

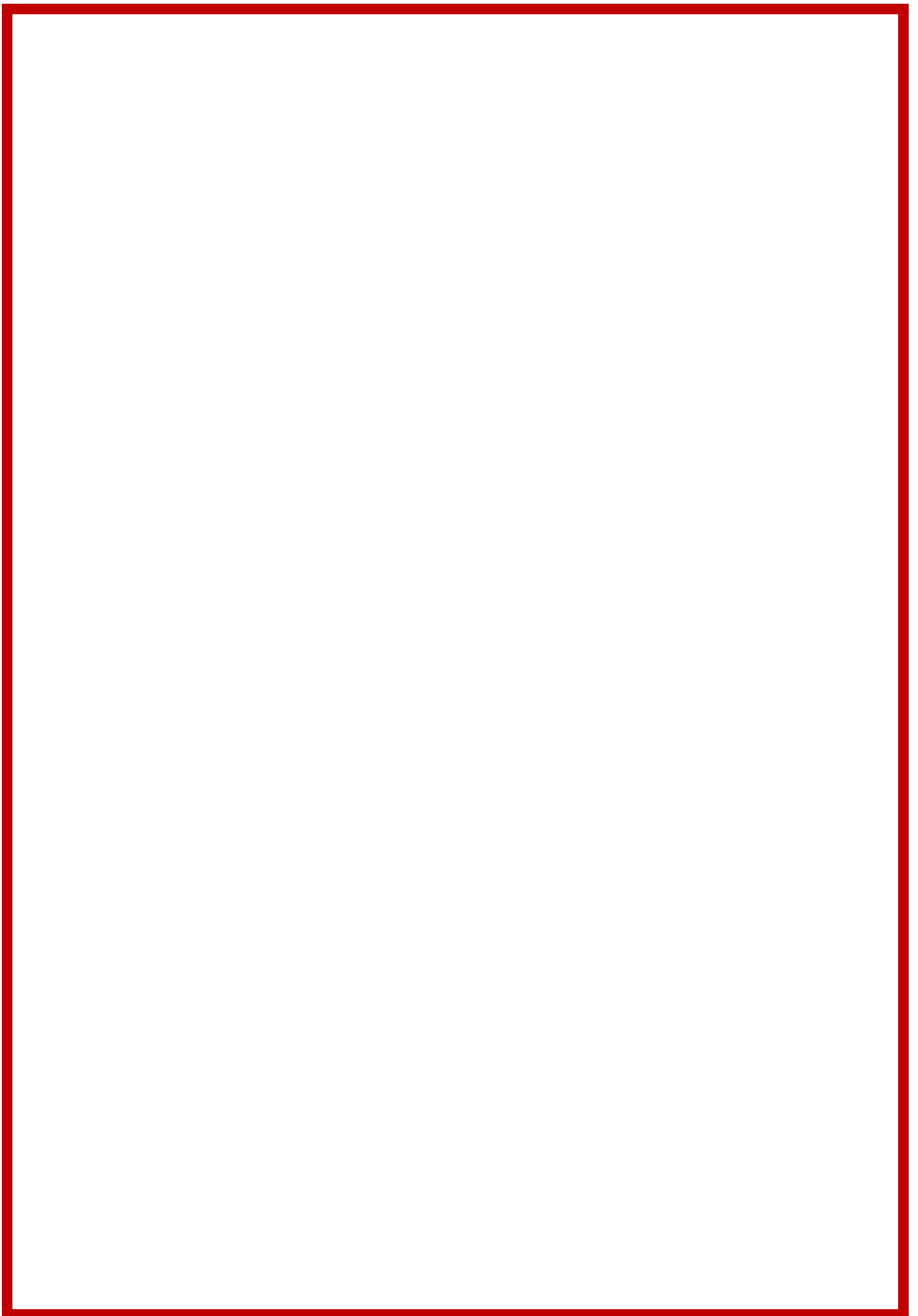
In Flanders Fields

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 Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae



A Hero's Welcome

By Robert Longley

Time to come home dear brother
Your tour of duty through
You've given as much as anyone
Could be expected to do

