

Last Salute

I'm standing here in 'mufti', polished medals on my chest
Standing like a daft old fool, my missus would suggest
Standing on the high street, in Wootton Bassett town
Waiting for the cortège as it processes slowly down
The colours dip in sad salute as the heroes glide on by
Coffins draped with the Union Flag just as in days gone by
This silent mark of honour to the fallen of our land
Is something that our lass in doors will never understand
For though I didn't know them by their number, rank and name
They are still my fallen comrades and I salute them just the same

Ernie Yeomans

The Soldier

It is the soldier, not the reporter, who has given us freedom of the press

It is the soldier, not the poet, who has given us freedom of speech

It is the soldier, not the student activist, who has given us the freedom to demonstrate

It is the soldier, not the lawyer, who has given us the right to a fair trial

It is the soldier, who salutes the flag - who serves under the flag - and whose coffin is draped by the flag

Who permits the protester to burn the flag

By Father Denis Edward O'Brien M.M. USMC

Medals

**Go pin your medals on; be proud they're yours to wear,
Pull your shoulders back a bit and let the youngsters stare.**

**They are yours by right of war; by service to the crown.
They're the symbols that you never let your country down.**

**Wear them proudly on your chest and let all who will deride.
They are yours by right of war, so carry them with pride.**

Anon

God and the Soldier

God and the soldier we alike adore

In times of danger, not before

The danger past, all conflict righted

God is forgotten, the soldier slighted

Anon

The Soldier

I was that which others did not want to be.

I went where others feared to go, and did what others failed to do.

I asked nothing from those who gave nothing and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness should I fail.

I have seen the face of terror, felt the stinging cold of fear and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.

I have cried, pained, and hoped; but most of all, I have lived times others would say were best forgotten.

At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of what I was...

A soldier.

Anon

The Indispensable Man?

Whenever you're feeling important.

When your ego is in full bloom.

On times when you take it for granted

You're the best qualified in the room.

Sometime when you feel you're going

Would leave an unfillable hole

Just follow these simple instructions

And see how they humble your soul.

Take a bucket and fill it with water.

Put your hands in up to your wrists,

Pull them out - and the hole that remains
Is the measure by which you'll be missed.

You may stir all you please when you enter!

You may splash up the water galore!

But stop - and you'll find in a minute

That it looks just the same as before.

The moral of this is quite simple

Do just the best that you can

Be proud of yourself but, remember,

"There is no Indispensable Man"

Anon