

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....