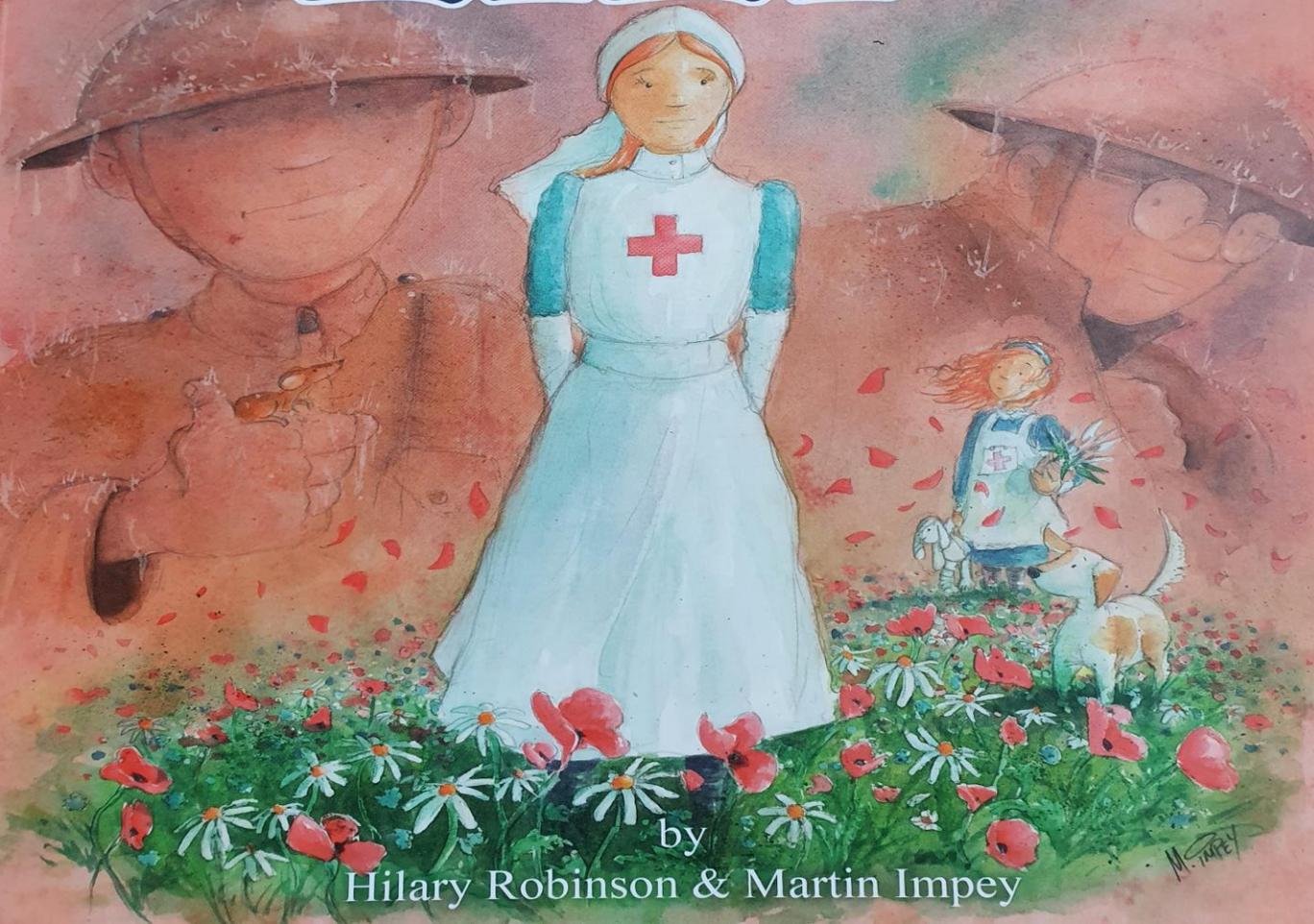


From the award-winning creators of *Where The Poppies Now Grow*

PEACE LILY



by
Hilary Robinson & Martin Impey

Last week, year 4 were introduced to two characters called Ben and Ray. They looked in depth at a story called 'Where the Poppies Now Grow'. This week, we will be continuing with Ben and Ray's story through 'Peace Lily'.

