

Conversation with George Washington

The person I would like to talk with most, other than Jesus, would be George Washington. Why? Because of what he did for America. He is, in my opinion, the greatest president that America has ever had, or ever will have. He fought in the army, turned down kingship, and served only two terms of Presidency. Then, astonishing even the king of England, he simply went back to Mount Vernon and died there. He humbled himself to such a low state, yet, he rightfully became one of the greatest people who ever lived.

Now as I think about meeting this great man, I just cannot help but imagine the amazing conversation that would take place! As I go along in this marvelous train of thought, I see us together, sitting in 2 of the many wooden rocking chairs that line his back porch. We would gaze out at the magnificent view of the Potomac River, and then I would ask him about his days in the army. He would then talk about the bloody battles but their surprising victories. I would wince at the end of one such tale and ask about how he liked surveying. He would say "Very well" and would tell me interesting personal stories and describe the dangers of the Indians. But, then he would fade into talking about the French and Indian war. His description would be so vivid that I would be horrifically engaged as he would recount Braddock's stubbornness and chuckle about it heartily. But then he would grow solemn and say "It appears that it is dusk."

As we would walk into the parlor, I would find he would need no motivation to talk about being President. As we would sit in the comfy armchairs, he would account leaving office. I would call out "Why?" George would look at me sharply and ask "What do you mean?" At that I would ask: "Why did you leave office?" He would sigh gently and gaze at the fire. Suddenly he would say, "A man cannot be in the office forever. John is a good president. I also wanted to re..." I would interrupt, "You mean John Adams." "Yes. As I was saying, I wanted to return

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here.” He would gesture around the posh parlor. “I can see why. It is a beautiful place.” I would say. “But, who are you? Have you any tales to tell?” George Washington would gesture at me.

“Well, to begin with, I am from the future”, I would nervously tell him. George would raise his eyebrows, “Oh, is that so?” he would suspiciously question. “Yes”, I would say, and would venture to describe all the states, geographical features, and landmarks. He would eagerly listen as I told him how people flock to America. “What about the government?” he would excitedly ask. “Oh, that”, I would say. I would then tell him about the corruptness of the world. I would tell him about the coming up election, the abolishment of rights and the laws and- “What!” He would shout, leaping up from his seat. “Do you mean that churches cannot speak about politics?” “It’s called 501(c)3” I would say timidly. “Why, we would have lost the Revolutionary war without churches!” he would exclaim, angrily sitting back in his chair.

I would then tell him the rest of the “new” facts. When I would be done, he would say quietly, sadly: “I see. I see. Well, why did you come here? To torture by making me go through this?” “No” I would say. “It is because I have a problem.” “Oh?” he would say weakly. “It is because of this election.” I would respond. “Well,” he would say “You must search to find the truth. And I see that if you wish to fix your nation, I will advise you. In the Revolutionary war, everybody had the duty to contribute to it. In your world, everybody must fight for their rights. They must stand and they must search for the truth. Well, I wish to see you later.” he would say. We would bid goodbye and I would leave. And that would be my amazing imaginary conversation with George Washington!”