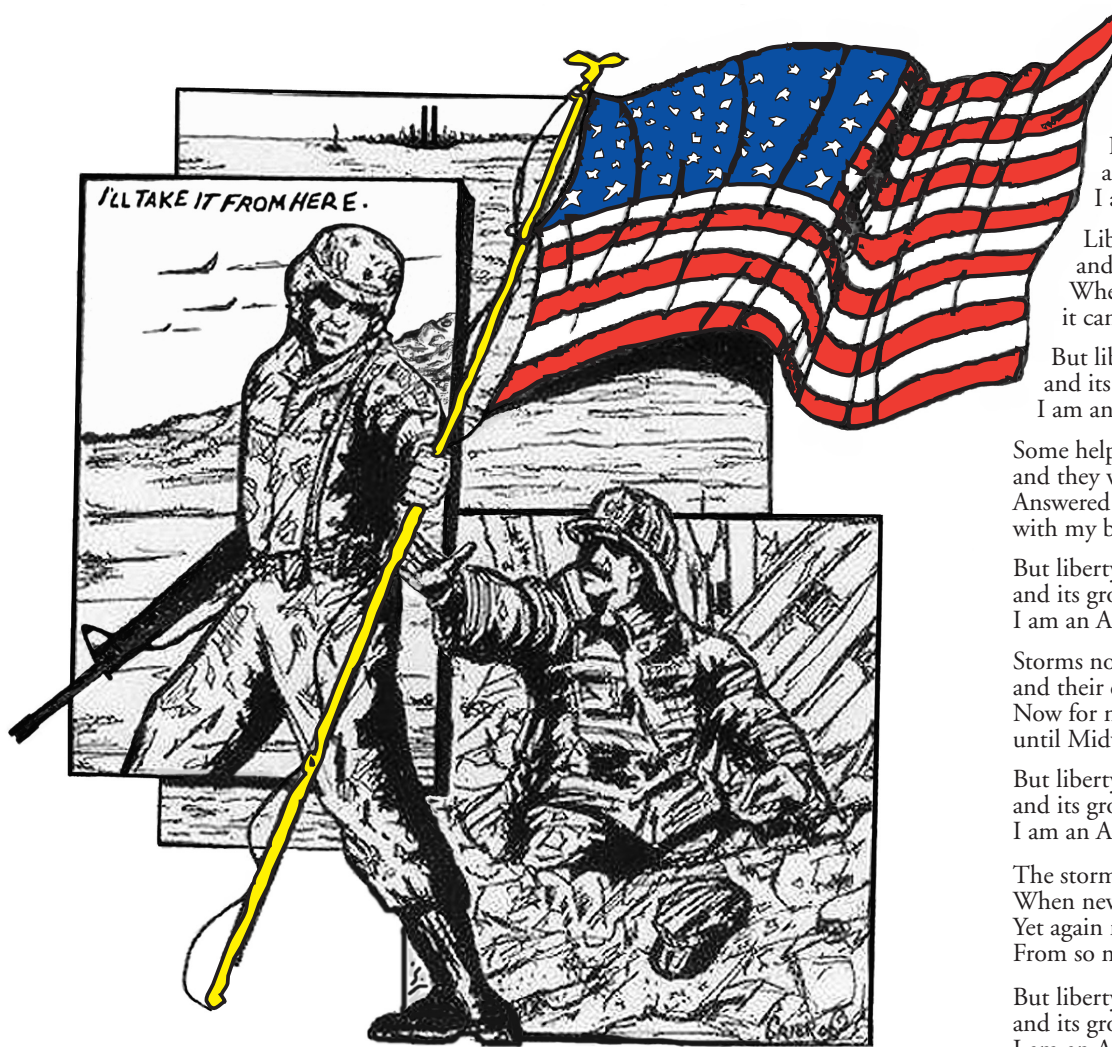


PASSING THE COLORS



I am an American Soldier

Liberty never ever comes free,
and a soldier's life is the key.
My blood in Lexington first flowed,
giving sweet life to her precious seed.

But liberty is a demanding thought,
and its growth with much sacrifice is bought.
I am an American Soldier

Liberty's demands are many,
and the price we all must pay.
When next my blood flowed a plenty,
it came forth from both blue and gray.

But liberty is a demanding thought,
and its growth with much sacrifice is bought.
I am an American Soldier

Some help for others was now needed,
and they were not to be denied.
Answered now was this distant quest,
with my blood in the Argonne forest.

But liberty is a demanding thought,
and its growth with much sacrifice is bought.
I am an American Soldier

Storms now formed both east and west,
and their deep darkness threatened all.
Now for my dear blood there was no rest,
until Midway and Bastogne brought evils fall.

But liberty is a demanding thought,
and its growth with much sacrifice is bought.
I am an American Soldier

The storms were cleared and the sun was set,
When new alliances brought a different threat.
Yet again my red blood was sorely needed,
From so many, before Pusan succeeded.

But liberty is a demanding thought,
and its growth with much sacrifice is bought.
I am an American Soldier

Now perceived threats a new do grow,
In places hidden both near and far.
Still my red blood in earnest does flow,
From far away Nam's ever present scar

But liberty is a demanding thought,
and its growth with much sacrifice is bought.
I am an American Soldier

Freedom's path is by the two towers,
which our liberty's bright torch empowers.
But now she cries for the loss so dear,
dealt from those that deal in fear.

So sons and daughters of this land,
Must yet again to battle go.
This time our blood will flow in the sand,
So those seeds of liberty can grow.

But liberty is a demanding thought,
and its growth with much sacrifice is bought.
I am an American Soldier

REMEMBER SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

TO ALL THOSE THAT SERVE OUR COUNTRY

Poem written to honor all
those in the Military, Police
or Fire services and who died
in the performance of doing
their duty for their country.

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