

My Name is Old Glory

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Oral History interview of author 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 loved - I am revered.

I am respected - 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, 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 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.

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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 born 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
battle field,

when I am flown at halfmast 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.

I am the flag of the United States of America.