*“Nursing is an art;
and if it is to be made an art,
it requires as exclusive a devotion,
as hard a preparation,
as any painter’s or sculptor’s work;*

*...It is one of the Fine Arts;
I had almost said
the finest of the Fine Arts.”*

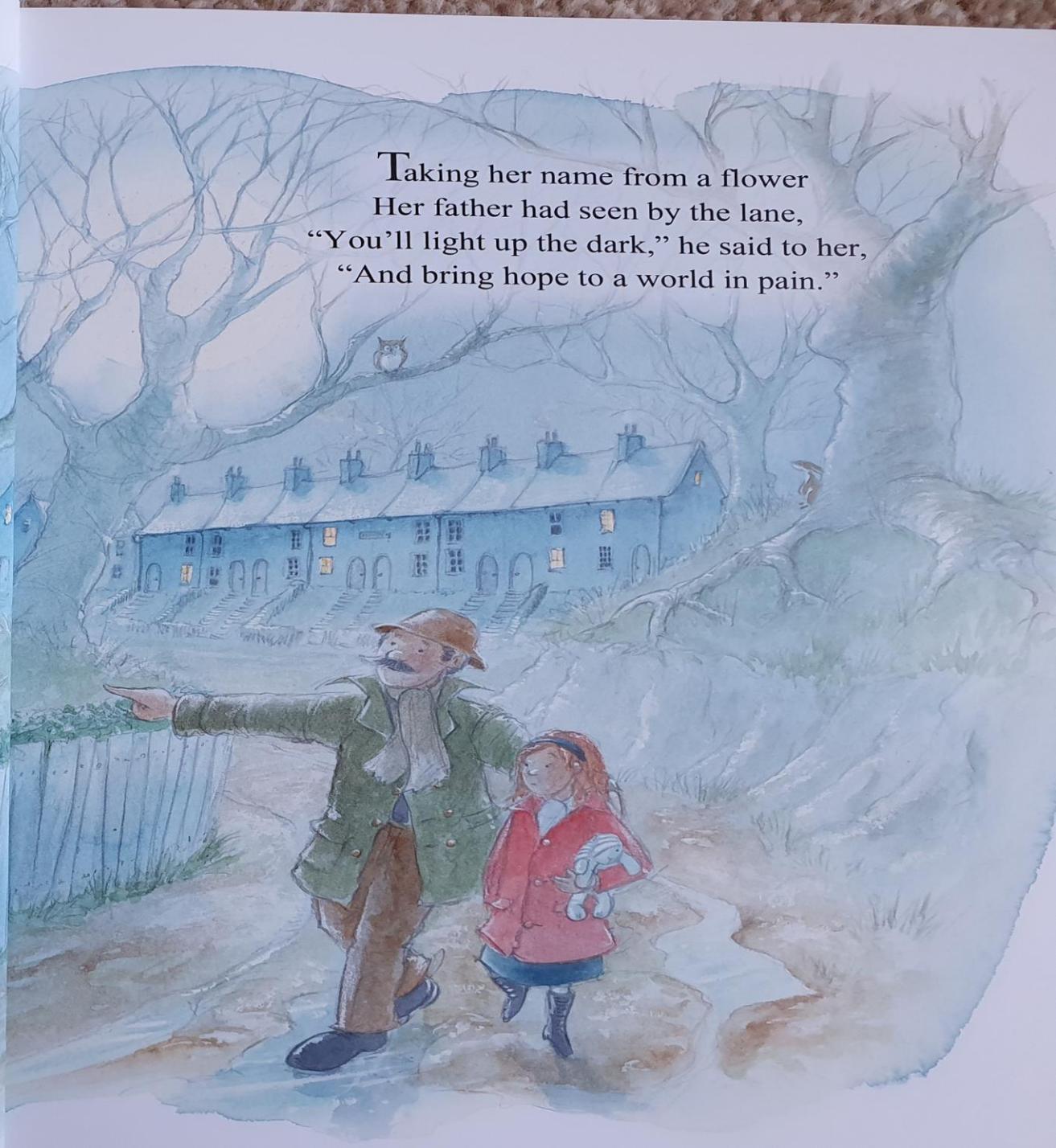
Florence Nightingale
1820-1910



The November frost was biting
The day Lily was born.



