



It's A Soldiers Life

By John Davis

It's six weeks of basic training and a haircut that skins to the bone.
 It's a big ugly sergeant yelling at you until he turns blue.
 It's a ten-mile hike in the rain and a ringing in your ears from the sound of gunfire.
 It's sleeping on the ground in Iraq and the monsoons of Vietnam.
 It's cold beans, long nights and a loneliness that can penetrate your soul.
 It's a Sunday morning in Pearl, a beach in Normandy and a flag over Iwo Jima.
 It's a uniform covered in your buddy's blood from carrying him three miles through enemy lines to safety.
 It's a dance with a pretty girl from the USO and a cup of coffee at a dark outpost.
 It's an aircraft carrier in the Persian Gulf and a tent in a Vietnam jungle.
 It's a dear John letter, a faded photograph and a broken heart.
 It's Bob Hope for Christmas and a box of homemade cookies that took two months to arrive.
 It's missed first steps and last breaths and letters from home that relay the tales.
 It's a kiss in Times Square, a battle at Bunker Hill and a pair of dog tags that identify you.
 It's a sand storm that pelts your body with the razor sharp nuggets.
 It's the hum of a Huey descending to snatch you from a rice paddy filled with Vietcong.
 It's a wall of granite in Washington that contains the names of 58,000 of your closest friends.
 It's a flag draped coffin and a grateful nation.
 It's a calling; not a job and a duty, not a chore.
 It's the satisfaction of knowing you lived a life serving others.
 It is - a soldiers life.



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 Extend Our Thanks This Veteran's
 Day To All Who Have Served In Our
 Nation's Military.

