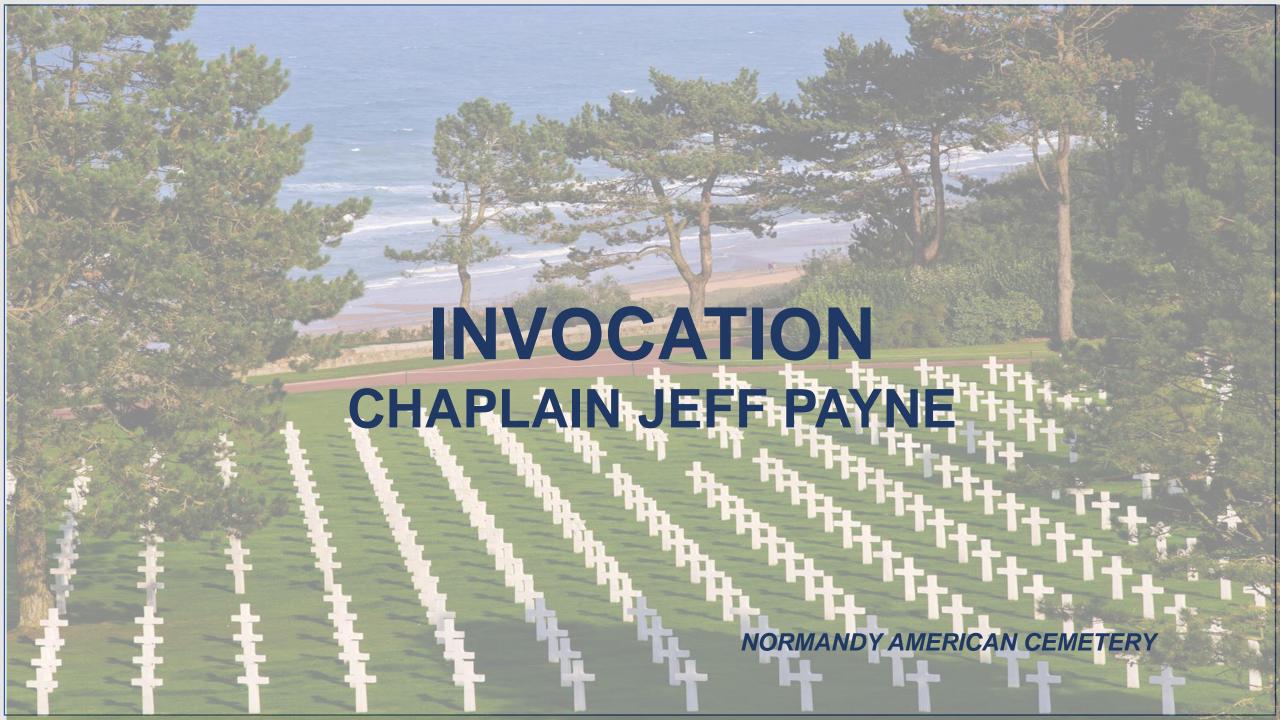


May 25, 2020



O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, Through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, Were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, The bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night That our flag was still there.
O say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free And the home of the brave?



#### REFLECTIONS ON MEMORIAL DAY



## AMERICA'S WARS DEPARTMENT OF VETERANS AFFAIRS

**AMERICA'S WARS (1775-1991)** 

**WARTIME** 41,892,128

BATTLE DEATHS 651,031

OTHER DEATHS 539,054

WOUNDED 1,430,290

GLOBAL WAR ON TERROR (OCT 2001 - )

