

IT'S JUST A PIECE OF CLOTH

That's is all it is---just a piece of cloth. But when a little breeze comes along, it stirs, comes to life, flutters and snaps in the wind... all RED, WHITE AND BLUE! And then you realize that no other piece of cloth could be like.

It has your whole life wrapped up in it... the meals you eat; the time you spend with your family; the kind of things your boy or girl learn in school; the strange and wonderful thoughts you get in church on Sunday.

Those stars in it.... they make you just as free as the stars in the wide deep night. And those stripes.... they are the bars of blood ~~to~~ any dictator who would try to change this way of life.

Just a piece of cloth. That is all.... until you put your soul in to it, and give it meaning. Then it is a symbol of liberty, decency and fair dealing for everyone. It is just a piece of cloth until we breathe life into it... until we make it stand for everything we believe in, and refuse to live without it.