

## The Final Inspection

The soldier stood and faced God  
Which must always come to pass  
He hoped his shoes were shining  
Just as brightly as his brass

"Step Forward Now, You Soldier  
How shall I deal with you?  
Have you always turned the other cheek  
To the 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  
And sometimes I've been violent,  
Because the world is awfully rough.

But, I never took a penny  
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 had often trod  
As the soldier waited quietly  
For the Judgment of his God

"Step forward now, you soldier,  
You've borne your burdens well,  
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,  
You've done your time in Hell."

To all who have served their country  
Wayne Gunter