



## James Edward Vermilyea

November 1, 1954 - April 12, 2026

I woke up this morning,  
My orders were given.  
For what I have to do,  
I hope I'm forgiven.

My chin is held high,  
As I pack and I dress.  
Deep down inside me,  
There is a fear I confess.

My job is not easy,  
I leave my family behind.  
I travel the world,  
When my orders are signed.

I hug them real tight,  
Tell them I love them very much.  
It will be a long time,  
Before I can feel again, their touch.

You see, I am a Marine,  
I go when I'm needed.

I do not come home,  
Until I've succeeded.

While you sleep at night,  
I keep our country safe.  
Knowing this very long trip  
For me is really unsafe.

I may not come home,  
But I wear my uniform proud.  
I'll protect my country,  
With all that I am allowed.

That is where my heart lives,  
My entire family lives there.  
I'll do what needs to be done,  
Because I do care.

And if I don't make it home,  
Just look to the skies.  
You'll see me up there,  
So please do not cry.

I'm not alone up here,  
My brothers and sisters are with me  
We are standing proud,  
Making sure you stay free.

I am a marine,  
I stand tall and proud.  
Just know I'm still watching,

For this, I still vow.