

The Final Inspection

*The soldier stood and faced his God
Which must always come to pass
He hoped his shoes were shining bright
Just as brightly as his brass
"Step forward now, soldier,
How shall I deal with you?
Have you turned the other cheek?
To my Church have you been true?"
The soldier squared his shoulders and said,
"No Lord I guess I ain't
Because those of us who carry guns
can't always be a saint.
I've had to work most Sundays
and at times my talk was tough,
But, I never took a thing
That wasn't mine to keep...
Though I worked a lot of overtime
When the bills got just too steep,
And I never passed a cry for help,
Though at times I shook with fear,
And sometimes, God forgive me,
I've wept unmanly tears.
I know I don't deserve a place
Among the people here,*

*They never wanted me around
Except to calm their fears.
If you've a place for me here, Lord,
It needn't be so grand,
I never expected or had too much,
But if you don't I'll understand."
There was a silence all around the throne
Where the saints often trod
As the soldier waited quietly,
for the judgment of his God,
"Step forward now, soldier,
You've borne your burdens well,
Come walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've done your time in HELL."*