

MY CREW

My crew is one.
It has to be to get the job done.
It's not just one by himself,
But the sum of everyone.
It has to be this way,
Night or day.

It's like links of a chain.
We are all inter-connected,
Thinking as one brain.
It has to be this way,
For when we are through,
Be it sunshine or rain,
We each share each other's victory or pain.
This is the way it is,
The way it has to be.

My crew is one as it should be.
But if one is lost,
We all die a little bit in paying such a high cost.
This is the way it is,
The way it has to be.

J.D. Smith, Gunner
12 Aug 1986

This poem is dedicated in honor of Maj. Dick Brims, who made the ultimate sacrifice on the night of 21 May 1986: in the saving of the lives of his five fellow crewmembers and his sixteen passengers.