A Marines Final Inspection

The Marine stood and faced God Which must always come to pass
He hoped his shoes were shining Just as brightly as his brass.
"Step forward Marine, How shall I deal with you?
Have you always turned the other cheek? To My Church have you been true?"

The Marine squared his shoulders and said, "No, Lord, I guess I ain't
Because those of us who carry guns Can't always be a saint.
I've had to work most Sundays And at times my talk was tough,
And sometimes I've been violent, Because the world is awfully rough.
But, I never took a penny That wasn't mine to keep...
Though I worked a lot of overtime When the bills got just too steep.
And 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 understand."
There was a silence all around the throne Where the saints had often trod

As the Marine waited quietly, For the judgment of his God.
"Step forward Marine, You've borne your burdens well,
Walk peacefully on Heaven's streets, You've done your time in Hell."