

Brian MASSE

M.P. Windsor West



WINDSOR WEST UPDATE

November 2007

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Dear Friends,

Veterans' Week, November 5 to 11, is a time for all Canadians to honour the selfless dedication of those who have served in times of war, military conflict and peace. We also honour those who continue to serve our country in Afghanistan and other areas of conflict. These men and women are upholding a noble Canadian tradition by taking an active role in bringing stability and peace to parts of the world that have seen turmoil and upheaval.

During Veterans' Week 2007, Canadians from coast to coast will show pride and gratitude for our Veterans as events and activities take place across the country in their honour.

All Canadians, especially youth, are urged to take an active role in remembrance. There are many ways to get involved. Talk to a Veteran. Visit our cenotaph. Read a book on our Veterans' great sacrifices and achievements. Or, attend the Remembrance Day ceremony. When Canadians participate in commemorative events, we take up the torch of remembrance. As a result, we can rest assured that future generations will continue to commemorate those who helped shape Canada as a nation.

To the left you will see a poem titled "Let It Never Be Forgotten", a reflection about our Veterans and Canada's commitment to the world. It is written by local poet Kevin Harvey from his new book **So Far....** His book includes additional poems about our heroes' actions, and other interesting topics. Email Kevin if you have comments on his poem or want to obtain a copy of his book (kvh@sympatico.ca). Thank you Kevin for sharing your poem with all of us.

Yours truly,

Brian Masse, MP (Windsor West)



War Memorial at
City Hall Square in Windsor

Let It Never Be Forgotten

and the Canadians came to answer the call leaving the homeland unthreatened and safe undeniably courageous a strength bestowed with unshakable pride through two world wars and conflicts since liberating for others dreams of freedom unfaltering in conviction let it never be forgotten such sacrifices of blood and spirit

Kevin V. Harvey
Windsor

Celebrate. Honour. Remember. Thank. Teach.

This November 11, 2007 at Windsor City

Hall Square Cenotaph at 11:00a.m.

LEST WE FORGET

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REMEMBERING OUR HEROES



L-R: Larry Costello, Keeper of the Windsor War Memorial Cenotaph, Joe Comartin MP, Mayor Eddie Francis, and Brian Masse MP, carry the Canadian Flag forward at the VE Day Ceremonies at City Hall Square.

The History of the Poppy

Poppies are worn as a symbol of remembrance. After the First World War, a French woman named Madame E. Guérin suggested to British Field-Marshal Earl Haig that women and children in devastated areas of France produce poppies for sale to support the wounded veterans. Poppies were available in Canada by November 1921 and these red flowers continue to grow on the battlefields of France and Belgium.



Below: Windsor Veterans at the Unveiling and Dedication of the National Korean War Memorial in Ottawa, Ontario.



Why Wear a Poppy

"Please wear a poppy," the lady said,
And held one forth, but I shook my head.
Then I stopped and watched as she offered
them there,
And her face was old and lined with care;

But beneath the scars the years had made
There remained a smile that refused to fade.
A boy came whistling down the street,
Bouncing along on care-free feet.

His smile was full of joy and fun,
"Lady," said he, "may I have one?"
When she'd pinned it on, he turned to say;
"Why do we wear a poppy today?"

The lady smiled in her wistful way
And answered; "This is Remembrance Day.
And the poppy there is a symbol for
The gallant men who died in war.

And because they did, you and I are free -
That's why we wear a poppy, you see.
I had a boy about your size,
With golden hair and big blue eyes.

He loved to play and jump and shout,
Free as a bird, he would race about.
As the years went by, he learned and grew,
And became a man - as you will, too.

He was fine and strong, with a boyish smile,
But he'd seemed with us such a little while
When war broke out and he went away.
I still remember his face that day.

When he smiled at me and said, 'Goodbye,
I'll be back soon, Mum, please don't cry.'
But the war went on and he had to stay,
And all I could do was wait and pray.

His letters told of the awful fight
(I can see it still in my dreams at night),
With the tanks and guns and cruel barbed
wire,
And the mines and bullets, the bombs and
fire.

Till at last, at last, the war was won -
And that's why we wear a poppy, son."
The small boy turned as if to go,
Then said, "Thanks, lady, I'm glad to know.
That sure did sound like an awful fight
But your son - did he come back all right?"
A tear rolled down each faded cheek;
She shook her head, but didn't speak
I slunk away in a sort of shame,
And if you were me, you'd have done the
same:

For our thanks, in giving, if oft delayed,
Though our freedom was bought - and
thousands paid!
And so, when we see a poppy worn,
Let us reflect on the burden borne
By those who gave their very all
When asked to answer their country's call
That we at home in peace might live.
Then wear a poppy! Remember - and Give!

Don Crawford

