

PANAMA CITY

NEWS HERALD



INDEPENDENCE DAY | AT
JULY 4 IN BAY COUNTY
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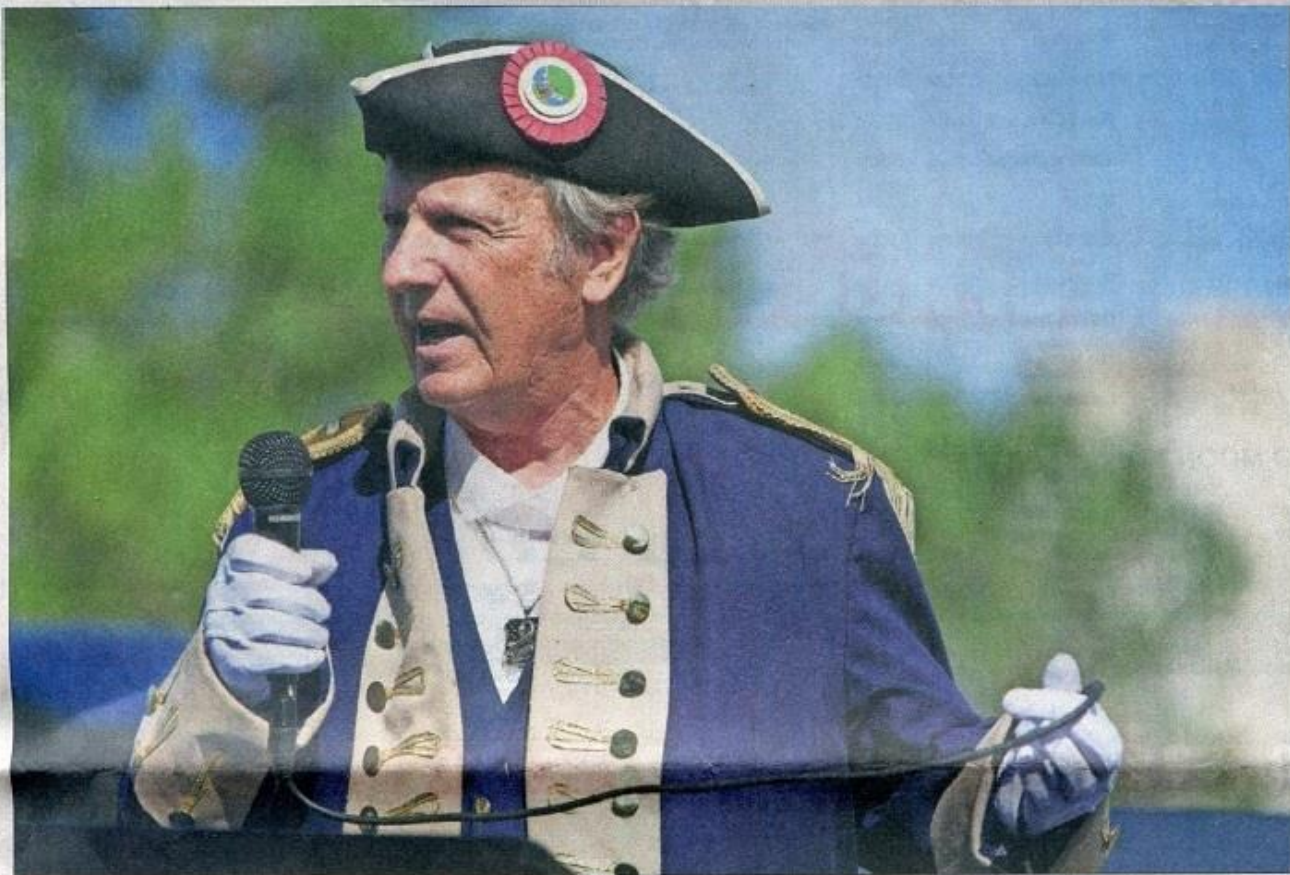
'Back to their roots'



LOCAL & STATE | BY
'FREEDOM IS NOT FREE'
Citizens, veterans celebrate independence at PCB memorial ceremony

Lifeguard 'age twist' sees





DeCody Marble, president of Panama City's Sons of the American Revolution, talks about American values and his family's military history at Aaron Bessant Park on Wednesday. [PHOTOS BY JOSHUA BOUCHER/THE NEWS HERALD]

'Freedom is not free'

Citizens and veterans celebrate independence at memorial ceremony

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PANAMA CITY BEACH — Before the Fourth of July kicked off with fireworks and fun, civilians were reminded of their freedom at a veterans memorial ceremony at Aaron Bessant Park on Wednesday.

