



Rev. Wayne Baswick

## Wayne's World

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***"... will hammer their swords into plows..."***

*"He will settle disputes among the nations, among the great powers near and far. They will hammer their swords into plows and their spears into pruning knives. Nation will never again go to war, never prepare for battle again."*

Micah 4:3 (Good News Bible)

As October is the month for thanksgiving, November is the month for remembering. This year marks the 103<sup>rd</sup> anniversary of the beginning of World War I, the 78<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the commencement of World War II and the 64<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the cessation of hostilities of the Korean War.

At the eleventh hour, on the eleventh day, of the eleventh month, there will be Remembrance Day observances at our nation's capital in Ottawa, and countless cities and towns across the country, remembering those who answered the call of duty to serve this great nation in the theatre of battle, to defend the dignity of human freedom and democracy from the way of bondage and tyranny.

We remember young men and women, who served to give us the liberties we have today and those who made the supreme sacrifice remembering the words written, "all they hoped for, all they had, they gave, to save mankind, themselves they scorned to save."

We remember the veterans who returned from combat with physical and emotional scars and in varying degrees their lives, changed forever, as they settled into the main stream of life, raising families, working and pursuing their hopes and dreams for themselves and their loved ones.

The prophet Micah from a country town in Judah was convinced that Judah was about to face a devastation army march through the country leaving the cities levelled like a plowed field. But Micah also had a dream as expressed in the above text that there would be a universal peace under God, where nations would never go to war again.

This is the same hope and dream we have as Christians in our day, where war has shown itself as terrorism in all its ugly faces, the treat of a nuclear holocaust just the push of a button or two away; a dream which we believe that can and will one day become a reality, for with God "all things are possible".

I close and leave you with John McCrae's "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.*

Remembering,