

*MM — Flying the flag Thinking of My Granddad
From Summer Headquarters on July 3, 2018*

The Flag rippling in light wind ready for the Fourth...

here on property my grandparents bought on Puget Sound
a century ago when Civil War and WWI was a fresh memory.

One nation indivisible was a prayerful hope
then it was blue against gray
now blue against red.. some parading all white.
Partisanship in Senate, House and Court...
loyalty pledged to party or special interests
ahead of liberty and justice for all people

One of my Granddad's published poems said it like this:

*"As long as men, conceited, blind,
Imagine their own land or kind
Is best, God's choice, destined to reign,
So long will come War's curse and pain,*

*So long as greedy men set bound
About some bit of earth around,
And say 'keep off, 'tis mine alone'*

*So long will come war's wreck and moan.
This ghastly, universal war
Has two vile roots deep at its core,
That gave it birth, that gave it feed —*

*One root of pride and one of greed.
'Tis greed for power and greed for gain
And foolish pride, man's subtle bane."*

He left the ministry in mid-career but lived out
and spoke his faith in other ways...
let him speak once more:

*Dost thou despise The Radical?
Of rabid speech and shaggy locks and flaming eyes?
Thou safe and sane conservatives?*

*And dost thou smile, the while in thy vast pride
And comfort-calloused hide?*

*And yet a man who calmly can behold, unmoved
The awful, useless, self-inflicted tragedies of his own time
And not be swept, betimes from off his feet...*

*Who never flames with fury and does not long
To blast the wretched wrong...
Is scarce a man!*

*And often is not fit to wash the feet
Of him who shouts and pleads upon the street."*

The flag on our deck sometimes just hangs there...
sometimes it blows furiously...
it always waves for liberty and justice for all.

Arthur Weage and Art Morgan