

# The Hearts and Souls of the Loose Double-Deuce

36 boys set sail that June day in waters deep and uncharted;  
We were guided by determination that was very strong hearted.  
War waged on in the South China Sea where lives hung on every choice;  
We vowed to embrace it with an oath and an all-in-one voice.



The 36 came to know one another  
Like mother, father, sister and brother.  
We marched, toiled, and sweat all summer  
We grew in poise to the beat of the drummer.

Our leaders were Norris, McDevitt, and Wheels  
They prepared us for much and especially for meals.  
Soon the brigade returned and all hell broke loose  
In the spaces and passageways of the Loose Double-Deuce.



There were "Chow Calls" to be said for our bread,  
And "Come Aroun's" where it paid to be well-read.  
For being unprepared we had to make chins,  
And for being complacent we wiped off our grins.

We marched double to the rear with a slight hesitation  
Our returns to our rooms were full of fear and intrepidation.  
Academic and military grades hung over us like a noose  
In the crests and troughs of the Loose Double-Deuce.

Plebe year with all its joys and woes ended  
To our next rank of "youngster" we ascended.  
That year was nothing eventful, meaningful, or loud  
Our place was to support and go along with the crowd.

During "decision year" we were coddled and nourished  
Our hair grew longer and our social lives flourished.  
Some of our "extravagance" led to abuse  
In the rest and release of the Loose Double-Deuce.

As juniors, we took the first step in our quest for command;  
Professional excellence and empathy was a demand.  
Our increased responsibilities were met with rewards;  
We received and were proud of our rings, cars, and swords.



Our love for one another continued to grow  
To where when tested it would beat any foe.  
And to resist the test would be of no use  
In the trials and tribulations of the Loose Double-Deuce.

The training was not over we heard again and again  
The sail still had seams in this fabric of now 19 men.  
Those not present were still part, and encouraged us from afar  
To reach for our dream and to follow that star.



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*In the stress of the home stretch, the fabric was torn  
To repair the tear - true leaders were born.  
The rift left two sides and forced many to choose  
In the minds and egos of the Loose Double-Deuce.*

*Like all wars that tore us,  
To have this story end victorious in one joyful chorus  
It took what it takes like all men before us  
To love as we were loved by the womb that bore us.*

*"For no greater love hath a man than to give his life for a friend."  
This is the love that brings us together again.  
This is the love which is the "good news"  
In the hearts and souls of the Loose Double-Deuce.*

*The End is Just the Beginning!!!*

*20 April 2007*



*Staffed and scripted on the occasion of our re-union aboard the  
"Explorer of the Seas" by and presented to:*

*Steve and Catherine Shegrud - stateroom #8630  
John and Diane Mauthe - stateroom #8576  
Brian and Chris Schires - stateroom #8572  
Jim and Connie Hubbard - stateroom #8334  
Harry and Christine Lee - stateroom #8636  
Art, Denise, and Alice Masotes - stateroom #8260  
Tom and Laurie Dlugolecki - stateroom #8542  
Roy and Deborah Bass - stateroom #8552  
John and Tracie Breidenthal - stateroom #8568  
Tom and Peggy Flint - stateroom #8590  
Bob and Toni Meunier - stateroom #8594  
Mike and Lisa Lake - stateroom #8596*



*"Show us the love!"*

*The Loose Double Deuce  
On-Cruise*