

Toward the Angels

Angels overheard our praise
For God and giving thanks
An odyssey begun on blue marching sea
Was done

Nearby, the trumpets blaring horn
Called my father to the other side
He breathed his last fragrant scents
And saw past landmarks
In our eyes

By the marbled halls of Navy's walls
Through Annapolis alleys
Down sandy shore
He journeyed one last time
To God's cathedral
At open door
My father says profound goodbyes
To friends, to the land
He knew as home

From the heavens he hears
His news, "Tis time
To seek another stay
To a place shaped by spirits old
Up craggy slopes he pulls,
'Til nestled in the newborn night
What was dark, now light
Angels beaming by his brow

Mother's breathe so close
As a heartbeat
Repeats his childhood tale
"Son, 'tis time to wake to life
Your eternal rest"
"I am here, dear mother"

"You are my son,
So dear to me,
And no longer below
The stars, together I will show
You to your Father's knee
And we will bow forever
Blessed by God's eternity"

"Son, Father waits, your
Lord and Maker tell
All the heavens and the earth

How you journeyed well.

“Mother, in this newfound place
Can I be lifted up?
From dust to glory
As God’s soldier
To Lord, true King?”

“Yes, dear son, the clan is here
Claiming all is well
Now step onto the other side
And from above you’ll see
You were a part
From patriarch to patriarch
Of God’s eternity

“Then mother and Father,
I bow my head
Remember McNair for heroic tries
Efforts to skill
On ground
And why I tried to teach what I was taught
By the age old patriarchs

Live this day with passion well
Love your neighbor, always tell
Guard your dreams
They will become
Beacons for youth
To rise upon
Farewell, my loves, farewell.”