The world was calm, all was still,
That icy, misty morn.



Taking her name from a flower
Her father had seen by the lane,
“You’ll light up the dark,” he said to her,
“And bring hope to a world in pain.”

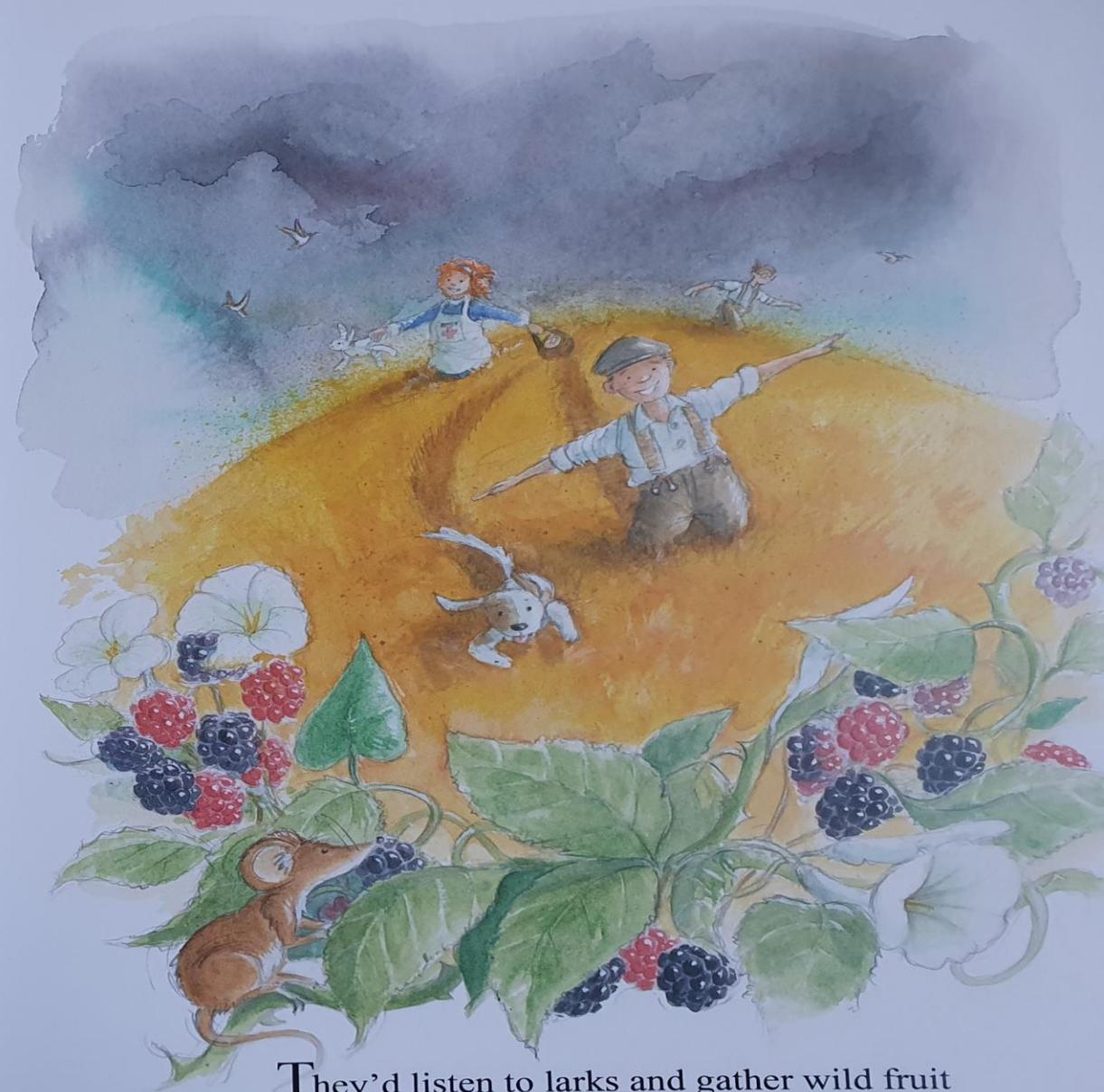


Lily played with friends Ray and Ben,
