

REST IN PEACE

Many letters have come to me since my trip to Europe, with the ever appealing question, "What shall I do about the earthly remains of my son, brother, or husband? Shall I leave him in the U. S. Military Cemeteries in Europe or shall I bring him back to his own native land?"

I was confronted with the same question and I have answered it satisfactory, leaving my mind without doubt or uncertainty, but I traveled over 8000 miles to answer it. Now, can I help you? I will in no way attempt to tell you what to do, nor tell you the answer to your problems, that much comes from your own heart, and the only thing I can do, will be to tell you how I felt, how I come, how I saw and how I answered my problems.

After many months of planning my trip to Europe, on May 24, at exactly 11:15 P.M. my plane roared down the runway at Municipal Air Port, Chicago, lifted lightly into the air and I was off for Europe!

The story of my flight will have to come in a different chapter for this is only the story of my decision, whether I should or should not bring my son's body home.

The minute I landed on foreign soil, I had the feeling I was not far from home, the sun rose in glorious splendor each morning and set with exalted admiration each evening, people talked, and laughed, the birds sang, it rained, and the sun shined, and it came night and day every 24 hours. Could I be far away from all the things I had known? For surely this was God's Country too for I saw homes where love dwelt and Churches with ever so high steeples, cities with the same bustle of activities and quiet little villages and farms.

Then I felt too, all the time I was in Europe, that I must soon hurry home, because that was where Wendell (my son) was, I was so sure of it, because "home" was ever so "dear" to him and his spirit must of fled to his home, to ever surround it with his intense love, so my feeling was "He's home" no matter where his body rests.

The day I was privileged to make the pilgrimage to my son's grave was a lovely spring day in May. The fields were a perfect setting with green grass and poppies, daisies and blue flowers in bloom, the cemetery was serenely quiet and I was composed in mind, and not the least bit disturbed as I thought I might be. Young Corporal Walker, walked with me to my son's grave. He was just a little bit on the uneasy side, I suppose, because one never knows how the awe of seeing the grave of one that was very dear will effect the "Mother". Those must of been the thoughts that filled his mind at the time. I too, wanted to be considerate of his feelings because this War had not been any "picnic" to him either.

We found his grave and stood a moment in silent prayer at the side of the last resting place of my son. I could hardly believe that beneath this White Cross laid the earthly remains of Wendell. To my mind came this thought "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread, till thou return unto the ground, for dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." Then too, I knew there "was no death, for I believe in the immortality of the soul and his Spirit lived in my heart forever."

Then and only then, did I know that it made no difference where the remains rest, the feeling would be the same. My boy had parted from this life to a better one, and his grave was only a marking place, in Military care, on a field of HONOR, and part of Europe was forever America to me.

And so I make my statement, "I am content, and I shall leave my son where he now lies."