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### **My Son, A Man for All Seasons – A Poem by David J. Marcou**

I know you don't often go to church, if ever.  
I know you don't refrain from swearing, in every instance.  
I know you don't always agree with your old Dad's goals for you.  
However, I do know you are the best and most decent Son,  
Any Father could ever want.  
From your early morning risings, these days,  
In service to our country,  
And your 24/7 endeavors on behalf of our safety and security --  
To the times you still enjoy with friends,  
Some of whom serve our country similarly.  
It used to be you and I spent a lot of time with your grandparents.  
These days, we still enjoy visiting with you, on those rare occasions  
When you're on leave, and in La Crosse.  
But believe me, Matthew, and this is from the heart:  
A Son and Grandson could never be loved more than we love you.  
And it should go without saying – we are very proud of the career path you've chosen,  
Though we want you to be safe-enough and healthy-enough, on the main path, and relevant side-paths,  
And someday have children of your own, the way your Mom, though distant, and I, have you.  
God be with you, and us all, always, Son –  
And keep us posted, whenever you can.

Written by DvJM on Tuesday, Nov. 30, 2010.