

## *And then...*

The knock on the door, that look on the face  
The families find out the time and the place...  
They'll always remember, they'll never forget  
their loved one's returning, but not how they left.

To pass on the message to others who knew  
to families and friends, the list how it grew.  
The tears and the heartache, the questions and more,  
the knowing they'll never walk back through the door.

The stillness of time as the bad news is spread  
on TV, in papers that never get read.  
The grief shared with people that they do not know,  
the cameras, the watching, wherever they go.

And then there's the homecoming, public and sad  
as the plane touches down, the memories they had.  
A time to be quiet, a moment to grieve  
then cars, roses, cameras, and their loved one leaves.

*And then* there's the long wait to say real goodbyes,  
to snatch precious minutes, in private, to cry.

*And then* there's a date and the planning can start,  
the music, the words, stay for ever in hearts.

A funeral procession, a town rallies round  
in silence, respectful, there's not any sound,  
as the car with their loved one drives slowly on by.

They knew it could happen, they knew they could die.

*And then* there's the church overflowing outside.  
a moment of comfort, a moment of pride  
that the life that was taken, so violently done  
has shaken a nation, so many have come,  
to bow down their heads and give thanks and to pray  
to remember for freedom, the price we must pay.

*And then* for these families the time is now here,  
that chapter is over their loved one so dear  
is finally sleeping and resting in peace  
it's time to move on, but remember with ease,  
the laughter, the joy and the good times they shared  
the knowing how much they were loved,  
how they cared for family, for country, the reason they lived  
the ultimate sacrifice - life was their gift.

*And then*, comes the silence, the cameras, the noise  
they cease to display our girls and our boys  
but once every year on a day in November  
in public and private, a time to remember.

The nation again shows its thanks and its sorrow  
for us, those who died and gave up their tomorrow.

Goodnight and sleep peacefully, quietly rest  
dear beloved you've earned it, you're simply the best...