. At twenty I plummeted three stories on a jobsite, crushed the bones in my feet, and spent thirty days in traction, first in a wheelchair, then on crutches, wondering if I would ever stand again. As a young man I often felt like a transplant with shallow roots, watered more by grief than by guidance.

Yet through every setback, three pillars held: **Faith, Family, and Freedom**.

- **Faith** is where my story starts. God spared my life twice, once when a car struck me at seven, and again when the scaffold gave way at twenty. Those mercies convinced me that I was preserved for a purpose.
- **Family** is whom I fight for. From Mama Dulce opening her door, to my girlfriend pushing my wheelchair, to the moment I cradled my newborn daughter and understood love in God's own language, family has always been both my refuge and my responsibility.
- **Freedom** is what I protect. The Navy taught me that liberty demands disciplined guardians, and Rush Limbaugh reminded me that those guardians are not merely soldiers or lawmakers, they are everyday citizens who know what's at stake.

Rush did not create those convictions, God etched them on my heart, but Rush amplified them. His broadcast was the megaphone that told me my beliefs were not merely private; they were powerful, public, and worth defending in the town square.

So, I stand, imperfect but planted, rooted in truth and determined to pass that truth to those who come after me.

Because **without faith**, nation loses its compass.

Because **without family**, people drift into isolation.

Because **without freedom**, we cease to be America.

The storms of life will keep coming, cultural upheaval, economic uncertainty, personal losses, but a house built on these three pillars will stand. That is why I live, speak, and serve from the deep well of strength that springs from them. **Faith. Family. Freedom.** They are not relics. They are the source of everything that matters, and they form a foundation worth building on, generation after generation, as long as God grants us breath.

How Rush Framed the Three Pillars: Faith, Family, and Freedom – Part I

“...that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights...” — *Declaration of Independence, 1776*

Endowed, not granted. By God, not government.

That distinction electrified Rush Limbaugh's worldview. If rights are bestowed by the Creator, then no legislature, court, or executive order can annul them. When a citizen grasps that truth, identity is no longer subject to polls, programs, or public opinion. Dignity is fixed, value is non-negotiable, and freedom becomes a stewardship rather than a favor.

1. Faith | Anchor of Identity

“Faith is not a private accessory; it’s a public necessity.”

Rush insisted that liberty without a moral compass is rudderless. The Founders agreed:

“Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious people. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other.” — John Adams

A republic of self-government presumes self-restraint, and self-restraint flows from transcendent accountability. Remove God and truth becomes relative; remove truth and power rushes in to redefine it. Faith, therefore, is not merely a personal comfort, it is the cultural bedrock that keeps freedom tethered to justice.

2. Family | Seedbed of Virtue

Rush often warned: *“The first classroom isn’t a school; it’s a dining-room table.”* The family transmits the lessons laws cannot impose, duty, honor, sacrifice, forgiveness. Undermine that institution, and the state must expand to fill the void.

Modern policies frequently incentivize fatherlessness and fracture, particularly in minority communities. Such dependency serves the ambitions of big government but cripples the very people it claims to help. A nation that wishes to remain free must therefore cherish and protect the family as its most vital social infrastructure.

3. Freedom | Charge to Steward

Freedom is not equality of outcomes, but equality before the law and at the starting line. Rush summarized it this way:

“There’s no such thing as equal outcomes, only equal opportunity.”

Movements that promise enforced equity, DEI bureaucracies, quota systems, hyphenated labels—may wear the costume of progress, yet they divide citizens into grievance groups and diminish their shared identity as Americans. The result is tribalism managed by technocrats, not unity grounded in unalienable rights.

Rush’s counter-vision echoed the Founders’ motto *E pluribus unum*, **“Out of many, one.”** Citizenship transcends categories. An individual is not a statistic, a prop, or a pawn; each is an image-bearer of God endowed with liberty, and responsibility.

Rush Framework for the Future

- **Without Faith**, a nation loses its compass.
- **Without Family**, it loses its first school of virtue.

- **Without Freedom**, it ceases to be America.

Rush did not invent these pillars; Scripture and the Constitution did. But he amplified them with relentless clarity, challenging every listener to do more than agree, to *act*:

1. **Strengthen Faith** by pursuing truth, practicing virtue, and defending religious liberty.
2. **Fortify Families** through covenant commitment, parental authority, and policies that reward stability rather than subsidize fracture.
3. **Safeguard Freedom** by limiting government to its constitutional bounds, insisting on equal opportunity, and rejecting ideologies that pit citizen against citizen.

Embracing this framework does not guarantee an easy road, but it does guarantee a meaningful one. It transforms passive residents into active stewards of a legacy that began in 1776 and must be renewed in every generation, by conviction, by courage, and by the unshakeable belief that Faith, Family, and Freedom remain the surest foundation on which to build a life and a nation.

I am a free American, endowed by my Creator with rights that no man can take away.

That single reality places me beyond the reach of tyranny. The moment a citizen understands that his liberty originates in God, he stops fearing men who occupy offices, wear robes, or wield titles. He no longer bows to manufactured authority or cowers before shifting public opinion; instead, he plants his feet on principles that do not sway with the headlines.

Rush Limbaugh called this awakened mindset “**intellectual ammunition.**” Once loaded with that truth, manipulation loses its grip. The slogans of envy, the politics of division, and the promises of dependence ring hollow. For the man or woman who knows:

- **Who they are** - an image-bearer of God, not a ward of the state;
- **Where their rights come from** - not parchment or Parliament, but Providence;
- **And to Whom ultimate allegiance is due** - the God who stands above every throne;

that person is equipped to live, and if necessary, to suffer, for something higher than comfort or approval.

This is why the Founders risked their “**lives, fortunes, and sacred honor.**” They recognized a hierarchy that places God above government and conscience above coercion. As **John 8:36** proclaims, “***So if the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed.***” A citizen grounded in that freedom becomes formidable: he may be outvoted, but he cannot be conquered; he may be outnumbered, but he cannot be owned.

