

Our Nation's Pride

“A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield,
His life upon a crimson field,
For Betsy's battle flag”

As I step over the threshold of my workshop
My heart is beating as if it was a snare drum
“O how will I do this?”
I grab my sharpest needle and strongest grey thread
A remarkable task lay before me
I reach my trembling hands into my oak fabric trunk
And appointed three valiant colors
To represent our nation
Because of this flag
I am about to sew
Our nation can only hope
Only hope...
To be free
I begin to pierce what lay breathing
In my shaking hands
In hopes the fabric will come to life

One day when this flag is done
Our nation's journey will have just begin
Our quest for freedom will succeed
A free nation we will be
These 13 stars will proudly rise
Into battle, in the school house, at the front of the parade
This flag waving above Washington
And his brave soldier's heads
This flag of many wonders
Our nation's pride.

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