



A Heart's Cry

**I'm not a mother with a boy over there,
With the burden of fear and the load of care.**

**Nor am I a wife with a child in my arms,
Hoping Daddy will come home without any harm.**

**But as I listen to the news, I start to cry,
Over the troops in combat that meet our eye.**

**Just young boys that have hardly tasted life,
Many who won't come home to that child or wife.**

**So I ask myself what can I possibly do,
For those who are dying for me and you.**

**So I'll pray for our nation and it's leaders, too,
And hang the yellow ribbons to remind me and you.**

**So if you know a family that's sick with fear,
Give a touch of your hand and let them hear,**

**Caring words that come from your heart,
And praying to our Saviour can be our part.**

By Louise Hall