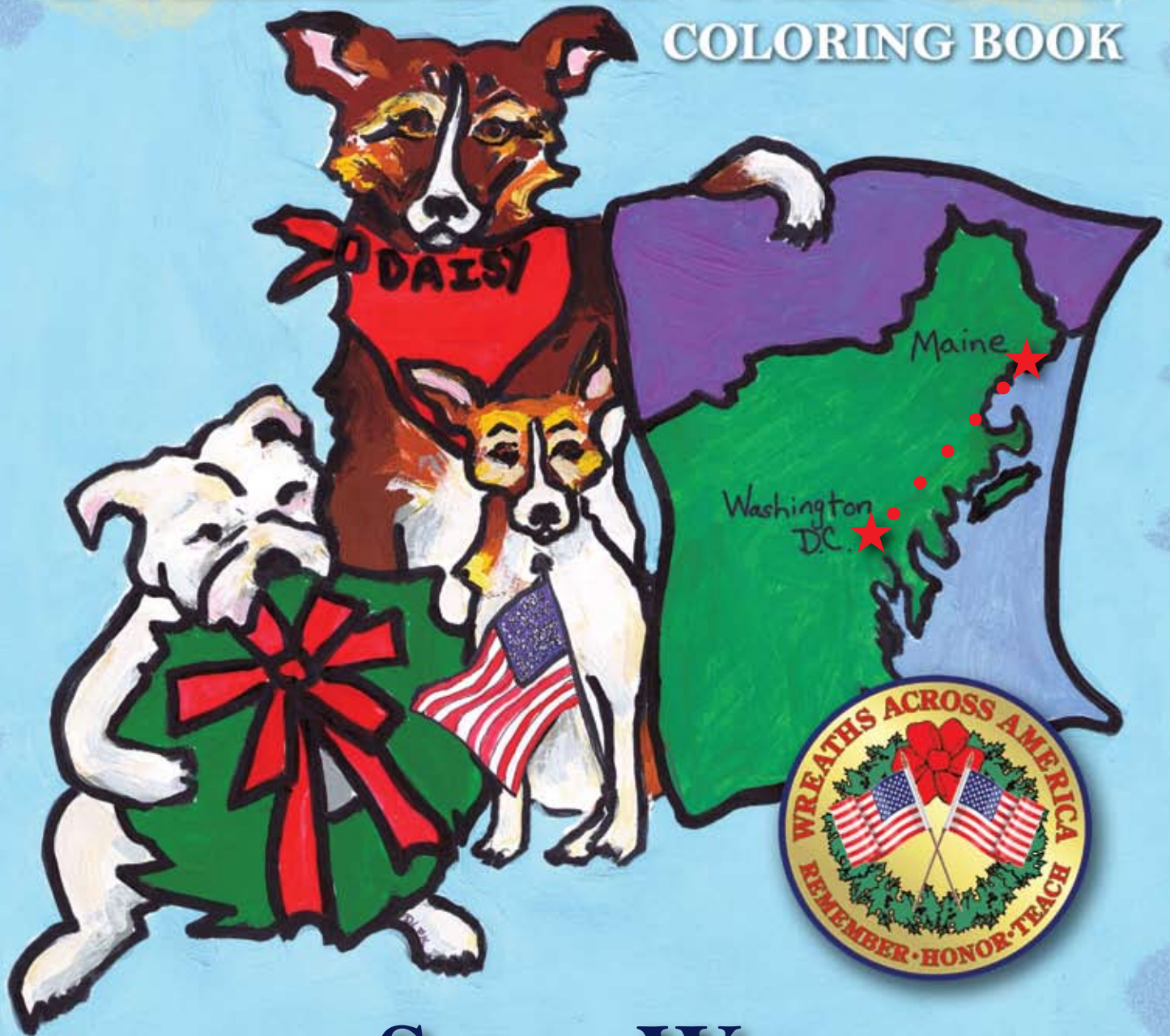


DAISY DÖG®



PARADE of PURPOSE

COLORING BOOK



WRITTEN BY **SARAH WORCESTER**
ILLUSTRATED BY **DONNA-LEE PIERCE KETTERING**



DAISY DÖG[®]

and the

PARADE of PURPOSE



by Sarah Worcester

Illustrated by Donna-Lee Pierce Kettering



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One crisp day in December, Daisy Dog decides to go to a parade. She gathers up her two closest friends, Lilly and Mack; together they walk to the curb to wait for the parade.

"I hope they have candy at this parade." says Lilly, a big white Bulldog.

"No, they will not be throwing candy, Lilly. This is a special parade," replies Daisy.

Just then, a loud rumbling sound is heard, and around the corner come hundreds of motorcycles. The riders, dressed in their black leather jackets, are a sight to see on this cold winter day.

