

MANAGER'S DESK FOR SUNDAY, MAY 24, 2020

WELCOME TO THE MANAGER'S DESK, I'M MIKE CORNELL.

ON YESTERDAY'S MANAGER'S DESK, THE ARTICLE I SHARE REFERRED TO TWO DIFFERENT POEMS THAT WERE WRITTEN REGARDING THE RED POPPIES GROWING ON A WWI BATTLEFIELD. THESE POEMS BEGAN THE TRADITION OF THE RED POPPIES AT MEMORIAL DAY.

**“In Flanders Fields”**

by John McCrae, May 1915

*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.*

**“We Shall Keep the Faith”**

by Moina Michael, November 1918

*Oh! you who sleep in Flanders Fields,  
Sleep sweet – to rise anew!  
We caught the torch you threw  
And holding high, we keep the Faith  
With All who died.*

*We cherish, too, the poppy red  
That grows on fields where valor led;  
It seems to signal to the skies  
That blood of heroes never dies,  
But lends a lustre to the red  
Of the flower that blooms above the  
dead  
In Flanders Fields.*

*And now the Torch and Poppy Red  
We wear in honor of our dead.  
Fear not that ye have died for naught;  
We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought  
In Flanders Fields.*

BE LISTENING FOR THE PUBLIC SQUARE'S MEMORIAL DAY SPECIAL TODAY AT 4 PM OR MONDAY AT 3 PM.

OUR MAILING ADDRESS IS: WRVM, PO BOX 212, SURING WI, 54174

OR GIVE ONLINE AT [WWW.WRVM.ORG](http://WWW.WRVM.ORG).

THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME FOR THE MANAGER'S DESK, I'M MIKE CORNELL.