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## The crucible vocabulary worksheet answers

Florida Georgia Line wanted you to know that they loved their country at the 2020 ACM Awards.The duo brought the flashiest performance of the night to a socially distant show with I Love My Country – providing a bright and twangy whack on stage. Upon their appearance, Keith Urban announced that Thomas Rhett and Carrie Underwood tied the entertainer of the year at the ceremony. Video: Ziggy Marley Shows Off She At-Home Recording Studio and Talks New Album (Exclusive) (ETonline) Heidi Klum poses with her 16-year-old daughter Leni and mom Cute Mirror Pic on Sunday, Heidi Klum posted a pic with her mom, Erna Klum, and her 16-year-old daughter, Leni Klum, on the set of Heidi and Leni's photoshoot for Vogue Germany. Heidi, who has three other children with her ex, Seal, gushed over the big moment on Instagram. Leni, whose dad is Flavio Briatore, shared some behind the scenes moments on her Instagram, calling it a special day. ETonline All Blockbuster Disney + Movie Announcements: Sister Act 3, Hocus Pocus 2 and more ET are the most dea big news that came from Disney+ and Hulu announcements made December 10th. ETonline Inside The Scenes of MacGyver Star Tristin Mays Cross-Country RV Road Trip (Exclusive) Actress Tristin Mays took ET behind her cross-country trip from California to Georgia to film the new season of MacGyver. ETonline Other performances of the night included Taylor Swift, Miranda Lambert, Kane Brown and Urban.Watch a clip of Florida Georgia Line's I Love My Country below: ACM Awards produced by Dick Clark's works, owned by MRC Media, the parent company of Billboard. Continue Reading Show full articles without the Continue Reading button {0} hours. Microsoft can earn affiliate commission if you purchase something using the recommended links in this article. Visit the site Send MSN Feedback Please provide a general site rating: Opens in a new window Opens an external site Opens an external site in a new window If you asked me if I love your country, I would be very surprised. Seriously. The point is that asking me that's like asking me whether I love my mother, my father or my grandparents. There is no doubt that I love my country, and what is even more, I am very proud of it and its people. One of the reasons why I love the United States is that America is always ready to give people endless opportunities to successfully realize their potential no matter where they come from and what kind of background they have. Just look at the most striking examples of marvelous American citizens! Bill Gates, Al Harris, Owens, Martin Luther King, Jr., Marian Anderson and many other parties! These famous Americans have successfully demonstrated that diversity is undoubtedly one of the many great features of the United States. I can give you another reason why I love in the country where I was born. The U.S. military is a great source of pride for me and my friends. All brave women and men who make known to serve in the U.S. Army forces strictly protect this beautiful land both – abroad and at home. Each of them is willing to sacrifice their time they could spend with their family. Remember the lyrics of the national anthem of the United States God bless the United States? It says, I cannot forget the men who died who gave this right to me. In other words, representatives of the U.S. Military show the best of our land! In my opinion, every person who now serves (or who has ever served in the US army) is a true hero! The point is that I have the right to say things like that because the United States Constitution allows every American to exercise their rights and many other options. Why do I say this? Look at countries like Turkmenistan, North Korea or Libya! Constitutional law is something that people in these countries simply cannot benefit from – they simply do not have it. General! I am more proud of all the important things that the United States has learned from the years that have passed. When a famous man named Benjamin Franklin said, Remember not only to say the right things in the right place, but much harder yet, to leave the unclaimed wrong thing is enticing at the moment. With this in my mind, I must say that I love my dear Homeland because it has learned a lot from some of the most nightmarish times in our history. The incredible progress we've made in learning is the number one reason why the United States is now a place where a person like Barack Obama can do what a large number of people were absolutely sure was impossible when becoming president of the earth! I also adore my homeland because it provides a bunch of innovative technologies, and as time goes by, people make sure to invent new advanced technologies. And I'm more than sure that a variety of new technologies will come soon! This and many other achievements make me very proud of the country in which I live. I also favor a few other countries, but my heart belongs to the United States! This essay is written by WorldEssays.com writers. HuffPost is part of Verizon Media. We and our partners will store and/or access information on your device using cookies and similar technologies to display personalized ads and content for measuring ads and content, audience insights, and product development. Your personal data that may be used information about your device and Internet connection, including your IP address Browsing and searching activities using Verizon Media websites and apps Accurate location Learn more about