



To Sergeant, *Terry Peterson*, USMC

Terry is his name,
Terry was a friend,
Terry was Marine
Right to the end.

His war was with the enemy,
His war was also, within himself,
Now that he's gone, we'll never know
Just what it was, he felt.

It was with horror
It was with fear,
That this man fought
For everything he was taught.

No home recognition
Common for the time,
Living with the fear, and
Dreading the end of his time.

His war, my war, your war
Just what did it accomplish?
Has anyone figured it out?
The answer for sure is no without - a doubt.

Some came home,
Some did not,
In Terry's case
Again, we have some doubt.

Now that his war has ended
He lays in rest at last,
Peace be with him, for
Now his war - is in his past.

Terry the Marine
Was always a Marine
Will through eternity
Stay, and be a Marine.

For once a Marine, Always a Marine
“Good Night Terry - Sleep in Peace”

*“A Warrior must be Honored or
Or His Soul will find no Rest.”*

Richard F. Luchsinger – USN Retired