

“Reflections at Arlington National Cemetery”



**As I stood and watched the changing of the guard,
They said it was a soldier known only to God.
But somewhere a father and mother waited in vain,
To hear from the boy who bore their name.
They waited and waited for some message to hear,
But it never came as they waited year after year.**

**Wars may come and wars may go,
But the anguish they felt we will never know.
Unless for our country a son we share,
And we pray and wait with many a tear.**

**Our fears are many they will not come home,
That they, too, will die in a country not their own.
Does it make any sense, can we not live in peace?
Oh, how we long for all wars to cease.**

**Then once again our eyes drift away to the many rows of graves,
As the flag flies half-mast and in the wind it waves,
As if to say farewell to that army of men,
Who gave their life our freedom to win.**

**As I continue to gaze at the tombs in neat white rows,
How many rivers of tears were shed no one knows.
They gave their all, they gave their best,
Now here in Arlington they have found their rest.
The bodies may be here but the soul has gone on,
And lives forever in its eternal home.**

**As I bow my head with hand over heart,
I give thanks to God, these were willing to do their part.**

By Louise Hall