how we your information in our Privacy Policy and Cookie Policy. To enable Verizon Media and our partners to process your personal data, select I accept or select Manage settings to get more information and manage your choices. You can change your choices at any time by visiting privacy controls. I have visited many other countries and have always been impressed by the culture, beauty and people of other nations in the world. I appreciate the readers of this blog from all over the world and I have even been to another country since they celebrated their founding day. Today is our special day in the United States as we celebrate the founding of our country. I posted above why I love my country, but I thought the list might be endless. In honor of my great nation, here are 10 reasons I love America: Freedom – I have dear friends who are fighting to defend our freedom. This freedom gives me the right to do what I do without fear of government interference. Adventure – I love the capitalist and business system of government and I have experienced both the dunes and downs of our system. Diversity – Every nation, race and color is represented here. We are integrated with the diversity that has made our country stronger. Risk – This country was founded with risk, and riskmires are still welcome today. I will fight personally in any other environment. Determination – Throughout our history, Americans have had a desire to succeed at any price. Patriotism - We love our country. Period. Volunteerism – If there is a need for the world, Americans will be one of the first to help. We can argue about our policies, but if there are problems around, Americans get together, and you want Americans around. Beauty - I've traveled a lot in our country. I can't land on the most beautiful. Mountains, deserts, beaches, lakes, rivers, plains and swamp. We have it all. Opportunity – It's still true. If you work hard enough, persisting through failures and failures, you can still achieve success in the United States. Economics - Yes, I said that ... and I mean it. Our economy has seen better (and worse) days. We still have a lot to be thankful for our economy. Poor here is still rich compared to most of the world. God bless the United States of America! Happy Fourth of July! Why do you love your country? You can read my previous posts: 10 Reasons I Love the US (a more humorous look.) Real 10 Reasons I Love USA Love it or leave it. Have you heard anyone say this? Or did you say that? Anyone who has heard these five words knows what it means because it almost always applies to America. Anyone who has heard this sentence knows it's a loaded gun, pointed to them. For those who say this sentence, did you mean it with tenderness, with with sarcasm, with satire, with any kind of humor that isn't badly humored? humored? Is the sentence always said with a very clear threat? I ask out of genuine curiosity because I have never said this sentence myself, referring to any country or place. I've never toldlove it or leave it to my son and I hope I never will because it's not the kind of love I want to feel about him or my country, no matter the country that might be. The country in which I write these words is France, which is not my country, but which colonised Vietnam, where I was born, for two-thirds of a century. The French rule ended only 17 years before I was born. My parents and their parents never knew anything except French colonialism. Perhaps because of this history, part of me loves France, a love that is to some extent linked to the fact that France is spiritually colonised. Aware of my colonisation, I do not love France the way many Americans love France, those who dream of the Eiffel Tower, drink coffee in Les Deux Magots, eating a fine meal in Provence. This is a romantic love that accordion music or Édith Piaf, which I feel only fleeting. I cannot start the wishes of colonialism, which can be seen throughout Paris, if they want to see them: people of African and Arab descent who are here because France was in their countries of birth. Romanticizing their existence, often at the edges of French society, would be difficult, so Americans rarely talk about them as part of the fantasy of Paris. Fantasy is tempting, especially since my Vietnamese history. Most of the French Vietnamese origins I know are content, even if they are aware of their colonized history. Why wouldn't they? A Moroccan friend in Paris points to the skin I share with these French Vietnamese ancestors and says: You're white here. But I'm not white in America, or not yet. I was produced in America, but born in Vietnam, and my origins are inseparable from three wars: one Vietnamese fought against the French; one Vietnamese fought against each other; and one in the U.S. fought in Vietnam. Many Americans believe that war is noble, if perhaps flawed, such as American good intentions. And while there is some truth that it was also simply a continuation of French colonization, a war that was racist and imperialist in its roots and its practices. As such, this war was just one manifestation of the centuries-long expansion of the American Empire, which began from its colonial birth and ran through the border of the American West, Mexico, Hawaii, Guam, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, Vietnam and now the Middle East. One war could be a mistake. A long series of wars is a pattern. The Indians were original terrorists in the American imagination. Genocide committed against those by white settlers is Thanksgiving's ugly