



POEMS by Robert Fischer

Uncommon People 2003

We are blessed with uncommon people,
with dreams that reach for the sky.
Others of us with feet on the ground,
can only imagine why.

Human beings have orbited earth,
and even have walked on the moon.
And there is a lab moving in space,
that we will be linking with soon.

These special folks, woman and men,
are the very best at what they do.
And patiently wait for that certain call,
When they will reach for the blue.

Special folks, we have to say yes,
would you want to take their place?
Perched on top of a rocket pad,
blasting to somewhere in space.

Some of these folks are married,
with family and loved ones that care.
That one day they will venture,
some where, way out there.

They boarded the shuttle one morning,
everything seemed to say GO.
The launch appeared to be normal,
how could they possibly know?

And diligently, they completed the task.
The mission went according to plan.
There was a feeling of satisfaction,
for every woman and man

And then the re entry, what went wrong,
the end of the mission for seven.
But the start of the final journey in space,
A journey that took them to heaven.



