



*Delta Company
2nd Battalion, 69th Armor Battalion*

This Certificate Certifies

*That this flag was flown on Patrol Base Husayniyah, Karbala, Iraq on the 14th of December 2009
For Presentation To*

Jonathan Gates

For your support of our Soldiers

I am the flag of the United States of America. My name is Old Glory. I fly atop the worlds tallest buildings. I stand watch in America's halls of justice. I fly majestically over institutions of learning. I stand guard with power in the world. Look up and see me. I stand for peace, honor, truth and justice. I stand for freedom. I am confident. I am arrogant. I am proud. When I am flown with my fellow banners, my head is a little higher, my colors a little truer. I bow to no one! I am recognized all over the world. I am worshipped. I am saluted. I am loved. I am revered. I am respected and I am feared. I have fought in every battle of every war for more than 200 years. I was flown at Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Shiloh and Appomattox. I was there on San Juan Hill, the trenches of France, in the Argonne Forest, Anzio, Rome and the beaches of Normandy, Guam, Okinawa, Korea, KheSan, Saigon, Vietnam knows me, I was there. I led my troops, I was dirty, battle-tested and tired, but my soldiers cheered me and I was proud. America has been attacked by cowardly fanatics and many lives have been lost but those who would destroy me cannot win for I am the symbol of freedom. Of one Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. I have been burned, torn and trampled on the streets of countries I have helped set free. It does not hurt for I am invincible. I have been soiled upon, burned, torn and trampled on the streets of my country. And when it's by those whom I've served in battle it hurts. But I shall overcome for I am strong. I have slipped the bonds of Earth and stood watch over the uncharted frontiers of space from my vantage point on the moon. I have borne silent witness to all of America's finest hours. But my finest hours are yet to come. When I am torn into strips and used as bandages for my wounded comrades on the battlefield. When I am flown at half-mast to honor my soldier. Or when I lie in the trembling arms of a grieving parent at the grave of their fallen son or daughter. I am proud. MY NAME IS OLD GLORY, LONG MAY I WAVE.

John W. Franz
1SG, AR
First Sergeant



"Treat 'Em' Rough"



Andrew P. Hubbard
CPT, Armor
Commanding