PRAYER FOR METIS VETERANS

AS METIS WE ARE STANDING WE'LL BOW OUR HEADS IN PRAYER GOD BLESS THOSE METIS VETERANS WHO SAW WAR AND WHO FOUGHT THERE

THERE ARE MANY OF THEM BURIED IN FAR OFF FOREIGN LANDS SO PROUD TO SERVE, BECAUSE OF THEM NOW CANADA'S FREEDOM STANDS

IN PRAYER WE WILL REMEMBER THE AWFUL PRICE THEY'D PAY THEY GAVE UP THEIR TOMORROWS FOR US TO LIVE THIS DAY

AMEN

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Metis Sacred Ground

My Grandpa came to get me When I was just a boy As we rode in a buggy On his face I saw no joy

And this was so unusual He always wore a smile He told a sad, sad story As we went mile by mile

"The Battle at Batoche" he said "Is something you must hear!" He talked on till we came upon The battle site so near I did not know its meaning I learned to my surprise As we walked to the trenches There were tears in Grandpa's eyes

He showed me where the men dug in While on the Metis side A small boy stood right o the ground Where brave young Metis died

I had respect for Grandpa As <u>he stood hat in hand</u> Right then I knew that this man felt He stood on sacred land

The silence then was broken As he began a prayer He spoke their names so proudly As if each man was there A little boy stood so impressed A promise he would keep That once each year he's come to pray Where Metis heroes sleep

So many years have passed now But something draws me there I walk to see old trenches And pray that Metis Care

This I know that younger folk Must pass tradition on I know they'll build a better world Where Peace and Love will dawn

I pray, like me, they understand The reason I have found <u>To wear no hat</u> when I walk on <u>Batoche's Sacred Ground</u>.

Written by: Claude Adams