That is the essence of self-governing liberty: a people armed not merely with ballots or bulwarks, but with unassailable conviction that their dignity is non-negotiable. Such conviction terrifies despots, frustrates demagogues, and outlasts every passing tempest of cultural fashion. And it invites each new generation to stand just as firmly, unafraid, unbowed, and unmistakably free.

One Identity Worth Keeping

“We are all Americans. That’s the only identity that should matter in politics.”

Modern culture urges every citizen to lead with a label, race, gender, class, or grievance group, before they speak as an American. Ethnic checkboxes dominate government forms; media commentary sorts voters into demographic silos; campaigns court “blocs” rather than individuals. In that environment, a person can begin to wonder whether citizenship itself has been reduced to a marketing category.

Rush Limbaugh dismantled that notion. He pointed back to the opening words of the Constitution, **“We the People.”** There are no hyphens in that phrase, no subclasses or sub-loyalties. A free republic depends on citizens who see themselves first as Americans, united by common rights and shared responsibility.

Others have echoed the sentiment, President Obama once declared, ***“There’s not a liberal America and a conservative America; there is the United States of America.”***

Rush pressed the idea further: if those words are to be more than rhetoric, citizens must reject political sorting hats that divide the nation by ancestry or lifestyle. The most powerful civic title is not “Hispanic-American,” “Asian-American,” or “Italian-American.” It is simply **American**, one people, under God, indivisible.

The Deeper Identity

Yet national identity, though crucial, is not ultimate. Rush reminded listeners that political liberty rests on something higher than party platforms:

“Liberty requires virtue. And virtue requires faith.”

Without a moral compass rooted in transcendent truth, freedom decays into license and factions. Strip away faith in a Creator who endows rights, and the Constitution becomes a negotiable contract, rewritten at the whim of those who wield temporary power.

That is why the American experiment is as much spiritual as political. The Declaration of Independence grounds unalienable rights in divine authority, not human permission. When citizens understand they are, before any descriptor, **children of the Creator**, they carry a dignity no election can bestow and no bureaucracy can erase. They answer to a Judge higher than polls, trends, or activists. That vertical accountability fuels horizontal unity.

A Call to Civic Maturity

1. **Reject the hyphen.** Celebrate heritage, but refuse to let it eclipse citizenship.
2. **Guard the moral compass.** A free society cannot survive if virtue is optional and truth is relative.
3. **Remember the Source.** Rights acknowledged by government are secure only because they are first endowed by God.

When these principles guide public life, Americans are less easily fragmented and more inclined to stand together, free individuals bound by a common creed rather than a collage of competing categories. That vision, amplified by Rush and rooted in the nation's founding documents, remains the surest antidote to the politics of division and the strongest foundation on which liberty can endure.

“Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord.” — Psalm 33:12

Rush understood that faith is not a private hobby to be cordoned off from civic life; it is a wellspring of virtue indispensable to a free society. For that reason, he resisted every attempt to exile religion from schools, courts, and the public square. The Founders did not banish God from government; they barred government from usurping God. When the state assumes divine authority, liberty suffocates; history's secular experiments confirm the pattern: speech is policed, worship is regulated, and citizens are classified by tribe rather than united by principle.

That is the trajectory of identity politics, division, grievance, and perpetual dependence on political patrons. Rush countered with a higher vision: **unity through citizenship, dignity through faith, and strength through freedom.** He insisted Americans are not reducible to race, class, or census boxes; they are defined by the ideals they choose to uphold.

Such freedom carries obligations. It calls citizens not merely to vote but to lead, not merely to protest but to build, not merely to claim rights but to live righteously. The republic needs fewer grievance collectors and more principle keepers, men and women who refuse victimhood, reject manipulation, and rise as stewards of the liberties they have inherited.

That is the civic model Rush championed: a populace anchored in faith, cohesive in citizenship, and vigilant in responsibility, the only sure defense against any government that would dare to play god.

A free man. A man of faith. An American.

Because Rush didn't just show me how to think. He showed me **who I am.**

And once you understand that you can't be manipulated. You can't be controlled. You can only be free.

How Rush Framed the Three Pillars: Faith, Family, and Freedom – Part II

“Faith, family, and freedom: that trifacta is the foundation of a strong nation.”

Rush used those words not merely to inspire but to anchor a worldview. He argued that every thriving culture rests on three interlocking supports, remove any one, and the whole structure wobbles.

Faith — The Moral Compass

Rush contended that faith is first, not because it eclipses civic duty but because it energizes and directs it. *Without faith*, he warned, *truth becomes negotiable and morality becomes a political ping-pong ball*. Scripture makes the point succinctly:

“Unless the Lord builds the house, the builders labor in vain.” — Psalm 127:1

Faith locates human dignity outside the ballot box. If rights are endowed by a Creator, no parliament or president can legitimately revoke them. That conviction stiffens the spine of a free people and frustrates would-be tyrants who prefer pliable subjects to principled citizens.

Family — The First Institution

Rush called the nuclear family **“the backbone of civilization.”** He viewed the home as the original school, court, and safety net, the place where virtue is modeled and where future leaders first learn self-government. Policies that undermine the two-parent household don’t simply strain public budgets; they erode the very soil in which liberty grows.

A nation that outsources character formation to screens, bureaucracies, or fleeting cultural trends will discover, too late, that laws cannot enforce what families no longer teach.

Freedom — The Civic Oxygen

Freedom, in Rush’s framework, is more than the right to speak, worship, and assemble; it is the ability to pursue one’s calling without asking permission from a bureaucrat. “Equal outcomes,” he often said, “require unequal coercion.” By contrast, equal opportunity releases creativity, rewards diligence, and allows families to flourish according to their convictions.

When freedom recedes, faith is muzzled and family is redefined by force. When freedom expands, faith can preach and families can pass on transcendent truth unimpeded.

A Blueprint, Not a Slogan

Rush insisted that these three pillars stand in deliberate order:

1. **Faith** supplies the moral compass.
2. **Family** transmits that compass to the next generation.
3. **Freedom** protects both from government overreach.

Together they form what the Framers called a “more perfect Union.” Separate them, and the republic cracks.

“Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious people. It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other.” — John Adams

Rush echoed this warning whenever secularism sought to expel faith from public life, or identity politics tried to slice the citizenry into grievance silos. *The state is a terrible substitute for God*, he warned, *and demographic labels are poor replacements for shared ideals*.

