

Hello! Remember Me?

Some call me Old Glory, others call me the stars and stripes. I have also been referred to as the Star Spangled Banner. But, whatever they call me, I am your flag--the flag of the United States of America. There has been something that has been bothering me, so I thought that I might talk it over with you today.

I remember some time ago, (I think it was a Memorial Day, or was it Veterans Day?) that people were lined up on both sides of the street for the parade. A High School band was behind me--naturally, I was leading the parade. When your Daddy saw me coming along waving in the breeze, he immediately removed his hat and placed it so that his right hand was directly over his heart.

And you--I remember you.

Standing there as straight as a soldier, you didn't have any hat, but you were giving me the right salute. Remember, they taught you in school to place your hand over your heart--.

And little brother, not to be outdone, was saluting the same as you. There were some soldiers home on leave and they were standing at attention giving the military salute. Oh, I was very proud as I came down your street that day.

Now, I may sound as if I am a little conceited. Well, I am!

I have a right to be; because I represent you, the people of the United States of America.

But, what has happened? I'm still the same old flag. Oh, I have a couple more stars added since your father was a boy. A lot more stars added since the beginning of this country, and a lot more blood shed since that patriotic day so long ago.

But now, I don't feel as proud as I used to. When I come down your street some people just stand there with their hand in their pocket and give me a small glance and then look away. I see children running around and shouting. They don't seem to know who I am.

Is it a sin to be patriotic any more? Have some people forgotten what I stand for? Have they forgotten all the battle fields where men have fought and died to keep this nation free? When you salute me, you are actually saluting them.

Take a good look at the Memorial Rolls some time. Look at the names of those who never came back. Some of them were friends or relatives of yours. That's whom you are saluting. Not me.

Well, it won't be long until another one like me will be coming down your street again.

So, when you see it, stand straight, place your hand over your heart and you'll see it waving back--that's my salute to you. And then I'll know that you remember who I am.