

# "Scars of War"

Watching TV, we hear bombs explode and bullets fly,  
We continue to seek answers and question why.  
Our young men and women must die in a foreign land,  
As they experience the heat and trudge in the sand.  
No time for sleep as these soldiers march on,  
And mothers pray their children will soon come home.  
They grow too soon old because of the sights they've seen,  
As they see the bodies fall and hear the scream,  
Of one of their buddies they've come to love.  
They curse the enemy and perhaps look above,  
To heal their hurt and dry the tear in their eye,  
As these boys become men, too old to cry.  
In the heat of the battle they want to yell,  
"Dear Lord, get us out of this living Hell."  
But they grit their teeth and continue to fight,  
For the country they love and the cause of right.  
That others may be free and live in a land,  
Like the one they're protecting from an evil hand.  
So fight on bravely, our soldier boys, we pray for you,  
We know you'll come home with scars no man can view.  
For deep inside the soul, nothing can be the same,  
The only relief from memory will be to call the name,  
Of a Savior in heaven that once hung on a cross,  
He gave His life also, to save us from great loss.  
That we might be made free, He carries the scar,  
So as we think of you often, we pray for an end to this war.  
That you might come home to your mothers and wives,  
But we'll never forget those who gave their lives.  
They won't come home and we watch their families grieve,  
All we can do is pray that this sorrow our Lord will relieve.  
May His presence surround you and let you feel,  
The comfort that only Jesus can give to help you heal,  
From the things you've seen and been called to do.  
With Jesus as our Savior, He can make all things new.  
We love and admire you for the things you've done.  
And just want you to know we'd be honored to call you our son.  
Written by Louise Hall, 4-11-2003 during War with Iraq