

Worn and Weathered

The time has come to lay me down in soil beneath the ground.
I have served this country, seen many sights and sounds.
I wore the Army colors, commanded men upon the shore.
I gave the very best I could and then I gave some more.
I have seen a time of war and I've known times of peace
and I was always grateful when all the shelling ceased.
I have stripes and I have ribbons they pinned upon my chest.
I have been in deep dark places never finding any rest.
I have lived a soldier's life, as rugged as can be.
I fly that flag with so much pride for it's a part of me.
So as I draw these final breaths, I have one request of you.
Don't drape me in the colors that are so shiny new.
Find a flag that's worn and ragged, its seen sunshine and the rain.
Find a flag that's worn and tattered, seen joy and also pain.
Place that flag upon this old man for all the world to see.
Wrap me in Old Glory, one that's worn and weathered just like me.

© Jim Munroe Rhymes4Life All Rights Reserved 4/8/19

As he said his final goodbye, Ret. Army Tank Commander Mark E. Brown told his son, "Don't cover me with a brand new, pretty flag. I want one rugged and as weathered as me!" Ret. Army Sergeant Zack Brown, of Marietta Oklahoma, honored his father's request. Zack said he covered his dad with an old, dirty, and Tattered Flag. Commander Brown passed away under that flag March 15, 2019.
Please join me in honoring him.