

There's a quiet beach where a French child plays,
Among sand dunes as the peaceful ocean whispers:
Enjoy this sunny day, mon enfant, but think of youths
Who were but a few years older than you
When they bought this beach with their blood.



It was D-Day on the 6th of June in '44,
When soldiers of a mighty army
Came ashore on Normandy to free your people
From the boot of an evil tyrant.

Now, many decades have passed,
And some aged few will return to visit
The beach where their friends fought and died.
They may pause, remember, and shed some tears.

They won't want to disturb your digging in the sand,
But they would appreciate it if you'd look up,
Just to smile once, and say a single word:
Merci.

If you're interested in touring Normandy this year, check out Elderhostel trip #13190RJ, from May 28 to June 9, 2009. It includes London, Normandy's Gold, Juno, Omaha and Utah Beaches, Caen, Ste. Mere Eglise, Paris and many other World War II and French and English historic sites. For more information, logon to <http://www.elderhostel.org/programs/dates>.