

*They Once Were  
Little Children  
(a Memorial Day Poem)*



They once were little children,  
American girls and boys;  
Who ran on native soil,  
And played with favorite toys.

They once were little children,  
Adored by Mom and Dad;  
With sisters, brothers and others,  
They loved the life they had.

They once were little children, who grew up proud and strong;  
With buddies and beaus and music and shows in a land where they belonged.

They once were little children, who laughed and sang and danced;  
Sent to lands destroyed by greed and hate; they went by choice or chance.

They once were little children, whose childhoods were no more—  
They traded their toys for guns and bombs; for their country they went to war.

They once were little children, but now tombstones bear their names;  
And for their friends and families, life will never be the same.

They once were little children, just like you and me;  
So please give thanks for the lives that were lost, as you gather with family.

Please say a prayer for their loved ones, as these soldiers are laid to rest;  
May those all gathered 'round you give thanks and feel blest.

--by Krista Swan DeWitt