

"Freedom"



I take pen in hand to share my heart,
For the thanks I feel for those who are doing their part,
To fight the battle to keep this land free,
While life goes on as usual for you and me.
As we look about us, many freedoms we see,
Our freedom to vote, the cost many don't see.
Look around you, look with your eye,
No smoke clouds, no planes screaming in the sky.
No bombs or shells exploding to pierce our ear,
A peaceful land we see, far and near.
So let us also honor the dad, the mother and wife,
Who watch and wait, fearing for their loved one's life.
The children who wait for Dad to come home,
While they face life's little battles all alone,
Without their Dad to help them conquer those fears,
He is not there with Mom to dry their tears.
Who changes the diapers and writes letters at night,
To their loved ones who have gone off to fight.
Our hearts should bleed and our eyes fill with tears,
For the many who will give their life yet it seems no one cares,
Enough to stop this war and count the dreadful cost,
Of the pain it causes to families of those who are lost.
Of the cost our nation will continue to feel for years to come,
When our boys come home with scars that can't heal for some,
Their lives destroyed by the scars of things they've seen,
Only the Lord can heal us and them, as on Him we lean.

By Louise Hall