



Kindred Spirits

**In the United States of America there is a special breed,
It is a group of men and women that live by a creed.
When they talk to each other and the past they discuss,
A special bond is there, outsiders don't understand the fuss.
For as these two people smile, shake hands, and hug,
Others look on and with their shoulders they shrug.
What they can't see between the two is a brotherhood,
That for hundreds of years many have understood.
They have worn a uniform that made them so proud,
But they don't show it off or scream it out loud.
They have stood tall in the face of pure hell,
And passed the test that made them swell.
Side by side, looking out for each other,
Willing to take the heat for their military brother.
These are the folks that defended the American flag,
Did it for honor and country and that is no brag.
A sense of duty is imbued in each one,
They know the job wasn't going to be fun.
And when they came home and changed their clothes,
They went about their business and nobody knows.
But let two veterans start to talk to each other,
And suddenly they know that here is my brother.
They each share their story and the connection is made,
And suddenly a bond of friendship, because they have paid.
They defended the red, white, and blue,
And given the best that each could do.
When you see two strangers talk on the street,
Watch closely, you'll be in for a treat.
When they discover they have the kindred spirit,
Stand close and you will be able to hear it.
This reunion of brothers and sisters so very proud,
They look each other in the eye and don't say it out loud.
Friends now forever is understood,
They are members of the brotherhood.**

God bless them all!

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