



MASTER CHIEF R. R. REEVES

In a room where, in silence, he goes to reflect
Thirty years that ran life through his veins,
He remembers the days when the ships and the sea
Were the chariot, and he held the reins.

A curly-haired boy saw no promise ahead
From his life in the sandy Midwest
So a voice in his heart turned the course of his life
And Time-Served turned him into the best

The boy of sixteen quickly grew to a man
Whose career shone like gold in the sun
He moved through the ranks for his conduct and truth
There is wrong, there is right - you choose one

He taught some about life, he taught some about death
Those who stood at the crossroads of fate
Were his favorites, the men with a mark or two down
And a choice they were too young to make

They wanted to go and they wanted to stay
And they wanted to jump off and swim
He explained all the angles, let them make their own choice
Much more often than not, they stayed in.

When this gentleman spoke no-one uttered a sound
From the ranks both below and above
It was not out of fear, disregard, or dislike
But from the highest respect and earned trust

For the man who stood true behind every word
Kept his ground watching other men run
Pain will shatter like glass all that bravery claimed
While the war was eclipsed by the sun



When time rang its bell and the piper came calling
For the ones who failed Discipline Class
Career-ending words echoed down through the halls
This man's record was spotless as glass

He didn't enlarge nor misquote his success
Late at night over vodka or Jack
A life saved or lost sat on absolute knowledge
Of procedure and errorless fact.

He was photographed, honored, awarded, and praised
By Officials at sea and on land
In recognition and thanks for superior work
By the Master Chief's capable hands

His awards were for leadership, judgment and skill
He'd be first to jump in to command
Not for ego, career, nor political gain
For the lives and the futures at hand

Then the day had to come when the sailors went home
And the officers left for the shore
While the thousands rejoiced, one soul pondered inside
What the calling would be in his core

Now these letters, medallions, certificates, plaques
Show the differences made by one man
Whose career was his breath and the blood in his veins
When his destiny called him to land.

In a room where he goes to reflect on the time
When the sea and the stars shone the way
The walls tell his story, his life; and he wonders
How the time slipped so quickly away.

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