

☪ The Promise

© 2013 by Chaplain Steve Janke

We each carried a letter just in case
Mr. Death we had to face.
The letter was to our family.
Especially Mom and Dad for we'd know they'd be terribly sad.
We made each other a promise
Which we didn't have to keep.
For none of us went down for that deep eternal sleep.
The casket with the letter was promised homeward bound.
And that we'd stay with the other's family
Till our friend was in the ground.
For years I kept the letter and other
Things from the war.
They were safely tucked away
Inside a dresser drawer.
Then one day out of anger I threw nearly every item out.
For there are times when that is also
What a soldier's war's about.
Peace has finally come to me.
It has taken many years.
Time and GRACE has helped me also
To overcome my fears.