

From the Trenches  
As James surveyed the battlefield  
Beneath a clear blue sky  
He wondered how the day would end  
And who would live and die.

There was no life in No Man's Land -  
No birds to sing for mirth --  
Just ridges stitched with barbed wire  
Across the blasted earth.

Across this wasteland long and wide,  
With jagged, panting breath  
The living now must run and fight  
Their bullets raining death.

He wishes to kill nothing now,  
Nor does he want to die.  
"Advance!" the Sergeant shouts. He does  
Beneath the clear blue sky.

**Remembrance  
Sunday  
November  
8, 2015**



Lord  
Kitchener  
wants you!!!



Chocks Away!