The Charge to Citizens

Rush offered more than commentary; he offered **intellectual ammunition**, principles that equip ordinary Americans to resist manipulation and stand tall in an age of distraction:

- **Know the Source of Liberty.** Rights that come from God cannot be bartered by politicians.
- **Guard the Home Front.** Strong families are the immune system of a free society.
- **Defend the Public Square.** Freedom demands vigilance, not just on Election Day but every day.

“It is better to take refuge in the Lord than to trust in man.” — Psalm 118:8

The message is clear: America’s greatness is not housed in marble buildings but around dinner tables, in places of worship, and in hearts convinced that Faith, Family, and Freedom remain *unshakable, unbreakable, unapologetic* pillars, worthy not only of admiration but of active defense.

“We are all Americans. That’s the only identity that should matter in politics.”

Rush believed in the power of unity, **not through forced conformity, but through shared values**. He challenged the rising voices of division that wanted to sort us into categories: by race, gender, grievance, or economic status. To Rush, that wasn’t progress. That was regression. That was tribalism, not patriotism. And most importantly, it was un-American.

Listening to Rush helped me see past those labels. As someone who came from another country, it would’ve been easy to define myself by my ethnicity, by my accent, by my

struggles. But Rush reminded me that **my identity wasn't in my background, it was in my beliefs.**

I didn't need to check a demographic box to have a voice in this country.

I didn't need to belong to a political group to be heard.

I just needed to know who I was, and Whose I was.

As a man of faith, I believe that in **God's eyes, we are all equal.**

There is no skin color in heaven.

There is no preferred language, no favored tribe, just **brothers and sisters**, made in the image of our Creator.

That belief made Rush's message even more powerful. Because he wasn't just calling for unity as a political strategy, **he was echoing a deeper, spiritual truth:** that our worth doesn't come from our labels, it comes from our Creator. And the values that unite us, faith, freedom, family, hard work, personal responsibility, are more powerful than any differences we might have.

Rush helped me reject the subtle poison of identity politics. He exposed how movements like DEI (Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion) often claim to celebrate diversity, but instead create walls between people. They focus on what separates us instead of what binds us. They teach resentment instead of respect. Victimhood instead of victory.

Rush taught us to aim higher.

He wanted Americans to live in a country where **merit mattered more than skin color**, where **character counted more than class**, and where **citizenship was not about where you came from, but where you were going.**

That message gave me clarity.

It taught me that **I could be proud of my heritage without being confined by it.** I could love my roots while still reaching for something greater. And that something was **America**, a nation built not on bloodlines, but on belief. Not on division, but on purpose.

So today, I don't speak as a Hispanic American. I speak as **an American**, period.

Not because I've forgotten where I came from, but because I'm clear about where I belong.

And I belong to a country that, at its best, reflects the heart of God:

Where all are created equal.

Where liberty is sacred.

And where the individual, not the group, is the cornerstone of justice and peace.

That is the America Rush believed in. And because of him, I do too.

“The most dangerous man to the left is an individual who thinks for himself.”

Rush didn’t just want us to listen, he wanted us to learn. To think. To question. And not just about politics, but about everything that shapes a free society: truth, morality, economics, history, and faith.

For me, that mindset was forged in two places: **the U.S. Navy, and the Bible.**

The Navy taught me structure, discipline, and how to take responsibility, not just for my actions, but for the man I was becoming. It pushed me to grow, to lead, and to never make excuses. But it was **my faith** that taught me how to see the world clearly: that truth is not relative, that good and evil are real, and that God, not man, is the final authority.

Rush brought all of that together.

He wasn’t a preacher, but he spoke with conviction that came from **a deep understanding of moral truth**. He didn’t just challenge political corruption; **he challenged spiritual laziness**. He dared us to think for ourselves, not because it made us rebellious, but because it made us *free*.

He taught us how to be **dangerous in the right way**, not with violence, not with anger, but with **clarity, courage, and conviction**. He pushed us to arm our minds, not with slogans or hashtags, but with **facts**, with **faith**, and with **a deep love for liberty**.

That message hit home for me.

Because growing up in survival mode, I had learned to stay quiet, to obey, to go unnoticed. In my country of birth, asking too many questions could get you in trouble. Speaking your mind could put your family at risk. Thinking independently was not rewarded, it was feared.

But in America, Rush made it clear: **independent thinking is a civic duty**.

“Don’t Let Government Tell You What to Think—Learn for Yourself.”

Rush Limbaugh treated independent thought as a patriotic duty. He insisted that a republic cannot survive if its citizens outsource their convictions to bureaucrats, pundits, or party lines. His challenge was simple but uncompromising: **investigate, verify, and think for yourself**.

1 | The Invitation to Learn

Many arrive in America knowing little about its founding documents or political traditions. Fluency in civic philosophy, like fluency in English, can be learned. Rush urged beginners to start where they were: watch history videos, listen to debates, read primary sources, and

trace ideas back to first principles. He made it clear that you do not need an Ivy League degree to grasp liberty; you need curiosity, humility, and persistence.

2 | Intellectual Ammunition

“When you know why you believe what you believe, manipulation loses its grip.”

Rush supplied what he called **intellectual ammunition**:

- Question every premise.
- Follow evidence, not emotion.
- Ask “Compared to what?” and “Who pays the price?”
These habits expose empty slogans and reveal when “experts” are dressing ideology in academic garb. Government prefers citizens confused; clarity is how free people check state power.

3 | The Three Pillars in Practice

- **Faith** provides an unchanging standard of truth. If rights are endowed by a Creator, no legislature can annul them.
- **Family** is the first classroom. Strong households, not federal programs, transmit virtue and resilience to the next generation.
- **Freedom** secures the space to live out faith and nurture family. Without liberty, morality is coerced and families are redefined by decree.

Rush warned that when those pillars erode, through secularism in schools, identity politics in media, or bureaucratic creep, citizens gradually trade freedom for convenience.

