

Carey's Conversations

*They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

From "For the Fallen" by Robert Laurence Binyon

Recently I went to the Laman library to work on a sermon but before I could get started, my attention was drawn towards a memorial exhibit to the men and women that had served in our armed forces. The particular exhibit dealt specifically with the role the US Mail played through the years in keeping servicemen/women connected to their loved ones back home.

I hadn't been there long before tears came to my eyes and I had to sit down on one of the nearby benches to collect myself. As I sat there thinking of the many sacrifices made on our behalf, I walked James Terry's brother, Dennis and his wife, Sharon. We talked about the exhibit and I told them how moving it had been for me. We each remembered that day the fallen as well as those who had survived and lived to tell their stories. After the Terry's left I was inspired to write the following poem. As we approach Memorial Day, I pray that it will inspire you to remember those who gave so much for so many.

Upon Arriving At a War Memorial

It was not expected upon my arriving,
at a memorial to the fallen and gone.
Though drawn in quite innocently
by the exhibits so well designed,
little did I know what was laying for me.

As I moved through exhibits
that honored the men and women from our nation's wars,
I was not expecting the sudden ambush
of affectivity to come near me,
after all this time.

With the sudden rush of emotion
there came the discovery
of dried saline upon my face,
as I emerged
from the reverie.

How could something from years ago
and from many miles away, touch me so today?
First the global,
then the national,
then the personal,
beyond those distant terrors
a remembrance of the brave warrior.

Though my mind had fallen asleep
my heart knew that I was missing,
that one who while winning five bronze stars
had risked much for me,
the child yet to be,
and to breathe free.

Yours in Christ,
Carey+