"The Fourth of July is the birthday of our nation. That date has been arbitrarily selected as an occasion to thank the group of people that provided that independence and the veterans



People bow their heads to pray during a July 4 veterans memorial ceremony Wednesday.

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CEREMONY

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that have helped maintain that independence," said Harri Brax, vice president of the Bay County Veterans Council.

Veterans donning military hats and uniforms showed up to the ceremony with their families and friends to honor those who fought for the country's freedom.

Panama City Beach Mayor Mike Thomas and several council members also attended the event.

"It's a good event," Thomas said. "The Beach and Bay County have already been a big veterans area."

He encouraged people to get out and attend some of the day's festivities and to be thankful for being an American.

The ceremony was sponsored by the Bay County Veterans Council and the Panama City Beach City Council. Brax said the event has been held for about seven or eight years.

Clifford Teeter said he grew up attending parades that celebrated the country's independence. The retired Army staff sergeant was one of the many veterans who attended Wednesday.

"I was in the Army for 26 years," Teeter said. "You kind of get engrossed in these types of ceremonies. I try to go to as many veteran events as I can. I feel strongly about our

"Every veteran has given up a time in their lives to the service of their country. Some have had to fight wars or conflicts; all have been trained to be ready to do that. In either case, they have made sacrifices for which citizens of our country are grateful."

Harri Brax, vice president of the Bay County Veterans Council

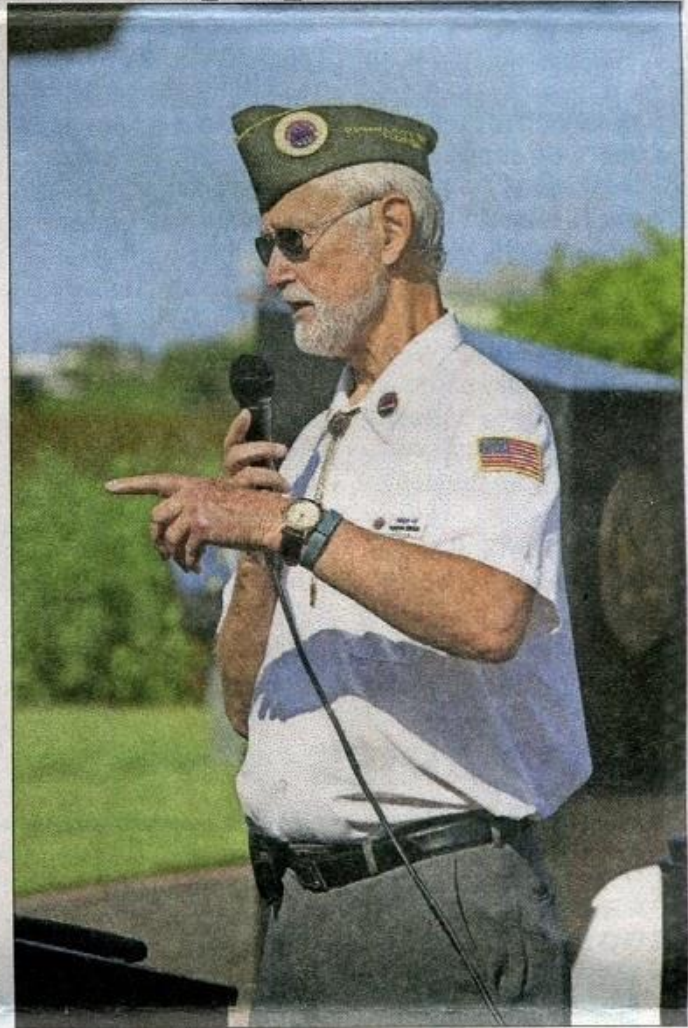
veterans."