4 | Forming Citizens, Not Dependents

Rush’s mindset rejects passive consumption:

- Don’t wait for a talking head to interpret events, read the source.
- Don’t accept policies at face value, trace their incentives and outcomes.
- Don’t follow crowds, follow conscience informed by fact.

He often summarized civic maturity this way: **“Freedom is kept by people who take responsibility for it.”** That means voting with knowledge, serving with humility, speaking with courage, and building, families, businesses, communities, rather than merely protesting or demanding.

5 | The Legacy to Pass On

When mentors, teachers, and parents adopt this approach, they equip the next generation with more than data; they equip them with discernment. Cadets learn that strength begins in the mind; students discover that confidence grows from competence; communities thrive when individuals ask, *“What can I contribute?”* instead of *“What am I owed?”*

Freedom Begins in the Mind

A self-governing nation cannot run on borrowed convictions. Rush’s enduring lesson is that each citizen must take ownership of truth:

1. **Study** - history, Scripture, the Constitution.
2. **Question** - premises, motives, and proposed “solutions.”
3. **Stand** - for principles even when unpopular.

In doing so, Americans become the immune system of their own republic, resistant to propaganda, resilient against tyranny, and ready to preserve Faith, Family, and Freedom for those yet to come.

Courage, Not Comfort

“One man with courage is a majority.” — Thomas Jefferson (A quote Rush Limbaugh often invoked)

In a world increasingly driven by popularity, safety, and political correctness, courage has become a rare currency. But as Rush Limbaugh reminded his audience again and again, **the preservation of truth and liberty does not belong to the comfortable, it belongs to the courageous.**

Courage isn’t just a virtue; it’s the engine of history. Great movements, bold reforms, and transformational ideas were not born in safe spaces or echo chambers. They came from individuals who risked everything, status, reputation, livelihood, to speak plainly when silence was more profitable.

Rush did not chase applause. He didn’t calibrate his convictions to fit the news cycle. He didn’t seek validation from elites or fear the wrath of the mob. His microphone became a modern-day pulpit for truth, a place where he broadcast courage over convenience, clarity over confusion, and conviction over conformity.

“You know why there’s a silent majority? Because it takes courage to speak.”

That wasn’t just commentary. It was a challenge.

It was a call to wake up the citizens who had quietly surrendered their voice in the name of social peace. It was a warning that silence, no matter how polite, is often the first casualty

of tyranny. The moment truth becomes too “offensive” to say, the battle for freedom is already being lost.

Rush taught that courage isn’t about anger or volume. It’s not about shouting down opposition or demanding compliance. **Real courage is measured in resolve.**

- It is standing firm in your beliefs when the world labels them outdated.
- It is defending the Constitution when it’s being rewritten in real time.
- It is refusing to pretend that wrong is right just to keep your job, your friends, or your reputation.

Courage means telling the truth in an age that punishes truth-tellers.

It means choosing to be principled, not popular.

It means risking everything because you refuse to betray what is right.

Rush modeled this relentlessly. He was attacked, slandered, boycotted, and misquoted. Yet he never retreated. Not once. Because he understood what the Founders understood: **freedom survives not through the masses, but through a courageous few who refuse to be silent.**

“If you stand for nothing, you’ll fall for anything.”

Rush taught his audience that courage is not dependent on credentials. You don’t need a college degree, a radio platform, or a social media following to speak the truth. You need only a backbone. And a commitment to something bigger than yourself.

This is what separates citizens from subjects.

Subjects wait to be told what to believe.

Citizens rise and declare what they know to be true.

And in a time when government overreach grows, when speech is policed, when morality is inverted and truth is mocked, the need for courageous Americans has never been greater. Because every time one person chooses comfort over courage, the culture shifts a little further from liberty, and a little closer to control.

Rush Limbaugh wasn’t perfect. He never claimed to be. But he was brave.

Unapologetically so. And that’s why millions listened. He told the truth when it hurt, not just when it helped. He showed a nation that being hated for the truth is better than being loved for a lie.

So now the question isn't just *what would Rush say?*

It's *what will you say when it's your turn?*

Because the fight for freedom is not theoretical. It's cultural. It's generational. And it is happening right now.

In a world built for comfort, choose courage.

Not because it's easy, but because it's right.

Not because it's popular, but because it's necessary.

And not because you'll win every battle, but because without courage, you've already lost.

"There is no courage in conformity." — *Rush Limbaugh*

"Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on." — *Ronald Reagan*

"It does not take a majority to prevail, but rather an irate, tireless minority keen on setting brushfires of freedom in the minds of men." — *Samuel Adams*

Courage isn't reserved for war heroes or public figures. It lives in parents who raise their kids with values. In citizens who speak up at school board meetings. In pastors who refuse to water down truth. In workers who risk their jobs rather than violate their conscience.

Courage — The Currency of Liberty

This is the courage Rush rallied.

This is the courage America still requires.

And this is the courage that keeps the flame of freedom alive, **one voice, one stand, one uncompromised truth at a time.**

"Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid or discouraged, for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go." — Joshua 1:9

That verse isn't decorative prose; it is oxygen for patriots. It reminds every citizen that courage is not the absence of fear, but the refusal to be governed by it.

Because some things outrank fear:

- **Faith** comes first.
- **Freedom** follows close behind.
- **The next generation's future** eclipses personal comfort.

Rush hammered that hierarchy daily. He urged listeners to pass courage forward the way torch bearers pass a flame, **live embers, not cold embers**. To children, to cadets, to classmates, to colleagues:

“Don’t fear standing out, fear standing for nothing.
Don’t fear losing the crowd, fear losing your soul.”

Truth is rarely fashionable, Rush said, but it is always right. Trade truth for comfort, and tyranny advances inch by inch, *not* through sudden violence, but through polite silence.

Rush gave more than information; **he supplied a spine**. He didn’t merely sharpen minds; **he steeled backbones**. He reminded America that one ordinary citizen, armed with extraordinary conviction, can shift the culture, light a brushfire of freedom, and remind a complacent nation of its founding creed.

Now it’s **our** turn.

To live boldly, not cautiously.

To speak plainly, not politically.

To stand firmly, not conditionally.

Not because the path is easy, **but because it is right**.

Not because we are fearless, **but because we are faithful**.

