



LAND OF THE MORNING CALM

Dillon Staas

**Oh gentle, loving people of the land of morning calm,
Hold sacred your new freedom, and listen to my psalm.
The seed of many nations came from far across the sea,
And paid a price on your behalf, for freedom isn't free.**

**The gripping fear, the stench of death, no longer fill your mind.
The horrors of a battlefield have all been left behind.
Your children, dreaming peaceful dreams, safe in your arms each night,
Wake with a smile of innocence, to face the morning light.**

**Your homes, secure on quiet streets, bring comfort to the soul.
From verdant hillside terraces to valleys down below.
Your mountain streams, now running clear, without a trace of red,
No sound you hear, no crying from the dying and the dead.**

**So when good fortune smiles on you and fills your heart with cheer,
Remember those who fought and died and left their futures here.
Give thanks to them and make a special place within your heart,
That you and they, forever friends, shall never drift apart.**

Dillon W. Staas, Jr., of Lima, Ohio, served in the Army from 1947 until 1953, including three years in Occupied Japan and a year in Korea with the 8055 Mobile Army Surgical Hospital (MASH).

OUR NATION HONORS
HER SONS AND DAUGHTERS
WHO ANSWERED THE CALL
TO DEFEND A COUNTRY
THEY NEVER KNEW
AND A PEOPLE
THEY NEVER MET