

Stealing Is Much Easier Than Working for It

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

It seems to me that we have a lost generation
That have no regard for other people or things
Stealing is much easier than working for it

We ordered a brand new solar powered umbrella
The kind that has both colored and plain lights
They're LED type lights for our patio table set

It had arrived this past Friday but we were busy
So we set it up Sunday morning to let it charge
Sunday night we sat out back watching the lights

When it is set on plain clear lights it is bright
But when it is set on multi-color it changes colors
And it will display several different illuminations

It was windy on Sunday night so we had closed it up
There was an attached Velcro strap that secures it
Keeping the wind from getting under the umbrella

I had told my wife how it would shade us from the sun
It was a very nice early gift for Father's Day on Sunday
I knew everyone would really like it's solar lighting

But now we will never know as it was stolen yesterday
My home has a six foot tall privacy fence around it
And our gate was secured with a titanium master lock

When we arrived home from shopping and having lunch
I unlocked the gate and as we carried in groceries
We saw that our new solar powered umbrella was gone

Just our beautiful patio set sat there in the sun
Which begged the question where in the hell is it
Taken in broad daylight on a very busy main road

We live across from the township's fire department
They usually sit out front on the bright sunny days
Yet none of them saw anyone anywhere near our home

So whoever it was had to come through the backyard
Through my neighbor's yard and climbed over my fence
It was a very heavy duty and a very heavy umbrella

Whoever it was must have seen the lights Sunday night,
and returned yesterday after we had left to steal it.
So I guess stealing is much easier than working for it.

Orphans Home 1971

© 2011 by [Chaplain Steve](#)

There was a home for orphans up the road
So we took supplies there by truck load.
There is a war so we take our gun.
But somehow we thought it could still be fun.
The ride was nice and the view was grand.
It was really great to get away from the sand.
So many children each one here alone.
So many children here who do not have a home.

They loved to be held and flocked to you by the bunch.
So many crowded us we forgot about lunch.
One large room had just infants so tiny and small,
They filled up the room and lined up the hall.
After some chores it was back in the truck,
And home for dinner with just a little luck.
The VC hit that orphanage later that year.
I never found out what happened to all the children dear.

(We were never told and we never asked.)

MAY GOD BLESS THE PEACEKEEPERS OF OUR WORLD

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Dedicated to Ian Yates and all of the American Warriors who have answered the call to defend our nation and other nations in their most darkest hours. Thank God our nation has always had the brave young men and women who were willing to risk their lives so that we could live our lives in peace.

We'll always be a strong nation unless we forget who gave us the freedom and safety we have today, it came from those who willing faced the dangers and the hardships of war and who have bought & paid for your own freedom many times with their own blood, sweat, tears and their lives by many courageous acts of selflessness by these young people who put the lives of others before themselves as they serve our nation and our citizens.

These sacrifices they have made for others will never be taken for granted or forgotten by their fellow warriors and brothers in arms, and those of us who are veterans and have faced those same dangers as they when we took our turn defending this great nation of ours. I hope our citizens never forgets who it is that pays for their own freedom and rights that they and their families all enjoy each day.

May the Good Lord Bless And Protect all those now serving our nation as they protect all of us and our freedoms as they face many dangers, and let us never forget those who went to the far ends of the earth before them who fought and died to preserve your safety and freedom many who are still suffering still today from wounds and illnesses they received while they protected and defended America's families.

Just Fade Away

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

Today we gather here to lay to rest one of
our own, an old airman that's done his very best!
He served and fought in that unpopular jungle war,
over forty years ago.

Few remember, but he will be honored by those
who still care.

Time marches on, new wars rage on, and new
heroes are born.

But the old airman knows, that "Old soldiers never die,
they just fade away."

He will always be honored, for he has marched with heroes,
from the jungle wars of yesterday!

Jackie R. Kays

DaNang-65

© 2011

FRIENDSHIP

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It is the most priceless thing you can have
But no amount of money or gold can buy this
Everyone wants it, everyone needs to have it

We could not get through a day without this
Many times people have it, but mistreat it
They'll assume that it will always be there

When you are upset you'll use it for hours
But if the roles were reversed then I wonder
How many others would use this special gift

Life's too short, so I can't even imagine how
We could ever get through each day without it
This most priceless gift that we call Friendship

Terry Sasek BT 68-69

IS IT REALLY JUST MY OWN PARANOIA? I DON'T THINK SO!

