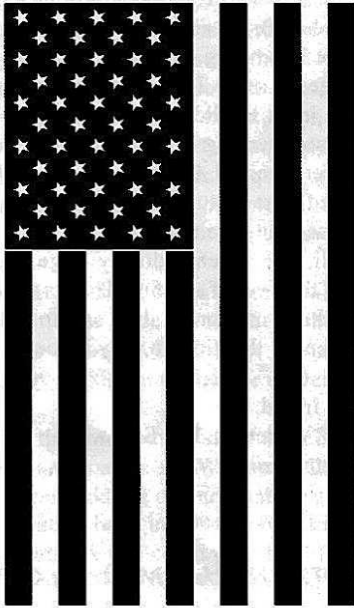

The Last Mission



A Soldier Died Today

He was getting old and paunchy,
and his hair was falling fast.
And he sat around his Legion post
telling stories of the past.

Of a war that he had fought in
and the deeds that he had done.
In his exploits with his buddies.
They were heroes, everyone.

But sometimes to his neighbors,
his tales became a joke.
Yet all his Legion buddies listened,
for they knew whereof he spoke.

But we'll hear his tales no longer,
for old Bill has passed away.
And the world's a little poorer,
for a soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth,
their bodies lie in state.
And thousands note their passing
and proclaim that they were great.

Newspapers tell their life stories,
from the time that they were young,
But the passing of a simple soldier
goes unnoticed and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution
to the welfare of our land.
A person who breaks promises
and cons his fellow man?

Or the ordinary fellow,
who in times of war and strife.
Goes off to serve his country,
and offers up his life?

It's so easy to forget them,
for it was so long ago.
That the "Old Bills" of our country
went to battle, but we know,

It was not the politicians,
with their compromises and ploys,
who won for us the freedom
that our country now enjoys.

He was just a common soldier
and his ranks are growing thin.
But his presence should remind us
that we may need his likes again.

For when countries are in conflict,
then we find the Soldier's part,
is to clean up all the troubles
that others often start.

If we cannot give him honor
while he's here to hear the praise
Then at least let's give him homage
at the ending of his days.

Perhaps a simple notice
in a paper that would say:
our country is in mourning
because a Soldier passed away.

Anonymous
Reprinted with permission from "The
Newsletter" published by Disabled
American Veterans Chapter #119