



November Newsletter

2016-17

4.3

We Remember



Absent: (work presented by
Mrs. Hosick)
Luke T., Lizzy M., Ben M.

Recognized by the Royal Canadian Legion Prescott Branch:

Black & White: Emma A. (2nd Primary), Christian M. (3rd Primary), Jachob E. (2nd Junior), Riley S. (3rd – Junior) Luke T. (1st Int.)

Colour: Isabel W. (2nd – Primary) Ebba C. (3rd – Primary) Warren M. (1st – Junior), Lizzy M. (2nd Junior), Luke H. (3rd – Junior) Madeleine J. (1st – Int) Anastasia J. (2nd – Int) Emma H. (3rd – Int)



United Through Time

December 28, 2015

The wispy wind touched her soft, pale cheek, staining her parched face with tears. Although she never encountered her grandfather, she heard stories and recognized his heroism in the wars past. The scene was overwhelming with grief, and the sun was hiding as if it had been scared away; yet she felt welcome in the presence of the crosses in Flanders Field. She strode, row by row, searching for a cross that could have marked the place her grandfather died. A cross without a name. She stopped at a grave in the *center of the field*. Somehow drawn there, she knelt down, and prayed.

May 30, 1927

An old woman sat upright in Flanders Field, weeping at the sight of the thousands of newly turned graves marked with pristine white crosses. She stood there unaccompanied in the cold quiet field. The leaves crackling beneath her feet. She rubbed her hands together and brushed the tears from her tired face. Although the war had long since finished, the stench of death still seemed to linger. The poppies resembled a river of blood. A never-ending river for a never-ending loss. Selecting a cross in the *center of the field*, she stooped down and looked at its simplicity. Without a name, without an identity. Nothing to proclaim who lay there. She sat in the center of the field and sobbed. Unsure if her husband had been buried there. It would have to do.

May 2, 1915

A young soldier knelt in Flanders Field. In the middle of all the action, he felt removed somehow. He loaded his gun. The cold bit his skin as bullets cut through the air, whizzing past his ears just missing their mark. Like knives, the reality of dying overwhelmed his thoughts. With a blast from nowhere, and everywhere, he fell to the ground. Barely able to avoid the bodies, he made his way to a barricade. A cry suddenly grabbed his attention. Johnny was down! The horror that he might get shot no longer mattered. He sprinted toward him, paying no attention to the new bullet wound in his shoulder. By his friend's side, he wept. Frantically, he searched for a pulse, but there was nothing. He dragged his friend off the battle field- hoping for a miracle. Blood spilled from the wounds in his arm, leg, and chest. He collapsed again. His friend could not be buried among hundreds of unnamed bodies. He would be sure not to leave him alone! Hope had filled his mind and soul. It seeped through his veins. The soldier forced himself to stand. Balancing on his good foot, lifting his friend onto his shoulders, turning back to the trenches. A bullet entered his heart. His life flashed before him, and his eyesight blurred. "My family will find me", was his final thought as he breathed his last breath in the *center of the field*.

- **Anastasia J.** (1st Place – Intermediate Essay)
St. Lawrence Academy, Gr. 8

I held the heavy door handle and slowly pulled it open. I was excited to be at the Canadian National War Museum. When I thought about war, only cannon balls, guns and tanks came to mind. I thought that it would be really cool to see all the weapons on display. But war is not like what I thought it was. I always wanted to be a soldier until I saw what it looked like.

My first realization was when I came up on a display of a soldier's uniform. I wondered who wore it. I wondered where he was fighting...

Bruce and Brian looked over the horrifying battle fields in France. They were cold and wet which made them forget that they were tired and hungry from weeks of life in the trenches. Their heads felt sweaty and tired under the heavy uncomfortable helmet, but it kept them safe. Was anything really safe in the war? One dark, cold foggy night there was a plane that flew over and bombed the trench. Bruce woke up and Brian was gone. All that was left was Brian's helmet. Bruce sadly picked up the helmet and packed it in his bag.

As I had one last look at the helmet I am grateful for that soldier. He gave me freedom.

The next display was a horse drawn cannon on four wheels. When I thought about war, the victim's animals, never came to mind...