They picnicked on apples and cheese,

They paddled in brooks and ran in the woods
And hid in the old willow trees.



“It’s Lily, it’s me!” Lily would sing
When she found the boys in the dell.



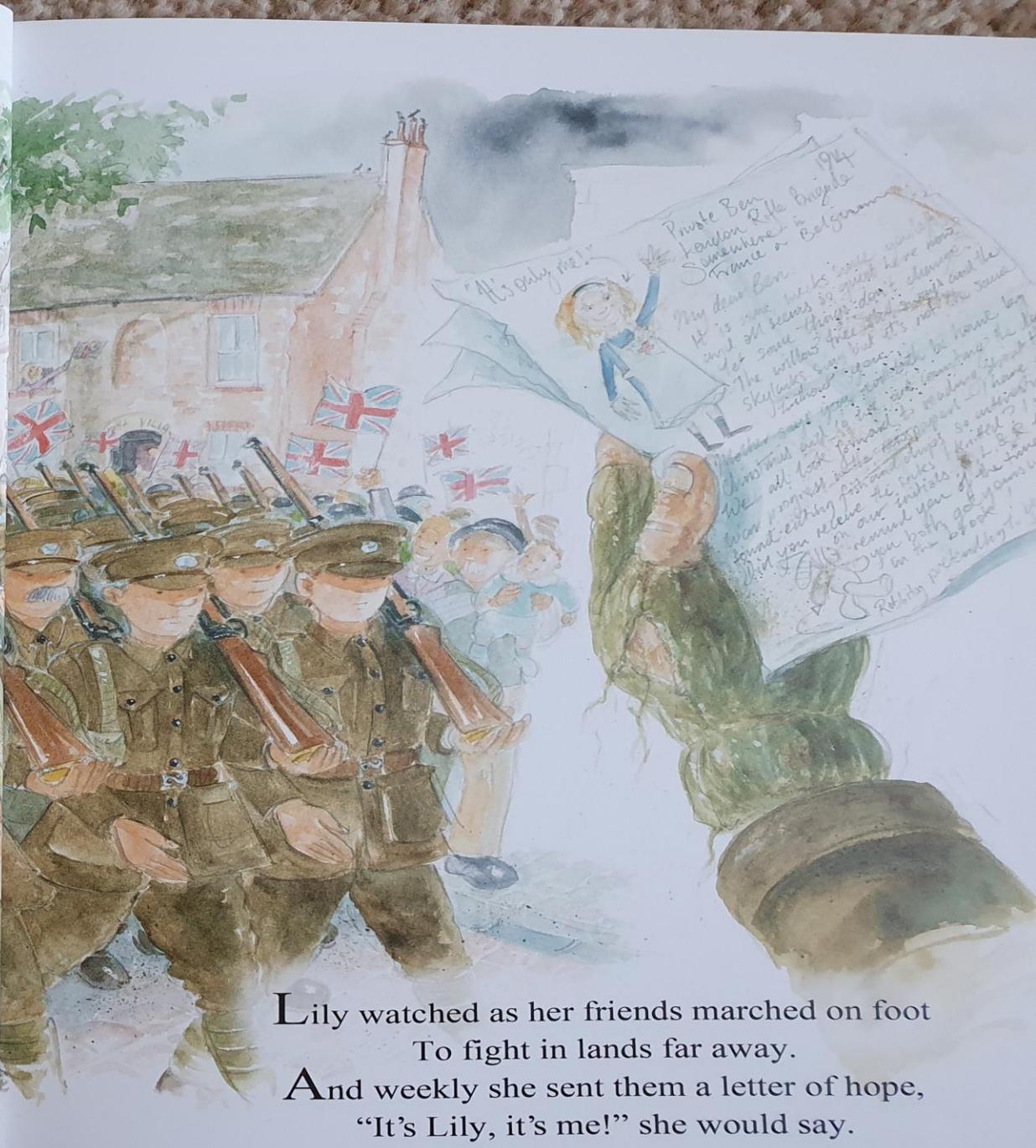
They’d listen to larks and gather wild fruit
And play by the old water well.