In the final analysis, history does not belong to the comfortable. **It belongs to the courageous**.

Conviction Over Comfort

“If you choose comfort over courage, you may avoid conflict, but you also surrender your convictions.”

Comfort is cheap; conviction is costly. Rush Limbaugh never disguised that reality. In fact, he made it a litmus test of leadership: *Will you trade principle for peace, or will you pay the price to preserve what is right?*

The False Promise of Silence

Modern culture rewards quiet compliance. Stay in your lane, echo the approved talking points, and you’ll be left alone. Break ranks, object to the fashionable lie or question the latest decree, and the cost arrives swiftly: unfollows, unfriends, whispered slurs, professional penalties.

Rush called that arrangement what it is: **a social bribe**. Accept it, and you may purchase temporary harmony, but at the expense of your integrity, your country’s future, and your

children's inheritance. Decline it, and you enter the arena where freedom is either defended or diminished.

America's DNA: Rebels, Not Conformists

Rush reminded listeners daily that this nation was forged by men and women who chose conflict over compromise when truth hung in the balance, colonists who defied a crown, abolitionists who defied a culture, soldiers who defied dictators. Comfort never wrote the Bill of Rights. Convenience never crossed the Delaware. Courage did.

That same DNA is required now. When government agencies police language, when academia punishes dissent, and when media reduces citizens to demographic pawns, courage, not consensus, rescues liberty.

The Cost of Courage, the Price of Cowardice

Courage carries a cost: friendships strained, reputations attacked, opportunities lost. But cowardice carries a heavier bill: truth distorted, freedom eroded, souls diminished. As Rush often said, ***"You can be respected or you can be popular, you rarely get both."***

Which invoice would a free people rather pay, public scorn today or national servitude tomorrow? The calculus should be obvious.

Leadership Begins in Private

True leadership is not birthed on a stage; it is forged in solitude, those moments when no one is clapping and plenty are watching. A father deciding whether to speak up at a school board, a veteran refusing to parrot an ideological training, a teacher choosing curriculum that enlightens rather than indoctrinates, such decisions seldom trend on social media, but they tilt the future all the same.

The Assignment for the Next Generation

Rush's message was clear:

1. **Chase truth, not comfort.** Popularity is a vapor; principle is a cornerstone.
2. **Follow conscience, not crowds.** The majority may be loud; it is not always right.
3. **Fear losing integrity more than losing applause.** History honors the courageous, not the compliant.

Teach that to students, cadets, and children, and you cultivate citizens immune to intimidation, patriots who value their souls above their status.

Standing With a Mighty Company

Choose courage, and you rarely stand alone. You stand shoulder-to-shoulder with every patriot who kept the oath, every reformer who broke the silence, every believer who chose faith over fear. You stand with the Founders, whose signatures were death warrants should their revolution fail. Most importantly, you stand with a God who commands, **“Be strong and courageous”** (Joshua 1:9).

The Lesson Rush Leaves

“The truth is not mean; the truth is the truth.”

Rush’s legacy is not merely a catalog of arguments; it is a call to spines stiffened by conviction. In an era addicted to comfort, his voice reminds America that the future does not belong to the crowd-pleased or the conflict-averse.

It belongs to the courageous.

Never Apologize for Who You Are

“Don’t ever apologize for who you are or what you believe. Stand up. Be proud. You’re on the right side of history.”

Rush didn’t toss that out as a feel-good slogan; he fired it like a starter’s pistol. It was both permission and marching orders, an unmistakable call to rise, build, and defend the ideas that make America exceptional.

In an age that pressures citizens to blend in, hush up, and feel guilty about conviction, Rush delivered the antidote: **unapologetic authenticity**. He rejected the notion that faith must be muted, patriotism diluted, or principles trimmed to fit polite society. Conviction, he said, is not a crime; courage is not arrogance.

Rush’s confidence in the ordinary American became a surrogate backbone for countless listeners. When the culture shouted, *“Sit down!”* he thundered, *“Stand tall!”* When critics sneered, *“Tone it down,”* he countered, *“Speak plainly.”* He believed greatness is not the birthright of elites, but the calling of everyday patriots who refuse to be shamed out of their values.

Power That Uplifts

Rush’s greatest lesson was not political but personal: **real power lifts.**

- It motivates instead of manipulates.
- It sharpens instead of shames.
- It leads by example rather than by edict.

True strength, he argued, is measured not by how loudly you dominate a room but by how firmly you stand when the world tilts against you. Rush didn't hand out power; he awakened it, reminding listeners that their stories matter, their voices count, and their futures are not chained to their pasts.

In a culture hooked on victimhood, Rush called for victory. In an era of entitlement, he preached responsibility. In a generation sedated by comfort, he demanded courage. His aim was never to create followers; it was to forge truth-seekers.

The Charge Forward

That ethic now fuels a new generation of teachers, mentors, veterans, and parents who refuse to wait for permission to lead. They teach kids that you don't need perfect English to defend liberty, you don't need elite credentials to spot a lie, and you don't need to be born here to love this republic fiercely.

Rush handed us no script—he handed us a **standard**. No title, just a **torch**. The task is now ours:

1. **Model integrity** at the dinner table and in the public square.
2. **Teach courage** to students who are told comfort is the highest good.
3. **Defend truth** even when it is branded “divisive.”

Because power that uplifts, not power that oppresses, is the only power that endures. That is Rush's legacy, one we honor not merely by quoting him, but by embodying the courage he championed.

So, stand tall. Speak plainly. Hold the line. **History favors the fearless, and America still rewards the bold.**

The Power to Rise

“There's greatness in you. This country gives you the freedom to discover it. Don't waste it.”

Rush offered that line not as flattery, but as marching orders. In his worldview, every citizen possesses untapped potential, and the American system, anchored in individual liberty, provides the arena to release it. The question is never **“Can you rise?”** but **“Will you?”**

Clearing the Fog

For millions, newcomers and natives alike, life's friction can obscure that promise. Accents become insecurities; economic setbacks feel like ceilings; cultural gatekeepers insist greatness belongs to pedigreed insiders. Rush cut through that fog. He reminded listeners that America guarantees no one an easy start, but it does guarantee an open field. In a nation governed by equal opportunity, success is tethered to effort and integrity, not lineage or permission.