The soldier held Jackie's reins. He spoke to the horse, "Calm down girl. It's ok. Don't be frightened. The war will be over soon." The soldier put ear muffs over the horse's ears. The horse calmed down. Then 2 soldiers hopped on the horse and 5 soldiers hopped on the 4-wheeled cannon. When they got over the hill the cannon went off. The horse, startled, lifted her front legs. The blast from the cannon broke the horse reins and the horse ran off over the hill, she was never seen again.

As I had one last look at the 4-wheeled cannon, I realized that animals were also victims of war.

The last display that I came to was a model of a cenotaph engraved with all the soldiers that died from Ottawa. Beside it there were crosses engraved with more names. They also had wreathes and poppies on them.

The soldier stood still and proud guarding the cenotaph. He thought to himself that it was a little cold outside but the sun was out and it was warming up. There was lots of traffic, noise of people's horns and noise of people's shoes walking by. The last thing he heard was a loud bang followed by screams. He instantly thought of his family, he did not want to die, he wanted to tuck his son into bed that night.

Now as I looked back on all our school trips to the cenotaph for Remembrance Day, I really didn't know what the importance was, but the museum showed me what war was really like. I realized that there is more to remember and be grateful for on November 11.

- **Austin M.** (2nd Place – Intermediate Essay)

Ready to end the war and give peace
Everlasting memories that gave us peace
Men went to fight the war, some died and some lived
Everyone wants to get something from other countries that's why war happens
Mighty men and women were ion the war.
Battle still continues everywhere like the British vs. India
Every flower died except the poppy, now the symbol for war.
Remember the people that fought the war and gave peace.

Rise people to fight
Everyone fight for peace!
Men battled for their families
Ending this will be hard
Morning is in 4 hours.
Bullets loaded
Exit the stronghold
Run behind the rocks!

COMING EVENTS:

Gr. 3 Field Trip – Dec 6

Legion Awards – Dec 6

Specials Christmas Recital – Dec 9

Wellington House – Dec 15

Celebration Of Life – Mr. MacNeil – Dec 18

SLA Christmas Musical – Dec 22

1:25pm – Matinee

6:30pm – Evening Performance

Christmas Break – Dec 23 - Jan 8

See you Monday January 9th

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Dear Mom and Dad,

It's been hard serving my country in the cold and rainy storms. So many people have gotten wounded. I really miss you guys at home. Almost every day and night it is rainy and cold. Some nights we would hear guns go off.

I hope you guys are safe back at home and nobody's hurt. Our chief is sending lots of troops and tanks overseas and on land, I have been mostly fighting on land.

I have a friend that was fighting overseas and his plane got blown up and he and the crew all died. The other day I went and saw his grave. He was a really good friend to me. It made me think back to all of the good times that we shared together. It also made me sad reflecting on the war and the impact the fighting has on all people.

Let's hope this war comes to an end soon. I want to come home to you safe and forget about the senseless fighting. One day this will just be a memory.

Sincerely,

Warren

Warren M - Gr. 6

(1st Place- Junior Essay)

Remaining soldiers return to their homes.

Every soldier fights.

Morning and night rise.

Every family worries.

Men and women fight.

Blood drips everywhere.

Everyone is sad for the soldiers

Ready, aim fire everyone!

Evie C. Gr. 3

Bluebirds

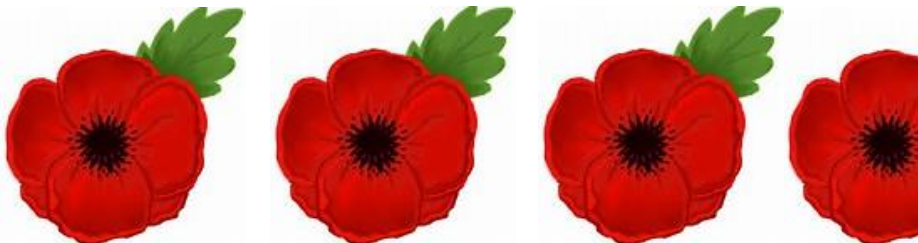
I ran downstairs and took my clean blue uniform from the cloths line, grabbed my bag and left. I had to get to the field to aid Nurse Lyn in set up. It was beginning to get brighter as the sun made its way above the horizon. Nurse Lyn and I set up moderately far from the field but still accessible to the soldiers. A few other nurses set up their tents further up, readying their surgical tools. I soon saw Hummers filled with wide eyed soldiers rolling in. Followed by the tanks, then, hundreds of feet treading across the muddy ground. We watched as they set up barricades waiting for the enemy. An hour or two, nothing happened. When just then, with no warning, shots started firing, followed by the enemy troops. Thinking of their country, our soldiers darted out from hiding spots to find new ones. That's when it started.