Just a few steps further
The smoke will start to clear
Others here will guide you
You have no need of fear

You have not failed your brothers
You clearly gave it all
And through your selfless actions
Others will hear the call

So take your place of honor
Among those who have gone before
And know you will be remembered
For now and evermore



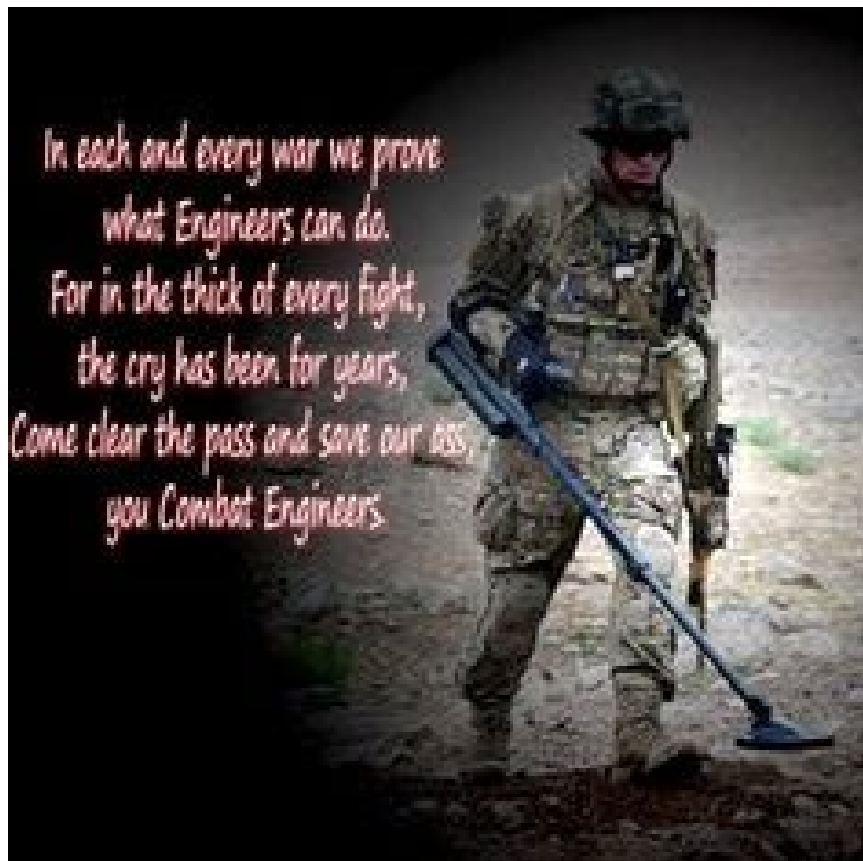
1000 YARD STARE

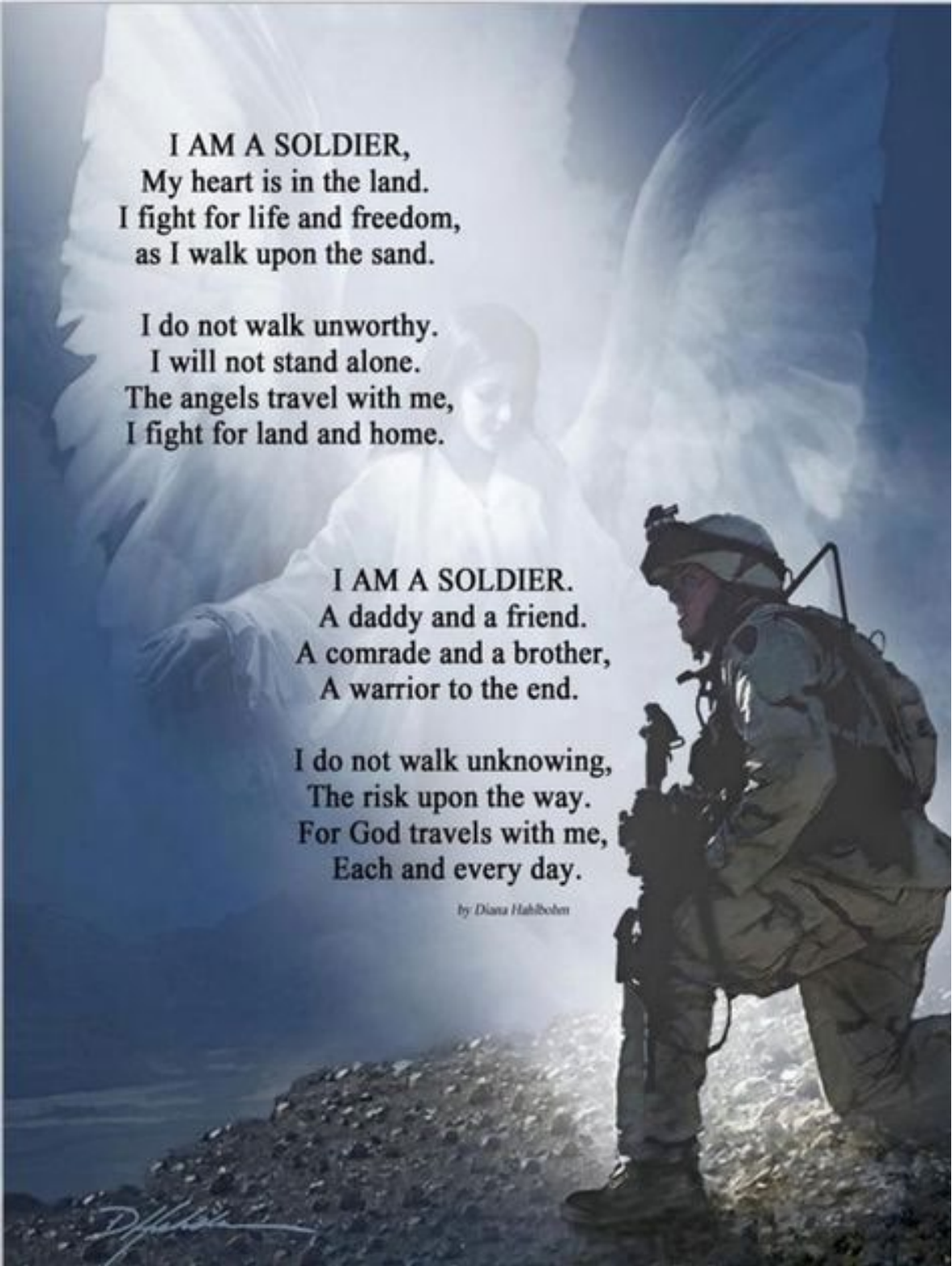
If you've been there
you know this well
the stare of a man
who's been through hell,
in search of a friend
who can't be found
only to be told
he's homeward bound,
ain't nuthin' to it
don't mean a thing
another brother flying
upon silver wings,
push it back
try not to care
bury the emotion
with the 1000 yard stare.

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*In each and every war we prove
what Engineers can do.
For in the thick of every fight,
the cry has been for years,
Come clear the pass and save our ass,
you Combat Engineers.*





