

I've heard it before.

I've heard it before. The stories of his service. Many times over my life. But this time, it was different. The story had more life. It had more energy. It had more passion. It was shared with others who had stories to share.

The pride was taller. The sound was richer. The words seemed bigger- More important, more real, because they were. This time, the story was shared on an Honor Flight. Veterans with veterans traveling to see the memorials built for them. Because of what they did, many years ago.

Some shared quietly. Some shared reluctantly. Some shared openly. Some remained quiet. Even in silence, you could see pure appreciation in their eyes. Appreciation they may not have felt for half a century or more.

Today, they were honored. Some again. Some for the first time. This day was for them. As we returned home, thousands were waiting. Cheering. Thanking. Honoring.

As the evening came to a close, stories were told again. I've heard it before. But this time, it was different.

John Welton
Guardian
Never Forgotten Honor Flight #40

