



“The Badge” (and those that wear it)

By: Terry Longpre

They put on and adjust their uniforms so neat,
And most carry their **Badge** over their hearts.
They adjust their hats and strap on their guns,
They are the heros, they are the ones.

They are our brothers, sisters, mothers and dads,
They are our neighbors and our friends.
They are cousins, uncles and aunts,
And they are ones that listen to our rants.

They are young and they are old,
Most went to college, some did not.
Some are tall and some are small,
But they wear the **Badge**, one and all.

They place themselves in the line of fire,
They even sometimes rise our ire.
And yet they seek those out who want to do us harm,
But they walk the "Thin Blue Line", arm in arm.

They might be shot or hit by a car,
And some might be knifed in a bar.
They work all night and during the day,

And in courtrooms it seems they stay.

Most wear uniforms, some don't,
Most will retire, some won't.
Most have short hair, some have none,
But all carry a **Badge** and a gun.

Be it silver or gold,
Be it a star, shield, new or old.
Their **Badge** they will always respectfully hold.

They do things we can't contemplate,
They protect us from the daily chaos.
They go home tired, sometimes crying,
Some don't go home due to dying.

To Serve and Protect is their pledge,
One day you may see them talking to someone on a ledge.
And their **Badge** they wear so proudly,
Yet, you won't hear them speaking very loudly.

They have wives, husbands and children at home,
All families hope that late night phone call doesn't come.
There are bills to be paid, which may require a second job,
Yet they still go to work to face a noisy mob.

When you see someone in Law Enforcement,
Give them a smile and shake their hand.
They have given an oath to protect what we have,
They are dedicated to protect our land.

May God Bless them one and all,
For only He knows when they may fall.



FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG

*We came from all across the nation,
And we rode our bikes to the Wall,
We came from towns both large and small,
We came to honor those that have given their all.*

*Those names on the black granite are friends and relatives,
The little boy down the street is on Wall,
They may be husbands, wives or children,
Their names are here for us, one and all.*

*We might ride a Honda, BMW or Harley,
Those that we came to see don't mind,
Can you hear the voices talking to you?
They speak so low and kind.*

*Where are our POW's and MIA's?
Should they be on the Wall?
You know you are not forgotten,
You are loved by one and all.*

*We gathered here from all points across the country,
When we started our bikes and headed to the Wall,
It would make a sane person wonder,
It sounded like "Rolling Thunder".*

*Why are all these people here?
We are here to honor those on the Wall,
We came in large numbers to show our respect,
They are the ones that gave their lives, after all.*

*We came from the Army and the Marines,
We came from the Air Force, Navy,
Coast Guard and the Merchant Marines.*

*There were thousands of American and POW/MIA flags on bikes,
Many with service and unit flags too,
They were on two wheelers, trucks and trikes.
We are here for our brothers and sisters,*

*We are here to thank those that went before us,
We are not here to discuss if "it" was right or wrong,
Together, here to stand, four hundred thousand strong.*

Terry Longpre
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