



ROBERT B. SIMENSON

“Let your light shine before men in such a way that they may see your good works , and glorify your Father which is in heaven.” Matthew 5:16

Jim Campbell
Bob Keller (Weller)
Staff

Never Forgotten Honor Flight


Wow! What an experience! I thank you brothers for all your grand efforts in making the April flight a huge success. I enjoyed every minute of it (even the waiting?) The greatest though, was the welcoming committee back at the airport. And, Bob, thanks for allowing this humble servant to be the first one to step through the door. When I saw those happy faces I couldn't believe it. I will never forget that experience. Those folks were delightful and so sincere. I didn't want to leave the airport.

I hope the May trip is as good or better. I will be thinking about you and praying for a safe one.

Enclosed is a pictorial report that I send to my relatives to keep them informed of my activities. I also am enclosing a photo and a bio so you might consider me to entertain at one of the coming flight banquets. I can do a stand-up comedy and sing some songs. Consider that and let me know.

Good luck on your May flight. Let's keep in touch.

Sincerely,


Bob
("Flags" in the Navy.)

Also, Jim wanted a copy of my Navy page.

**“I will declare your name to my brethren. In the middle of the assembly, I will praise you.” Psalm 22:22
“That men may declare the name of Yahweh in Zion, and His praise in Jerusalem.” Ps. 102.21**

NOVEMBER 11 IS VET

I Watched, I Looked, I Wondered

I watched the flag pass by one day,
It fluttered in the breeze.
A young Marine saluted it,
And then he stood at ease.

I looked at him in uniform
So young, so tall, so proud,
With hair cut square and eyes alert
He'd stand out in any crowd.

I thought how many men like him
Had fallen through the years.
How many died on foreign soil
How many mothers' tears?

How many pilots' planes shot down?
How many died at sea?
How many foxholes were soldiers' graves?
No, freedom isn't free

I heard the sound of Taps one night,
When everything was still;
I listened to the bugler play
And felt a sudden chill.

I wondered just how many times
That Taps had meant 'Amen,'
When a flag had draped a coffin.
Of a brother or a friend.

I thought of all the children,
Of the mothers and the wives,
Of fathers, sons and husbands
With interrupted lives.

I thought about a graveyard
At the bottom of the sea.
Of unmarked graves in Arlington,
No, freedom isn't free.



The year was 1942. Our country was at war on two fronts, with the Japanese in the Pacific and with Germany and Italy in Europe. I was 18 years old. I volunteered to serve in the U.S. Navy and spent the next 3 1/2 years of my life cruising the submarine-infested North Atlantic Ocean delivering supplies to the front-line troops in North Africa, Italy, France, and England. By the grace of the Heavenly Father, I survived the experience even though I was an unbeliever at the time. Happily, 12 years later I repented and claimed by faith Him as my own Heavenly Father and His Holy Son as my personal Savior and have been walking with Him in faith ever since. I am Blessed Beyond Measure!

Robert B. Simenson
Signalman Second Class
United States Navy
7-7-'42 to 12-2-'45

Ships I served on:
S.S. Alcee Fortier
S.S. William S. Kent
M/V Moose Peak
S.S. Andrew Curtin

