

There is no way the right to a weapon of mass destruction in the hands of a unvetted gunman outweighs the right of a 6 year old to turn seven.

The right of a family to put their kids on the bus in the morning, and fully expect their first graders will return at the end of the day, and not be gunned down by a sick, sick individual.

The right of a teacher to teach, and not become a combatant on the front line of unimaginable violence.

I am busy here in Newtown, trying to console my teenagers who taught these kids to swim, to console a husband who coached siblings of dead kids, and to smile and encourage a NHS senior who's mom was murdered in a classroom, that it's going to be alright. Because I'm not sure it is.

I'm not sure the power of the decision makers will prevail, and not succumb to the power of the lobbyists and bully right to arms advocates who think the right to bear arms and protect themselves in case of attack, is more prevalent than the actual attack that is afflicting our citizens. Our family and friends. My entire town.

I firmly believe, if the gun supporters attended just one of the funerals that I did; if they stood in line for hours upon hours and watched the heartbreak leave the funeral homes and churches and synagogues one by one, all ages, all sizes, they would realize that Daniels and James and Jessica and Jesse and the 16 other tiniest of victims, and the educators who tried to protect them, and the first responders who are forever broken, they would know there is not inherent right to this tragedy.

This is not legislation on paper. This is not an abstract, difficult to grasp, multi-dimensional project. Assault weapons are made to assault, and it did just that here in Newtown December 14th.

Only you have the power to make a difference, and this heartbroken mom, sadly, does not.