

For the Journey

Nov. 10/22. - Rev. Dave Crawford



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.

- John McCrae

It is my experience that freedom is something one doesn't fully appreciate until one lives in a place where freedom is restricted, controlled, or removed. To live without liberty is to have one's eyes opened. My time in Mozambique was like that. Since February 24th of this year the entire nation of Ukraine has been like that. Freedom is fragile, sacred, and potentially fleeting.

Our annual Day of Remembrance is a clarion call to those of our time, of our period or era, to not only recognize the supreme sacrifices of those who came before us and who put their lives on the line to preserve the freedoms we cherish, but to also acknowledge the threats to liberty in our own day, to learn the lessons of the past, to emulate if necessary the courage, the fortitude of those we remember.

May this Day be a time of contemplation, remembrance, thankfulness, and rededication.

Blessings and Peace, Dave

High Flight

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of - wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air...
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew -
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

- Officer John G. Magee, Jr. - November, 1941

A Short Biography of John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

John Gillespie Magee, Jr. was born in 1922 in Shanghai, China. In October 1940, at age 18, John Magee Jr. went to Canada and enrolled in the Royal Canadian Air Force. After his flight training, he went to England as a commissioned pilot officer. In the course of his training in the Spitfire aircraft, he was assigned to make a high altitude flight "into the stratosphere." On landing, he went to his quarters and there wrote his now famous High Flight sonnet on the back of a letter to his mother.