



TIME TO CALL THE ROLL

It's time for us to call the roll, time for us to be proud and whole.
Fifty years since World War II, we held on, stayed strong and true.

Husbands, daughters, fathers and sons, to distant lands they took their guns.
Mothers and wives left home alone, the fear of taps, those lonesome tones.

Yes, it's time to call the roll, tears and hope, we paid the toll.
Anguish deep in a mother's heart, son or daughter, family apart.

A mother's love, endless and true, when oceans apart, the bonding glue.
The men who answered duties call, black and white, short and tall.

Different faces, different minds, farmers, bankers, men of all kind.
It's time to call the roll, they didn't falter, didn't fall.

Our Nation sent its finest crop, face the evil make it stop.
To those of you with heads bowed low, you prayed for those who had to go.

It's time today to set things right, You at home had a different fight.
Their honor and their bravery strong, You gave them faith to right the wrong.

So call the roll far and wide, the ebb and flood, the troubled tide.
The finest crop is what we sent, the costly price for freedom spent.

Some remained on foreign land, Old Glory tightly in their hand.
Over there spread far and wide, no family mourning by their side.

It's time for the roll call, for those who had to fall.
I pray that with the Lord they stand, together watching over this land.

As we stand here on this hill, its time to reflect, time to be still.
Our hearts fill with pride and pain, Freedom's blood, a lasting stain.

Crosses white in endless row, or single grave our memories show.
Old Glory waving above each one, the price you've paid, the battles won.

To some perhaps they think it odd, to give a life for freedom's sod.
And some will never understand, and take for granted this precious land.

But that is what we do today, give thanks to those who could not stay.
Who fought the good fight, gave it all, that's the reason for this call.

Close your eyes and listen all, as they step to the line for this Memorial Call.
Hear them shout "HERE" and smile, can you see the line, it goes on for miles.

Not just soldiers on the line, but members of families left behind.
Hand in hand, and endless chain, Our comrades safe and free from pain.

Kevin J. Rifenburg
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