

Freedom Is Not Free

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483rd SPS, Cam Ranh Bay,

K-9, 1970-1971

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....