

Can you find the names of all 65 US MSOs in the following paragraph??
(*answer at bottom of this page*)

I felt a strange alacrity; you know that energy you get when you engage in implicit skill along with the ability and vigor to become aggressive enough and agile in your own right to affray with sufficient force having no esteem for that gallant yet illusive leader that you have shown loyalty and fidelity too; along with that pledge that became vital to the stalwart sagacity that allowed you to fortify your fearless exploit and not just become an observer and pluck any valor out of that direct conflict without a bold yet massive bulwark to enhance your firm and persistent venture with that constant dash of endurance that has allowed you to excel as a notable guide without a prime rival to keep you on the pinnacle of lucid thoughts as your friends become impervious to the prestige that you seem to inflict on those around you with a somewhat dynamic, if not exultant advance towards that adroit goal with the assurance that you can avenge that dominant but nimble salute that you give with that sturdy handshake as you swerve and pivot to dodge that grim reaper that will embattle your conquest to the acme of your success as you struggle through the metal detector of life.

Author Unknown

That's my MSO down there; which one is yours?

It was a terribly long walk down that very short pier
I asked myself many times did I really want to be here
But that old wooden ship that was painted haze gray
Was my ticket to the world and I could get away

Get away from myself and the trials of my days
We would go out to sea and that old ship would raise
She would buck and sway and slam us back down
In that foamy green brine she'd bounce all around

It was hard times at best but she always got us there
You'd think that you couldn't even like it or care
But you did in spite of the miserable days and the nights
That the old ship took away from you in small little bites

You prayed and you prayed to get off that trash heap
And you asked yourself why you loved that old sweep
It was hard to admit, what you really went through
Not just for the ship, but for the rest of the crew

I was back on that pier, it was called number nine
Had all that I owned, everything that was mine
Stuck in a big canvas bag, strapped over my shoulder
I spent my time there and was feeling much older

Time had passed by much faster than I thought
I was proud of my service and what I was taught
Did I really want to leave her and just get out of here
It was a terribly long walk down that very short pier

She's still afloat today with her leaks and bad wood
Waiting with six others to be saved as we should
We can't afford to forget, with a different course to steer
It will be a terribly long walk down a very short pier

So do what you can and be proud of your ship
And join with our group for a very long trip
A trip for believers and not for the weak hearted
It's going to take from us all, so now let's get started

Author Unknown

Seems like a lifetime ??

The first time I saw her; has it been forty years
seems like a lifetime when you add laughter and tears
We didn't get on well those first few days
I was told we'd get better it was just a phase
After a time I guess that we grew on each other
more like new friends, or a son with his mother
She took me to raise and her lessons were tough
I didn't fight her approach it was more than enough
The first year of my training came and went
our time together was good and well spent
We traveled the world with her strength and our skills
it was always a new challenge, a strong battle of wills
She had many men that called her mistress and friend
she loved and cared for them all, and worked to defend
We went through a period sharing hard love and hate
it wasn't just me anymore, it had been others of late
Her affections in year two were far less that I needed
I grew accustomed to her lessons and always heeded

The new men she shared with but still found a way
to the needs of us all during the pressures of the day
Her name became a word that I used quite often
forty years later while I tempered and softened
Her fate was defined many years in the past
her life was over she was stripped of her mast
The keel was mangled with machines of steel
I should have been there and I felt like a heel
She didn't get treated with the respect she was due
the men that she loved both the old and the new
Waited and waited for some kind word or deed
that would save at least one that was all we need
Gone and forgotten, the last of her kind
never to sail for new places she'd find
I'll remember her name but not all her history
most will be lost and it's not such a mystery
She was an old wooden ship, not worth a dime
rotten to the keel and had outlived her time
Rip her to shreds and tear her apart
only she knew that it broke my heart
We'll keep her alive somewhere in our dreams
she'll be with us forever at least so it seems
A young sailor saluted her forty years ago
and was proud years many later of his MSO
~Author Unknown

I felt a strange alacrity; you know that energy you get when you engage in implicit skill along with the ability and vigor to become aggressive enough and agile in your own right to affray with sufficient force having no esteem for that gallant yet illusive leader that you have shown loyalty and fidelity too; along with that pledge that became vital to the stalwart sagacity that allowed you to fortify your fearless exploit and not just become an observer and pluck any valor out of that direct conflict without a bold yet massive bulwark to enhance your firm and persistent venture with that constant dash of endurance that has allowed you to excel as a notable guide without a prime rival to keep you on the pinnacle of lucid thoughts as your friends become impervious to the prestige that you seem to inflict on those around you with a somewhat dynamic, if not exultant advance towards that adroit goal with the assurance that you can avenge that dominant but nimble salute that you give with that sturdy handshake as you swerve and pivot to dodge that grim reaper that will embattle your conquest to the acme of your success as you struggle through the metal detector of life.