

MOTORCYCLE ANGELS

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She was only six years old
When her brother turned eighteen
Though she'll never understand why
He chose to be a Marine

She remembers that her mother cried
The day he left to train
She still recalls the last kiss he gave
When he left for Afghanistan

The next thing she remembers
Is being at his side
She just couldn't understand
Just why her brother had died

No one came to say good-bye
Or tell her brother 'farewell'
Except some people on motorcycles
Who'd done their time in Hell

After the flag was folded
And the sounds of taps faded out
One of the riders approached her
And in front of her knelt down

He spoke to her real softly
His words I could barely hear
And then he hugged her gently
And gave her a Teddy Bear

*When she knelt down by her bed that night
I heard her pray so peacefully
"God, why do people call them 'outlaws'
Oh Jesus, can't they see?
No matter who these people are
They're Motorcycle Angels to me!"*

It's been three years now
Since they laid him in the ground
When her mother received a phone call
And her heart began to pound

The call seemed to last a lifetime
Her mother's silence, it was loud
Just before she hung up the phone
She whispered "That would make us proud"

The little girl asked her mother
What was that about?
He mother just held her tightly
And sobbed a bit out loud

You remember when your brother died
And the motorcycles were there?
Well there're some more patriots
Who want to show they care

Weeks went by before the day
When Angels would visit once again
The little girl counted the days
Until the time finally came

300 Motorcycles, maybe more
Came roaring down the street
But there was one special Angel
The girl was anxious to greet

As the riders got off their bikes
And the crowd gathered 'round
She looked for her Angel
But her Angel could not be found

As the crowd moved to the site
Where her family would be honored
She searched all throughout the crowd
But her Angel didn't seem to be around

When the moment finally came
For the presentation of the plaque
The crowd parted to allow
Her Angel to step from the back

She stood and listened quietly
As her Angel spoke to her mom
She wanted desperately to hug him
But she had to wait her turn

When her time finally came
He again knelt beside her there
Then she did something unexpected
By showing her Teddy Bear

Tears welled up in her Angel's eyes
As he hugged her oh so tight
He proudly stood there by her side
As the other Angels passed on by

When the day was finally over
And the motorcycles had gone away
The sun went down, she went to bed
And once again I heard her pray

*"God, I still don't understand
Please tell me if you please
Why do people call them 'outlaws'
Oh Jesus, can't they see?
No matter who these people are
They're still Motorcycle Angels to me!"*

They come from all walks of life
To fight to keep us free
Though we might not understand why
They fight for you and me

The ones who ride the motorcycles
The ones who choose to ride
Are ones who left someone "over there"
Their friends who long ago died

They ride with American flags flying
They ride in all kinds of weather
So the next time that you see 'em ride
Please won't you try to remember

*When you kneel down by your bed at night
Ask God to help others see
That they're not really outlaws, God
They're Motorcycle Angels to me!"
Yes, They're Motorcycle Angels to me!"*

