

## Remembering War Parents.

I barely remember when I was a boy,  
These planes brought such dread as they flew in the sky,  
We never could tell, were they foe or our friends,  
As we wondered each time where their journey would end.

Adults they would listen for the news every day,  
And I guess they had places where they entered to pray.  
For that son or that daughter far far from their home,  
Where the battles were raging they were still not alone.

The war it dragged on weary parents were sad,  
As the postman delivered the news that was bad,  
No counselling service where they could find peace,  
No escape from this madness would there be no release.?

The grief that they bore, most often alone,  
Especially the mother, for dads were not home.  
In lumber camps working for months they were gone,  
While the fighting continued and the battle raged on.

Many Fathers found solace by the trunk of a tree,  
As they thought of their children and they went to their knees.  
And they pleaded for peace with hot tears on their face,  
And God gave them the strength and He gave them the grace.

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