

Dedicated to the Canadian troops who lost their lives April 17, 2001. Rest in peace, and God be with you.

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 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;
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 just got 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 fear.

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 judgement 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 Serve and have Served