

Gold Star Tribute

He knows. He knows the day and time. He knows the heart of one who fights and falls. He knows the heart of each one left behind. He knows each soul who lives because we lived, and those who live because we died. He knows.

He knows the ache and stress of trying, to live for love, yet dying. He knows the darkness of our end, brightness of new beginning. He knows we meet again, better, stronger, later.

He knows the hawk, that like the dove, takes wing with purpose. He knows the courage shown to go, shown again that day. He knows so much we do not, so much He does not say, except in signs and symbols, shown along the way.

He knows it hurts. He knows we grow. He knows it is not where we fall or when, but how full the heart, how real the hope, how much we cared, and then -. If not a sparrow falls without His knowing, not an Eagle either. If not a hair stirs without His knowing, love surrounds our going.

But going is only what it seems, to those from whom we leave. Coming is more the point, gone mortal sorrows, granted full reprieve. None of this makes sense, not the loss or sorrow, empty feeling, new with each tomorrow - except that meaning comes in every breath we breathe, a chance to be, to give, to step forward as they did, to live until we leave.

He knows, and nothing else matters except that we do too. Not politics or prose, not the din of battle, not when, where, or how we fall, no matter worldly prattle. What matters is this - that all we touch we leaven, clear in the view, held firm and true, that we meet again in heaven.

He knows the heart of one who fights and falls, knows the hearts they leave. He knows the depth of love and honor shown, sword, reward, and sorrow. He knows how heavy is a heart consumed by grief, and how light the one that parts in peace, lifted by belief.

- Robert B. Charles