

Remembrance

Do you remember? Gunshots echoing through the crisp winter breezes, hearing bloody cries in the dead of night and knowing that those are fathers, husbands, uncles and brothers out there sacrificing their lives for you. No, you don't, but you can try to imagine. Imagine your father was enlisted in the army, four hard years without him until one day you get a letter in the mail that says he is dead. Yet, somehow, that is better than getting out alive and having to live with that traumatic experience for the rest of your life. I don't know if words can explain the agony that families felt while knowing someone they loved with all their heart could be dead right then and there. So if you take the time to and think, think about the green uniforms that lined the blood speckled grass of Flanders Fields. Soldiers terrified for their lives, but willing to fight for their country's freedom. And so they fought, with our flag flying high. Through the dark hours until morning light, bloodshed. It's so magnificent how in Flanders Fields all those poppies grew where war used to be found. If you find yourself the time, please find a way to share your love. Whether it be taking a moment of silence, doing some kind of Remembrance Day craft or even just looking at some different websites about it. As Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae said, "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". These people were human too, every single one of the soldiers that died was once someone's child. That's why I will remember and I hope you do too, because those humans (80,757 at least) don't deserve to be forgotten. Lest we forget.