DeCody Brad Marble of the Sons of the American Revolution, donning colonial era clothing, spoke to the crowd about freedom: freedom of expression, freedom from fear and more.

"Freedom is not free," Marble told the crowd. "In fact, freedom is very expensive. Every day, each of you must bear the cost and responsibility to ensure freedom endures. Freedom requires individual responsibility to abide by the rules, which enables citizenship in a civilized community."

Brax, a Navy veteran, said the country is grateful for the men and women who put on a uniform to serve the country.

"Every veteran has given up a time in their lives to the service of their country. Some have had to fight wars or conflicts; all have been trained to be ready to do that," he said. "In either case, they have made sacrifices for which citizens of our country are grateful."



Harri Brax, a Navy veteran and vice president of the Bay County Veterans Council, welcomes people to a ceremony honoring veterans Wednesday in Panama City Beach. [PHOTOS BY JOSHUA BOUCHER/THE NEWS HERALD]



Flags fly over the veterans memorial Wednesday morning at Aaron Bessant Park in Panama City Beach.

On Wednesday, 4 July 2018, Fourth of July Speech, Panama City Beach Veteran's Memorial, Aaron Bessant Park, Florida.

The Following is the Fourth of July Speech Given by Compatriot, DeCody Brad Marble:

FREEDOM IS NOT FREE!

FREEDOM!

Independence, Liberty and Freedom!

Freedom from Tyranny, Dictatorship and Terrorism!

Freedom of Religion and to worship as did your ancestors!

Freedom to pursue happiness and prosperity not just for yourselves, but also for your children.

Freedom the power or right to act, speak, or think as one wants without hindrance or restraint!

Freedom of individual expression and identity, being who you are, without bullying.

Freedom from Fear!

Freedom to to mass assembly to protest or to celebrate without being physically harm!

Freedom for your child to attend school and pursue a higher education to become a better citizen without being shot or stab!

Freedom to love and marry whomever you desire.

Finally, the freedom to bear arms!

FREEDOM IS NOT FREE!

In fact, Freedom is very expensive.

Everyday, each of you must bear the cost, the responsibility to ensure freedom endures.

Freedom requires individual responsibility to abide by rules, which enables citizenship in a civilized community.

Freedom requires an individual respect toward neighbor and stranger, no matter what differences you may have with them.

Freedom requires heroes and patriots who have learn that the existence of freedom requires great mental and physical sacrifices. More than just blood, sweat and tears, but the loosing a part of one's mind, loosing an appendage, or loosing one's life.

My Fellow Citizens, there is Hero and Patriot inside of each one of you.

How or in what matter, how often, when and where you express your freedom and patriotism, in support or celebration is your responsibility and it is personal to you.

Yes, Freedom and Patriotism is Personal!

Your passion for freedom and patriotism is define by what you learn and experience. You must learn about the struggles of yourself, your family, and your ancestors in order to make United States of American, a home and future place of securiy, happiness, and prosperity for your children and their children.

Only you can tell your story of "Freedom and Patriotism" with passion!

Freedom and Patriotism is Personal!

Today, I will tell my personal family's ancestral story of Freedom and Patriotism.

It has been a long journey, for me, DeCody Brad Marble to be here at the Veteran's Memorial, Aaron Bessant Park, Panama City Beach, Florida to celebrate the Fourth of July with you.

I am not talking about the hour drive from the otherside of town to get here.

I am talking about my life journey and the life journey of my ancestors.

I am the President of the Panama City Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution.

I am a National Society Sons of the American Revolution recognized descendant of 23 American Revolution Patriots! Ladies, one of those patriots is a female!

I am a Disabled American Veteran, who served ten years in the Air Force and ten years in the Army.

I am a United States Army, Staff Sergeant Retired!

During 1990 – 1991, I participated in Desert Shield / Desert Storm.

