



The Battlefield Cross

The helmet and identification tags signify the fallen soldier & their name never to be forgotten. The inverted rifle with bayonet signals a time for prayer, a break in the action to pay tribute to our friend our friend. The combat boots, worn and dirty, represents the final march of the soldier's last battle.

Gold Star Mother

A name was carefully chosen, even before his birth.
Bringing him into the world, is a woman's greatest work.

The newborn son, would always feel his Mother's love.
She proudly proclaimed, "He's a gift from up above."

First words, first steps, first trike, first bike...simple pleasures.
Memories of all his other firsts, now Her precious treasures.

She watched the transformation, from boy to great young man.
Bumps and bruises along the way, She was always his biggest fan.

His latest passion...serve his country, see the world.
Back at home, Old Glory would proudly be unfurled.

A Mothers' worst fear; that knock on the door.
Brought oceans of tears that fell to the floor.

Her son had served proudly on a far distant land.
"A Grateful Nation shares your grief," the message now at hand.

She looks at his picture, medals and colorful ribbons.
Remembering the price of the life he has given.

Now a Gold Star Mother, but certainly not her choice.
America stands beside you, with a thankful, consoling voice.

So remember Gold Star Mother, you're never far apart.
God has him in His keeping... You have him in your heart.

Memorial Day 2012, Rod Pullis

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.
By John McCrae