

WHAT MY MEDALS MEAN

I'd never worn my medals, they were left there in the drawer,
so when I finally took them out, it had been twenty years or more.
My daughter saw me take them out, and asked me what they're
for.

I looked at her and calmly said, "They're a reminder of a war".

They remind me of the mates I had, who never made it back;
Who died in a stinking paddy field, or on a jungle track.
They remind me of the troubles, and the hardships we went
through.

They remind me why we went there, it was for people just like
you.

They remind me of the hellhole, while we were over there.
They remind me of our countrymen, who really didn't care.
They remind me of the mateship, forged in a foreign land.
They remind me of a certain mate, who lost a bloody hand.

They remind me when we went away; we thought the reason was
just.

They remind me of when we came back; they turned their backs
on us.

They remind me of the time we spent, left there on our own.
They remind that it took twenty years, to welcome us back home.

They remind me of the suffering, the heartache and the pain.
They remind me if we're called upon, we'd do it all again.
They remind me when I wear them next; the thoughts will come
thru then,
at the going down of the sun, and in the morning; "WE WILL
REMEMBER THEM"

Then I looked down at her smiling face, and I knew it had not got through.

I said "Listen love, they're to remind me, I did it all for you.

Jim Egan, Ex Delta Coy, 4 RAR, 1971-72 Vietnam.