

Yes, America
We Are Still Alive and Well

Written by: Mary Ann Urda

I had a dentist appointment
that Wednesday afternoon
leaving me some time before
heading home to do some
errands.....fill up my tank
with gas and stop at
Wal Mart to pick up
bananas,
an avocado and
a fresh lime. Nothing unusual
about the day
except I was dressed a bit
better than "normal." My
nickname is
"Mismatch". It's a name
that kinda stuck to me.
I don't mind at all, it just
happens.
Wednesday is a good
Wal Mart
shopping day.....not crowded,
no long check out lines etc.

The greeter welcomed me
and wheeled over a cart.

My mind drifted as I pushed
the cart down the isles. I had
my bananas, avocado
and lime,
did I need anything else?

I was between the plastic
container isle and towels.
A young stock
boy was unloading boxes,
stocking the shelves with
colorful plastic
items. Maybe I could pick up
a small item or two....who
knows....you never have enough
plastic containers.
I turned the corner to look over
the towels.....there stood
a young soldier in his fatigues
and boots holding the
hand of his young
son. The kid had a Mohawk
hair cut, (the Mohawk cut is
common in this military area).
He had jeans, sneakers and a
light denim jacket on. He
might have been 4 years old.....
if that.

The kid, with his little lisp,
was singing:
"My Country 'Tis Of
Thee". A shiver went up my
spine. Here was a kid,
singing a song I hadn't
heard in a very long time.

His father looked at me,
shrugged his shoulders
and gave me a very big
proud smile.

This kid could hardly speak
and here he was singing
away. I walked over, held
out my hand to the little boy
and looked for permission
from his dad to hold the kid's
hand. Dad nodded and I
began to sing in sync with
him.

Now I have to be straight
with you and tell you, I am
not a singer, I am tone
deaf.....can't carry even a
hum,..... if you know what I
mean. But, hey, how many
times have you heard a kid
singing that song in a
Wal Mart?

What the heck.....it was a
great day!

The father had pick up the
boy, so we were head to
head. He was very happy
and began singing
louder.....thank goodness,
because I was just trying to
make the kid comfortable
about his singing.

Two older guys amble over
and joined us.

They stood at attention,
shoulders back, heads held
high. A young mother
with one toddler in the cart
the other holding on.....they,
too began to sing.

I looked around.....there
must have been 25 more
people singing with us.

The stock boy handed one of
young singers a small box
and the guy began beating
the box in time with the song.

My voice fought to sing more
loudly, but my singing leaves
a lot to be desired, so

I just continued to sing
softly.....they didn't need me
anyway.

Some of the older

guys began singing more verses.....other songs..... we were having a patriotic sing along. It finally ended, people standing around wanting to know what was going to happen next.

The dad's eyes now filled with tears as people approached him, hugging and kissing him. This was truly a day that will never be forgotten. How could anyone forget this day.



If anyone took pictures or recorded this scene please forward
to:
sowohtimanyfeathers@nc.rr.com
This story will appear on my web
site: smokey's books

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 mountainside,
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Words: Samuel F. Smith 1832
Music: America, Thesaurus Musicus 1744

