

They call to us.....

Jack McCourt – 2014

They call to us, our sons and daughters
They've paid the price, survived the slaughter
That rears its ugly head in war
Only some return, some are no more.

Those who return may not be whole,
Their bodies mangled, but not their soul
A light inside shines deep within
These warriors, some with burned skin.

Tougher people you will never meet
Perchance you'll see one on the street
A thankful nod by you when made
Acknowledges thanks for the bill they've paid.

To no one else do we owe more
Than our sons and daughters who fought our wars
So, when they return, their wounds to heal
Overwhelming gratitude is what we should feel.