

In Memoriam

They stand
In the mist over the ground of Valley Forge.
They are there, see them!
In the hills
And on the battle fields of Gettysburg,
They Stand!

They wait,
In the morning light falling on the poppies of Verdun.
They stand also,
Among the white memorial stones above the wind-swept beaches of Normandy –
See them?
They are there in the cemeteries of Holland and in the forests of Belgium,
They are there.
They wait,
In the cold of Chosin Reservoir –
And the steaming jungles of Vietnam –
They linger among the stones of Arlington.
They stand wherever they have served –
Quiet ghosts,
Lost in the mist of the past.

We cannot clearly see them,
But they are there,
Waiting.
Not for plaques and memorials carved in stone,
They ask only for a moment of your time to remember what they stood for and
died for.
They stand waiting,
Quietly,
Only for a small moment of your time
And a prayer for them all.