

“At any time a round could find a fox hole or an aircraft or a ship and you would not be able to do anything about it, except pray your number will not be up. In the middle of the night during the storm, I wrote the key phrase and the next morning the rest of the poem flowed out as if it had a life of its own. I feel compelled to get this message out and I don’t think it could be any timelier. With the country unified in acknowledging the sacrifice of our military, maybe this poem will strike a chord and remind people that for many, the war is never completely over.”

AND WHEN IT'S OVER, WE GO ON OUR MERRY,
NOT KNOWING OF THE BURDEN THAT THEY CARRY.
SO WHEN YOU HEAR THUNDER, SOMETIMES THINK OF THEM,
AND THE DEBT THAT'S OWED TO THOSE WE CHOSE TO SEND



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