

ELAINE M. WEISMANTEL

TO MY BROTHER, WITH LOVE

There is a name that is inscribed,  
So high upon a wall,  
That if I stand on tiptoe,  
I can touch, since I'm not tall!

Yes, there are many names there,  
One right after the other,  
They all gave their lives for us,  
But, Edward W. Pawlowski...was my brother!

He died one day in '69,  
In a place called Ha Tien,  
They shot his chopper's rotor out,  
But, a bullet had killed him.

We didn't get to say "Good-bye",  
Before he left for 'Nam,  
He said he went to keep us safe,  
And, my children free from harm!

When the 23rd of March comes,  
I can't hold back the tears,  
For the brother I loved so dearly,  
And, still do, after all these years!

I know that God had other plans,  
For my brother, and his future,  
LT. J.G. E.W.P.....a beautiful memory,  
To love, to keep, to treasure...EDDIE.