I was a Non-Commissioned Officer in Charge, NCOIC of the 50-Caliber Machine Gun crew, who held the lead position in the Forward Support Battalion, which followed the 24th Infantry into Iraq, between Basra and Baghdad. I had eleven Iraqi soldiers surrender to my fighting 50-Caliber position two days after "G Day", Ground Campaign Day, 24 February 1991.

That is summary of the part of my personal experience of devotion to Duty, Mission, God, Country and Family and most of all, Freedom!

At age 67, here I am a survivor, filled with pride, but sorrowed by those who have served and returned injured or not return at all. The greatest of sacrifice for Freedom.

My last name is MARBLE, and the family story and personal family heritage that I am so proud, flows in my blood through my mind and through my heart carrying the pass down genetic characteristics within my DNA.

John Marble the Emigrate

I am the thirteen-generation descendant MARBLE, 372 years ago, my tenth great-grandfather; John Marble migrated from England to Boston, Massachusetts in the year, 1646.

John migrated for the same reason your ancestors and present day migrates come to American. To start a new life free from fear, harm, and political governmental domination and corruption. To pursue a life of happiness and prosperity for themselves and for the family they raise, their children.

Joseph Marble of Salem

John's son, Joseph Marble, my ninth great-grandfather, lived and raised his family in Andover, Massachusetts.

In 1681, Joseph is elect the constable of Andover, a short distance from Salem, Massachusetts.

Eleven years later, in 1691, or 327 years ago, the Salem Witchcraft Trials began.

Joseph Marble brother-in-law's wife, Abigail Dane Faulkner and her two daughters were accuse as witches. Pregnant, Abigail Dane, and her daughters were imprison in a dungeon. While vowing to take full custody, Joseph Marble paid the bond for release of Abigail and her daughters.

Eventually, the King of England assigned the local colonial magistrate to have the sheriff appoint prominent, trustful men to a new jury to end the trails.

Joseph Marble was one of those appointed men.

There are many stories of mistakes, atrocities, violence, injustice and war in the birth and history of the United States of America.

The quest for freedom is expensive and requires not just responsibility, but also sacrifice.

Benjamin Marble

Benjamin Marble, the great-grandson of Joseph Marble of Salem, Massachusetts is my sixth great-grandfather. In 1748, young Benjamin, at age 23, fought in "Kings George's War" and then the seven-year "French and Indian War". Benjamin, in a colonial militia, fought along side the British Militia against the Canadian French and Indians.

The Canadian French were paying the Indians for the scalps of American colonists, in order to discourage them from migrating and settling in the Ohio valley.

Benjamin Marble did not know that he would return to War in his elder years.

April 19 1775, 243 years ago, was the beginning of the Battles of Lexington and Concord Massachusetts, which kicked off the American Revolutionary War.

Residing in Bolton, Massachusetts, Benjamin Marble, age 50, a farmer, had a wife and eleven children.

**Yet, when Paul Revere rode through the small villages yelling,
"The British are coming, the British are coming!"**

Benjamin grabbed his flintlock and joined the other local men on a march to Concord to suppress the British. Those men known in history as Minutemen.

Before the end of that month of April, Benjamin's, oldest son, Joseph joined the Massachusetts Militia to fight the British. Joseph Marble is my fifth great-grandfather.

In 1814, during the War of 1812, 206 years ago, Emery Butler Marble, the oldest son of Joseph Marble of the American Revolution, my fourth great-grandfather joined the U.S. Army Regiment, the U.S. Dragoons.

Three consecutive generations fighting and serving the cause of FREEDOM.

1939 – 1945, 79 years ago, World War II, “The War to end all Wars”.

In 1943, my second cousin, age 19, Joseph Newton Armstrong of Chattanooga, Tennessee graduated from Red Bank High School. During his senior year, he wrote a thesis titled, “Freedom from Fear”.

I hold a copy of that thesis in my hand and I want to read just the first two paragraphs to you.

