

## ***The Final Inspection***



**The Soldier stood and faced God, Which must always come to pass.  
He hoped his shoes were shining, Just as brightly as his brass.**

**'Step forward now, Soldier, How shall I deal with you?  
Have you always turned the other cheek? To My Church have you been true?'  
The soldier squared his shoulders and said, 'no, Lord, I guess I ain't.  
Because those of us who carry guns, Can't always be a saint.**

**I've had to work most Sundays, And at times my talk was tough.  
And sometimes I've been violent, Because the world is awfully rough.  
But, I never took a penny, That wasn't mine to keep.  
Though I worked a lot of overtime, When the bills just got too steep.  
And I never passed a cry for help, Though at times I shook with fear.  
And sometimes, God, forgive me, I've wept unmanly tears.**

**I know I don't deserve a place, Among the people here.  
They never wanted me around, Except to calm their fears.**

**If you've a place for me here, Lord, It needn't be so grand.  
I never expected or had too much, But if you don't, I'll understand.**

**There was a silence all around the throne, Where the saints had often trod.  
As the Soldier waited quietly, For the judgment of his God.**

**'Step forward now, you Soldier, You've borne your burdens well.  
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,  
You've done your time in Hell.'**

*~Author Unknown~*