First, there were only a few wounded soldiers. Then, they started coming in by fives, tens, and hundreds. Brought back into us on soldier's backs or being pulled in by the wounded themselves that could still walk. Many were gunshot wounds which I was qualified for, but others were worse. I wasn't trained for absent limbs and so much blood, but Nurse Lyn was. She had been in many wars and had plenty of training. So I divided the tent in half with a blanket. One half for me and the wounds I could treat, and the other for Lyn and the more serious injuries. There were about twenty soldiers on my half of the tent sitting on the ground, grasping their wounds desperate to stop the blood. I took them, one by one, trying to keep them calm, struggling to do so myself. Soldiers just kept coming. I finished fixing up seven soldiers and sat them on the other side of the wall; out of the way, but comfortable. I quickly slipped into the other side of the tent to check on Lyn, who seemed to be doing well. She was working on a man who had lost a lot of blood and a leg in an explosion which we had heard loud and clear. Someone began shouting for me from my side so I went back to find a man drenched in his own blood.

I laid him on my work bed and began to remove the bullet and block the wound from the now toxic air. I ran outside. The freezing wind almost instantly froze my body, but it kept me alert. I called for another nurse. I couldn't do it anymore. She came in and started to work. I ambled back, knelt down and cried. This horrible thing was really happening. It didn't feel real, but they needed me. I paced over to help with another nurse and stayed until our troops went back, saving many. Then I walked home. Pitch black, overcast sky with no stars, on cold grounds, and warmed hearts.

Emma Hilton

(3rd Place – Intermediate Essay)



Return my brave men.
 End the Great War.
 Missing all the great men
 Evacuate the everlasting world war.
 Mighty men in battle in the war.
 Bravery wins the war.
 Everyone retreat to base.
 Remember the brave men who fought for us!



Isabel W. Gr. 3

Remember the crosses row on row in Flanders Fields
 Empty hearts and broken hearts lay
 Mighty men fight in Flanders Fields
 Ended wars, poppies grow deep down in the soil.
 Memories broken, laid down in your heart.
 Boxes of tissues empty from tears.
 East on the coast, wars begin
 Returning dad and moms

Chloe M. Gr. 3

Remember those brave men.
 Everlasting in our hearts
 Mighty men have gone missing
 Every man who has gone missing lives on in our memories
 Morning were hard for women those days.
 Battles are horrible
 Every man and woman who fight are strong
 Ready, aim, fire!

Emma A. - Gr. 3



Returning home to my family
 Every day is war.
 Missing my family and my home
 Entering the battle crossing the fields
 Memories of death and sadness
 Blood all over the soldiers.
 Everlasting wars
 Ready, aim, fire!

Edan A.. Gr. 3

Remaining bones from the soldiers' bodies
 End of wars can be sad or happy.
 Making medicine for the hurt soldiers.
 Every man was strong even if they were younger or older.
 Moms were worried when their husbands went to war.
 But some men fought for the poor.
 Every poppy is to remember
 Remember the soldiers that died in November.

Ben M. Gr. 3

Remember everybody
 Extraordinary men and women
 Mighty men and brave.
 Everlasting poppies help us remember
 Many people died in war.
 Battles are horrible
 Every man and woman who fight are strong
 Ready, aim, fire!

Ella L. - Gr. 3

Ready, aim, fire!
 Extraordinary thing happening
 Missing fathers and sons.
 Everlasting peace and harmony
 Metal guns on fire
 Burning flesh of men and women
 Everybody misses their moms and dads
 Remember our parents and heroes



Ebba C. - Gr. 3

Remember the poppies
 Entering the battle
 Muddy battles begin
 Even boys go to war.
 Memories of Flanders Field
 Brave men went to war
 Even kids had to go to war.
 Ready, aim, fire away!

Jonathan T. - Gr. 3

Recognized by the Royal Canadian Legion Prescott Branch for their literary works:
Junior Essay: Warren M (1st Place), Andrew Purvis (2nd Place) Luke Hilton (3rd Place)
Intermediate Essay: Anastasia J. (1st Place) Austin M. (2nd Place) Emma H. (3rd Place)

