

## **What I See**

© 2008 by Randy "Ramps" Stutler

Alone, here I sit on the Fourth of July  
Watching rockets as they burst in the sky  
I wonder what others who are watching may see  
A flash in the sky, or memories like me?

I see the young children as they watch with delight And  
scream with joy as the rockets take flight  
Then I recall screams of another sort  
With horror and fear of the cannon's report

It was cold, bitter cold, in Valley Forge  
But the heat was like hell on Tarawa's shore  
I froze at the Chosen with my fellow Marines  
As many more died with their shattered dreams

On D-Day, from Sky-trains we jumped into hell  
With blood purchased freedom by each man who fell  
And the bombers and crews who fell from the sky Gave  
their full measure for Liberty's cry!

We were just kids in the jungles of 'Nam  
We learned fast of "Sir Charles" and the dread Viet Cong  
A Security Policeman, I stood guard all alone  
Many nights filled with fear that cut to the bone

Now I hear the "swish" and the "pop" of the flare  
And my eyes look intently for the enemy there  
An' while others behold the bright sights with glee  
I know they're not looking at the same things I see

*Randy "Ramps" Stutler*

## **A Time to Remember...**

© 2011 by [Jackie R. Kays](#)

a-time-to-remember-jackie-kays-2011

As we celebrate our countries 235 years in existence, it's a time to remember, who we are and how this great nation got its beginning and give thanks to those fifty six brave men who signed the declaration of Independence giving us our freedom.

A time...

To remember the men and women in the military, who served over the years to maintain our freedom and to the fallen heroes, who stood tall and gave their all for this freedom!

A time...

To remember those brave young men and women now serving to keep our freedom true.

A time...

To celebrate and give thanks for our precious freedom!

*A Happy 4<sup>th</sup> of July to all!*

Jackie

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

**If I could have Stood in that Crowd**

© 2010 by [Jack Smith 377th SPS 68-69 LM 453](#)

If I could have stood in that crowd  
With Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and all  
With a chest swelled so proud  
Knowing that England had taken the fall

To see these men of honor lay the foundation  
Showing the world that free men can overcome  
And build the greatest of all nations  
Where freedom will always be sung

To have been there that July 4th 1776  
To share in the thrill of freedom  
Standing there in that great mix  
Of American's so wholesome

So 234 years later I stand now  
With as much pride as they all showed  
As our flag passes my head I will bow  
Thanking God for the freedoms they bestowed

Edwin J. Smith  
The Old Cowboy Poet

## REMEMBERING MY DAD ON FATHER'S DAY

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

Sunday June 19th 2011 will be Father's Day once more  
It is a joyous time for me celebrating with my family  
My beautiful wife, our two loving kids and their kids

And as we all look back on our lives over the years  
I'm very proud and happy to have been blessed richly  
With my children's accomplishments and their successes

I'm extremely proud of them and their own families too  
And as we gather and remember past events that we faced  
I can both laugh and sometimes cry as well as we recall

And though we will pamper and spoil our new granddaughter  
I will still have this big empty void as my Dad is gone  
It's hard to really believe that 21 years have passed by

And though I will celebrate with my own children Sunday  
I can't help but to reflect back on this great man too  
For I still miss him greatly to this day 21 years later

It was he with whom I had always confided my worries & fears  
As I left to become a warrior for this great nation of ours  
He told me to write to him at his work about any bad stuff

Just write cheery letters and notes to your mom at home  
He didn't want her to worry any more than she was already  
So the bad times and things were only shared with my old man

He had enough to worry about already so I rarely wrote of it  
I knew he worried about me while I was in that terrible war  
He was the only one that seemed to understand why I'd changed

So this Sunday as we gather once more for Father's Day here  
I will thank God above for my wife, my kids and my grandkids  
And I'll take pride in the fact that they all turned out great

But I'll look skyward too and remember the past and my own Dad  
Thankful for all he taught me and those private talks we shared  
And I can only hope that he knows how much I still love him so.

## **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**

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

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](#)

just-fade-away-jackie-kays-2011

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**

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

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](#)

our-flag-jackie-kays-2011

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](#)

telling-it-like-it-is-jackie-kays-2011

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](#)

the-year-of-the-monkey-jackie-kays-2011

"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](#)

denied-valor-jackie-kays-2011

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](#)

memories-jackie-kays-2011

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  
boogieman 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](#)

Home-of-the-brave-4-july-jackie-kays-2011

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**

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*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**

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*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**

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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**

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*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**

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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.