

Just before sunrise on a cool July morning, I watched a retired Navy chief and a high school marching band captain raise a fresh flag at the little park by the river. The chief checked the halyard with the same careful hands he had used on a ship at sea. The student smoothed the fabric, then kept time with her heel as the anthem drifted from a tinny speaker. The river caught a sliver of red, then white, then blue as the first breeze hit. No one spoke. No one needed to. In that small, shared pause, you could see what a flag can hold.

The American flag is cloth; we all know that. It is also a shared language. We use it to cheer, to mourn, to mark a doorstep as home. Old Glory carries the history of a nation forward, not as a fixed verdict but as an ongoing conversation. The beauty is not just in the colors and geometry, but in how it keeps inviting us to talk about who we are.

The face of a country, stitched over time

There is a reason people still argue about who sewed the first flag. The Betsy Ross story is beloved, yet historians treat it with care, because hard proof is thin. What we do know is that on June 14, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with thirteen stars on a blue field. Those stars were meant to stand for a new constellation. The people who wrote that line were not composing poetry, but the phrase stuck because it felt true.

As the country grew, the star field grew with it. For a period after 1795, the flag carried 15 stars and 15 stripes, the oversized banner that flew over Fort McHenry in 1814. Francis Scott Key saw it by the flashes of war and set words to what he felt. Later, Congress returned the stripes to 13 to honor the original colonies, then added a star for each new state. By 1912, President William Howard Taft standardized proportions and the star arrangement. By 1959 and 1960, with Alaska and Hawaii entering the Union, President Dwight Eisenhower issued orders for 49 and then 50 stars. The ratio of height to width settled at 1 to 1.9, a shape that looks right whether on a school lawn or a carrier deck.

The nickname Old Glory began as the name of a single flag. Captain William Driver, a shipmaster from Massachusetts, called his large, well-made banner Old Glory in 1831. He took it to sea and later to Tennessee, where he hid it through the Civil War. After Union troops entered Nashville, Driver revealed it and flew it again. Newspapers carried the story. The nickname spread and eventually embraced every American flag. When someone says Old Glory now, they mean the shared symbol, but inside that nickname is one person's devotion and a tale of keeping something fragile alive.

Why Flags Matter

You cannot spend a career around public events, ballparks, and community parades without learning that the power of a flag depends on context. A folded triangle on a widow's lap means something different than a bunting over a picnic shelter. Yet, both moments speak with the same voice. Symbols gather meaning all day, every day, by how we use them.



People ask me why flags matter when we have so many ways to talk. This is why: a flag compresses identity into something you can hold, lift, and see from far away. It is shorthand when words would take too long. During blackouts after hurricanes, I have watched neighbors check on elders, move branches, then right their fallen flagpoles. It is not vanity. It is a way to say we are still here and we are not alone.

Good symbols are simple enough to be shared and strong enough to carry weight. A flag teaches kids left from right, up from down, respect from routine. It tells visitors where they are. It anchors ceremony so that joy and grief do not float off untethered. It also invites hard talk when our ideals and our actions do not match. When we feel pride, we fly it high. When we feel hurt or regret, we lower it or invert it to signal distress. Why Flags Matter is not a slogan to me, it is the steady reminder that a free people need common signs to gather around.

United We Stand, and what that unity really looks like

When the phrase United We Stand pops up on signs or bumper stickers, it can sound like an order. Real unity does not work that way. Forced agreement is brittle. The unity that lasts has room for anger, surprise, humor, and dissent.

I think of the morning flights resumed after the September 11 attacks. At the gate in Atlanta, an airline agent taped a small flag to the counter. A Delta captain tucked a larger one into his rollaboard handle. Passengers climbed on in uneasy quiet, but when wheels touched down, a few clapped, then more, then nearly all. The flag had been there on the posters and the lapel pins. It gave us something to hold while we found words again.

I also think of the small town where my crew helped run a county fair. We had high schoolers from the band, farmers with seed caps, veterans in ball caps, young parents wrangling toddlers, a pair of tattooed baristas who volunteered for trash duty, and a group from the mosque who set up a bake sale. During the national anthem, some sang, some stood in silence, one played the notes on her trumpet softly off to the side. Not a single person looked the same, prayed the same, or voted the same. The flag did not erase those differences. It gave them a frame. Flags Bring Us All Together when they remind us we share a project, not when they demand that we become the same.

