

As we approach Remembrance Sunday, we listen to the poem "In Flanders Fields" as part of our reflection:

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.

All-powerful and ever-living God, when Abraham left his native land and departed from his people You kept him safe through all his journeys. Protect our soldiers and all who serve our country. Be their constant companion and their strength in battle, their refuge in every adversity. Guide them, O Lord, that they may return home in safety. We ask this through Christ our Lord.
Amen