side, not quite remembered, but not really forgotten, even where you can also find images of semi-white Indians in a feather headgeo. Centuries later, latent memories of genocide — or a celebration of conquest — could surface when an American G.I. called hostile Vietnamese territory an Indian state. Now Muslims are new, but terrorists are young communists, because the Communists are no longer very dangerous, and every society needs another to set its own borders and funnel its fears. Many Americans do not like to hear these things. An American veteran of the war, a soldier man, wrote me in anger after reading an essay of mine about the scars that Vietnamese refugees made. Americans had to sacrifice themselves for my country, my family, for me, he said. I would be grateful. When I wrote him back and said that he was the only one to hurt his anger, he wrote back with another furious letter. Another American veteran, a former officer, now a dentist and doctor, read my novel Sympathizer and sent me a letter in a more measured tone, but with a message just as blunt. You seem to love communists so much, he said. Why don't you leave back to Vietnam? And take your son with you. I was tired and don't write back to him. I should have. I would have indicated that he should not have finished my novel because the last quarter was accused of communist failure in Vietnam. Perhaps he has never been to the past to be offended by the first quarter of the novel, which condemns america's war in Vietnam. Perhaps he never made it to the middle of the novel, by which point I was also satirizing the failure of the government under which I was born, the Republic of Vietnam, in the south. I made such criticism, not because I hated all the countries that I know, but because I love them. My love for my countries is difficult because their history, like the history of all countries, is complicated. Each country believes in its best in itself and from these visions has created the beautiful cultures that France included. And yet each country also has dirty blood for victory and violence, Vietnam included. If we love our countries, we owe it to them not only to flatter them, but to tell the truth about them all their beauty and brutality, America included. If I had written this letter, I would have asked this dentist and doctor why he had to threaten my son, who was born in America. His citizenship is natural, as good as that of a dentist, doctor and veteran. And yet even my son has been told to love it or leave it. Is such a story American? Yes. And no. Love it or leave it to be completely American and still UN-American at the same time, just like me. Unlike my son, I had to become naturalized. Do I love America during my naturalization? It's hard to say because I was never told: I love you, so anyone, my parents included, much less in the country. But I still wanted to my country oju about America as a teenager. At the same time, I wanted to keep my Vietnamese name. I had tried different American names for size. Everyone felt unnatural. The only word my parents gave me felt natural, probably because my father never stopped telling me: You're 100% Vietnamese. By keeping my name, I could turn American, but make no mistake that I was born in Vietnam. Paradoxically, I also believed that by keeping my word, I had to make a commitment to America. Not in America from those who say love it or leave it, but to my America, to America, that I force to say my name, not to America, which would force the word on me. Naming my son was then a challenge. I wanted an American name for him who expressed the complexity of our America. I chose Ellison, after the great writer Ralph Waldo Ellison, himself named after Ralph Waldo Emerson, a great philosopher. My son's genealogy would be black and white,

literary and philosophical, African American and American. This genealogy gestures at the greatness of America and the horror of it as well as democracy as well as slavery. Some Americans would like to believe that greatness has succeeded in horror, but to me greatness and horror exist simultaneously, because they are from the very beginning of our American history and perhaps until its end. A name like Ellison compresses the beauty and brutality of America in seven letters, a summation of despair and hope. It's a heavy burden to put on my son, although it's not heavier than the burden i put on my parents. My name is that the Vietnamese people, whose patriotic mythology says that we have suffered for centuries, to be independent and free. And yet today Vietnam, although independent, is almost free. I could never go back to Vietnam for good because I could never be a writer there and say things that I say without being sent to prison. So I choose freedom in America, even at a time when to love it or leave it is no longer just rhetorical. Even naturalised citizens are threatened by the current administration through denaturalisation and deportation. Perhaps it's not that far-fetched to imagine that one day someone like me, born in Vietnam, could be sent back to Vietnam, despite the fact that there are more of themselves than many native-born Americans. If so, I don't want to take my son with me. Vietnam is not his country. America is his country, and maybe he will know about that love, which will be less complicated and intuitive than mine. He also - I hope - know his father's love, which is less complicated than mine. I never said: I love you when I was growing up because my parents never said, I love you to me. That doesn't mean