Old Glory is Beautiful, in form and in function

Even a child can draw the American flag, or at least give it a try. That is part of its magic. The design works from across a field and up close on a lapel pin. The colors on a fresh flag sparkle in a way that a camera never quite catches. Sunlight makes the white flash; shade pulls a sapphire tone out of the canton. The stripes make motion visible, and the stars, set in tidy rows, steady the restless field.

From a design standpoint, the geometry has discipline. The canton sits in the upper left for a viewer, the union meant to lead. The stripes run the full width so the flag reads clean at distance. The best sewn flags have stars that are appliqued or carefully embroidered, not just printed. That gives them texture and a hint of depth when the wind shifts. The proportion at 1 to 1.9 carries well on a staff. That slightly elongated rectangle looks swift without seeming fragile.

Materials matter. On a boat, I like durable nylon with lock-stitched seams. On a still day, a cotton flag photographs like a painting. In harsh sun or near saltwater, a tough polyester weave will outlast most seasons. People often ask about size. A handy street rule is that a house-mounted pole should carry a flag that is about one quarter of the pole's length. A 20 foot pole, six foot flag. On porches, three by five feet reads right for most homes.

Beauty also shows up in wear. Not all flags live in glass cases. On construction sites, you see faded cloth tied to rebar, the colors muted by dust and sun. That does not insult the symbol if the intent is respect. It says, we are here, building and fixing and trying, with the country in mind. I have seen a roadside flag

mended with fishing line after a storm because that is what the person had. Old Glory is beautiful when it is immaculate, and also when it is clearly loved.

The flag as speech, and the promise behind it

Any honest conversation about the flag has to handle the hard parts. The U.S. Flag Code gives guidance on how to treat the flag, but those rules are not backed by federal criminal penalties. The Supreme Court has held that even burning a flag in protest, as offensive as many find it, falls under protected speech. That case law sits heavy on some hearts and light on others, but it is the law in a free country that speech stretches wide.

I have spoken to Gold Star families who feel a physical pain when they see someone kneel during the anthem. I have also spoken to veterans who support that gesture, not because they enjoy the discomfort, but because they believe the same freedoms they fought for include the right to dissent. Both belong under the same sky. That is the edge case of unity and the price of liberty. The promise sewn into those stripes is not agreement, it is protection for disagreement managed without fists or muzzle flashes.

A flag flown upside down can signal distress. A flag at half staff signals grief or respect, often by presidential proclamation or law. On Memorial Day, there is a custom worth keeping: half staff until noon, to mourn, then raised to full staff for the rest of the day, to honor the living and the work ahead. That silent choreography carries more meaning than long speeches. It is a national language, readable by anyone who looks up.

Everyday rituals that keep the meaning alive

Meaning erodes when we stop tending it. Rituals keep it fresh. The best are simple, repeatable, and honest about their purpose. That is why the daily raising and lowering matters at schools and posts. It is why the careful fold into a triangle hits your throat, even if you have seen it a hundred times.

One of my earliest gigs after college involved setting up small ceremonies for a mayor's office. We learned to keep the mechanics invisible. We kept extra halyard cleats in a drawer, replacement snaps in a coffee can, and white gloves ready for the color guard. Kids asked why the gloves, and the sergeant in charge would say, because we handle this cloth like it matters. You could see that care ripple into the rest of the event. People kept their phones put away. Volunteers straightened up folding chairs. The flag made us treat the space like a commons instead of a corridor.

When a flag is worn beyond **Union and Confederate American flags** repair, it should be retired with dignity. Many American Legion posts and VFW halls hold retirement ceremonies where old flags are properly burned. You can bring a bundle of frayed cloth, old grommets still clinging, and by evening you will see those colors turned to ash with words to match. It is not morbid, it is housekeeping with gratitude.