**I AM A SOLDIER,
My heart is in the land.
I fight for life and freedom,
as I walk upon the sand.**

**I do not walk unworthy.
I will not stand alone.
The angels travel with me,
I fight for land and home.**

**I AM A SOLDIER.
A daddy and a friend.
A comrade and a brother,
A warrior to the end.**

**I do not walk unknowing,
The risk upon the way.
For God travels with me,
Each and every day.**

by Diana Hahlbohn

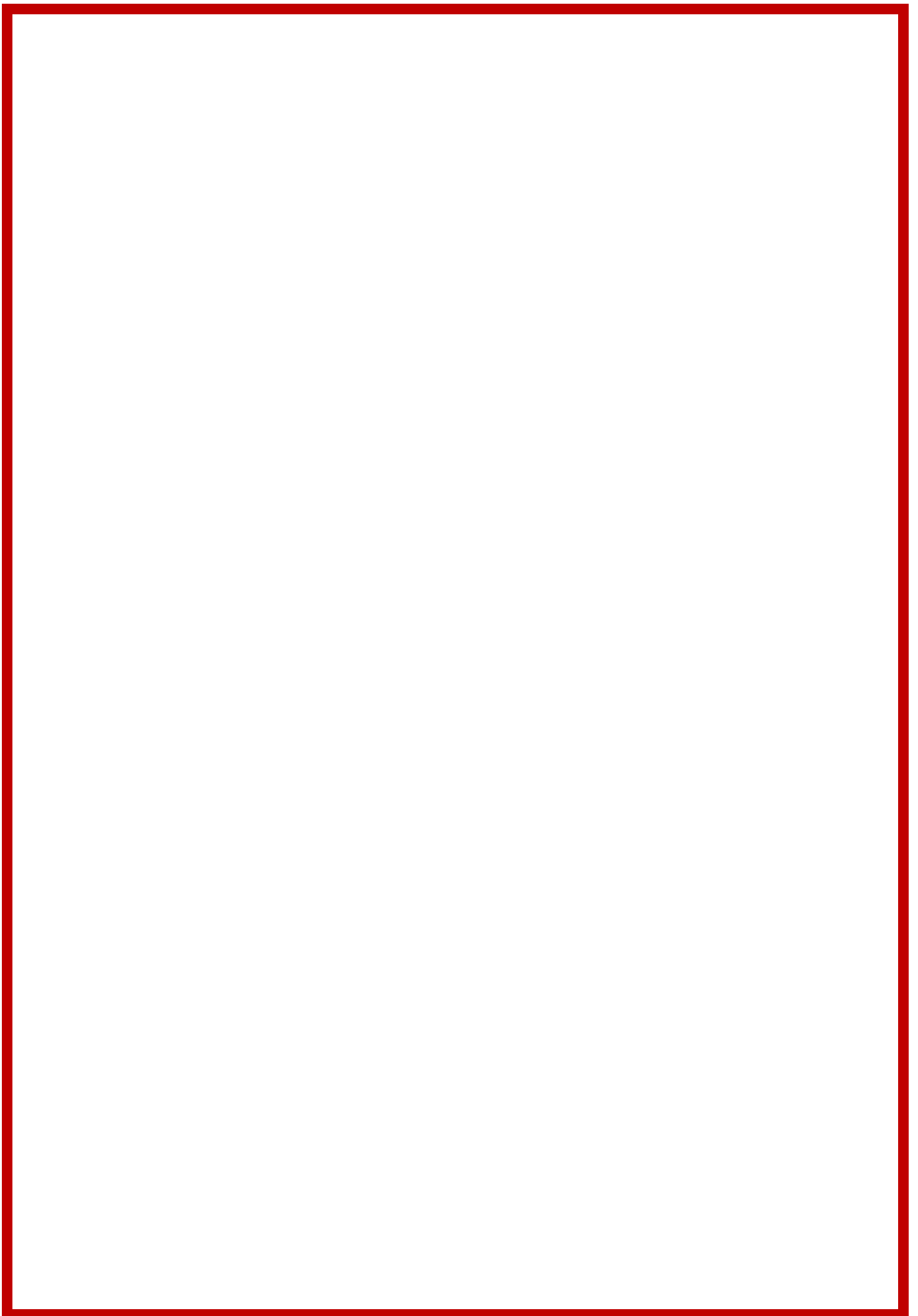


The Soldier

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

By Rupert Brooke



A soldier in camouflage gear is shown from the waist up, carrying a large pack on his back and holding a rifle. He is standing in a field with dry grass and a blue sky in the background. The image is framed by a red border.

God Bless our Native Land

Francis E. W. Harper

God bless our native land,
Land of the newly free,
Oh may she ever stand
For truth and liberty.

God bless our native land,
Where sleep our kindred dead,
Let peace at thy command
Above their graves be shed.

God help our native land,
Bring surcease to her strife,
And shower from thy hand
A more abundant life.

God bless our native land,
Her homes and children bless,
Oh may she ever stand
For truth and righteousness.

Book Development Resources