



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 and strength in the world.

I am the flag

Look up...and see me. I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice. I stand for freedom. I am confident. I am not 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 only to One, and He is the only one that flies above me. I am recognized all over the world. I am saluted. I am loved - I am revered. I am respected - and I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war for more than 200 years. I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Shiloh and Appamatox. I was there at San Juan Hill, the trenches of France and the beaches of Normandy. Guam, Okinawa, Korea, Saigon, and Vietnam know me. Afghanistan, Iraq and the Persian Gulf remember me as well, for I was there. I led my troops, I was dirty, battleworn and tired, but my soldiers cheered me and I was proud. I survived September 11, 2001. Even though I was torn, faded and mangled, I was standing. Still strong enough to unite and lead a nation.

unite and lead a nation

I have been burned, soiled upon, torn and trampled on the streets of my own country and those countries of which I have helped to set free. It does not deter, for I am invincible. And when it's by those with whom I've served in battle - it hurts, but I shall overcome - for I am strong.

I have slipped the bonds of Earth and stood watch over the uncharted frontiers of space from my vantage point on the moon. I have borne silent witness to all of America's finest hours. But my finest hours are still yet to come.

When I am torn into strips and used as bandages for my wounded comrades on the battlefield, when I am flown at half-mast to honor my soldier, when I lie silently, guarding and protecting my fallen soldier for one last time, or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving parent or a weeping widow, I am proud, for I know for what I stand.

long may I wave

My name is Old Glory, long may I wave. Dear God in heaven, long may I wave.