BATTLE DEATHS 7,008

**WOUNDED** 50,422

### IN FLANDERS FIELDS BILL HILSMAN



## IN FLANDERS FIELDS by JOHN MCCRAE

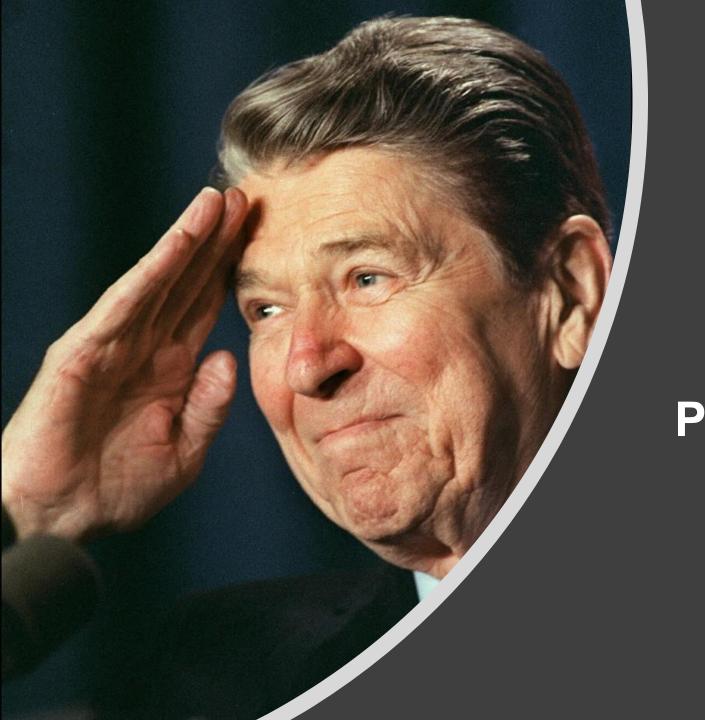


In Flanders fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place; and in the sky The larks, still bravely singing, fly Scarce heard amid the guns below.

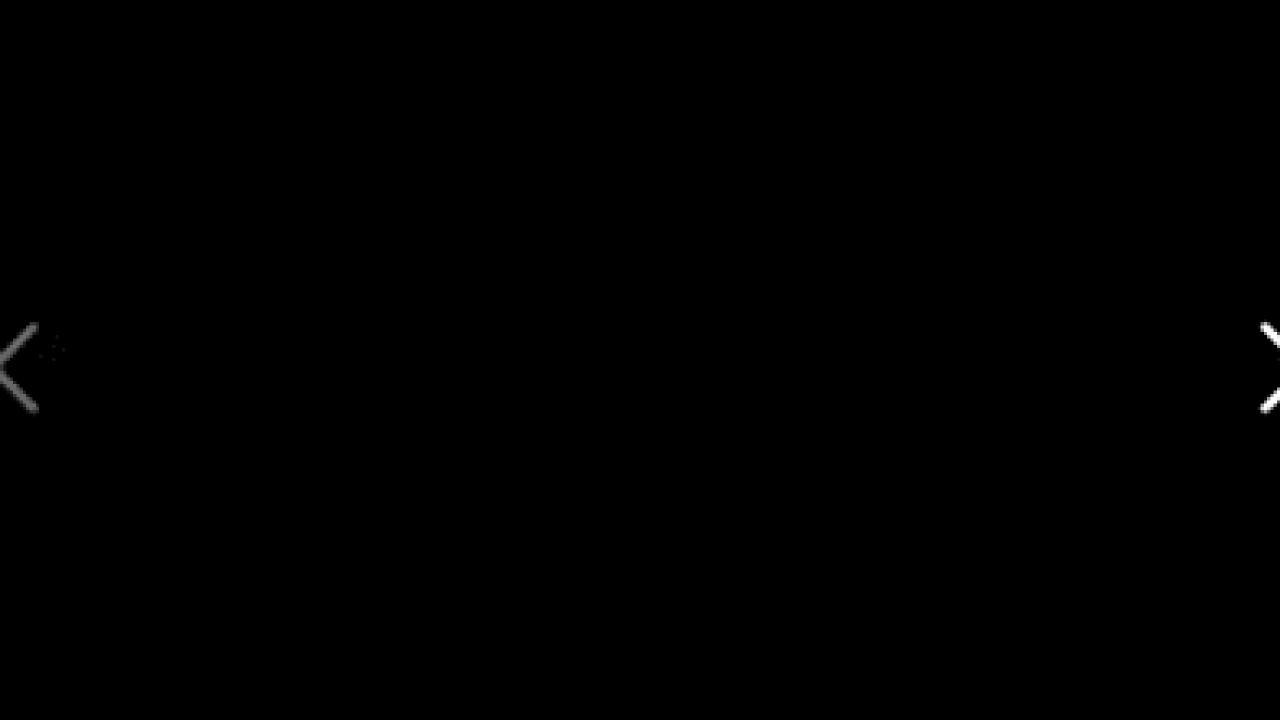
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.





