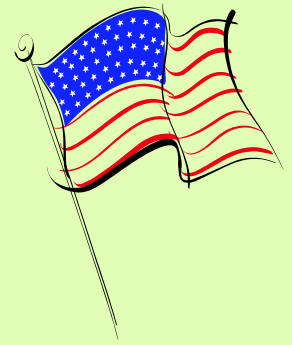


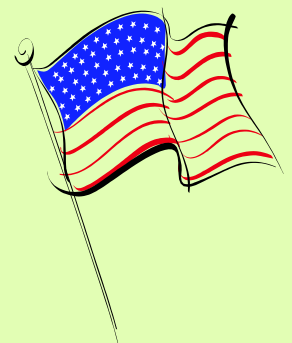
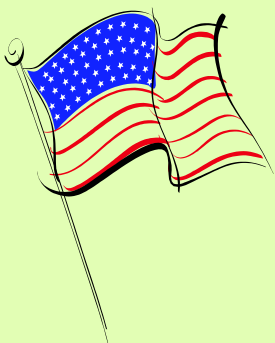
## The Lucky One



I wore my uniform with pride each day,  
I trained and trained that was the way.  
A peaceful time for all to see,  
A soldier's dream that was for me.  
As years went by and I left the ranks,  
I remember those years and give great thanks.  
My duty my training they taught me well,  
The skills I learned they will not fail.  
It was not easy or always fun,  
Despite this fact I'm the lucky one.

Those that came years after me,  
The horrors they saw I did not see.  
So many wars in places so far,  
These burdens so deep they leave a scar.  
To live or die to go or stay,  
It's what we ask of our soldier's each day.  
They stand up tall and salute with pride,  
They love our country this they cannot hide.  
They're in the desert out in the sun,  
My life is good I'm the lucky one.

The past is past and the future is here,  
Our soldier's in uniform know no fear.  
With weapon in hand and spirit in heart,  
These amazing people play their part.  
The loss of limb the loss of life,  
Those left behind those left in strife.  
We have our rights our country is free,  
What the future holds no one can see.  
Throughout my life I've been blessed a ton,  
I always feel I'm the lucky one.



By Donald Moschner