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There are waves of emotions that still rush in
Assaulting my senses with memories from the past
Catching me off guard I struggle to control them

After forty two years you'd think they'd fade away
These overpowering moments of my own self-doubts
Flashing back to the days and long nights of fear

No matter how aware one is of these current times
And you may tell yourself everything will be fine
In the back of your mind plays scenes from the past

They remind me to always stay vigilant and alert
The world is a dangerous place with great evils
Just waiting for any chance to strike out at us

You just need to look back to 9/11 to know this fact
And some may tell me it's just my own paranoid fears
But with all that has happen can you just ignore it?

My own emotions go through many ups and downs still
From all that I've been through don't I have that right
I have seen the many things that evil can do to others

Though I have lived now some forty two years since then
I still deal with my emotions from that time in my life
It's not being paranoid to be ever watchful these days

For it is when you are least expecting it in your life
That those who had plotted, planned and remained patient
Will suddenly strike out at us with a horrible vengeance.

Our Flag!

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

Old Glory, Stars and Stripes, the Red, White and Blue!
This is the flag of the greatest Nation in the world,

this is OUR flag, to be cherished, loved, and respected by
all, no matter where she may fly!

The defenders of OUR flag have paid a valiant price to
keep Old Glory waving and providing the freedoms that we
so willingly take for granted.

Now foreign invaders misuse the freedom, which she provides,
by, openly and reprehensible desecrating OUR flag,
OUR honor, and OUR way of life,
under the misguided interpretation of the laws of OUR constitution!

The law and the interpretation of that law was created by man,
and can be changed. The only law that is written
in stone was created by the hand of God!

What has happened to ...
"Don't tread on me!"
"The Stars and Stripes forever!"

No longer should we tolerate deliberate and intentional,
vile acts of desecration of OUR Nation's most sacred symbol!
These acts of hatred disdain and total disrespect
for the symbol of OUR nation is incomprehensible and intolerable!

As service men and women, this is the flag that WE pledged our allegiance
to uphold, protect and respect!

Notify your congress Representative today, and tell him or her that you want
the interpretation of the law changed.

No longer should we tolerate deliberate, intentional and unspeakable acts of
desecration of OUR Nation's most sacred
symbol. This is not happening in Tehran, it's happening here in OUR own country!
So I ask...no, I plead with you, please act today to help save OUR flag from further desecration!

No, I'm not a book burner or a Nazi, I'm just an old soldier that loves his country and the flag it
represents, as I'm sure each of you do as well!

Jackie R. Kays

"I am forever honored, for I have marched with heroes!" (jk)

PTSD: I Thought I was Stronger than That
© 2011 by [Don Poss](#)

I thought I was stronger than that.
I thought I could put it in a box.
I thought I didn't need anyone.
I thought no one understood.
I thought I could handle it.
I thought no one cared.
I thought it would go away.
I thought I could forget.
I thought I could forgive.
I thought I wouldn't be missed.
I thought I couldn't stand it anymore.
I thought I was alone.
I thought about asking for help.
I thought they would think me weak.
I thought I would say goodbye.

Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, with friendship and counseling can be overcome. Like the most severe physical wound, it is a wound deeper than heartfelt and can consume the soul.

You are strong but not invincible.
You can put it in a box ... for a time.
You may not need anyone, but we need you.
You can meet hundreds who understand.
You can handle it ... let us help.
You know we care ... we've been there.
You know it will never go away ... we can face it together.
You can forgive but you needn't forget.
You still miss those who fell ... as do we.
You can stand with us.
You are not alone. There are no dust offs for wounds of the soul ... but we are here waiting.
You can ask us at any hour for as long as we live.
You are not weak ... just human ... and have seen what mankind was not meant to see.
You can say 'I need to talk' and we will say, 'Welcome Home'.

We will make it, together.

Response to Don's post on PTSD (I'm telling it like it is!)

