**Trail Warrior Ron**

*August 29, 2013*

The Call once more rings out for Help.

A Victim cries in Need.

Dead Loved Ones.

Broken Body.

Ruined Mind or Health.

Cries for that Faithful Slender Reed.

A Champion.

Trial Warrior to Mount the Fight.

Against Kings Ruthless Ministers or Private Soulless Heartless

Corporate Profiteers of Misery Pain Death and Greed.

What line their Pockets Coffers Vaults with Spoils of Wealth.

So wrung. From Human Loss Heartache and Misery.

Once More Alarm of Justice Sounds.

Or Feeble Whisper of Hope Implores.

Justice Bell what calls for.

Trial Lawyer to answer Call and Serve.

Tolls. Alas today No Knight to join the Battle as once was so ready fearless sure before.

For Ron has Fallen.

Lies in a Lifeless Clay Vessel.

Struck Down. Fallen back to Dust.

In This Earthly Bourne.

Mere Dust upon the Cosmic Floor.

Cold. Dead. Drifted through the Door.

What awaits All who Live Think Be.

His Soul Spirit Atman Pneuma Anima left Us for Evermore.

Yet Say be Thee not so Faint of Heart.

Nor Despair. Nor Numb with Woe.

Cede not all Hope.

As Thy Mourne and Grieve.

For as We and all Those in Need bear lose pain blow.

Lough. As Ron so Flys.

To other Battles.

Heeds Other Victims Call and Cry.

Must Go.

To Vale of Next Realm of Challenge Care Compassion Mercy Depart.

Take Leave. He passes Torch.

To Thee and I. Gift He so to Us Granted. Taught.

We so cherish at Sad Setting of Ron's Sun.

So Treasure and Receive.

To Fight. As Ron so Fought.

Ask for No Quarter.

Give None.

Fear not to Fail.

Fear not to Fall.

Fear not to Lose.

Fear nor to even Die.

Strive. Try. Do.

Believe.