

To Dion

PRAYER FOR MY SON IN UNIFORM

*Dear God, if you can hear
Above the bomber's roar this fervent prayer:
Even in cold war there is death and pain,
Oh, let my son come safely home again.*

*I wait at home a thousand miles away,
Counting the years, the hours of each day.
He stands tall and proud among the servicemen,
But guard him God; I shall sleep better then.*



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