2011, by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

Hi Don, I could write a book on this subject! For over forty-five years, I have wrestled my demons in...sleepless nights, nightmares, night-sweats, anger, depression, and the hold damn gamete!

I could not, before or now, rationally discuss this subject with anyone, without becoming emotional and very angry!

I have often wanted to visit the "Wall", but knew I could not bear the sight of the names of young men that I personally knew in Nam.

I have been an outpatient at the VA hospital since 1966, during that time, I never mentioned this subject to the doctors, or anyone else, outside of my immediately family, who were and are very familiar with my demons.

You see...I missed a damn good chance of becoming a "KIA" while I was there. That experience, left me with an everlasting feeling that I have been living on borrowed time!

The only reason that I mention this matter now... is because, after reading Don's post in regards to this subject, I suddenly realized that I am a member of an elite organization (VSPA) of men, who have been there and done that...and hopefully will understand where I'm coming from! I am sure, that I am not alone in this nightly drama!

Thanks Don!

Jackie R. Kays
SSGT USAF (Med. Ret.)
Da Nang 1965

JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME LORD

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

Life can be a long and challenging journey for most
We are faced with many situations as we go through it
Most things are very good experiences but some are not

We grow up and we go to school to learn many new things
We learn of the past, the present and look to the future
Hoping that we can contribute to a better way of life

Some will go on to college, some will go straight to work
Then still some will enlist to defend our nation & citizens
keeping us all safe so we can enjoy the freedom they give

At times their lives are cut short so that others may live
Some have been wounded and will spend their lives healing
But there are others who have been given a death sentence

They were exposed to deadly toxins & chemicals unknowingly
Years later the exposure causes a terminal future for them
With his family to care for they will now face losing him

This veteran knows what his outcome will be and he faces it
With the same courage that he showed fighting for freedom
He fights his biggest battle with little hope of survival

He does not blame anyone for his fate for it was his choice
He did what he could to save others while he defended freedom
He doesn't ask for any ones pity nor for any special favors

He only prays for just a little more time lord for his family
Just let me have one more CHRISTMAS with us all together lord
Let me get everything in order before I have to leave for good.

The Year of the Monkey

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

"Do you remember the kid down the street...
I can't remember his name, but what a shame!"

When everything was shinny and new in
his young life, the aroma of spring flowers,
warm breezes, clear blue skies and multi-
colored butterfly in-flight; all was well,
with little or no strife.

Four was he, in a wonderland so big and wide,
"What is this?" "What is that?" What and why,
he asked, repeatedly, for only four was he!

Time passed, and seven he quickly became!
Stick horses, cowboy hat, and pearl handled
cap guns, fireflies in a mason-jar and eating
tootsie rolls and watching the bright stars.

Sand through the hourglass and ten was he!
Summertime, climbing trees, riding his bike
down Fifth street, eating wormy mulberries
from the old mulberry tree. Life was free
and so was he!

Turn around, and fifteen he became.
Baseball, fishing pole, swimming holes,
Boy scouts, and the discovery that all the
ugly little girls had magically turned pretty!

Time fluttered on, and now seventeen was nearly gone.
Football games, high school queens, late night movies
and stolen kisses at the drive-in, and that's how his time
had passed, without a serious thought or a single sin.

In the blink of the eye and twenty-one was he!
Now where were the butterflies in-flight,
the summer breeze and the old mulberry
trees and his young future, so bright?

Gone forever by an AK round, on a dark

monsoon night, in a jungle firefight,
during the year of the monkey...
Nineteen-sixty-nine!

"What was his name...
Ah! *I can't remember!*

Jackie R. Kays

REMINISCING ON THE PAST

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

Sometimes we will look back on the past
Reminiscing on things we had faced then
The dangers from the rockets and mortars

It was always there the threat of death
As young warriors we took it in stride
We prayed each night that we'd survive

Most days were boring and nights scary
Waiting for the first rounds to hit us
We would quickly react to this threat

We were there to protect those serving
And each of us protected each other too
All for one and one for all was our motto

No matter what was thrown at any of us
We never thought of backing down at all
If we had to we'd have died for each other

Looking back after so many years that's past
I am very proud that I had served my country
And proud to have served with such brave men.

