



U. S. Flag Poems



[American Flag Magnets](#)

American flag and patriotic magnets Check out our selection.

[Wholesale American Flags](#)

US 3X5 - \$7.99 - Free Shipping
Free Color Catalog. Made in U.S.A.

[Historic U.S. Flags](#)

American Flags Made in USA
Betsy Ross, Bennington, Odd Star

[US Flag](#)

Made in USA. Commercial
Yahoo Top Merchant Award

Ads

Select:

Site Quality Checked
on 03 January 04



Site Search

Add

Bookmark this
page

U. S. National Anthem



Taps



American Medley



DIRECTORY

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America

**and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation under God,
indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."**

CAPTIVE'S PLEDGE

by Roger W Hancock

FREEDOM ISN'T FREE

Author Unknown

IT IS THE SOLDIER

Charles M. Province

JUST ASK PERMISSION

Tom Adkins

PLEDGE

Senator John McCain

Pledge Of

Red Skelton

Allegiance

Commentary

SPRIT OF A NATION

Deborah Whipp

U. S. Flag Etiquette



CAPTIVE'S PLEDGE

by Roger W Hancock



Soldier's battle for survival,
Comrades fought to death.
Evasion of detection sought,
Among the jungle brush.
Heart pounds, breathing deep,
Death or life as prisoner of war.
Solitary confinement at first,
Later a welcomed cell, too crowded.
Bamboo bars with bamboo rugs,
Day guards beyond arms reach.
One by one each day, each night,
Time's passing tracks astray.

One man of simple starts,
Bravery, endurance his might.
Love of country inspiration,
Strength to live each day.
Over time enduring patience,
Bamboo needle sews his flag.
Hidden by day flown at dusk,
When guards not near to hear.
The highlight of the day awaits,
When prisoners recite the pledge.
Searching this cell they found our flag,
Captors beat the one who sewed.
Eyes swollen in dim of light,
Red piece of cloth, new flag begins.
No defiance, not for himself,
But that the pledge be said.
Sacrifice we pay, to our flag we say,
Allegiance to our county's might.
Bravery feels not the courage,
Survival seems our motive.
One does what must to survive,

As we pledge, we live our lives.

Copyright 11-25-03

Roger W Hancock

<http://www.FoolBay.com/>

SPIRIT OF A NATION



I proudly wave across the land,
stately emblem in the breeze
A patriotic declaration
of a nation's liberty

White purity and innocence
Red hardiness and valor
Blue vigilance and justice
are preserved within my colors

Over hallowed halls of knowledge,
of government, of law

I stand watch over principles
to earn my nation's awe

And like the stars so proudly worn
upon my breast of blue
I transcend the bonds of earth
to stand majestic on the moon

Dauntless onto battlefields
I lead my country's brave
And with solemn dignity
escort the fallen to their graves

I serve as dressing for the wounds
of injured men and towers
Bestowing hope and solace
in my nation's darkest hours

When my loyal, revered servants'
last heartbeats come to pass
I join my mourning nation,
flying somberly half mast

Flames of hatred and dissension
may reduce my cloth to ash
Yet with the smoke my liberty
still rises unabashed

My strength lies not in stars or stripes,
in fabric nor in thread
But in the hearts of citizens
who hold my values sacred

For those who would destroy
America's noble decoration
Will come to find they shan't destroy
the spirit of a nation

Written by

Deborah Whipp, USA,

October 25, 2001

<http://globalspecops.com/usflag.html>

1/12/2004

Used with permission.



IT IS THE SOLDIER

by Charles M. Province



IT IS THE SOLDIER, not the reporter,
Who has given us freedom of the press.
IT IS THE SOLDIER, not the poet,
Who has given us freedom of speech.
IT IS THE SOLDIER, not the campus organizer,
Who has given us freedom to demonstrate.
IT IS THE SOLDIER, not the lawyer,
Who has given us the right to a fair trial.
IT IS THE SOLDIER who salutes the flag,
Who serves under the flag and
Whose coffin is draped by the flag,
Who allows the protester to burn the flag.



FREEDOM ISN'T FREE

Author Unknown



I watched the flag pass by one day,
it fluttered in the breeze.
A young Trooper saluted it,
and then he stood at ease.

I looked at him in uniform
So young, so tall, so proud,
With his hair cut short and eyes alert,
He'd stand out in any crowd.

I thought, how many men like him
Had fallen through the years?

How many died on foreign soil?

How many mother's tears?

How many foxholes were soldiers' graves?

No, Freedom is not free.

I heard the sound of taps one night,
When everything was still.

I listened to the bugler play
And felt a sudden chill.

I wondered just how many times
That taps had meant "AMEN"
When our flag had draped a coffin
of a brother or a friend.

I thought of all the children,
Of the mothers and the wives,

Of all the fathers, sons and husbands
with interrupted lives.

I thought about a cemetery
Of white crosses across the sea,
And of unmarked graves in Arlington.
NO, FREEDOM IS NOT FREE!!



Commentary on the Pledge of Allegiance

Red Skelton
Used with permission.



Editor's Note:

As a schoolboy, one of Red Skelton's teachers explained the words and meaning of the Pledge of Allegiance to his class. Skelton later wrote down, and eventually recorded, his recollection of this lecture. It is followed by an observation of his own.
I - - Me; an individual; a committee of one.

Pledge - - Dedicate all of my worldly goods to give without self-pity.

Allegiance - - My love and my devotion.

