

# Remembrance

By Lawrence A. Foxen

Used with kind permission from Pamela Anthony

“In Flanders fields, the poppies grow”,  
Those famous words that we all know.  
But through the year and in November,  
Do we truly all remember?

It's not enough for us to pause  
And just look back on two world wars  
Unless we feel within our hearts  
The urge to really play our parts  
By helping those who're left behind,  
The sick, the aged and the blind.

It's hard in this our modern life  
Surrounded as we are, with strife  
To think each morning and each night  
Of those whose lives passed in the fight.

But true remembrance means, each day  
That we all have a part to play  
By passing on to younger hands  
Those things for which the Legion Stands.  
The hope that we shall see no more  
The awful madness of a war.

We can do this, if we all strive  
To keep remembrance still alive.  
'tis best forgotten many say  
Why should we keep Remembrance Day?

Because of solemn words we said.  
That sacred promise to our dead,  
That we would work for evermore  
To see that there would be no more war.

But – hope that peace will always last,  
Lies in remembrance of the past.