"Those are the Patriot Guard Riders. They ride to show the respect for our fallen heroes and to act as a shield to guard the wreaths," explains Daisy.





As quickly as they appeared, they then disappeared, and all was quiet. Snow began to fall. Behind the flakes, there were women dressed in pure white from their hats to their shoes.

"Why do all the women have gold stars," asks Lilly?

"Well, these are the Gold Star Mothers. They represent devotion, pride, honor and glory for their sons and daughters who have made the supreme sacrifice for our country," answers Daisy.



The snow began to let up, and the thudding of boots could be heard. Men dressed in Revolutionary War uniforms began to file by, teaching the crowd that now lined the once empty street, about the history of the United States.

One man stopped in front of Daisy and reached down with three flags and gave them to the dogs.

"Wow," gasped the smallest of the three dogs, Mack. "Who were they?"

"Those were the Sons of the American Revolution," answers Daisy.



The street begins to be filled with marching cadets. A plane catches Daisy's eye and she points up explaining, "Here comes the Civil Air Patrol. They educate Americans on the importance of flying, exploring space and they go on life saving missions."





"Thank You!" Daisy said to a man that was standing next to them.

"Why did you say that?" asked Lilly.

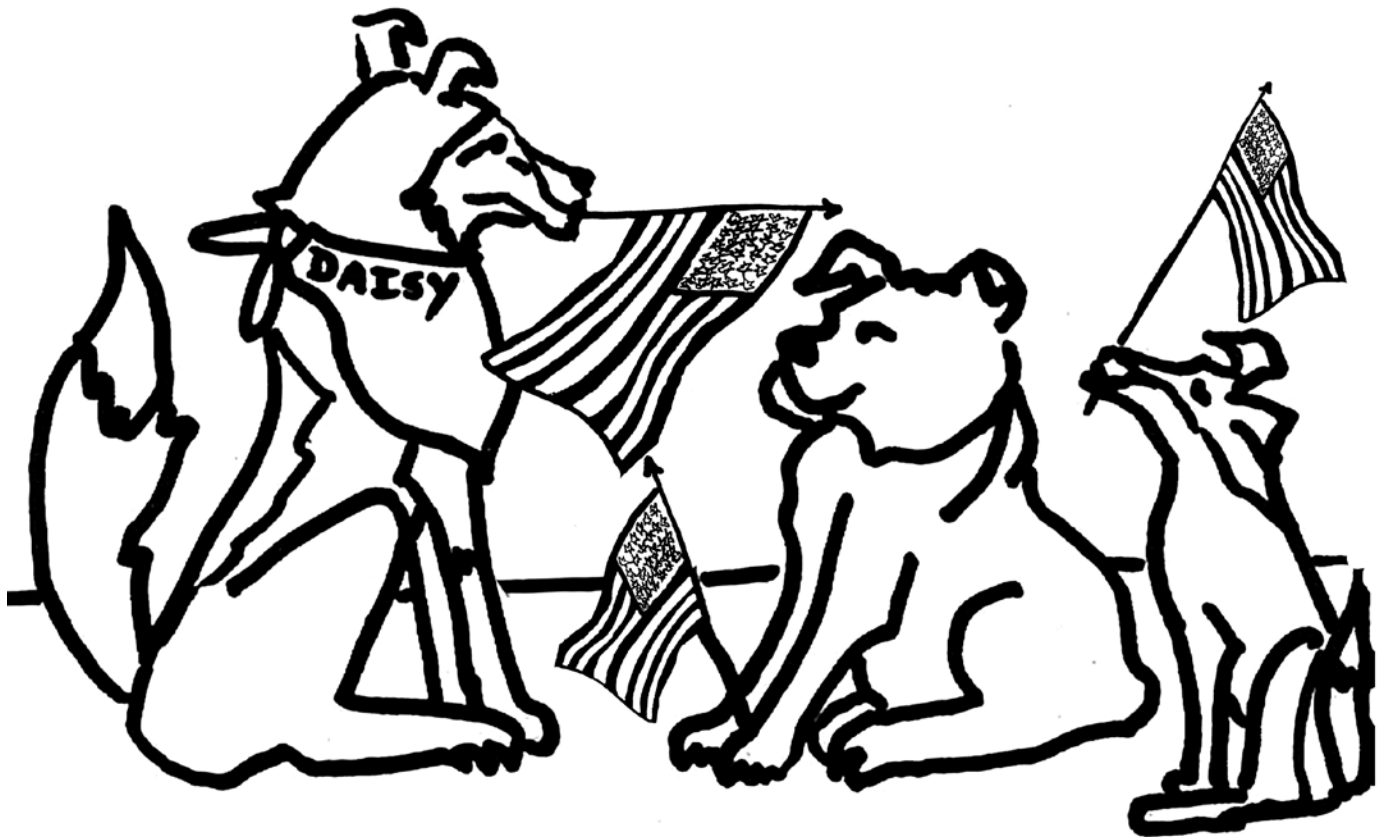
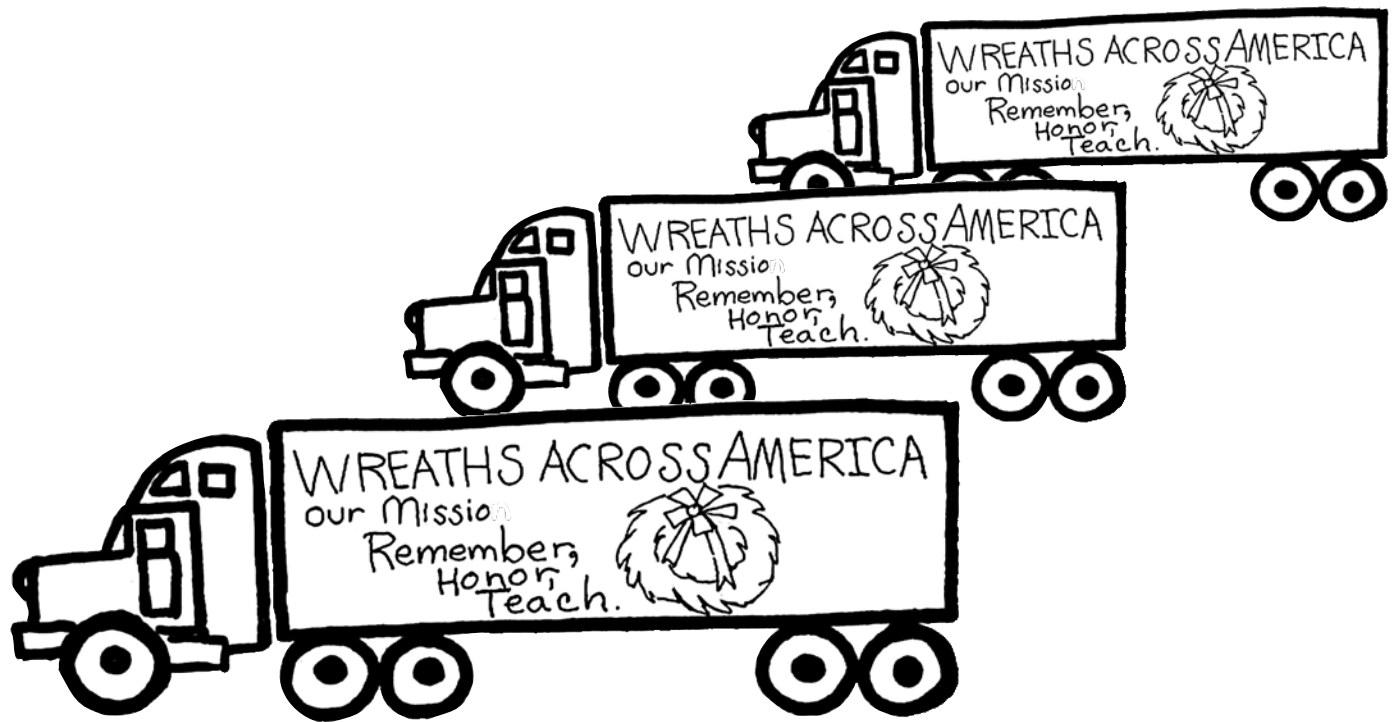
"I am glad that you asked that question, Lilly. Now, this brings me to the hardest person of all to identify, a Veteran."

