How do I begin to thank all of the people involved in The Wausau-based never forgotten honor flight? It was overwhelming how many were involved in my recent wonderful experience… from the very first welcoming by young Cub Scouts, to the tremendous outpouring at home.

My wife, Norma, experienced my emotion and wrote this poem… Which exemplifies my deep feelings and thankfulness. Gene Duerst

**Not Forgotten**

**They said, "Forgotten"**

**that forgotten war**

**But never for us –**

**for we were there.**

**There in the rice paddies**

**in that endless rain**

**Listening for helicopters**

**feeling their pain.**

**No flags, no cheering**

**no welcoming home**

**The streets were empty**

**we were all alone.**

**But now… Not forgotten!**

**Do you hear the cheers?**

**The flags are flying!**

**Do you see my tears?**

**by Norma Duerst for Eugene Duerst**