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The Fall of Corporal D.

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The Fall of Corporal D.

When morning broke, they searched for the relief watch to come so he could drink and sleep. There's an expression used to describe the sound a bullet makes—it cracks as the air near your ear is disturbed by the speed of the projectile. You can't really appreciate this expression until you've heard the sound yourself.

The air around Corporal D. began to crack, and crack. The New People's Army was at work, and they were shooters. He had orders to return fire, but self-preservation mandated pulling the trigger anyhow.

When morning broke they searched the grounds for casualties. Two NPAs had died from rounds out of Corporal D.'s weapon. He shared it with his A-gunner, and there was no way to know for certain which had fired those rounds.

Both were given two confirmed kills. At least one discovered his life had changed.

John Boots

The day will come when we all stand at the gates of heaven to account for our time on earth. When we come before the Savior, all the "stuff" we accumulated over the years will be left behind. We must then ask ourselves, what is important? Is it important that we worked hard most of our lives to accumulate "stuff"? Or is it more important how we spent our days while we lived on earth? The days turn to weeks, the weeks to months, and the months to years. Soon the years seem to pass as quickly as the days. The answer seems simple—we should concentrate on the days and live each to its fullest. But if the answer is so simple, why is it so hard to accomplish?

How should we spend our days? Should we spend them working so hard that when we come home it's all we can do to spend a few minutes of quality time with our loved ones? Then have a few minutes to ourselves so that we can get to sleep in order to rejuvenate our bodies, only to do it all again the next day. Then what? Thank God it's Friday, now we have a couple of days to clean the house, work in the yard, spend some fun time with the kids, socialize with our friends. Maybe we will even find some time to worship God, on Sunday, if we're not out of town or something.

Wait a minute—it's all mixed up, isn't it? What is our goal in life? Is it to accumulate all the stuff we can? A big house, two new cars, nice furniture, an impressive job title, a ski boat and Harley Davidson. Or is our goal to pass on to our legacy to our children that illustrates our ability to worship God and the rewards associated with our faith? God created the earth and every person, plant and animal on it for our enjoyment. So why then don't we take the time to enjoy these things? Why don't we take the time to enjoy our family, our friends, the mountains, the rivers, the oceans, the sky, the flowers—the whole earth in all its splendor?

When we stand at the gates of heaven, what will we have? Not "stuff," only God's promise—the promise of eternal life, either in heaven or in hell. If our goal in life was simply to accumulate as much "stuff" as possible, then God will keep His promise and we will spend eternal life in hell. But if our goal was to live each day to its fullest, justifying God, passing on the truth of His promise, then we will have the reward of spending eternal life in heaven. Not only with God, but with all of those to whom we passed on the legacy. Regardless of where we spend eternity, all of the "stuff" we accumulated on this earth will be left behind.

When we get to heaven, imagine how joyful it will be. Then imagine how that joy will be shattered when we hear the cries from hell of those whom we should have spent more time with, passing on the legacy. Worst of all, imagine if one of those was our child, the very child who, before he could talk, taught us the meaning of unconditional love. That's the kind of love that God has for us. Even though we are all sinners, He loves us unconditionally. He loves us so much that He sent His own Son. Imagine God must have felt when He heard the cries of His Son on the cross.

So then, how should we spend our days? In this world there are some things we must do. Even though it may seem contradictory, we must go to school, we must work to provide for our families, to put food on the table and clothes on our back. Can't we end it there? Can't our lives be complete with just the minimum amount of effort expended towards accumulating "stuff"?

What if? What if we spent a little less time working, just enough to provide the necessities, and spent the rest of the time passing on the legacy? What if we were able to be home when our kids got out of school? What if we spent hours per day (instead of minutes) with our children? What if...