**I AM THE FLAG**

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 loved.  
I am revered.  
I am respected.  
And I am feared.

I have fought in every battle of every war for more then 200 years.   
I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Shiloh and Appomattox.  
I was there at San Juan Hill, the trenches of France,   
in the Argonne Forest, Anzio, Rome and the beaches of Normandy.   
Guam, Okinawa, Korea and KheSan, Saigon, Vietnam know me.  
I was there.  
I led my troops,  
I was dirty, battleworn and tired,  
But my soldiers cheered me and I was proud.

I have been burned, torn and trampled on in 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 in the streets of my country.  
And when it's done by those 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 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,  
Or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving parent at the grave of their fallen son or daughter,  
I am proud.