

E.V. writes and draws . . .
I come and sit back in my hospital
room after I went to the

remembrance day ceremony .

I was nervous and jittery.
I change positions lots and
almost fell into the hedge
under the flagpole. I felt out
of place and sure I would
offend the spirit of the Anzacs.
I almost cried it was beautiful.
I think they keep the
war cemetery so sterile because
they spent so much time
in crap.
Their final resting place
is clean and safe.
I cried. I waited for
the bulk of the crowd
to leave and snuck as
close to the memorial as I dared.

A Vet (veteran) came up to me and said,

“keep smiling”.

I told him how I thought his walking stick
was cool. It opened into a seat. I knew a few
Vets who would have loved it
but his Father got it so it must be really old.
I think I'll tell Steve and
see if we can make one.



I was so touched
that this brave man
took the time to
talk to me.
It renewed my

courage.

