

## A WAR STORY POEM

by: Steve Janke  
483rd SPS, Cam Ranh Bay,  
K-9, 70-71

### Freedom Isn't Free

Chaplain Steve Janke  
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They say I'm short and homeward bound.  
Then why is there no happiness found?  
One long year here will soon be ore  
And I'll walk to that Freedom Bird door.  
But I can't relax--no letting down why?  
Because to let down may mean to die.  
It's like a dream, can it really be?  
everyone cheers as we fly bye.

But thinking of friends below just makes me sigh.  
God be with you, I know your fears  
I didn't know but the next time I see you  
will be over twenty years.

The plane gets me home and I kiss the ground.  
The family I left is the same one I found.  
We embrace and hug and cannot separate  
The difference between life and death is only fate.

When I was there I dreamed of home  
Now I am here but how my mind does roam.

When I was young I was taught in school  
*That freedom was not free* and the golden rule.

I know them both but one came hard.  
To learn it I had to leave my own back yard.

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