Faith Matters

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No Regrets: THE FINAL INSPECTION

APRIL 24TH 2012 BY STAFF WRITER

No Regrets ype THE FINAL INSPECTION

This was shared by one of our ShowMe Times readers and as many pass along emails that take on political positions, we never want to fail to give the proper honor and respect to our servicemen of the United States Military. These men and women deserve a large degree of thanks from us all and a tribute for the freedoms of life that we enjoy in our country.

So I would ask that you take a moment to read this short poem. Though the presentation may not completely meet with your approval, the truth in the words are real and offer us a different perspective from the eyes of a soldier.

May God continue to bless all of our soldiers with his mercy, protection and grace. May they be kept from harms way and always be able to protect this great Nation.

Know that many of our WWII Veterans are growing old and the history of their service and the experiences of freedom will only be carried forward by our preservation of their memories. We should all be encouraged to stop our busy schedules and offer a deep, heartfelt "thank you" to these gentlemen.

From Korea, to Vietnam, to the Persian Gulf and many other conflicts, the American soldier has made personal sacrifice to bring freedom. Many have gone on with their lives and have never felt the appreciation that was deserved.

If you have a member of your family, a friend or someone that you know deserves this

spotlight, we would ask that you offer a salute to them by going to our Facebook page and share their name, branch of service and give them a well deserved "shout out" of appreciation. Our Facebook Page is: https://www.facebook.com/showmetimes.

If it weren't for the United States military, there'd be NO United States of America.

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, 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 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.

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As the Soldier waited quietly, For the judgment of his God. 'Step forward now, you Soldier, Syon weborne your burdens well. Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,

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Who has given us the freedom of the press.

It's the Soldier, not the poet,
Who has given us the freedom of speech.

It's the Soldier, not the politicians
That ensures our right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

It's the Soldier who salutes the flag,
Who serves beneath the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the flag.

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