"A veterinarian?" interrupted Lilly.

"No, a Veteran, a man or a woman, young or old, a teacher, a father, the person bagging groceries, your neighbor, but the one thing they all have in common is that they were all members of the United States Armed Forces. They fight to give us the privilege of freedom. He is a superhero of freedom and we should thank him," explains Daisy.



Standing up a bit taller now, filled with newly formed pride and appreciation of their own freedom, the three dogs looked around them at the people who were waving their flags too. “The people around you are thankful Americans and veterans from groups like the Maine State Society, Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion,” says Daisy.



Now the street was lined with big trucks. All were painted with signs that read: "Wreaths Across America, Our Mission to Remember, Honor, and Teach."



Looking over, not a minute too soon, Daisy notices Lilly has a red beanie in her mouth and then she takes off running. "Come on Mack, she has someone's hat again!" says Daisy.

Chasing Lilly through the crowded streets, they finally catch up to her in a clearing where they notice there are a bunch of red beanies, except these red beanies are being worn by children.

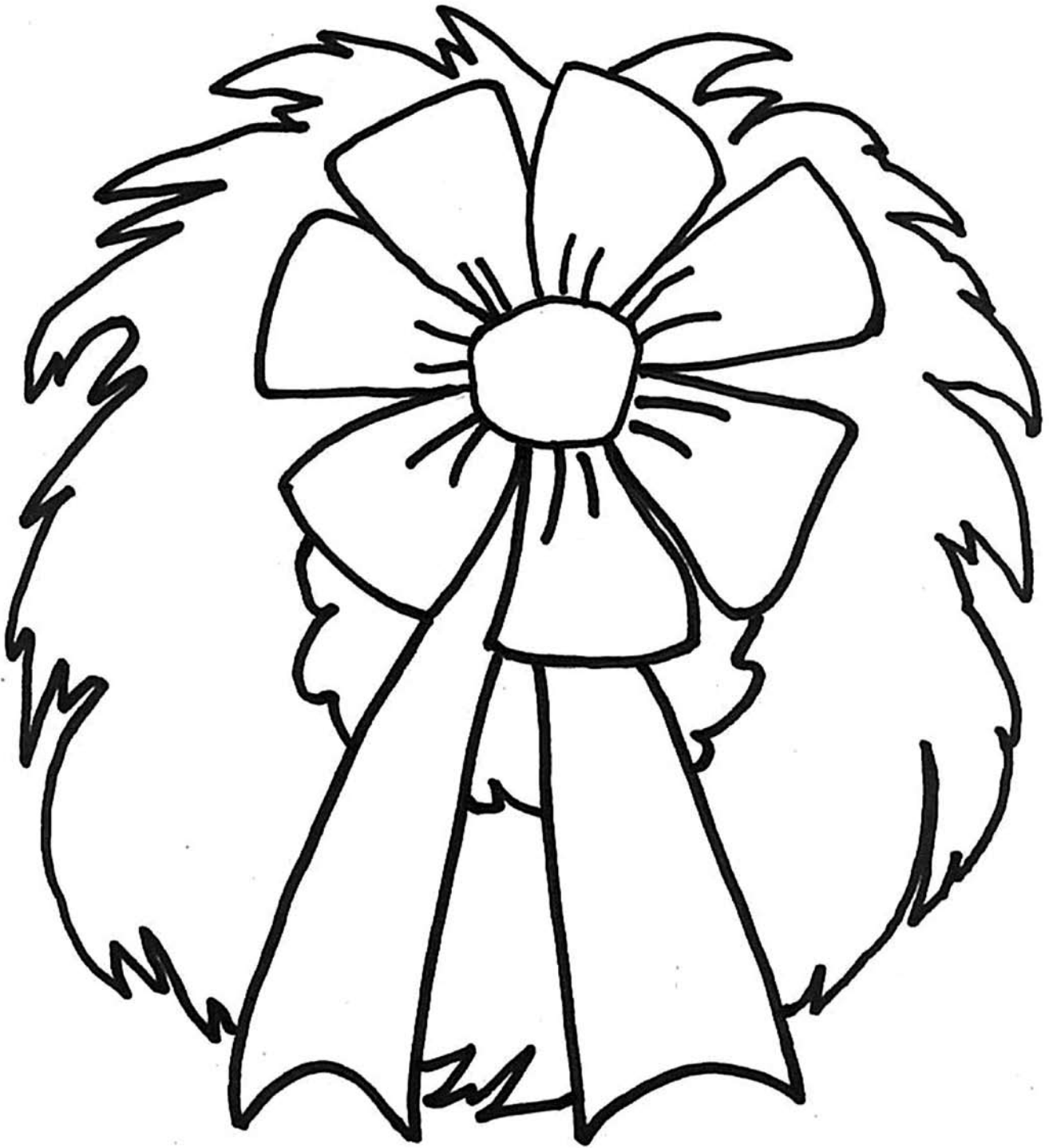
Lilly drops the hat at the foot of a boy whose head was empty and whose ears were looking a bit cold, "Thanks I must of dropped my hat. We are called the Red Hatters. What we do is learn about a fallen veteran and then place a wreath on his grave." The boy shrugs as he pulls on his red beanie, "it's a way to show how thankful we are for our freedom."



"This parade is not just any parade. It starts in Columbia Falls, Maine and it goes 700 miles to Arlington National Cemetery, Virginia with wreaths to place on the graves of our fallen heroes. It's a way to say thank you to those families who have made the ultimate sacrifice, so that we can live free," says Daisy.

"It's important to remember that freedom isn't free. It should be looked at as a Gift, and this parade has shown you all the people who are involved in giving us that Gift!"

Filled with a feeling of patriotism, Daisy thinks to herself, "I am going to get more involved."



Definition of a wreath: A circle constructed out of evergreen bows which represents eternal life because it has no beginning and no end. The wreath is a symbol of respect, of honor, and of victory.

Color this wreath to give to a Veteran to say THANK YOU!