# PRESIDENT REAGAN'S ADDRESS



#### REFLECTION ON PAST COMRADES

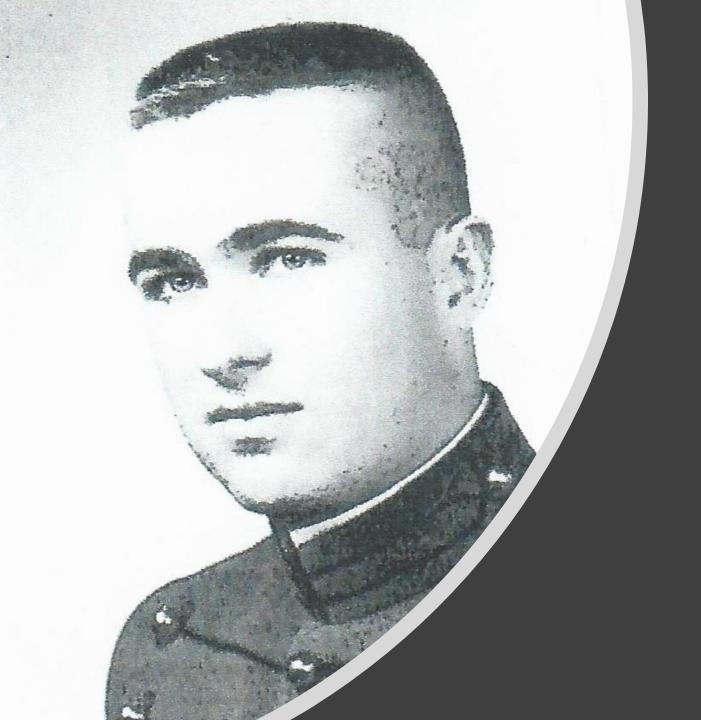








A MEMORIAL DAY REMEMBRANCE OF LT JIMMIE W. MONTIETH, JR



#### A MEMORIAL DAY REMEMBRANCE OF

MIKE KILEY

BOB SERIO - A Memorial Day Remembrance



## **ANOTHER SOLDIER'S GONE**BY FRED GRAY, CLASS OF 1964, USMA

Once we were young and full of wild ambition Disregarding the attrition
That wars and time can take
The lives of comrades in their wake.
We were fresh and foolish once, and bold
Not thinking of the long days growing old:
Another soldier's gone;

The pain would linger on Remembering the fights. The hot and bloody nights Praying for the dawn. Some died in battle's heat, some in the OR suite. Now underneath the lawn: Another soldier's gone.

We found our mates,
Made families and friends
And moved from place to place, it never ends
We rose in rank and skill,
climbing yet another hill,
And another soldier passed

Sometimes the die is cast.
His service was a gift. His exit way too swift
The end came much too fast
A soldier's heart is stout,
But sometimes it gives out.
It wasn't meant to last.
Another soldier's passed

Now we are old and some of us can't walk.

Most of us can't hear and some can't talk.

The fatal pealing of the clock

Doesn't seem like such a shock.

We gather once again to say goodbye

To those whose final bivouac is the sky.

And so we carry on this glorious marathon.

We wait to take our place.

And somewhere up in space

The roll call carries on.

When all of us are gone.



#### MANSIONS OF THE LORD





#### **TAPS**

