



THE ROYAL CA

PTE. UJ (JOE)

POPPY

Why wear a Poppy?

Please wear a poppy, the lady said.
And held one forth, but I shook my head,
Then I stopped and watch, as she offered them
there,
And her face was old and lined with care;
But beneath the scars the years have made
There remained a smile that refused to fade.

A boy came whistling down the street,
Bouncing along on care-free feet
His smile was full of joy and fun.
"Lady", said he, "may I have one?"
When she'd pinned it on he turned to say,
"Why do we wear a poppy today?"

The lady smiled in her wistful way
And answered, "This is Remembrance Day,
And the poppy there is a symbol for
The gallant men who died in war.
And because they did, you and I are free,
That's why we wear a poppy, you see."
And I had a boy about your size,
With golden hair and big blue eyes,
He loved to play and jump and shout,
Free as a bird he would race about.
As the years went by he learned and grew
And became a man, as you will, too.

He was fine and strong, with a boyish smile,
But he seemed with us such a little while
When war broke out and he went away,
I still remember his face that day,

When he smiled back at me and said, "Goodbye,
I'll be back soon, Mom, so please don't cry."

But the war went on and he had to stay
And all I could do was wait and pray,
His letters told of the awful fight.
(I can see it still in my dream at night).
With the tanks and guns and cruel barbed wire,
And the mines and bullets, the bombs and fire.

'Till at last, at last, the war was won,
And that's why we wear a poppy son."
The small boy turned as if to go,
Then said "Thanks, lady, I'm glad to know".
That sure did sound like an awful fight,
But your son, did he come back all right?"

A tear rolled down each faded cheek
She shook her head, but didn't speak,
I slunk away in sort of shame,
And if you were me, you'd have done the same;
For our thanks in giving, is oft delayed.
Though our freedom was bought - and thousands paid!

And so when we see a poppy worn,
Let us reflect on the burden borne,
By these who gave their very all,
When asked to answer the country's call.
That we at home in peace might live.
Then wear a poppy, Remember - and Give.

Little Poppy

Little poppy,
Given to me,
Help me keep our world
Safe and free.

I'll wear a little poppy,
As red as red can be,
To show that I remember
Those who fought for me.

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you, from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

Take two minutes to say
thank you



"The Wave of Silence"

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, We Will Remember Them.*