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## POEMS by Robert Fischer

*This is an attempt to describe my first ship-mate's reunion of the U. S. S. Chenango. October 13/16, in St Louis, Missouri.*

### **Remembering**

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My mind was a wash with faces and names,  
would I renew old friendships of past?  
Sixty years vanished in a moment it seemed,  
why do the years move so fast?

We entered the hospitality room,  
my wife proudly holding my hand.  
We were welcomed into this friendly space,  
like members of an elite band.

Between hardy hand shakes and questions,  
I was meeting these proud men of my past.  
The men of the "MIGHTY CHENANGO".  
We were uniting again at last.

I looked into faces, and listened to voice,  
hoping to find one I would know,  
and through the days that followed,  
this is how it would go.

Through field trips, meals, and hospitality,  
we shared with one another.  
Though I did not find one I remembered,  
they treated me like a brother.

The BANQUET was a beautiful event.,  
I will remember till God takes my life.  
An elegant meal, surrounded by friends,  
and sharing this time with my wife.

And then a BUGLE pierced the air,  
“TAPS”, to start the year long roll.  
A yellow rose, in loving memory of,  
a shipmate, a patriotic soul.

As the CHAPLAIN read off too many names,  
and a rose was placed in a vase.  
by family, or shipmate, or just a friend,  
whichever was the case.

When all of the roses were gently placed,  
the CHAPLAIN said a prayer.  
With heads bowed remembering,  
The MEMORIES filled the air.

Thus the reunion came to an end,  
as we said our goodbye's I would know.  
In my heart would remain a closeness to,  
"THE GALLANT MEN OF CHENANGO".