What is fear and what are its causes? If the causes were remove, would there be complete freedom from fear for the human race? As long as man exists, there has been some form of fear in his heart. In the days of the cave man, the fear that tugged at man's heart was the fear of wild beasts that were huge and strong as compared to his own smaller self. As time went on, man conquered these beasts and became ruler of the world.

With the passing of centuries, new fears hindered the attainment of man's tranquility of mind. Fears of wars, pestilence, and famines wrecked humanity and momentarily stopped the growth of civilization. Through science and education these causes have been removed - or partially so.

The thesis continues and speaks of the inhumanity of an authoritarian regime controlling its citizens via state control of politics, the monetary system, media, and the military; denying people any meaningful human or civil rights, their freedom.

Joseph Newton Armstrong relinquished an alternate appointment by Representative Estes Kefauver to West Point in order to join the air forces as a private following graduation with high honors at Red Bank high School. Joseph, a member of the National Honor Society, became a 50-caliber machine gunner, riding in the the belly of a B-26 Marauder Bomber, know as the Widow Maker. On December 23, 1944, two days prior to Christmas, the the 95th Bombardment Squadron flew on a bombing mission on the Neckaretz Railroad Bridge in Germany. "Erma", a B-26 Marauder Bomber, Battle # 73 was the only bomber shot down by a German Luftwaffe fighter plane. Joseph New Armstrong was the gunner on that plane. The only child of his parents, Joseph Armstrong body did not come home for burial for two years, his parents were devastated.

There is a Sunday School Room at the Red Bank United Methodist Church, named after Joseph Armstrong.

In World War II, “The War to End All Wars” the size of the United State Military Force was 16,112,566.

“FREEDOM IS NOT FREE, FREEDOM IS EXPENSIVE”

In early February 1991, during the eve of Desert Shield, I acquired an intestinal and bowel obstruction. Sent to a military tent hospital in the desert, I spent a horrible exhausting four days, clearing my digestive system. The doctors stated that I should return to state side; therefore, I pleaded with my chain of command to refrain from sending me home.

The next week, I remained in a bed, in a tent at my company camp, in order for me to build back up my strength. Already the appointed the 50-caliber platoon Sergeant, the officers gave a vote of confidence that I be the Forward Supply Battalion Convoy's 50 caliber leader. The following week the whole battalion crossed the northern Saudi Arabia desert to set up camp within twelve miles of the border of Iraq.

I was still weak and could not drive my truck; therefore, I rode as shotgun and I slept a lot.

Late in the evening, the destination was reach, a new camp erected, twelve miles from the Iraq border.

All were exhausted except for myself – Sergeant Marble, I had a lot of rest.

I volunteered to staff the 50-caliber machine gun, on the ring atop the deuce and half truck, for the entire night with no relief.

While my comrades slept, I stay on guard, perch on top of the deuce and half truck.

In the desert, will no hills and no trees; I could easily see 360 degrees, for miles to the horizon.

There were no birds and no bats; no movement of life that I could see.

I knew in the darkness, as the desert sand began to cool, that armies of black scorpions were advancing toward our camp. The scorpions could sense the water that our convoy had brought to the desert.

I looked to the clear sky, and saw a great multitude of stars, millions of stars.

I felt I was sitting at hell on earth, looking into the gates of heaven.

My mind began to wonder and then it started remembering.

My life was passing by within my mind. I remembered my happy childhood that I shared with my two younger brothers. I recalled all the names of my elementary school teachers.

I remembered friends and family, those who had past and those still living.

As the desert coldness settled in, I begin to remember a warm place.

A place of with a pure white sand beach and a calm blue sea.

A place were the waves would pulse rhythmically against the shore.

A place where the sun would beam down upon my shoulder and warm my body and my soul.

A place where the sand would ooze up between the toes and make me giggle.

A place I remembered Panama City Beach and dream I would return.

I promise myself, I would survive the night. I would survive the battle.

I would survive the war.

I would survive the lengthy duration of my commitment to military service.

That I would retire with honor.

That I would come home. Home! Panama City Beach, Florida!

God Bless You All, God Bless Panama City Beach, God Bless America!

<https://www.linkedin.com/pulse/freedom-free-decode-brad-marble>