



**AMERICAN LEGION POST 295
VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL**



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Post 295
News at

AmLegionPost295.org

POST COMMANDER's BLOG

DATELINE (NEWS)

LEGISLATIVE UPDATE

2nd Annual
POW/MIA Missing
Man Run

In HONOR &
REMEMBRANCE

Dear Robert,

On behalf of the members of Post 295, may you have a joyous holiday season, no matter how you celebrate. Be safe, we want to see you in 2013.

Aside from serving our annual wounded warrior luncheon on December 23rd, nothing else is happening until January when we will have our High School Oratorical Contest.

All the best.

Bob Ouellette
Post Commander

A Soldier's Christmas

A Soldier's Christmas
The embers glowed softly, and
in their dim light,
I gazed round the room and I
cherished the sight.



My wife was asleep, her head
on my chest,
My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.

Outside the snow fell, a
blanket of white,
Transforming the yard to a
winter delight.



The sparkling lights in the tree,
I believe,
Completed the magic that was
Christmas Eve.

My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,
Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep
in perfect contentment, or so it would seem.

So I slumbered, perhaps I started to dream.



Spectre 17

Saturday Sept 14th
Gaithersburg to
DELMARVA Bike
Week

[more information here](#)

Post 295 Activities

select a link below to learn more

[American Legion Auxiliary](#)



[Sons of the American Legion](#)



[American Legion Baseball](#)



The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,
But I opened my eye when it tickled my ear.

Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know
Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.

My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,
and I crept to the door just to see who was near.

Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,
A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A Soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old
Or perhaps a Marine, huddled here in the cold.

Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,
Standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.

"What are you doing?" I asked without fear
"Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!"

Put down your pack, brush the snow from your sleeve,
You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,
away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts,
to the window that danced with a warm fire's light
then he sighed and he said "Its really all right,
I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night"

"Its my duty to stand at the front of the line,
that separates you from the darkest of times.

No one had to ask or beg or implore me,
I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.

My Gramps died at ' Pearl on a day in December,"
then he sighed, "That's a Christmas 'Gram
alwaysremembers. "



American Legion Riders



Children and Youth Programs



My dad stood his watch in the jungles of 'Nam



And now it is my turn and so, here I am.
I've not seen my own son in more than a while,
But my wife sends me pictures, he's sure got her smile.

Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag,
The red white and blue... an American flag.



"I can live through the cold and the being alone,
Away from my family, my house and my home,
I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet,
I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat,

I can carry the weight of killing another
or lay down my life with my sisters and brothers
who stand at the front against any and all,
to insure for all time that this flag will not fall."



"So go back inside," he said, "harbor no fright
Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."
"But isn't there something I can do, at the least,
"Give you money," I asked, "or prepare you a feast?"

It seems all too little for all that you've done,
For being away from your wife and your son."



Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret,
"Just tell us you love us, and never forget
To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone.
To stand your own watch, no

matter how long.
to know you remember we fought and we bled

For when we come home, either standing or dead,
is payment enough, and with that we will trust.

That we mattered to you as you
mattered to us.



American Legion Post 295, Vietnam Veterans Memorial
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