



Dear *Frank,*

In Gratitude

by Geraldine A. Mihalko

In a crowd, you're bound to spot him: he's standing so very tall.
Not too much impresses him: he's seen and done it all.
His hair is short, his eyes are sharp, but his smile's a little blue.
It's the only indication of the hell that he's gone through.
He belongs to a sacred brotherhood, always faithful 'til the end.
He has walked right into battle and walked back out again.
Many people think him foolish for having no regrets
About having lived through many times others would forget.
He's the first to go and last to know, but never questions why.
Or whether it is right or wrong, but only do or die.
He walks a path most won't take and has lost much along the way.
But he thinks a lot of freedom; it's a small price to pay.
Yes, he has chosen to live a life off the beaten track,
Knowing well each time he's called, he might not make it back.
So next time you see a Devil Dog standing proud and true,
Be grateful of all he's given; he's given it for you.
Don't go up and ask him what's it like to be in war;
Just thank God that it's your country he's always fighting for.
And thank him too for all the hell he's seen in cammie green.
Thank him for having the guts to be a United States Marine.

"Semper Paratus"

In Gratitude and Love,
The Ryan Family

Thomas & Linda Ryan