TAKING CARE OF OUR BROTHERS WITH WHOM WE SERVED

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

As very young men we chose to serve our nation
We were taught many lessons as we were trained
We learned of traditions, honor and to respect

We learned the lessons that would change us all
From civilians of many backgrounds and customs
We became part of the team defending our nation

We also learned to trust and rely on each other
To care for each other and to help our brothers
And to never leave anyone behind in any battles

We were defending our nation and our way of life
We not only served the cause but for each other
You knew that you could count on your brothers

Now years after our own war had ended for us
Many of us still have lingering issues we face
Whether it's nightmares & PTSD or from chemicals

We're now 40 plus years past those days and nights
Those lessons we learned are still part of us all
We still care deeply and "WE TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN".

THE WONDERS OF FALL

© 2011 by [Terry Sasek BT 68-69 LM-687](#)

Oh the wonders of another fall
Such beautiful colors displayed
The gusting winds that now blow
Scattering multi-colored leaves

Enjoy watching our neighborhood
Fathers, mothers & little kids
Raking up leaves in high piles
As giggling kids jump into them

The trips we take to get apples
Having cider and the warm donuts
Getting fresh corn on the cob
Watching all the young families

In days long past on Saturday's
Remembering all the many aromas
Smells of burning leaves gathered
Some smells were of fall barbecues

They won't let us burn leaves now
But there's still college football
And the sounds of crowds cheering
The marching band stirring up all

Yes fall is grand and I do love it
The change of seasons is beautiful
Crisp breezes aid leaves take flight
They've completed their own season .

The following is in accordance with Don Poss' Bulletin Board "Open Letter" post:

DENIED VALOR

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

Who are you, who come today with the
tenacity to deny honor to those who so
valiantly served on that infamous day of
Nine Eleven?

Heroic Firefighters, Police officers,
Emergency response personnel,
Religious Leaders and civilian volunteers.

"NOT INVITED...!"

Mayor Michael Bloomberg,
How quickly you have forgotten...

Remember this Mayor?

9-11...The Devil Himself
First disbelief, then instant reality
as the indestructible, gray mountain
of steel, concrete and glass began to
shiver, tremble, sway and violently
shake, just before it crumbled from its
cloud covered steeple to the cement
jungle far below.

Death was everywhere to behold.
From the highest windows they
leaped. In the stairwells, they
huddled without hope to reap.

The winged gargoyles from hell
had been unleashed. From across
the sea they had come, with hatred
and a wish of death, they drew
with every evil breath.

They proclaimed a righteous cause,
but humanity will not tolerate their
insane laws.

Martyrs, they call themselves,
but the world will always remember them
" As the devil, himself."

*May America forever remember the heroes of 9/11,
and Mayor, may your infamous name fade away
with the annals of time.*

Memories

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

Metal ravens fly in the black of night,
to avoid the sun's brilliant light.
Eggs of steel drop silently,
when the target is in sight.

The ugly little jesters in their black pajamas
dance with glee all around, while we
bleed and died in the air and on the ground.

The monkey is on the mountain and the
elephant grass is tall, while monsoon mud
covers us all!

Beauty is in the night orchid, but death is in the air.
Beware...beware, for bouncing Bette's are buried
everywhere!

This game is for real, bullets, bombs, Claymores,
razor sharp wire, people, places and things on fire.
Snakes, super-sized rats and deadliest of them all;
delayed death...agent orange from the sky did fall.

In the dark of the jungle, silent movement suspicious
and out of sight, Hồ Chí Minh trail is busy again tonight!

The deafening roar of Fifty Two's on darkened runways
night after night. Death in the air, death on the ground,
death all around!

Anger, night sweats, PTSD, and the
boogiemán too...gifts of war forevermore!

On and on it goes, indiscreetly devouring the innocent
and guilty alike, thousands by day and night, no end
obviously in sight!

War is its name; no one seems to want to take the blame,
but, blame there is more than enough to go around!
We will just have to wait, till it's all over and see what
comes down!

