

MY HONOR FLIGHT

By Ed Work

'Twas October when Honor Flight #56 called my name
Off to Washington D.C. To see the memorials of fame
My wife always urged me to go but I never felt deserved
Yes I was eligible but only because I had served

My time in the Army was in the mid-fifties
The world was quiet with no wars, which was nifty
After basic training I was sent to Ft. Hood
In a armored tank division and all was good

Shortly after arrival I was ordered to the office you see
The company clerk was being discharged
and they had picked me
I was thrilled to no end since it meant
no CQ, guard duty or KP
The C.O.'s coffee thermos full and hot
was most important to me

So at the Honor Flight pre-flight we were told what we'd see
As we were flown non-stop from Sanford to D.C.
Each vet had a guardian who served all our wants and needs
They all deserve a medal for all their good deeds

The War Memorials in D.C. prompted me to write this poem
As memories came to mind of relatives and
neighbors was didn't come home
The tears that flowed were at first embar-
rassing but soothing to you
As we were comforted by the fact that others were crying too

Many thanks are in order for our local Honor Flight team
Without all their efforts we couldn't enjoy this dream
So when the chance occurs to support this "fun"
Let's step up to the plate and hit a home run!

Ed Work is a resident of the Village of Glenbrook