Dear Friend,

At College United Methodist Church yesterday, I shared a poem in honor of our Veterans.

Veterans Day 2026 is this Wednesday. Several people in attendance or who were watching the worship service in Cameraland requested a copy of the poem. I've decided to send it along as my Inspirational Thought for this week.

We are grateful to all who have served in the defense of freedom! We are grateful for the personal sacrifice of each Veteran and their loved ones. We hold in esteem those who have served and we pray for those who are serving now, that they will be aware of God's presence and of our love, respect and appreciation for all they are giving on our behalf.

I'm attaching the poem "I Am A Veteran."

May the Peace of Christ reign in our lives and in our world.

Sincerely,

Pastor Duff

I AM A VETERAN

By Andrea Christensoen Brett

You may not know me the first time we meet, I'm just another you see on the street.

But I am the reason you walk and breathe free, I am the reason for your liberty.

I AM A VETERAN

I work in the local factory all day, I won the restaurant just down the way.

I sell insurance, I start your IV, I've got the best-looking grandkids you'll ever see.

I'm your grocer, your banker, your child's schoolteacher.

I'm your plumber, your barber, your family's preacher.

But there's part of me you don't know very well. Just listen a moment, I've a story to tell.

I AM A VETERAN

I joined the service while still in my teens. I traded my prom dress for camouflage greens.

I'm the first in my family to do something like this. I followed my father, like he followed his.

Defying my fears and hiding my doubt, I married my sweetheart before shipping out.

I missed Christmas, then Easter, the birth of my son.

But I knew I was doing what had to be done.

I served on the battlefront; I served on the base.

I bound up the wounded and begged for God's grace.

I gave orders to fire, I followed commands. I marched into conflict in far distant lands.

In the jungle, the desert, on mountains and shores,

In bunkers, in tents, on dank earthen floors.

While I fought on the ground, in the air, on the sea,

My family and friends were home praying for me.

For the land of the free and the home of the brave,

I faced my demons in foxholes and caves.

Then one dreaded day, without drummer or fife, I lost my arm, my buddy lost his life.

I came home and moved on but forever was changed.

The perils of war in my memory remained.

I don't really say much, I don't feel like I can.

But I left home a child and came home a man.

There are thousands like me, thousands more who are gone.

But their legacy lives as time marches on.

White crosses in rows and names carved in queue

Remind us of what these brave souls had to do.

I'm part of a fellowship, a strong mighty band,

Of each man and each woman who has served this great land.

And when Old Glory waves, I stand proud, I stand tall,

I helped keep her flying over you, over all.

I AM A VETERAN