

I have been sitting on my front deck, watching the breeze move the lake and the shifting of the Flag, thinking this is a very important date in WW11.  
The landing at Omaha Beach.

Almost daily I think of the privilege I was given to be part of Honor Flight #4. My mind goes over each and every place we stopped to share time with those who had honored us before. Each memorial has a very proud meaning to those that it was built for. The Tomb Of The Unknown Soldier, is know doubt what I will remember forever. The changing of the guard and their Salute to Us who had served this nation. Standing in the midst of Brothers At Arms, who are resting there forever, one gets a lump in their throat, but their heart swells their chest to a size no man can measure when you look at all those white markers. What each represents, is service to his nation.

My thanks to you Pat, and all those who take their time to make these Flights happen.

May our Colors wave a thousand years and that generation moves them a thousand more.

Bob Burge, Honor Flight #4.