

YOUNG FOR IDAHO HOUSE 2026

We Hold These Truths . . .

The Birth of a Nation



This year, 2026, marks the 250th anniversary of a remarkable event—the signing of the Declaration of Independence. This was no polite petition nor was it a symbolic gesture. It was an act of open defiance. With it, the united colonies severed political ties to their mother nation, Great Britain, declaring that they “were, and of right ought to be, free and independent states.”

That was a commitment written in ink and sealed with blood.

We often celebrate anniversaries of birth with parties, cakes, songs, and gifts—but birth itself is no lighthearted event. As a mother of 8 sons and 2 daughters, I know this well. Birth is neither easy nor instantaneous; it is months of sacrifice—exhaustion, pain, and limitation—paired with ecstatic hope and anticipation, followed by a moment that changes everything. Life does not enter the world without struggle.

America was no exception.

She was not born in a day, nor was she born painlessly. Her foundations were laid centuries before 1776. In the 800s, King Alfred the Great established expectations of written law applied justly, promoted education for rich and poor alike, and insisted that liberty must rest on moral order. Ideals of honor, duty, and care for the weak did not arise spontaneously; they were forged through intentional effort and sacrifice.

Over succeeding centuries came Wycliffe and Tyndale, Prince John and the Magna Carta, Reformers and Pilgrims—men and women who paid dearly to advance liberty of conscience and self-government. Most never lived to see the full fruits of their labor. Still, the idea of America grew long before she had a name.

By 1775, pangs of labor began in earnest. On March 23, Patrick Henry, rose in the Virginia House of Burgesses, boldly declaring that war had already begun, and ending his plea with words that still echo through history, demanding courage from every generation: “Give me liberty, or give me death!” He had no illusions about the cost of that choice.

Less than a month later Paul Revere rode through the night warning of approaching British troops. Just a moment in time—and then a shot on the Lexington green changed everything. American blood was spilled and the course of history altered forever. As Longfellow wrote, “the spark struck out by that steed... kindled the land into flame with its light.”

Just over a year later, fifty-six men gathered in Independence Hall signed a declaration that made them traitors to the most powerful empire on earth. Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world and relying on the divine hand of Providence, they pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor.

America, unlike more fortunate children, was not sheltered at birth. She was rejected, attacked, starved, and mocked. America struggled through infancy, youth, and a turbulent adolescence with sheer grit, a firm reliance on the divine hand of Providence, and an undaunted optimism born of faith that liberty was worth the cost. “In God We Trust,” was not learned in comfort, but of necessity; without God’s divine intervention America could not have survived.

Nations, unlike individuals, are meant to endure through generations—but they do not endure automatically. Just as American ideals took shape long before 1776, they must be reborn in the hearts and minds of each succeeding generation. Constitutions and institutions cannot survive if the spirit that animates them fades. Freedom cannot be inherited like property; it must be claimed, defended, and renewed, like life itself.

And so the full weight of history now rests on us.

Two hundred and fifty years is a brief moment in the broad sweep of time—yet it is long enough to forget what made America possible. This anniversary is not merely a celebration. It is a reckoning: a test of whether we understand that liberty requires courage, self-restraint, sacrifice, and faith—or whether we delusively imagine it can survive on comfort, apathy, and entitlement.

As Abraham Lincoln reminded us at Gettysburg, the task belongs not to the dead, but to “us the living,” to be dedicated to the unfinished work—so that “this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

Perhaps, with courage equal to the moment, wisdom grounded in truth, a willingness to sacrifice, and reliance on divine Providence, Americans—another 250 years from now—will look back on 2026 and say that when history placed the burden of renewal on us, we paid the price and chose to nurture life.