A Mission, Not a Motto

Once that truth lodges in the mind, resignation loses its appeal. Medals, degrees, or applause are optional; *mission* is mandatory:

- **Uplift** those who doubt their own potential.
- **Lead** where others merely comment.
- **Serve** rather than seethe.
- **Speak boldly** when silence would be safer.
- **Defend** the pillars that make the mission possible, faith, family, and freedom.

Rush crystallized it: ***“Don’t waste it.”*** Don’t waste the liberty purchased by patriots, the opportunity afforded by free markets, or the responsibility that accompanies self-government. Every sunrise in this republic arrives with more possibilities than most of the world will ever know.

Personal Power vs. Political Power

Rush respected political power, but he revered **personal power**, the ability of individuals to change their trajectory and elevate others through example, not edict. That kind of power:

- **Transforms lives** without waiting for legislation.
- **Builds families** that become bulwarks against dependency.
- **Models excellence** in workplaces, classrooms, and communities.

Policies matter, but people move nations.

The Assignment to the Next Generation

The baton now passes to citizens who will teach children, cadets, and students that:

- Courage outranks comfort.
- Purpose outweighs popularity.

- Freedom demands stewardship, not spectatorship.

Rush's legacy is less a script than a **standard**, an expectation that Americans live boldly, stand firmly, and believe unapologetically in the goodness still embedded in this land.

Forward With Conviction

So, the call remains:

Be bold, not bitter.

Strong, not silent.

Faithful, not fearful.

Love God openly. Love this country fiercely. Refuse to let cynics define the limits of possibility. America is still the greatest nation on earth, and it stays that way only when citizens choose courage over comfort, excellence over excuse, and dedication over division.

Carry the torch, *with conviction, with clarity, without compromise.*

The Voice That Taught a Nation

“There's greatness in you. This country gives you the freedom to discover it. Don't waste it.”

No college professor ever told me that. No political party ever empowered me like that. But Rush did.

He didn't need a classroom to teach. He had a Golden microphone, a mission, and a conviction that truth, spoken boldly, could awaken sleeping giants. And I was one of them.

Before Rush, I saw myself as small.

An immigrant. An outsider. A man without connections, without privilege, without a platform. I didn't grow up learning the Constitution in school. I didn't come from money or power. But I had something better: ears to hear, and a heart that was ready.

Rush spoke to me like no one else ever had.

He didn't see me as a statistic. He didn't talk down to me, hand me a label, or treat me like a victim. He saw me as an **American, Capable, Responsible, and Free**. And he made sure I saw that in myself.

Because of Rush's teaching, his mentorship through the airwaves, and his unwavering love for this country, I no longer live as a man waiting for permission.

I act. I lead. I teach. I vote. I speak. I pray. I raise my family with courage and conviction.

And I tell others, especially young people, cadet, immigrants, veterans, the overlooked, and the unheard:

You can too.

This is the power within. This is the **beating heart of the American experiment**, the idea that greatness is not assigned by birth or bought by privilege. It is earned through responsibility, forged in freedom, and guided by faith.

Rush drilled home one principle more than any other: **your voice has intrinsic worth, because the same Creator who endowed you with unalienable rights also endowed you with the ability to speak truth.** Whether that truth is proclaimed in a boardroom, whispered at a kitchen table, or stated boldly at a town-hall microphone, its legitimacy is not measured by the size of the audience but by the Source of the right to utter it.

That conviction elevates speech from mere self-expression to sacred stewardship. The First Amendment is not government's *gift* to the people; it is government's formal *recognition* that the people possess that freedom already. Silence, therefore, is never neutral. It either protects liberty or concedes it to those who prefer citizens mute and malleable.

Rush tied this idea directly to the American Dream. He insisted the Dream is more than upward mobility or material comfort; it is a **call to purpose**. Prosperity may be one byproduct of freedom, but the deeper mandate is to put our talents, our voices, our skills, our conviction, to work in service of a higher good. In a nation where opportunity is bounded chiefly by initiative, every citizen carries a dual responsibility: **to cultivate personal excellence and to preserve the civic framework that makes such excellence possible.**

In short, your voice matters precisely because you were created to use it. And the American Dream matters because it invites you not merely to succeed, but to contribute, to speak truth, build families, start businesses, defend liberty, and spur others to do the same. That, Rush taught, is how a republic renews itself: one awakened voice, answering one timeless calling, at a time.

I no longer see myself as small.

I am not silent. I am not powerless.

I am an American, with a mission.

A mission to protect this country.

To defend its principles.

To pass on its blessings.

To live as proof that **freedom works** when people are willing to work for it.

Rush Limbaugh didn't merely shift opinions, he shaped convictions. His voice didn't just challenge conventional wisdom; it awakened a generation to the power of clear thinking, moral courage, and unwavering patriotism. For those who listened, not casually, but intently, his message became more than political commentary; it became a call to live with purpose, clarity, and boldness.

Rush didn't traffic in bitterness or blame. He stood for something deeper: truth spoken without apology, convictions held without compromise, and a love for this country rooted not in sentiment, but in understanding. He reminded America that our founding principles are not relics of a bygone era, but the foundation of a timeless republic, and that preserving those principles requires courage, not comfort.

Though his GOLDEN microphone has gone silent, the echo of his message still rings. It lives on in classrooms, in boardrooms, in homes, and in the hearts of everyday citizens who were awakened by his courage and clarity. His legacy isn't confined to broadcasts or transcripts, it endures in the lives changed, the minds sharpened, and the voices emboldened to speak truth in the face of conformity.

By the grace of God, that legacy will continue. Not through anger or reaction, but through dedication to first principles. Through the quiet resolve to stand firm when truth is unpopular. Through the patient labor of building strong families, serving communities, and preserving liberty, one citizen at a time.

Rush taught that America's greatness doesn't come from government handouts or elite consensus, but from the spirit of the free individual, empowered, informed, and unafraid. That spirit lives on. And in every bold act of truth-telling, every defense of liberty, and every stand for what is right, his influence endures.

