

GOING HOME

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The world gave me a look as
My uniform I wore.
I was feeling patriotic as
I entered Freedom's Door.

The stewardesses were talking and
Laughing behind my seat.
This is not the kind of treatment
That I expected then to meet.

If they only knew the struggles
I had faced the past year through.
They'd be ashamed and much embarrassed
Of the things they say and do.

It added to the burden
I was feeling deep inside.
My anger and disappointment
I would have to start to hide.

For many years my uniform
Was safely put away.
Along with all my medals
In a hidden box to stay.

As my generation grew up
They had learned about the war,
Of the pain and many struggles
That each young soldier indeed did bore.

Once again I have the pride
That I did when I was young
After fighting in the war
And turning in my gun.