

The Final Recovery

*Rotating beacon is off, no flight quarters to
sound, but another AC is retirement bound.*

*Tonight we'll crack a keg or two,
gather 'round, drink a toast to you:*

*We'll toast close intervals, airborne refueling,
accurate ramp times, days that were grueling.*

*We'll lift our mugs to no-gyros, no TACAN, no radio,
unsafe gear, sometimes laughter, sometimes fear.*

*We'll toast eve-day-mids, lost aircraft found,
radar hand-offs, the quick turnarounds.*

*We'll toast liberty calls, the fun we had,
past Shipmates, times both good and bad.*

*So with this toast we bid a fond farewell...
your "time on position" has passed.*

*And regardless of what the future holds,
these memories with you shall truly last.*

