**D-Day + 72**

I took a trip to Normandy

For all the soldiers, before me.

Never knew, what I might find

From where I started, to the Rhine.

Beaches shrouded, with heavy mist

Hid many of the distant cliffs.

When first I touched that cold wet sand

I thought of God and my fellow man.

So many fell that fateful day

How could it be, there is no way.

But as the day, it did progress –

I searched to find, some happiness.

I looked at men, now old and gray

Sometimes they smiled, as if to play.

With minds real clear, their gait off beat

They marched on by, their chatter sweet.

And then the crosses, row by row

Clean and white, as new fallen snow.

They mark the spot, where a soldier dwells

Put there by a mean, living hell.

If the dead, could hear a prayer, a rhyme

Then I promise Jesus, they did hear mine.

Leaving there, was the toughest part

I could have given, each my heart.

The sea, a tear, both taste of salt

A grim reminder, of a brave assault.

He himself, led those men –

In hope that evil, would finally end.

*Just a Soldier,*

*Richard “Dickie” Gonsoulin*

*18th Aviation Company*

*Vietnam 1963-64*