

Honor and Glory

Honor and Glory: two words, too common
Found ever so often, made ever so trite
We hear them used over, and over again
But still just as often, not always used right

There are always those few
Who serve us today
With no one to recognize
No one to say

Of their great deeds
As they protect us all
Who, unlike most
Are willing to fall

For their country and family
And their friends back at home
As they fight for our freedom
As 'round war zones they roam

I never really game them
The respect they deserved
As they waged wars for our freedom
And that freedom, they preserved

But one day just a few months ago
I received some news that made me mad
The call to serve that had never faced me
Would be in some time taking from me my dad

I never believed it,
Never thought, never dreamed
That he'd really be gone
And to God I doubtfully screamed!

"How could you, dear God?"
I cried, terrified
And in just four short months,
My fears verified

March 4th he left
The 11th he arrived
To stay for six months in
The place my fears were derived

In the end he was fine,
On Earth still with me
But words can't express
The terror I'd feel

He's now different to me
Full of things I should learn
Teeming with values and merits
And passions to burn

But best of his feats
As he shines a valiant sheen
Most importantly he taught me
What Glory and Honor truly mean