



Silent Heroes  
Normandy, France  
6 June 2005  
I walked, today,  
Though just in fantasy,  
Along a stretch of beach  
At Normandy.  
The tide was busy with the sand,  
The sky was standing clear,  
And courage, long departed now,  
Had left no sign of fear.  
Inland, across the grassy fields,  
Amid the well kept lawn,  
"Old Glory" still draws duty;  
I found her there, at dawn.  
A quiet thought, a morning breeze,  
As she began to stir . . .  
I sensed the scope of sacrifice  
Entrusted here, to her.  
I strolled at ease among the rows,  
Of crosses, placed with care,  
And felt the tug upon my heart,  
Of honor's presence there.  
Then looking back I watched that flag  
With rippling colors wave. . .  
A proud salute to each white cross  
That marked a silent hero's grave.

James L. from Oildale