

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 your 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.

Col. John McCrae

Little flower of red
Proudly lift your head
You're the symbol of heroes brave,
Each poppy fair, is for a boy over there.
Made brothers whose lives were saved.

Let us gladly give,
For the Poppy of Sacrifice,
So small, so red, a remembrance
Of the dead...
From the boys who paid the price.
For the Poppy of Sacrifice.

FELLOWSHIP: My Buddy

**IN MEMORY
of
Those Who Served
Our Country**

**St. Francis
AMERICAN LEGION**

Post 622

&

Post 622

AUXILIARY UNIT

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICES

MAY 30th, 2016

CEMETERIES

8:50 am - St. Patrick's

9:30 am - Cedar

10:00 am - West Oak Grove

10:30 am - Oak View

11:00 am - Stanford

Noon - Rum River North County Park