

# The Journey of 250 Years

Two hundred fifty candles burn across the years,  
lit first by quiet courage and a daring dream.

A parchment promise carried on the wind  
spoke softly of a person meant to stand as free.

From fields where farmers raised both crops and hope  
to cities built by many hands and tongues,  
the story grew—imperfect, brave, and bright—  
a chorus made of countless living songs.

Freedom walked beside the weary and the bold,  
through storms that tested faith and fragile peace.

Yet voices rose again to say  
that liberty must grow and never cease.

In every vote, a spark is passed along,  
a lantern lifted high against the night.

Civic hearts remember what was given—

Those rights endure when citizens choose the right.

Old rivers carry echoes of the past,  
while children chase tomorrow through the sun.

Heritage is more than memory alone;

it lives in work unfinished, still begun.

So let these candles glow in steady light,

for every step that led us to this day.

Two hundred fifty years of striving souls—

and still the brighter dawn is on its way.