



## **The Walk of Honor**

They were children. Some as young as 15. Some answered the Nation's call. Some volunteered.

They served on every front in World War Two. They flew planes, drove tanks, crewed ships and waded into churning surf. They jumped out of transports, froze in foxholes. And prayed a lot.

They went to places they couldn't pronounce. Bataan, Guadalcanal, Pointe du Hoc, Bastogne, Auschwitz and Iwo Jima. And learnt that hell exists.

They dreamt of home, a hug and a hamburger. And all they got was powdered eggs.

Over four hundred thousand American kids never returned.

Those who did, came home as men. And moved on.

To start a job, a family, an education, a life.

They never talked about their war. They worked hard, raised kids, sent them to college and grew older.

Years later, their own children would make the determination that the men and women of what many called The Greatest Generation would not become The Forgotten Generation. This idea would become the Monument to the 16 million Americans who gave their service, their commitment and often, their sacrifice in World War Two. It stands here in the Nation's Capital between the Reflecting Pool and the Washington Monument.

For many, the World War Two Monument would be their Memorial. Before getting a chance to see it, they would just fade away. But for a group of 94 veterans from Texas, this day, May 31<sup>st</sup> 2008, would be their moment. This is our moment.

Lone Star Honor Flight made it happen. As men, we thank you. As soldiers, we salute you.

Malcolm Pepper