

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](mailto: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