But dark clouds of war were looming,
And the boys became men and joined ranks,

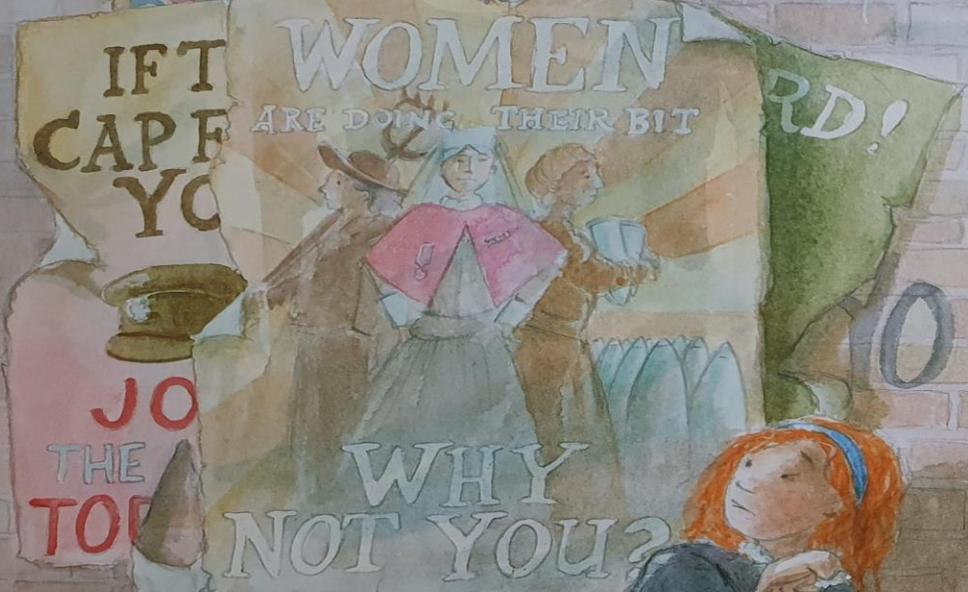


Their childhood was gone, new days now dawned
Of battlefields, weapons and tanks.



Lily watched as her friends marched on foot
To fight in lands far away.
And weekly she sent them a letter of hope,
"It's Lily, it's me!" she would say.

Sad that her friends had departed,
And seeing signs that said: **YOU!**
Make Nursing Your War Job! Help The Troops!

