

**Why America? It's their problem, not ours**

My heart felt as if it would explode. I struggled to stop the tears from falling down my face. I kept telling myself to be strong; after all, this is part of being a "military brat." My little sister looked devastated and my mom, miserable. I kept trying not to look at my father. I did not want him to see me cry, but at the same time, I wanted to latch onto his arm and beg him to stay home. Even though I knew he had to deploy to Iraq, I still had a selfish mindset that wanted to keep him by my side. As I watched him unload his belongings, I put on a face of false bravado and wished him well. My father hugged me, grabbed his luggage, and began to walk away. Unable to contain my swelling emotions I yelled, "I love you! Be safe, daddy... Don't forget me." He turned around, forced a smile, told me to take care of the family and, in the typical macho style, assured me he would be fine. Tears would have escaped from my eyes if my mother did not wrap her arms around me and whisper words of comfort.

My selfish emotions seemed to control me for the entirety of my father's deployment. I kept questioning why my father was putting himself in danger for the sake of another country's problems. I was both bitter and naive, but mostly I was scared. I didn't want anything to happen to my father, and I could not understand the reason he was fighting. In my naive eyes America had taken my father away to fight for another country. My father was not fighting terrorism; he was just fighting for another country's freedom. For the whole year, I kept questioning America's purpose for taking my father.

Upon my father's return I finally received my answer. As he was unpacking his belongings I asked, "Daddy, why did you leave me? What was the purpose of this war?" He replied by handing me a picture of Iraqi children. In that moment, I realized my father was a true hero. He was fighting to help those in need regardless of their race, gender, or size. My dad was simply following the doctrine from which our forefathers established this country. He was protecting the unalienable rights of the Iraq people. The Iraqi citizens' suffering is not only Iraq's problem, but the whole world's problem. When children are suffering and a country has the power to help change their lives for the better, why wouldn't it? Is it not morally right to help those in great need just because it does not directly affect America? By going to war, America is helping those in need and upholding the values upon which it was founded. When I now hear the question, "Why America? It's not their problem," I simply shake my head because I know they do not understand the true nature of America and its values.