



# Missing In America Project

## “Day Is Done”

One of the saddest of all goodbyes  
Was the one that was never said,  
On that dreadful day you passed away  
All alone upon your bed.

For no family was there with you  
As you drew your final breaths,  
To hold your hand or stroke your brow  
In the moments before your death.

You might still have been among the missing  
Cast aside 'til God knows when,  
But instead you were found and remembered  
So you'll never be alone again.

It doesn't matter where you were from  
Big city or small town,  
Makes no difference if you were black or white  
Or yellow, red or brown.

For all we see is a veteran  
Who has earned our humble goodbyes,  
So one by one we'll salute you  
Before the casket in which you lie.

Your life's journey now has ended  
But another has just begun,  
So farewell our new found brother  
Taps has blown and your Day is Done...

Respectfully submitted,  
Charlie Tritto, Assistant New York State Coordinator