**Gold Star Mom**

The banner was small, but the star was large,

The color of a blue, night sky.

She hung it in the window with trembling fingers

And tried hard not to cry.

He was so young to go far away

As all soldiers have to do. She knew that danger

Lurked everywhere,

As she touched the star of blue.

The weeks went by, the months rolled on

She knew he would not die.

Her faith in God held her head up high.

In her heart she sang a song.

But the battles raged. The news was not good

Why did so many have to die? She was cold,

And she felt terribly old

As the day came that she faced with dread.

When a knock on the door

Shattered her life evermore,

And the blue star turned to gold.

***Written by: Esther B. Campbell Gates***