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For the Men in the Foxholes: My Crucifix [Poem]

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For The Men In The Foxholes

"My Crucifix"

I started in my foxhole and I
finished in the hospital

A little metal Crucifix,
As plain as it can be,
But only God in Heaven knows
How dear it is to me.

I have it always with me,
In every step I take,
In evening when I slumber,
In morning when I awake.

In bright or cloudy weather,
In sunshine or in rain,
In happiness or in sorrow,
In pleasure or in pain.

It helps me in my struggles,
It reproves me when I sin,
It's look of gentle patience,
Rebukes the strife within.

In days of pain and anguish,
The greatest help I know,
Was to hold the little Crucifix
Until I clamor grew.

And looking at the figure,
Which hung in patience there,
I saw the dreadful torture
Which He and love did bear.

His feet are nailed together,
His loving arms outspread,
And blood is dripping slowly
Down from His thorn-crowned head.

And how then could I murmur,
Or bitterly complain
When love for me induced Him
To undergo such pain.

So when the time approaches
That I will have to flee,
I hope that little Crucifix
Will close beside me lie.

That the Holy name of Jesus
May be the last I say;
(Jesus, Mary, Joseph, please don't forget
recited three times, every day and night
for your own protection,)
And kissing that dear Crucifix
My soul may pass away.

Men, please don't forget, read this prayer
every moment of the day, and also don't
forget to say your Act of Contrition perfect,
every day and night.
Say also, soldiers, five times,
Our Father, Hail Mary, A glory be etc. for the Holy
Father and the Church.

Please soldiers don't forget to say every day
and night, My Good Lord, I offer Thee this day,
or night,
All I shall do or think or say,
Uniting it with what was done
On earth by Jesus Christ Thy Son,

I wish you soldiers the best of luck,
And pray God will bless and protect you always.

-----Pfc. Elisee A. Dutil
Better known as "Frenchie"
Regt'l Hq. Co., 7th Inf., APO #3