

The Final Hour

We're here to honor our friend Otto
Who was worth more to us than winning the lotto
He was a friend always loyal and true
Though held together by a few screws and glue
He was always on time; he was never late
Why was he the victim of such cruel hate?

Doing his job was his only goal
He was just a poor misunderstood soul
Is waking people up such a terrible crime?
Without him we'd never get up on time!
We'll miss you, Otto, oh yes we will
And we'll bury you on Convoy Hill

"What is the point of this poem?" you ask
To each has been given a lifelong task
Otto did his job as best he could
If only you and I could do so good!
Let's make the most of each day, month, and year
So we'll be ready before our maker to appear

Some day when that heavenly alarm rings
And the angelic cuckoo clock choir sings
"Get up, dear Otto, you faithful awaker"
"It's time to appear before the Great Clockmaker"
With batteries charged he'll rise up to the sky
And he'll look down at us and wave goodbye

Then he'll shout through the thunder and the lightning sparks
"The opposite of Heaven is training at Camp Parks?"

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