

Heroes

July 2024

D Day reflected

I take the speech by Henry V on the eve of the battle of Agincourt (according to Shakespeare) and tried to forge some piece to those heroes who changed the course of history. Who knows what would have happened if they had failed?

This day will be called Deliverance Day.

He that outlives this day, and comes safely home,

Will stand and of his fallen comrades say,

"I shall not forget. Wherever I roam",

Will on the vigil rejoice what was done.

What feats you did then; and shall all their names

their story tell, for ever etched on stone.

If our memory ever fades, our lives shames

he that has shed his life's blood for all.

Did that noble band of brothers die in vain,

When they answered the desperate call

To save freedom's cause from evil foe?

And those who lie peacefully in their bed

be accursed if e'er they do not recall

Those who now lay in foreign soil instead.

For on Normandy beaches gave their all.

They were heroes who took their noble stance,

on distant shores of embattled France,

To give liberty, by their sacrifice, a chance?

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No Hero's Tale

I am no hero, this I know,
but tales of courage around me grow.
My cousin, brave, amid flames and strife,
saved an elderly couple, gave them life.
Once, a lady stepped into harm's way,
I lifted her back and saved her that day.
At seventeen, they say I shone,
taking a polio-stricken friend to Brighton.
To me, just kindness, nothing more,
A day out for one who couldn't explore.
Am I heroic for showing my face,
In this group, in this very place?
The Classic Car Club, now just lore,
I attended faithfully, always sure.
So here I am, in a new crowd,
committed, and present, though not loud.
Yet still I say, with a humble tone,
I am no hero, just flesh and bone.

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Unsung Legends

In shadows and light, they walk among us,
Ordinary faces with extraordinary hearts.
No capes or masks to mark their presence,
Yet their impact silently imparts.
A teacher inspiring minds to soar,
A nurse tending wounds with gentle care,
A firefighter braving flames and smoke,
A friend who's always there to share.
They stand for truth in face of lies,
Extend a hand to those in need.
With courage, they face each new day,
Planting hope like a tiny seed.
Not all heroes make headlines or history,
Many work their magic out of sight.
But in small acts of love and kindness,
They make our burdened world feel light.
So look around, you might just see
A hero in disguise, it's true.
For, in the end, the greatest gift
Is the hero hiding inside of you?

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Heroes

We got a box of heroes once
I stored them way up high,
Until one rainy afternoon
I passed the shelf, where they caught my eye.

I told myself "I'll just have the one"
That won't make my waistline grow,
But one became two, then even more
So I hid the wrappers where they wouldn't show.

I'm always tempted by the dairy milk,
The Caramel, Twirl, Wispa, Fudge as well,
Before you know it I'm eating more & more
So I put the box back, hoping you couldn't tell.

That box is so very nearly empty now
And I really think I've had my share,
But I have been kind, I've left you some -
The Creme Eggs and Eclairs are still there.

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The hero inside

There are heroes a plenty through all walks of life,
Those who have saved, sacrificed, amazed us all.
The firemen, the soldiers, the have a go guys
Who have stood up to evil, determined not to fall.

Our policemen, our nurses, the doctors who save,
Those children who call 999 when their mum has become ill.
The people who save animals from cruelty and harm
But if I bring it closer to home the list grows longer still.

My father who was kind, generous with everyone he met,
Who had the greatest sense of fun, a twinkle in his eye.
My mother so bright, born in the wrong era to flourish
Who made us a happy home where we could grow & fly.

My daughter, so shy until she got on the stage
Where her confidence grew and she knew how to shine.
My son, brave against the illnesses he faced in life
I'm always so proud to say that they were children of mine.

We can all be heroes, they come in so many forms,
We don't need to save a nation, pluck someone from the sea.
There's no need to wear a cape, come flying through the air,
The hero is inside us and I hope it is hiding deep inside me.

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Heroes

Whom should be called a hero?
 Someone brave and fearless,
 With altruistic deeds to follow?
 Or someone kind and selfless?

Someone who goes a step beyond
 To feed the poor or nurse the sick?
 Someone who persists to make a bond
 With those spurned by the general public?

Someone who tries to right the wrongs
 Made by our masters 'politico'
 And someone who strives and longs
 To tear down those walls of Jericho?

Or the Sportsmen and Women
 Who thrill us with determination
 With ball, on tracks or swimming
 Striving for success and ovation?

And how about our parents and family
 Who put us before their own schemes?
 Who went without, willingly,
 So that we could follow our own dreams?

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What makes a Hero?

Perhaps it's a courageous deed that saves a person's life
 Or maybe it is suffering without complaint or strife
 Undertaking a task without a thought of fame
 Or maybe scoring the last run to win a cricket game

Working years to raise your kids without a thought for you
 And then enjoying their success makes you a hero too
 And doing an unpleasant job to help the folks around
 In any local community these people can be found

And oft in times of trouble, armed forces play their part
 To step in to take action whenever conflicts start
 Or it may be a conscript who has a job to do
 To help bring peace back to the world – well, he's a hero too

No matter what the task may be, the job they undertake
 In public or in private the differences they make
 May not be lauded or rewarded, without any great show
 Unsung heroes are all around, they're folks we're proud to know

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The World is Too Big

Thoughts on growing up and living with fear

The World is too big – all the windows can't contain it
Look how Frodsham Hill lies like a giant
And the smoke from the chemical plant hangs low over Runcorn Bridge
We were going home – how sad, the tentative return

And then the World was getting bigger by the year
And making our own way became the order of the day
With walks of shame and violation, down past Strawberry Field
Where serenity lay in tatters, bound with no return

The bigger life, a line drawn through a wilderness with no retreat
The years crept up the long-lived path, facing the World
Lonely beds come and go and walks turn to face another way
The nights are longer now though the years run shorter
Everything to fear is all out there, where heroes walk free then die alone

Is there a restful thought, a prayer to ease the mind?
I've listened for a saviour to answer my call, but Action Man couldn't hear it
Captain Scarlet rose again and again but never answered my prayer
Jesus promised to walk with me but we never made it that far
Caine, gentle mystic from the East, showed how there was another way

And then you came to me
You heard the crying of my voice and stayed to take me through to morning
You chose to walk the same path, with all its curious diversions
Every day, walking the rise and fall; every night, a rhythm at my side
My heart, my head, my body aches with gratitude
For your hand in the night, for my love, my world, my hero.

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Heroes

Are not necessarily those who have shown
Tremendous courage in battles and wars
To me they are the quiet souls who without
Fuss face and overcome horrendous challenges
Every day of their lives.

The 'silent' heroes are amongst us everywhere,
Perhaps suffering constant pain week in, week out,
But still living the best life they can.
Or those who have a different pain to cope with
The pain of bereavement, losing the person
With whom they have lived a long and happy life.

Then there are those who selflessly and tirelessly
Volunteer and work hard for their community.
These are heroic to me, they may never have a blue plaque
On the wall stating who they are and that they
Lived in the building, but their contribution
To the good of others and lives they have touched
Is far beyond a few words on a blue disk.

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