Rush may be gone from this world, but his voice continues, not just in memory, but in mission. Not just in admiration, but in action.

He gave me something no school could:

A doctorate in American greatness.

Not from a university, but from the fires of conviction.

So now, with honor, faith, and gratitude. You can call me **Dr. Martin, EIB Network University, Class of 1988 to 2021.**

And I'll carry that title proudly, for the rest of my life.

Not as a mark of academic achievement, but as a badge of gratitude.

Not as a claim to expertise, but as a symbol of transformation.

Because what I learned from Rush Limbaugh wasn't just information, it was revelation. It was the kind of truth that shapes character, awakens courage, and calls a man to rise higher than his past.

Rush didn't just help me find my political footing, he helped me find my voice.

He helped me become a better American, a better citizen, a better man.

He helped me understand what freedom really means, and what it takes to preserve it.

So yes, I will forever be a student of the **"Doctor of Democracy."**

And I will wear that invisible diploma with pride, not framed on a wall, but etched in my heart.

Rush gave me more than ideas, he gave me a mission.

Thank you, Rush.

I miss your voice every day. Your courage, your conviction, your unmatched clarity.

But I carry your words with me. And now, it's my turn to speak.

Not to replace you, but to reflect you.

Not to mimic you, but to honor you.

Not with fear, but with faith.

Because you didn't just teach me what it means to be an American.

You reminded me that I already was one.

And for that, I will always be grateful.

Dr. Max Martin

2025

The Story Behind the Cover Art

The image on the cover isn't just a symbol, it's my story.

It tells the journey of a seed: a seed carried not by choice, but by the winds of tragedy. Uprooted from its native soil, tossed into the unknown, and planted not by careful planning or ambition, but by the quiet hand of Providence. That seed was me.

I came to the United States not with a grand vision or a secure plan, but with pain in my past and hope in my heart. I was a teenager, broken, bewildered, and searching. I didn't have wealth, titles, or even the right words to speak. What I did have was something deeper: the desire to grow. The will to become. The belief that maybe, just maybe, this new land could be the beginning of something better.

And it was.

America became more than a destination; it became the soil into which my seed was planted. A soil tilled by generations of sacrifice, enriched by the nutrients of liberty, and irrigated by a living stream of opportunity. Its bedrock is the rule of law, its fertilizer a long-seasoned mix of faith, innovation, and self-reliance.

In that spacious landscape—even a drifting seed can settle, push down roots, and rise. The freedoms secured by the Constitution act like sunlight; they draw potential upward. The traditions—religious, civic, and cultural—are like minerals, giving strength and structure to new growth. And the vastness of the American experiment ensures there is room enough for every honest seed to sprout, expand, and bear fruit.

Here, the furrows were already plowed by pioneers and preserved by patriots, leaving rich ground for newcomers longing to cultivate their own futures. The same soil that once nourished inventors, farmers, preachers, and statesmen now invites every willing planter to do likewise—provided he is ready to water the dream with discipline and defend it from the weeds of apathy and entitlement.

Thus America is not merely territory; it is terrain charged with purpose—spacious enough to welcome the wandering, stable enough to sustain the rooted, and fertile enough to turn the smallest seed of aspiration into a harvest of impact.

That's what the cover art means. It's not just a tree; it's destiny in full bloom. It reminds me, and I hope reminds others, that even when life feels scattered, there is a greater plan at work. That when planted in the soil of liberty, watered with truth, and warmed by faith, any life, no matter how humble its beginning, can grow strong.

But that growth wasn't easy.

Like any seed, I had to break through. I had to push through hard ground: culture shock, loneliness, self-doubt. I had to fight for sunlight in unfamiliar skies, stretch my limbs toward truths I hadn't yet fully grasped. I stumbled. I suffered. But I never stopped reaching.

And slowly, something miraculous happened, **my roots deepened.**

I began to grow into the man God had always intended me to be. I found the nutrients I needed in faith, family, discipline, hard work, and a constitution that promised not equality of outcome, but the liberty to try.

Education is listed twice among my roots, and that's no accident. The first stands for what I was taught, the lessons that guided my early growth. The second represents what I continue to learn every day. Because true education never ends. I am a student of freedom, a steward of what it means to be an American. I learn from books, from mentors, from my children, from Scripture, from failure, and from grace.

I am a tree now. **Strong. Rooted. Fruitful. Grateful.**

Rooted in American soil but grown by God's design.

The roots that ground me, **Family, Faith, Education, Liberty, Patriotism, and Military Service**, are not abstract ideas. They are the anchors of my life. They have held me fast when storms came. They remind me of who I am, where I came from, and what I must now protect.

And I will never stop giving thanks to the land that gave me the chance to bloom.

This country didn't hand me success. I never asked it to. What it gave me was far more valuable: **a shot**. A place where my life wasn't defined by where I started but by how hard I was willing to work, believe, and serve.

That's why I live with a gratitude that doesn't hide itself. It shows in how I live, how I lead, how I raise my children, how I speak of this nation, this land of second chances.

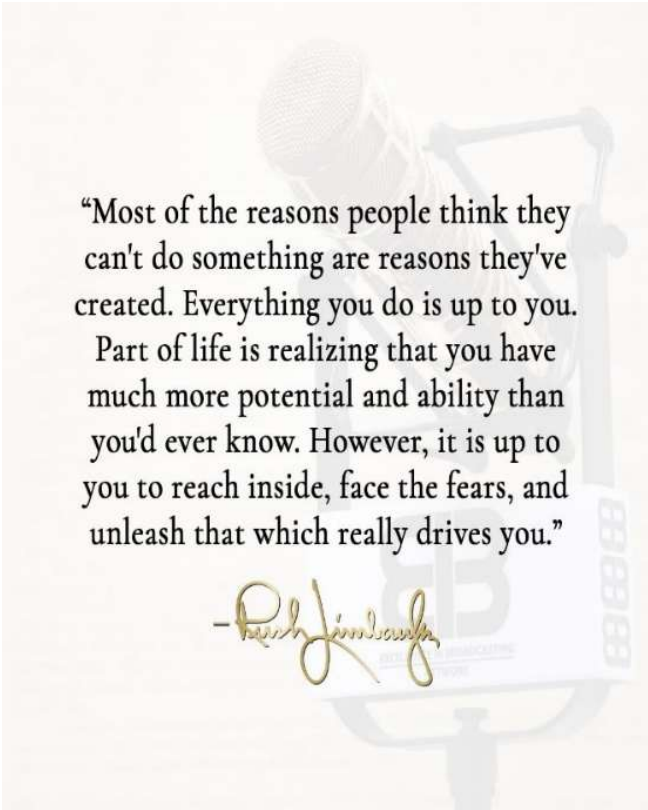
I am not done growing.

