

I AM THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

By Howard Schnauber



I am the flag of the United States of America.
My name is Old Glory.
I fly atop the world's tallest buildings.
I stand watch in America's halls of justice.
I fly majestically over institutions of learning.
I stand guard with power in the world.
Look up and see me.



I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice.
I stand for freedom.
I am confident.
I am arrogant.
I am proud.



When I am flown with my fellow banners,
my head is a little higher,
my colors a little truer.



I bow to no one.
I am recognized all over the world.
I am worshipped.
I am saluted.
I am respected.
I am revered. I am loved.
And I am feared.

I have fought every battle of every war for more than 200 years...

Gettysburg, Shilo, Appomatox, San Juan Hill,
the trenches of France,
the Argonne Forest, Anzio, Rome, the beaches
of Normandy,
the deserts of Africa, the cane fields of the
Philippines,
the rice paddies and jungles of Guam, Okinawa,
Japan, Korea, Vietnam,
and a score of places long forgotten by all but
those who were with me.

I was there!



I led my soldiers.
I followed them.
I watched over them...
They loved me.
I was on a small hill in Iwo Jima.
I was dirty, battle-worn and tired,
but my soldiers cheered me,
and I was proud.



I have slipped the bonds of Earth
and stood watch over the uncharted new
frontiers of space
from my vantage point on the moon.



I have been a silent witness
to all of America's finest hours.
But my finest hour comes
when I am torn into strips and used as bandages
for my wounded comrades on the battlefield,
When I fly at half-mast to honor my soldiers,
Or when I lie in the trembling arms
of a grieving mother
at the graveside of her fallen son.



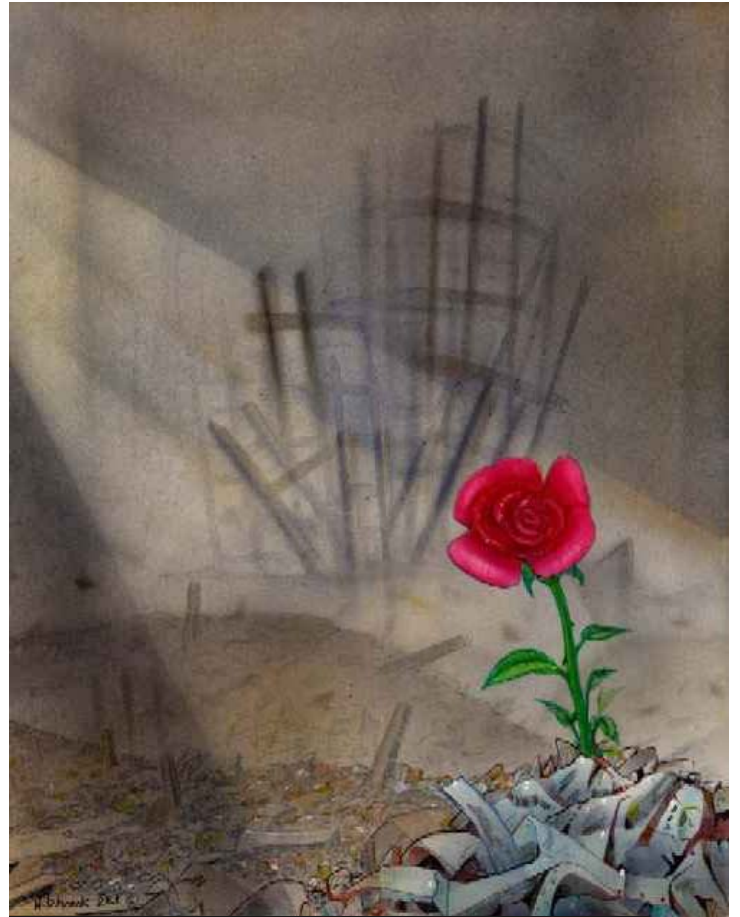
I have been burned, torn and trampled
on the streets of countries I have helped set free.
It does not hurt, for I am invincible.



I have been soiled upon, burned, torn
and trampled on the streets of my country.
And when it's by those whom I've served in
battle, it hurts.
But I shall overcome for I am strong.



I am proud.
My name is Old Glory
Long may I wave.
Dear God . . . Long may I wave!.



Marine Infantry Battalion Baker Company Iraq
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May We Never Forget



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Dedicated to the memory of Don's
brother: Gunnery Sergeant John F. Miller,
USMC, Congressional Medal of Honor