

ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 2003 I CELEBRATED MY BOTH BIRTHDAY TOGETHER WITH MY GRANDSON SCOTT OGLE WHO WAS CELEBRATING HIS 11<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY. DURING THE WONDERFUL SURPRISE GATHERING, ARRANGED BY MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE CAROL, WITH MY CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN AND MANY DEAR FRIENDS, DAUGHTER STACEY SHARED THE FOLLOWING POEM.

A STAFF FRIEND AT WHITTIER SCHOOL IN FIRECREST, WHERE SCOTT IS IN THE 5<sup>TH</sup> GRADE, HAD ASKED STACEY IF SHE HAD SEEN SCOTT'S POEM, WHICH WAS POSTED, ALONG WITH OTHER POEMS AND SCOTT'S SKETCH OF THE COLUMBIA SHUTTLE, IN THE SCHOOL'S DISPLAY CASE AS A TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO "THOSE SEVEN BRAVE ASTRONAUTS".

A SURPRISED STACEY ... HE HADN'T MENTIONED IT TO HIS PARENTS YET ... HAD BEEN AS EMOTIONALLY MOVED AS THE REST OF US WHO SHARED THE READING OF THIS GEM DURING OUR BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

This poem is a tribute true  
To those seven brave astronauts - their families, too.  
In a blazing fireball, they fell from the sky  
While I sat on my couch, a tear in my eye.  
The incident, I feel, was a tragedy  
I don't feel this alone, believe you me.  
I'm sure you know that I felt great grief  
As I stood there watching, in disbelief.  
This feeling I feel is not only my own  
But also for their loved ones, who are now all alone.  
And as I stood there watching, I wondered why  
Things like this must happen, and great people must die.  
But they died for science, their cause was true  
And I hope has meant something to all of you.

Scott Ogle, February 1, 2003