

In Memory

By Pastor Ronnie Wolfe - 5/27/2010

A nation built by death and tears
Has come to lax throughout the years
And, cumbered with so many things,
Listens not as the sparrow sings.

She dances in the dark of night,
Entertains her friends till light,
Sleeps till noon in light of day,
And throws her memories far away.

Remembers not the battle cry,
The swords, the planes in the warrior sky,
Nor thinks of men who gave their lives,
The wounds on which this country thrives.

Look back again, my country fair
At noble men out there somewhere,
Who gave it all for thee to live,
For younger ones their lives to give.

Now sits a country tilting free
Upon the fulcrum all can see.
Which way to turn to set us free?
Forget not ““sea to shining sea.””