

AT THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S TOMB

Straight in a row our wheelchairs stood.
Behind, proudly standing, were those who could.
All were in our yellow Honor Flight gear
Trying to hold back a memory tear.
We watched the tall, straight Old Guard
Proudly pace to and fro in this sacred yard
Guarding the Unknown Soldier's hallowed tomb.
Our thoughts were not sad nor full of gloom,
But were filled with memories and soldier's pride
For serving with past comrades at our side
As we did our duty to protect this land
Where we, among the few, still stand
As those many, like this unknown hero
Wait for us to join their ranks, down below.

Art Rathburn May 2025