

A Tribute to Our Heroes

Another day begins searching for a husband, a brother, someone's precious wife,
No time for you to think or feel, the job is clear.....to save a life.

Exhausted but managed a little sleep,
Shoveled down some food, you needed something to eat.

Meet the crew and off you go,
Through ominous rubble, bucket brigades row upon row.

Closely surrounding the site where all the streets seem bare,
You will see the rest of the world's firefighters, shoulder to shoulder standing there.

Look above in the shadow of the clouds to see the Maltese Cross,
All those gone before you trying to heal you from your loss.

As you collapse into the arms of loved ones from unspeakable grief and pain,
Know that none of you are alone, your brotherhood and their families do the same.

As you try to make some sense of what we'll never understand,
The voices for humanity sing "you are the bravest in the land".

Mary E. Feldman
A firefighter's wife