

The Nameless Letter

Mia Gyurasics

A note if you will: Why write about one unsung hero when you can write about thousands? Why write about one sacrifice when you can write about the millions? Why write about one name when you can write about them all? Why remember one when you can remember them all?

Dear the passionate to dream, the hopeful of a better world, the bold enough to pick up and read this letter, let me tell you the story of the unsung heroes in this world.

It all starts with war. People fighting for land, power, and ego. Even before that, there were people fighting. Always fighting. The people we loved and the people we hated. But oh dear reader, you must understand, they were all unsung heroes at one point. Each name spoken as a declaration of honor, duty, and most importantly, sacrifice. I myself experienced this firsthand. The horrors of the war. The things it takes from you. The things you remembered. But at some point, you start to forget the names of the people that really changed the nation we have today. You forget the sacrifice they made. I liked to think of it as a delicate mask covering their face. A mask easily broken. At first, they seem kind, passionate, full of dreams and hope. But it only takes a matter of time for something to break. As the parades went passing by with only the few brave soldiers, cracks formed along the mask. Each name forgotten, another crack slipped through. Each decorated soldier honored while they were forgotten until finally, their masks broke, leaving nothing. Nothing but an empty face void of emotion. Their legacy turned to dust. It's easy to remember the decorated generals that fought hard and valiantly, but what about the ones in the background? The Navajo Code Talkers, the Women Air-force Service Pilots, the Labour Corps, and the many people risking their lives but not recognized. As I walk past the people around me in this world I can't help but wonder, "Maybe we're all unsung heroes at one point in our lives." We're forgotten. Our masks crack. There's no reason left to live. But I urge you reader, to remember us. Remember the heroes who fought. The people you've lost. Remember the sacrifices they made to help the world you live in. Remember what you have done today to help your nation. Because we all could use a little remembering. Some days it might be hard but I've seen healing in this world of pain. Our nation has been in grave danger before, but with the help of all of us—the unsung heroes— we get through it. Our masks may slip from time to time, but we still remember why we fought. For freedom, for justice, for America. It's only a matter of time before we're all forgotten once again. So I urge you to live our lives and remember who the unsung heroes of this nation are. Go live our legacy. Be the unsung hero.

Signed— An Unsung Hero