

On 2 May 1915, **Lieutenant Alexis Helmer** was killed by a German artillery shell in the Second Battle of Ypres in Belgium. He was a friend and former student of the military doctor **Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae**. Both men were in the Canadian army. The following day, while sitting near to his friend's grave, McCrae wrote his famous poem 'In Flanders Fields'.

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Lt Col John McCrae (1872–1918)

“There's rosemary,
that's for remembrance.
Pray, love, remember.
And there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.”

Ophelia
(*Hamlet* Act 4, Scene 5, by William Shakespeare)