

Heaven Needed More Hokies

It was a breezy day in April
Typical on the campus it would seem.
Students & faculty beginning their week
With Virginia Tech spirit powering full steam.

While Hokies crossed the drillfield
Wrapped in jackets and books in hand
The wind was starting to blow
Dark fate was soon to touch Hokie Land.

A troubled dark soul had planned it
Down to the last calculated word.
His life to this point had been meaningless;
His quest left answers totally absurd.

It's possible he never knew love,
Nor Hokie spirit, devotion, or pride
He may never had felt close to anyone
Perhaps raised as an outcast, was deserted, or
had been told lies.

For on that fateful morning
His darkness could no longer hide
His inner demons pressing to be revealed
His hatred spilled over on our Hokie pride.

At first it was an incident,
As horrible as we would want to see;
Taking two of our own
Leaving a cold trail with no leads.

Unable to be satisfied with two deaths
His tortured soul of darkness and hate
Returned to spill out his anger, hopelessness and
hurt.
Wanting others to feel as he did

Now taking our 32 fallen
Fear was heavy in the air
Screams and shots rang out that day
What transpired filled all with despair.

No words could describe the sorrow
Ringing from shore to shore
Whether alumni, faculty, staff, student, or retiree
The tears would not stop...
Hearts aching to the core.

But dark souls cannot crush
That connected feeling so deep
Woven in orange and maroon
Unites us as one ...above defeat.

Tears are endlessly falling
For the 32 who met their fate
Prayers wrapped close our families and friends
Searching for reasons and meaning on this terrible
date.

One fact always is apparent
For those who never knew.
There is a special chemistry
In this small town with the most beautiful view.

Some start by going to school here.
Many decide to stay.
But no dark soul can ever
Take our Hokie spirit away.

God be with the fallen;
Bringing Hokies to heavens' gates;
Hold them dear next to You
For these 32 join you in Love - not hate.

Love will prevail in the long run
But it starts with children at birth.
They must be connected and nurtured
They must feel love, not seek answers in wanting
to hurt.

Hokies: when you raise your young ones
Love them...no matter how tough
Give back the love you share here now
Connected as they grow -- until it's enough.

Only in our connectedness
Can we change the darkness of this world
Finding goodness and reason
Not blame and hatred unfurled.

Now give a shout to all people
For love and support far and wide.
Wolfpack, Mountaineers, and even Wahoos
Have shared today upholding Heavenly Hokie
pride.

4-19-07

By,
Karen Brown – Class of 1976
(Later)
Karen DeBord – Class of 1991

Today: Karen Phillips
(Life happens!)

kdebord@nc.rr.com