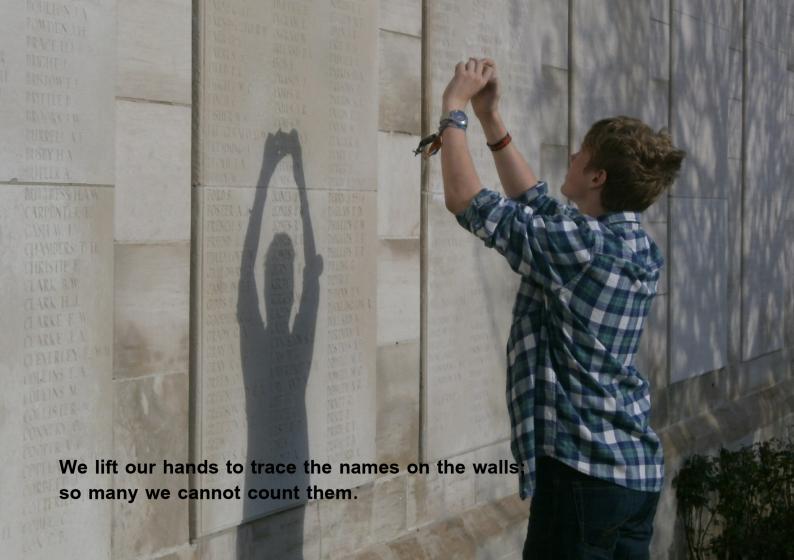








AFIME R IRRO-ISON (P. 19 MILNE C.M. THEATHERILL OOY SIL MAJOR















Every year millions more are added to the pile, falling still, rotting, becoming one with the earth.

The fallen leaf marks the spot where you have fallen and we remember.























'Follow me' you said,
and we did;
up a stony track
to another fine, neat
space
in which to rest
from where we could see
all along the ridge,

one after another,
the Cross of Sacrifice
blazing white,
each one surrounded
by its own
neatly groomed
perfectly aligned family.





May we lead each other carefully, lovingly between the rows, past the names on the walls, to the foot of the cross.

May we wait in Silence.

'Lead me from death to life'

Lead me away from decay.

Lead me to a new season

of flourishing,

to a place where flowers grow
and peace vibrates through grief.







As we step back in time listening for the echoes of lost voices, looking for scraps of lives, you call us again to consider the possibility that even we could be peacemakers.

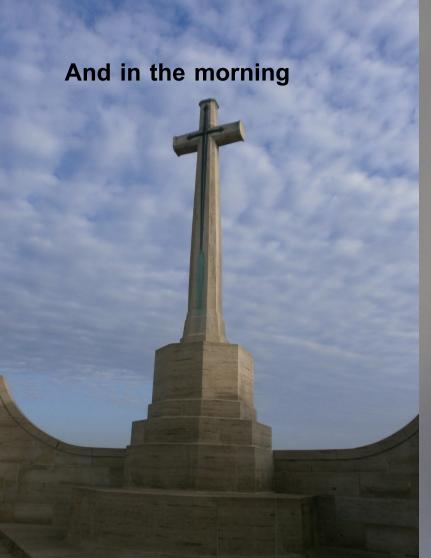
Just visiting

They know what to do.
They are not afraid
to drop to their knees
before a name or stone
to pay their respects
to a distant memory
not always their own.









Details of art and craft projects:

Pages 10 and 13: watercolour on

paper

Page 15: wax and watercolour on

paper

Pages 17 and 18: felted wool

Pages 21 and 22: wax and 'Brusho'

on cotton

Page 23: felted wool

This project copyright to

Fishoutofwaterresources

fishoutofwater@bobjanet.demon.co.uk

