



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 Field

*Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you from falling 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, Dec 8. 1915

Amanda wore her poppy with pride every year. Photograph taken by Amanda