

Where Are You Son?

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Family searched the fertile field where they were told their son was buried.

Weathered wooden stakes, askew from trampling feet and those still unburied awaiting eternal rest. Still, they plodded trying to decipher scratches of tattered paper, praying for a few remaining letters of his name...to no avail.

Where are you son? Lord tell us that we might take him home....

A gust swept a breath of dust across the field.

Silence ruled the field.