



## I Am the Son of a Confederate Soldier

My oath as an SCV member  
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I am the son of a Confederate veteran. The patriot blood that flowed through his heart now flows through mine. I do not, and will not, take that lightly. There are no words to describe the pride. With that pride comes an obligation to be worthy of the privilege to claim this birthright. When I put on the uniform he wore, my word and deed will bring only honor to his name.

When he laid down his arms at Appomattox, he surrendered only his arms. He did not surrender his principles, his ideals, nor his right to a truthful testimony by historians. Where his name, reputation, and honor are concerned, there will be no surrender!

He and I believe in the Constitution of the United States as it was written and intended by our forefathers. He saw it suspended, and sought only to see it enforced. I see it re-interpreted, and only seek that it be enforced.

He saw a federal government that insisted, by force of arms if necessary, on making his decisions for him, and sought the right to make those decisions for himself. When his motive for independence is questioned, I will not allow the bigoted, the uncaring, and the uninformed to decide his character!

He and his comrades-in-arms devoted their very lives to the protection of the sacred symbols and banners that they followed onto bloodstained fields. He cherished those tattered banners, and handled them with reverence and respect for the men who had served under them. It was his flag! It is my flag! I will not tolerate those who demonstrate less than proper respect for the warriors that my flag represents!

He saw truth and fact ignored or rewritten when his concerns as a citizen were voiced before war. He saw truth and fact ignored when his reasons for war were written by his enemies after the war. I will not allow the truth to go unspoken or to be ignored!

He and almost a million others marched away to defend their homes and families from an invading army determined to force them to remain in an unwanted, unfair union of states. A third of them lie in hallowed battlefields, the balance now rests among us in peaceful cemeteries. I will not forget them! I will not let an uneducated army force me to be ashamed of the bloodline that I so dearly cherish! I will not be forced to remain silent when he is called traitor! I too, will defend my family!

It has been said by many that the Confederate soldier was the most feared fighting man that the world has ever seen. He took on the strongest, best-equipped army in the 19<sup>th</sup> century world, and beat it to a bloody pulp for three years. He was feared and respected. I will respect and remember him. I fear his pain should I forget or deny him. On the day that we are reunited, I will meet his gaze and know that we see pride in each other's eyes. He is my father. I am the son of a Confederate Veteran!