



"In Action to Honor and Serve Generations of Valor"

November 11th is "Veterans Day" ...

...what will you do to observe this only Federal holiday that honors our Veterans?

WHAT IS A VETERAN?

Veteran: Whether active duty, retired, national guard or reserve – is someone who, at one point in his/her life, wrote a blank check made payable to "The United States of America" for an amount of "up to and including my life."

THE MEASURE OF A MAN... *may be his willingness to serve his country.*
THE MEASURE OF A COUNTRY... *may be its willingness to honor those who served.*

*It was the VETERAN, not the reporter, who gave us Freedom of the Press.
It was the VETERAN, not the poet, who gave us Freedom of Speech.
It was the VETERAN, not the campus organizer, who gave us Freedom to Demonstrate.
It was the VETERAN...
...Who Salutes the Flag, Who Serves beneath the Flag and Whose Coffin is Draped by the Flag.*

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.

- Colonel John McCrae, May 1915

WE SHALL KEEP THE FAITH

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 luster 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.

- Moina Belle Michael, Nov. 1918