My Flag

© 2006 Kent Rutledge

I'm always proud to fly my flag, but this is your flag too.
It always stands for freedom, in everything we do.

But don't forget the ones who served, so freedom we could know.
Our "Stars and Stripes" forever, fly high so they may show.

The flags you waved so proudly, to welcome our troops home.
Don't put them in the closet, to sit there all alone.

Remember what we fought for, and raise your flag with pride.
You can fly yours next to mine, we'll fly them side by side.

We'll always be united, together we will stand.
We'll fight for God and Country, to keep "Old Glory" grand.

There's one thing to remember, no matter what you do.
Don't ever disrespect my flag, my flag is your flag too.

And Now We Say Goodbye
© 2006 by **Howard G. Yates**
In Honor of A1C Carl Ware , 15th Security Forces

And Now We Say Goodbye
Great sadness fills our hearts today
As pipes and drums, in slow march play.

A comrade's fallen by the way,
And now we say goodbye.

This hero to the very end
Was more than just a casual friend,
Who would a stranger's life defend,
And now we say goodbye

But we shall cherish, all our days,
The character this life portrayed
With sacrifice so freely made,
And now we say goodbye.

The hand salute, o'er Stars and Stripes,
And distant skirl of highland pipes,
Give last farewell with hero's rights,
And now we say goodbye.

While here on Earth, you gave your best.
Now in the Master's arms you rest.
T'is by your memory we are blessed.
And now we say goodbye.

Independence Day

4th of July My Thoughts

© 2006 by [Eddie Stott](#)

My Thoughts

As we celebrate Independence Day we need to remember that our freedom is the result of many people whom have made a sacrifice for us to be here. Just think of all the things that you can do and accomplish in a free society that we are so fortunate to be in.

We tend to take our Freedom for granted and we need to remember and pay homage to the individuals that gave it to us. Also we need to never forget that there are millions of people whom fought for us to maintain the right to be free. Our Soldiers whom are now worldwide in places like Kuwait, Iraq, Afghanistan and all over the world need to know that we support them and are extremely thankful for what they do for us and our principles. It is the women and men like them that insure that we will be able to continue our rights and live in a free society.

Because of them and those who fought in past conflicts like World War I, World War II, South Korea, Viet Nam and other areas we are fortunate to be able to remember the sacrifice they made (some of them Ultimate like my friend Louis B Arnold who died on October 31, 1967 in Loc Ninh) to allow us to celebrate the holiday, remember what our flag stands for and Thank God that we are Americans from the United States.

These Guys and Gals gave all so you could be here and don't forget and make sure you tell them how much you appreciate them. When I display my flags I remember quite a bit from the past and while it brings back the painful reality of the past, my tears look forward to the day I will join my buddies.

God Bless America! I love it, and I always am thankful for being here, and I Never forget what made it possible!

Home of the Brave on the Fourth of July

© 2002 by Jackie R. Kays

There's nothing like hot dogs and apple pie on the Fourth of July...
A parade down main street with the musical band, soldiers marching
with their flags and banners flying high.
Kids following with their red, white and
Blue balloons floating in the sky.

Swimming holes, fishing poles, and ball games in the park.
Sack racing, badminton, lawn bowling until it gets dark.
Fried chicken, potato salad, corn bread and beans.

Soda pop, watermelon, homemade ice cream.
The men and women talk, while the kids all play and scream.
And on the band stand the director leads everyone in singing
the "Star Spangle Banner."

The sun goes down and the fireworks can be seen all over town.
That's how we Americans celebrate the birthday of the good old USA.
And God willing...that's how it will always stay.

Oh! How magnificent American stands between the
two great oceans in God's hands.

Freedom Is Not Free

© 2006 by [Chaplain Steve](#)

They say I'm short and homeward bound.
Then why is there no happiness found?
One 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 by..
But thinking of Friends below just makes me sigh.
God be with you, I know your fears.
I didn't know it then, but the next time I'd see some
Of you would be 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 in 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 at school.
That freedom wasn't free and about the Golden Rule.
I know them both but one came hard:
To learn it I had to leave my own back yard.

...God's peace to all this Sept 11th....