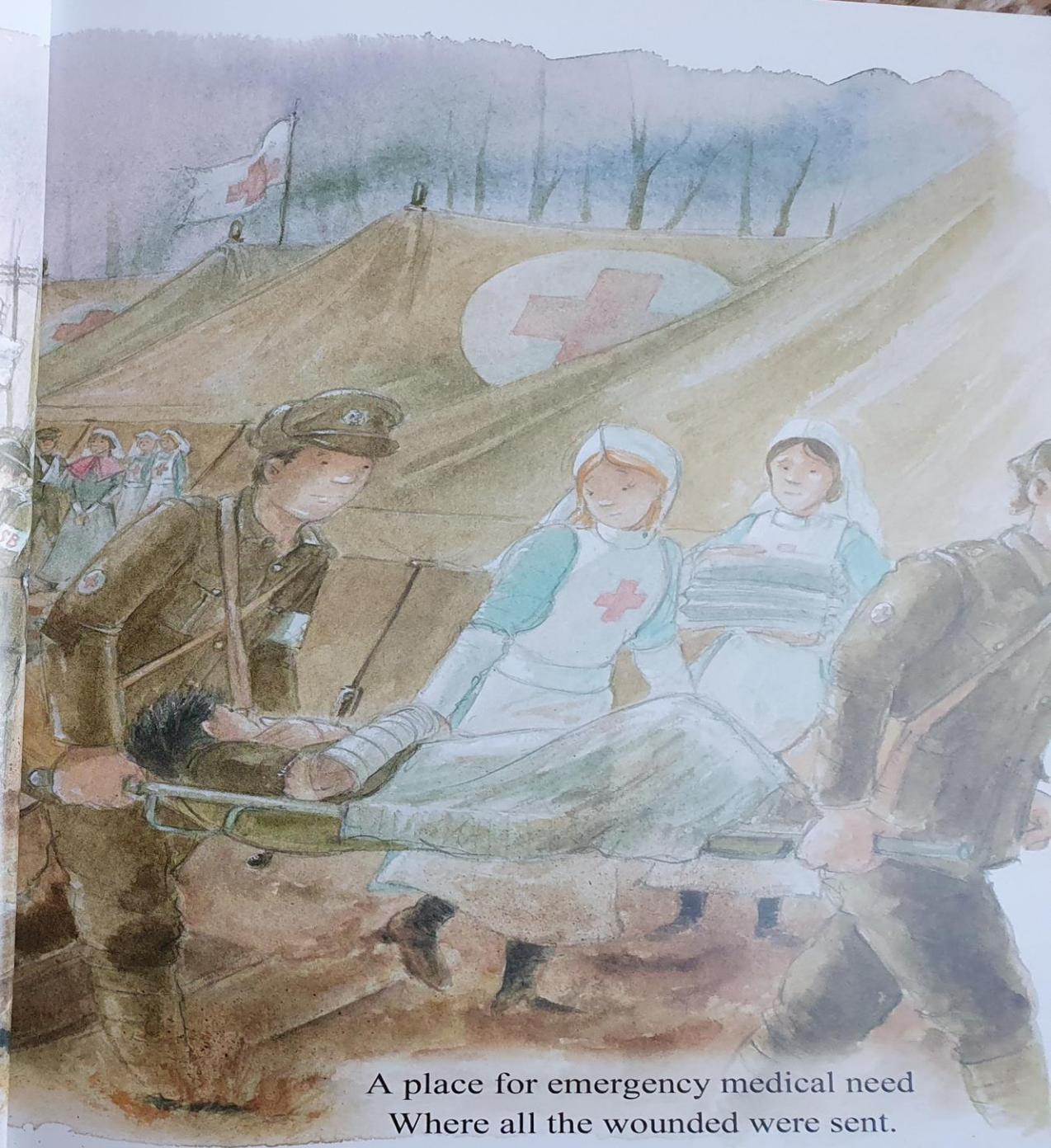


Lily joined the war effort too.





Lily arrived at the battlefield
To nurse in a hospital tent,



A place for emergency medical need
Where all the wounded were sent.

Then, one night, when all appeared calm,
Commotion broke out in the bay.



A soldier arrived, so badly hurt,
The padre was called in to pray.

Lily looked, then looked again
At the soldier brought in by the men –



Injured and in a deep sleep, Lily cried,
“It’s Ben, my village friend, Ben!”





Night after night, she said to herself,
"I'll make you better, you'll see."



And then, at dawn, as skylarks awoke,
She sang, "Ben, it's Lily, it's me."





Back home with care Ben recovered,
And in time his friends returned too,



While guns and weapons fell silent in
The fields where poppies then grew.

On the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month in 1918,
the guns across Europe fell silent.



The November frost was sparkling
The day a new world was born.

For Ray and Ben and Lily at last there was
Peace... that beautiful morn.







Our Wedding 1920



Our Charlie 1925



Little Molly Rose 1928



1932 Southwold



Happy Memories 1909

Roy Lily Ben



Parachutaele 1917



1940 A visit from our old friends



Our Anniversary "My Life"