

Mid-week Meditation
November 11, 2020
Rev. Mark McLennan
New St. James Presbyterian Church

For this special day:

Poem: "I don't remember"

Written by a Grade 7 student, source unknown.

I don't remember the sound of guns ringing in my ears.
I don't remember soldiers, buried in the mud.
I don't remember the tears, running down so many sorrowful faces.
I don't remember how it feels to be attacked by thousands of soldiers,
Or not knowing if my husband or children are gone forever.

I don't know how it feels to kill someone with a bullet that I shot.
I don't know how it feels to have lost a limb or a friend.
I don't remember a time without freedom, peace, or loved ones nearby.

I remember peace and freedom.
I remember the joyful chirping of little birds, flying in the breeze.
I remember the warm feeling of having friends and family greet me, when I come home from
a hard day.

I remember the joyful laughter of friends and family.
I remember the feeling of knowing the next day I will wake up to another cheerful morning.
I remember peace, freedom, and love.

As long as I live, I will never forget the people who gave me this freedom,

Brave young soldiers giving all they've got to fight for their country, until the last drop of blood
has fallen from their brave hearts of gold.

They were all soldiers to the end, and I am thankful for all they gave so that I could lead a
happy carefree life of peace and freedom.

To all that helped me get this freedom and peace, whether they lay in the fields of poppies, or
they live today, thank you.

Thank you for the love, peace, and freedom that you risked life and limb to give me.