

Memorial Day Memory

Sitting on the yellow school bus
with a potted red geranium in my lap
Which smelled like dust and dirt of
an old keepsake kept in the cellar for years

It looked alive enough to serve its purpose
of remembering a soldier's life
Whose grave would this potted plant
sit upon to brighten their quiet days

No school that warm spring morning
When white serviceberries blossomed
and dandelions filled the green fields
with masses of yellow dots

The regular bus driver replaced by a man
wearing a military hat crooked on his head
Seats half empty with few kids on the bus
who signed up to sing and carry potted red plants

Engine gears grinding as we cornered
the small hill toward the old cemetery where huge
white pines towered over graves of the dead
like ship's masts holding the wind for their departure

We marched off the bus single file
solemnly holding our red potted plants
Following behind the old soldiers to deliver
our symbols of honor to the flag marked gravestones

I remember the patriotic songs we sang
the gun salutes and the sad sounding trumpet
that played the tune that told the soldiers their
Day is done, gone the sun...

Memorial day memory of visiting graves with the Veterans of Foreign Wars circa 1960
Elizabeth McCarthy
May 2020



While they didn't give their lives in war, our Dad (John J McCarthy), brothers (John J McCarthy, III, Michael McCarthy) and sister (Maryann) are remembered today as patriots who loved their country and served willingly during times of war. — in Bolton, Massachusetts.

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