The Piper's Prayer

© 2000 by [Howard Yates](#)

For Shelia Cain's Dad

The piper's tune is like a prayer,
But says much more than words can share.
Each note proclaims Amazing Grace,
And lifts our hearts towards Heaven's Gates.

So now our piper plays his tune,
An intercession just for you.
A tune that's played from heart and soul,
To seek His touch and make you whole.

The Blue Beret

© 2006 by [Howard Yates](#)

I would like to dedicate this poem to my son, 2nd Lt. Kyle G. Yates, USAF.

Brave guardians who always stand
As beacons in the night
Securing peace with vigilance
Preserving all that's right.

Day after day they carry on
Committed to the law
Patrolling streets and walking beats,
Protecting one and all.

And should the force of tyranny
Endanger freedom's light
The ones who wear the Blue Beret
Step up to join the fight

From Air Force blue to jungle green
And desert cammy too
The Airmen of the Blue Beret
Forever, proud and true.

Tribute to the Sky Cops

© 2006 by [Howard Yates](#)

There is a band of tried and true
With members far and wide
They come from every walk of life
But share a common pride

They chose to heed their country's call
And sacrifices make
They traveled to a foreign land
Whose freedom was at stake.

Some spent their nights in solitude
And listened with intent
While others braved the noon time sun
Whose heat would not relent.

Though many times the enemy
Would hope to find them weak
Those modern day centurions
Were always at their peak.

While some may question what they did
The history books will teach
When sky cops took the watch in Nam
Their walls were hard to breach.

From those of us who made it home
To those who gave their all
In gratitude we bow our heads
Their honor to recall.

On My Oath

© 2000 by [Howard Yates](#)

Reflection about a law enforcement career

Words alone cannot portray,
Exactly how I felt that day.

To raise my hand and pledge to keep Safe
homes and schools and city streets.

Perhaps I could not really see
How much this role would mean to me,
Or how my actions would affect,
So many lives, in retrospect.

To be a model for the young,
A task that's never really done,
Or lend an arm to feeble feet,
Just long enough to cross the street.

To recognize each house and face
And know when things were out of place.
To memorize the statutes all,
Yet keep the spirit of the law.

To keep a watch through midnight dark,
Or try to save a failing heart.
To mend a family's broken ties,
Or hear the truth through spoken lies.

To champion the cause of right.
Protect the good and evil fight.
To apprehend the ones who'd prey,
Upon the weak, then run away.

No wealth, no fame, not one regret.
For never did I once forget,
Why, to that oath, I raised my hand.
To serve my God and fellow man.

Osama Bin Laden, your time is short....

© Sep 11, 2006 by [Chaplain Steve](#)

[In memory: September 11, 2001]

Osama Bin Laden, your time *is* short;

We'd rather you die, than come to court.
Why are you hiding if it was in God's name?
You're just a punk with a turban; a pathetic shame.

I have a question, about your theory and laws;
"How come YOU never die for *the cause*?"

Is it because you're a coward who counts on others?

Well, here in America, we stand by our brothers.

As is usual, you failed in your mission;
If you expected pure chaos, you can keep on wishing

Americans are now focused and stronger than ever;
Your death has become our next endeavor.

What you tried to kill doesn't live in our walls;

It's not in buildings or shopping malls.

If all of our structures came crashing down;
It would still be there, safe and sound.

Because pride and courage can't be destroyed;
Even if the towers leave a deep void.

We'll band together and fill the holes
We'll bury our dead and bless their souls.

But then our energy will focus on you;
And you'll feel the wrath of the
Red White and Blue.

So slither and hide like a snake in the grass;
Because America's coming to
Kick your _____!!!

Desert Scorpions

© 2006 by [Howard Yates](#)

Burrowed just beneath the sand
They hide throughout that arid land
And those who know their awful sting
Bear witness to the pain it brings

They sometimes venture from their nest
In secrecy which suits them best.
An evil kingdom to expand
They're spreading fear throughout the land.

These scorpions from ancient times
Are soon to lose their poison spines
And they will learn just how it feels
To die beneath a G.I.'s heel.

Then those who call that desert home
Will once again be free to roam
Not worried by that creature's sting
And all the pain it used to bring.