



*Hallowed Fields of Languor*  
"Let War find another field to  
whittle names on wooden crosses..."  
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### **Hallowed Fields of Languor**

KIA, LOD, POW\*MIA, TBI, PTSD  
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Oh hallowed fields of languor, where perfect meadows slumber as if battlefields align in waiting, and sentinel pines stand guard from pasture's edge to yonder distant hilltops, alert to legions of danger—what powers do you wield that captivates our nurturing spirits so?

Dawn's azure skies spill liquid-amber light through reborn clouds cascading down hillsides o'er fields of gentle swaying dandelions. Forest scents waft on crisp morning breeze, souging treetops where eagles survey their domain in search of mountain lake fish. And all the while, prancing whitetail fawns, with silky reddish coats and dappled white spots, hopscotch meadow's checkerboard pasture of light . . . leaping from cool-shadow blotches to dancing-isles of teasing warm sunlight.

How sweet tranquility . . .

Pray the battle comes another day, another year—or not at all—and worry not the poor soldier fearing the next second be his last.

Let nature cry joy o'er this virgin field of innocent life . . . and no one ever apply Lincoln's immortal words to this peaceful valley: *"The world will little remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."*

Let war find another field to whittle names on planted wooden crosses . . . and no immortal words uttered; save words of beauty for this sacred heavenly valley of flowers, souging winds, fragrant grasses where peace abides, spirits renew, and seeds of distress are neither ploughed sown nor reaped in dreadful harvest . . . evermore.