

The Final Inspection

by Author Unknown

The airman stood and faced God,
Which happens to everyone at the end of things.
He hoped his shoes were shining,
Just as brightly as his wings.

"Step forward now, my young airman,
How shall I deal with you?
Have you always turned the other cheek?
To My church have you been true?"

The airman squared his shoulders and said,
"No, Lord, I guess I ain't.
Because those of us who carry guns, Sir,
Can't always act a saint.

I've had to work most Sundays,
And at times my talk was tough.
And sometimes I've been violent,
Because this world's been awful rough.

But, I never took a penny,
That wasn't mine to keep...
Although I've worked a lot of overtime,
When the bills got too steep.

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 sure understand.

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

"Step forward now, my young airman,
You've borne your burdens well.
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets,
You've already done your time in Hell."