To the Flag - - Our standard; Old Glory ;
a symbol of Freedom; wherever she
waves there is respect,
because your loyalty has given her a dignity that
shouts, Freedom is everybody's job.

United - - That means that we have all come together.

States - - Individual communities that have united into forty-eight great states. Forty-eight individual communities with pride and dignity and purpose. All divided with imaginary boundaries, yet united to a common purpose, and that is love for country.

And to the Republic - - Republic--a state in which sovereign power is invested in representatives chosen by the people to govern. And government is the people; and it's from the people to the leaders, not from the leaders to the people.

For which it stands One Nation - - One Nation--meaning, so blessed by God.

Indivisible - - Incapable of being divided.

With Liberty - - Which is Freedom; the right of power to live one's own life, without threats, fear, or some sort of retaliation.

And Justice - - The principle, or qualities, of dealing

fairly with others.

For All - - For All--which means, boys and girls, it's as much your country as it is mine.

And now, boys and girls, let me hear you recite the Pledge of Allegiance:

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic, for which it stands;
one nation, indivisible,
with liberty and
justice for all.

Since I was a small boy, two states have been added to our country, and two words have been added to the Pledge of Allegiance:

Under God.

Wouldn't it be a pity if someone said that is a prayer, and that would be eliminated from schools, too.



JUST ASK PERMISSION

By Tom Adkins



Does the First Amendment give us the right to desecrate the American flag? Or is the flag a sacred symbol of our nation, deserving protection by law? Tough call? I've got the solution. For those who want to light Old Glory on fire, stomp all over it or spit on it to make some sort of "statement," I say let them do it. But under one condition: They must get permission.

First, you need permission of a war veteran. Perhaps a marine who fought at Iwo Jima? The American flag was raised over Mount Surabachi upon the bodies of thousands of dead buddies. Each night on Iwo meant half of everyone you knew would be dead tomorrow, a coin flip away from a bloody end upon a patch of sand your mother couldn't find on a map.

Or maybe ask a Vietnam vet who spent tortured years in a small, filthy cell unfit for a dog. Or a Korean War soldier or marine who endured 45 degrees below zero weather at the Chosin Reservoir. Veterans who faced terrorizing suicide attacks in the middle of the night by Chinese soldiers to rescued half a nation from communism, or a Desert Storm warrior who repulsed a bloody dictator from raping and pillaging an innocent country.

That flag represented your mother and father, your sister and brother, your friends, neighbors and everyone at home. I wonder what they would say if someone asked their permission to burn

the American flag? Next, ask an immigrant. Their brothers and sisters may still languish in their native land, often under tyranny, poverty and misery. Maybe they died on the way here, never to touch our shores. Some have seen friends and family get tortured and murdered by their own government for daring to do things we take for granted.

For those who risked everything simply for the chance to become an American . . . what feelings do they have for the flag when they pledge allegiance the first time? Go to a naturalization ceremony and see for yourself the tears of pride, the thanks, the love and respect of this nation as they finally embrace the American flag as their own. Ask one of them if it would be okay to tear up the flag.

Last, you should ask a mother. Not just any mother, but a mother who gave a son or daughter for America. It doesn't even have to be in war. It could be a cop. A fireman. Maybe a Secret Service agent. Then again, it could be a common foot soldier. When that son or daughter is laid to rest, their family is given one gift by the American people: an American flag.

Go on. I dare you. Ask that mother to spit on her flag.

I wonder what the founding fathers thought of the American flag as they drafted the Declaration of Independence? They knew this act would drag young America into war with England, the greatest power on Earth. They also knew failure meant more than disappointment. It meant a noose snugly stretched around their necks. But they needed a symbol, something to inspire the new nation. Something to represent the serious purpose and conviction we held for our new idea of individual freedom. Something worth living for. Something worth dying for. I wonder how they'd feel if someone asked them permission to toss their flag in a mud puddle?

Away from family, away from the precious shores of home, in the face of overwhelming odds and often in the face of death, the American flag inspires those who believe in the American dream, the American promise, the American vision. . . .

Americans who don't appreciate the flag don't appreciate this nation. And those who appreciate this nation appreciate the American flag. Those who fought, fought for that flag. Those who died, died for that flag. And those who love America, love that flag. And defend it.

So if you want to desecrate the American flag, before you spit on it or before you burn it . . . I have a simple request. Just ask permission. Not from the Constitution. Not from some obscure law. Not from the politicians or the pundits. Instead, ask those who defended our nation so that we may be free today. Ask those who struggled to reach our shores so that they may join us in the American dream. And ask those who clutch a flag in place of their sacrificed sons and daughters, given to this nation so that others may be free. For we cannot ask permission from those who died wishing they could, just once . . . or once again . . . see, touch or kiss the flag that stands for our nation, the United States of America . . . the greatest nation on Earth.

Submitted by:
Barbara Bessent

Thanks to Steve Morrison who forwarded this to me and to Jim Smith who originated it. Steve served on the USS Kidd and Jim is a retired gunnysgt. Semper Fi.



Publisher's Comment:

Desecration of the National Flag of the United States of America is an act that desecrates the memory of all Americans who spilled their blood, suffered and/or gave the supreme sacrifice in combat while protecting the United States National Flag from the enemy's desecration.



Global SpecOps Poll

Best Special Operations Force?

(select here)

Vote!

[View Stats](#)



Copyright © 2000-2004 Global SpecOps All Rights Reserved.

Updated: 01/12/2004 21:32:46

[E-mail Webmaster](#)