they didn't love me. They loved me so much that they worked themselves exhaustion into their new America. I almost never have see them. When I did, they were too tired to be happy. However, no matter how tired they were, they always have dinner, even though dinner was often just cooked organ meat. I grew up in the gut, tongue, tripe, liver, stomach and heart. But I've never been hungry. The memory of this visceral love expressed in sacrifice is the marrow of my bones. A word or tone can make me feel the deepness of this love, as happened to me when I overheard a conversation one day at my neighborhood pharmacy in Los Angeles. The man next to me was Asian, not beautiful, clearly dressed. He spoke South Vietnamese on his cell phone. Con oi, Ba Day. Con kom chua? He looked a little rough, maybe in the working class. But when he spoke to his child Vietnamese, his voice was very gentle. What he said can't be translated. It can only be felt. Literally, he said, Hello, kid. This is your father. Have you eaten rice yet? It doesn't mean anything in English, but in Vietnamese it means everything. Con oi, Ba Day. Con kom chua? This is how the hosts greet the guests who come home, asking them if they have eaten. It was like parents who would never say I love you, told their children they loved them. I grew up with these customs, these emotions, these intimacys, and when I heard this man tell my child, I almost cried. That's the way I know that I'm still Vietnamese because my history is in my blood and my culture is my umbilical cord. Even if my Vietnamese language is incomplete, which is the case, I am still associated with Vietnam and Vietnamese refugees around the world. And yet when I was growing up, some Vietnamese Americans would tell me I wasn't really Vietnamese because I didn't speak perfect Vietnamese. Such a statement is a cousin to love it or leave it. But there must be many ways to be Vietnamese, just as there are many ways to be French, many ways to be American. For me, as long as I feel Vietnamese, while Vietnamese things move me, I'm still Vietnamese. So I feel the love of the country of Vietnam, which is one of my countries, and that is how I believe my Vietnamese self. Claiming to be a defiant Vietnamese myself, one that ignores someone else's definition, I claim my American self too. Against all those who say love it or leave it, offering only one way to be an American, I insist on An America that allows me to be Vietnamese and enriched by the love of others. So it is that every day I ask my son if he has eaten over and every day I say to my son I love him. This is how the love of the country and the love of the family are no different. I want to build a family where I never say love it or leave it to my son, just like I want a country that will never say the same to anyone. Most Americans won't feel what I feel when they hear Vietnamese, but they feel state in its own way. Maybe they 'll that deep, emotional love when they see the flag or hear the national anthem. I admit that these symbols mean little to me because they divide as much as they do in unity. Too many people, from the highest office ground down, have used these symbols to basically tell all Americans to love it or leave it. Being immune to the flag and anthem doesn't make me less American than those who love these symbols. Isn't it more important that I love the substance behind these symbols rather than the symbols themselves? Principles. Democracy, equality, justice, hope, peace and, in particular, freedom of writing, freedom of writing and think what I want, even if the beauty of my freedom and these principles is groomed by the blood of genocide, slavery, conquest, colonization, imperial war, eternal war. It's all America, our beautiful and brutal America. I didn't understand the contradiction that was in our America during my youth in San Jose, Calif., in the 1970s and 1980s. Back then I just wanted to be an American in the easiest way possible, partly to resist my father's claim that I have 100% Vietnamese. My father felt that deep love for his country because he had lost it when we fled Vietnam as refugees in 1975. If my parents held on to their Vietnamese identity and culture fiercely, it was just because they wanted their country back, a sentiment that many Americans certainly understand. Then the U.S. re-established relations with Vietnam in 1994, and my parents had the first chance to go home. They went twice without me to visit a country that just went out of post-war poverty and despair. Whatever they saw in their homeland, it had a profound effect on my father. After the second trip, my parents never returned to Vietnam again. Instead, over the next Thanksgiving dinner, my father said, We are Americans now. Finally my father had demanded America. I would be elated, and part of me was how we sat before our exotic meal of turkey, mashed potatoes and cranberry sauce, which my brother had bought from the supermarket because no one in my family knew how to cook these dishes that we ate only once a year. But if I also felt uncomfortable, it was because I couldn't help but wonder: Which America was it? This is shown in the weather edition of 26 November 2018. For your safety, we've sent a confirmation email to the address you entered. Click the link to confirm your subscription and start receiving our newsletters. If you don't receive confirmation within 10 minutes, please check your spam folder. Contact us letters@time.com. letters@time.com.

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