A few timeless courtesies worth remembering

- Let the union lead. When hung against a wall, keep the blue field on the observer's left.
- Keep it clean and in good repair. Faded is fine if cared for, but torn edges should be mended or the flag retired.
- Give it light. If flown at night, illuminate it so it can be properly seen.
- Avoid using it as clothing or a tablecloth. Patriotic patterns are fine, but the flag itself should stay a flag.

- Take your hat off and face it, if you are able, during the anthem or pledge. If mobility limits you, your attention is enough.

The flag beside other flags

Unity does not mean the American flag needs to stand alone. I like a front porch with the U.S. Flag paired with a state or service flag, sometimes a tribal nation flag, sometimes a banner for a cause the homeowner believes in. There is an order of precedence in formal settings. In parades, the national flag goes in front. On a shared pole with another flag, the national flag takes the top spot. On adjacent poles, the national flag flies to its own right, which is the viewer's left.

At home, the spirit matters as much as the exact placement. If you fly a Pride flag or a Juneteenth banner with your Stars and Stripes, keep both in good shape. That pairing says, this is the big promise and this is one way we mean to deliver on it. It says Unity and Love of Country in a sentence made of fabric.

I have a neighbor who rotates flags quietly. On Veterans Day, his late father's service flag joins the set. During the World Cup, a second pole holds his mother's birth country flag. After a local tragedy, he flies a black mourning banner below his U.S. Flag for a week. No speeches, no social media. Just a steady practice of tying his life to a larger story.

Expressing yourself without losing the thread

People sometimes ask me how to keep the flag from feeling political. The truth is, it already is political in the best sense, because it belongs to the polis, the people. That does not mean it should be a cudgel. It should be a door. I tell folks to Express Yourself and Fly whats in your heart, with a little care for the commons. If your cause matters to you, hang the banner. If the United States matters to you, fly Old Glory with it, not against it. Put the two in conversation. Let your neighbors see both your love of country and your point of view.

When we use the flag to exclude, to say you do not belong, we shrink the symbol and the country. When we use it to invite, we strengthen both. I have changed my own mind more in yards and kitchens where a flag hung quietly in the corner than in any online shouting match. The cloth did not convince me. The person who chose to fly it in a spirit of welcome did.

A small field guide to flying with respect and heart

- Match the flag to the space. A modest three by five on a porch reads better than an oversized banner that tangles in shrubs.
- Mind the wind. Take down your flag in storms that could damage it, then raise it again when the weather clears.
- Share the story. Tell kids and guests why you fly it. Fold it with them, let the fabric pass through their hands.
- Pair it with service. Mow the strip of grass by the sidewalk, pick up litter, check on a neighbor. Symbols ring true when daily acts back them up.

What the flag says about us

A flag cannot fix a country. It cannot balance a budget or mend a broken policy. But it can remind a free people what they owe each other, and what they aspire to be. It can make us stop for six beats in a ballpark while a bugle calls taps. It can ask a harried parent to put a hand over a heart while a first grader gazes up, eyes full of questions large and small. It can fold into a triangle that fits inside a cedar box, then unfurl again at a summer cookout where cousins play tag around the base of the pole.

When I look at Old Glory, I do not see a perfect record. I see a country that writes and rewrites its own charter in public, sometimes gracefully, sometimes clumsily, most often with a mix of both. I see United We Stand as a hope we renew, not a trophy we bank. I see the gift of being able to argue with each other in the open, then stand under the same cloth while the weather moves in from the west.

Old Glory's timeless beauty is not a trick of dye or thread count. It is the way the flag steps into our days and quietly orders them. The way a child learns left from right by pointing at the union. The way a neighbor notices a tangle in your halyard and knocks on your door with a ladder. The way a field of white markers and a ripple of small flags can make even a loud city hold its breath for a minute.

The flag says we are more than our last argument. It says our better angels are not fiction, they are practice. It asks for care, and it gives back clarity. If we keep flying it with humility, if we keep pairing it with honest work and honest critique, then that cloth continues to do what it has always done at its best. It pulls a scattered people into a project. It asks us to keep trying. And it rewards the effort with a view that still stops the heart a bit when the light hits just right, stripes moving, stars steady, a country talking to itself and listening, too.