

Remember Me?

Hello, remember me? I'm your flag. Some folks call me Old Glory; others call me the Stars and Stripes, the Ensign, or just the flag. But whatever they call me, I am your flag – the flag of United States of America.

Something has been bothering me lately. I was wondering if I might talk it over with you. It's about you and me.

I remember the day when people lined up on both sides of the street to watch a parade. When your father saw me coming along, waving in the breeze. He took off his hat and placed it against his left shoulder. His hand was directly over his heart. Remember?

And you, I remember you! Standing there straight as a soldier. You didn't have a hat on, but you gave the correct salute. They taught you in school to place your hand over your heart. And remember your little sister? Not to be out done, she was saluting the same as you. I was proud, very proud, as I came down the street. Oh yes, there were some servicemen there, standing at attention, giving the military salute. Ladies as well as men, civilians as well as military, paid me respect and reverence.

Now, if I sound a bit conceited, well, I have a right to. I represent the finest country in the world-The United States of America. More than one aggressive nation has tried to hail me down, only to feel the fury of this freedom loving country. Many of you had to go overseas to defend me. A lot more blood has been shed since those patriotic parades of long ago and I've had a few stars added since you were a boy, but I'm still the same flag.

Dad is gone now, and the hometown has a new look. The last time I came down your street, I noticed that some of the old landmarks have given way to new buildings and homes. Yessir, the old town sure has changed. I guess I have too, because I don't feel as proud as I did back then.

I see youngsters running around and shouting through the streets, college boys and girls disrupting our campuses, people selling hot dogs and beer while our National Anthem is played – everything from apathy to riots. They don't seem to know, or care, who I am. Not long ago, I saw a man take off his hat when I passed by. He looked around, didn't see anybody else with theirs off, so he quickly put his back on.

Now when I come down your street, you just stand there with your hands in your pockets. Occasionally, you give me a small glance and then look away. When I think of all the places I've been – Normandy, Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, Battle of the Bulge, Korea, Vietnam, I wonder, what's happened? I'm still the same ol' flag.

How can I be expected to fly high and proud from buildings and homes when within them, there is no thought, love or respect for me? Whatever happened to patriotism? Your patriotism? Have you forgotten what I stand for? Have you forgotten all the battlefields where men fought and died to keep this nation free? When you salute me, you salute them. Take a look at the Memorial Honor Rolls sometime. Look at those names of those who never came back. Some of them were friends or relatives of yours; maybe even went to school with you. That's what you're saluting – not me!

Well, it won't be long before I come down your street again. So, when you see me, stand straight and give me a salute. Do this because I represent you.

You'll see me wave back, my salute to you!

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Flag Day

June 14, 2008 9:30 a.m.

Benevolent and Protective

Order of Elks

United States of America

Fulton Lodge No. 830

57 Pierce Drive,

Fulton, New York

Flag Day Program June 14, 2008

Flag Raising	
Star Spangled Banner	The Entire Assembly
Music	G. Ray Bodley Jazz Band
Introductory	Exalted Ruler and Officers
Prayer	Lou Firenze, Chaplain
You're a Grand 'Ol Flag	The Entire Assembly
Music	G. Ray Bodley Jazz Band
History of the Flag	Ray Clary, PDDGER
Presentation of Flags	Boy Scouts of America, Troop No 715
Pine Flag, Snake Flag, Red & White Crosses Flag, 13 Stars and Stripes Flag, 15 Stars and Stripes Flag, 20 Stars and 13 Stripes Flag, 48 Stars and 13 Stripes Flag, 50 Star Flag	
America	The Entire Assembly
Music	G. Ray Bodley Jazz Band
Color Guard	V.F.W. Post 569
God Bless America	The Entire Assembly
Music	G. Ray Bodley Jazz Band
Remember Me	Robert Young, PDDGER
Response	Kevin Merriam, ER Syracuse #31
Pledge of Allegiance	The Entire Assembly
Floral Bell Ceremony	Exalted Ruler and Officers
Auld Lang Syne.....	The Entire Assembly
Oration	Mayor Ronald Woodward
Conclusion	Chris Hawksby, ER

THE STARS AND STRIPES

I am the flag of the United States of America. My conception was in the dreams of liberty and in the hopes of freedom. A little lady by the names of Betsy Ross, born January 1, 1752, made me, and her sewing basket was my cradle.

I was never an orphan, however. I was adopted by the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and became known as the National Emblem. In 1976, I was 200 years old.

I have traveled extensively and witnessed many things. I have seen history develop and unfold. My hopes and aspirations are now to fly over our great Country at peace with the world. Some day, I firmly believe I will have that experience. After all - I AM THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER.

Fulton Elks Lodge No. 830

Officers for the 2008-2009 Lodge Year

Exalted Ruler	Christine Hawksby
Esteemed Leading Knight	Robert Young, PDDGER
Esteemed Loyal Knight	Harry Shortt
Esteemed Lecturing Knight	Joseph Firenze
Secretary	Dean Salisbury
Treasurer	Lorraine Salisbury
Tiler	Cathy Seeley
Esquire	Joyce Coady
Chaplain	Lou Firenze
Inner Guard	Robert Thompson

Trustees

Chairman, John Paternoster, Ray Caprin, David Brinkerhoff, Pamela Cordone, and Jen Worden

Refreshments provided by Fulton Lodge 830 Ladies Auxiliary, and homemade donuts provided by Joanne and David Halstead.



WHAT IS AMERICA?

God built a continent with glory, and filled it with treasures untold.

He bedecked it with soft, rolling prairies, and pillared it with thundering mountains.

He studied it with sweetly flowing fountains, and encompassed it with long, winding streams.

He graced it with deep, shadowed forests, and filled them with song. These treasures would have meant little if myriads of people, the bravest of races, had not come, each bearing a gift and a hope.

They had the glow of adventure in their eyes, and the glory of hope in their souls; and out of them was fashioned a nation, blessed with a purpose sublime. They called it AMERICA!

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
and never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
and days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
and never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
and days of auld lang syne?

And here's a hand, my trusty friend

And gie's a hand o' thine

We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet

For auld lang syne

Star Spangled Banner

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hail'd
at the twilight's last gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
thro' the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watch'd,
were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare,
the bombs bursting in air,

Gave proof thro' the night
that our flag was still there.

O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave?



America

My country, 'tis of Thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty

Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

God Bless America



You're a Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.

You're the emblem of
The land I love.

The home of the free and the brave.

Ev'ry heart beats true

'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

You're a grand old flag,

You're a high flying flag

And forever in peace may you wave.

You're the emblem of

The land I love.

The home of the free and the brave.

Ev'ry heart beats true

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