

## **Wake up ... Recover**

He slowly stirred himself awake,  
He looked around the room.  
His body shrouded in a sheet,  
The smell of antiseptic hospital air.

What had happened while he slept?  
Had the surgeon done his best?  
He feared to look beneath the sheet,  
His arm was injured but was it there?

Across the aisle another bed,  
A soldier sitting upright there.  
And though he smiled and sat straight and strong,  
The left arm was missing, his arm was gone.

The surgeon had saved his life,  
The left arm was missing.  
With nervousness and fear he lifted the sheet,  
Thank you, God!

Why do we fear, what fears do we know?  
What is important and what not really so?  
The surgeon had done his job well.  
The healing had begun.

Men with him had died.  
No more would they wonder or fear.  
They could have cared less for an arm or a leg.  
It was life they were missing and his had been saved.

Life takes strange turns and we may never know why.  
Don't fret over an arm when another lost a life.  
Be thankful for the day and the loved ones to be held.  
Tomorrow starts today ... be thankful, go home.