Each new season brings new lessons. My branches still stretch. My roots still explore. And every year, I bear the fruit of what America has made possible: faith, courage, resilience, and responsibility.

So let the world know:

I am not just living in America. I am rooted in America.

And I will stand, speak, and serve with everything I've been given, for as long as God allows me to draw breath.

A quote by Rush Limbaugh is displayed in a serif font. The background of the quote box features a faded image of a professional microphone on a stand. The quote reads: "Most of the reasons people think they can't do something are reasons they've created. Everything you do is up to you. Part of life is realizing that you have much more potential and ability than you'd ever know. However, it is up to you to reach inside, face the fears, and unleash that which really drives you."

"Most of the reasons people think they can't do something are reasons they've created. Everything you do is up to you. Part of life is realizing that you have much more potential and ability than you'd ever know. However, it is up to you to reach inside, face the fears, and unleash that which really drives you."

-Rush Limbaugh

History in Photography



My Mother – Ena Ami Frias



My little Sister – Sandra



Mama Dulce



Me- Maximo Jose Martinez Frias 1968



My Sister Sandra wedding



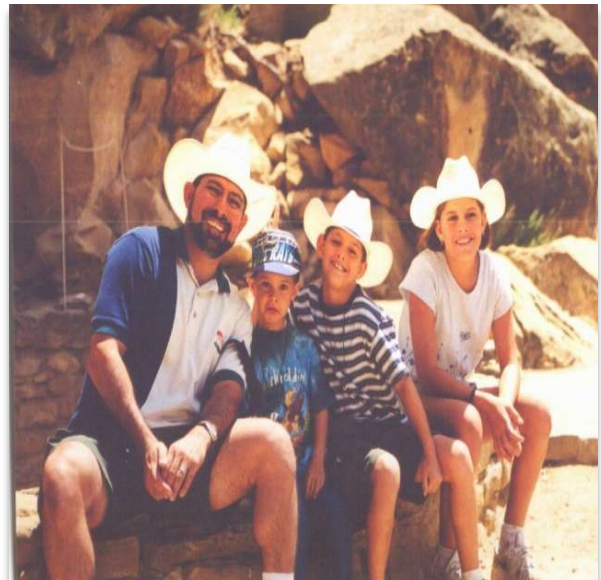
Mama Dulce, Family friend, new brother Marcos, and his wife Rosa, Me (14), Family friend, my litter sister Sandra and my older brother Victor New Year Party 1975



Mama Dulce, My New Brother and Sister (1974)



Evan first day - 1994



Colorado vacation 1996



Evan's FSU 2019



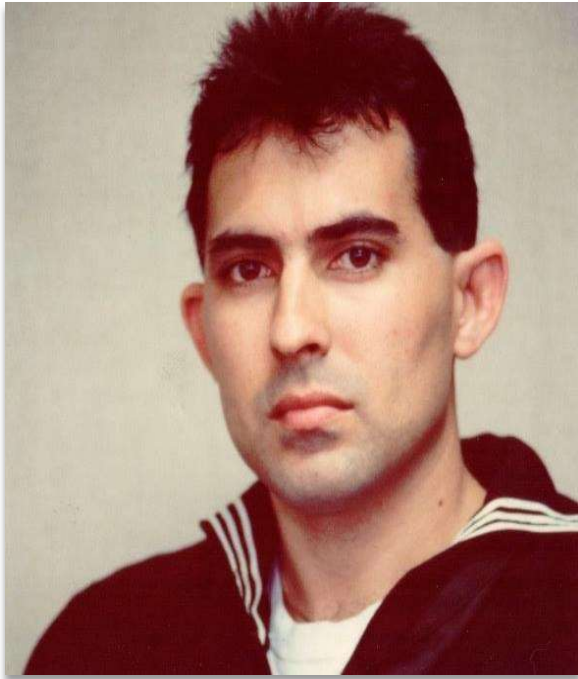
The Martin' s The Lighting Game 2024



Navy Brothers, Fucci, Luis and Angelo



My Son Andrew, Hillsborough Florida



Me – US Navy 1978



Me - Civil Air Patrol 2024

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in the Dominican Republic and raised in New York City, Max Martin is a community leader, educator, entrepreneur, veteran, and advocate dedicated to strengthening families and empowering communities through education, leadership, and service. A proud veteran of the United States Navy, Max earned a Bachelor of Science degree in Computer Information Systems from Tampa College and a Master of Business Administration from Florida Metropolitan University.

Throughout his career, Max has combined leadership in technology, healthcare, education, and nonprofit services. He served as President and CEO of TriniTech Inc., a multinational computer technology corporation, and later founded the Diabetes Wellness Clinic of America, focused on wellness education and support services for individuals and families.

After relocating to Jamestown, New York in 2009, Max became Executive Director of the Eastside Family YMCA, where he developed a strong passion for advocating for Hispanic children and families. His commitment to cultural diversity, youth development, and community engagement led to the founding of the Hispanic Community Council, where he currently serves as President and CEO. Under his leadership, the organization has expanded programs that support youth mentorship, educational advancement, cultural awareness, family outreach, and community development throughout Western New York.

Max has also served as a professor and Hispanic Outreach Coordinator at Jamestown Business College, helping encourage educational growth and community involvement among students and families. In addition, he has contributed his leadership and experience to numerous organizations and committees focused on diversity, education, youth services, arts, and community collaboration.

Through his work and writing, Max Martin continues to promote the values of service, opportunity, responsibility, faith, freedom, and unity, while encouraging future generations to become leaders who strengthen their communities and preserve the principles that bring people together.