

WHAT IS A HERO?

They didn't want war. Didn't ask for a fight.
Not the pain, not the shooting, the killing, the blood.

But they knew they'd been called on,
and hoped it was right –

so they trained in the heat, and the dust and the mud.

Then they mustered their courage –
a gift from a God they weren't sure could be trusted
to bring them back well.

As the "I"s and the "me"s became one, in a squad
they were marched into what they had heard
would be *hell*.

And it was.

Only worse. So the nightmares began,
as they will, when a man sees the darkest abyss,
then does what he must with his mind and his hand
to protect total strangers.

Were *their* lives worth his?

But then, a magnificent gift fell like rain.
Still aware that his own life might suddenly end,
every man felt inside what he couldn't explain:

That he'd give *everything* – even die – for a friend.

Why do some lose their lives in the course of their duty
while soldiers beside them survive the same dangers?

So *others* can hear of the terrors – *and beauty* –

of risking one's life for a friend,
and for strangers.

Some heroes come home and they tell an odd tale:

How a God that they weren't even sure they could trust,
put a love in their hearts that made all others pale.

He must want us to know why He suffered for us.

