



From the protection of God's hands the war animals wait at heaven's gate for the return of their brothers in arms. Each has their own story and bond with the soldier whose life they shared.

The war horse laments how the years have gone by since the sound of trumpets had made us both tremble and our hearts beat as one as we galloped to the sound of gunfire. How I miss our mateship.

My back is bent with age reflects the donkey, but I remember the days as if yesterday when I would haul the injured you cared for in the mud and rain in no man's land. With your gentle voice encouraging me with every step, how I miss your compassion.

As canine warriors side by side ahead of the rest we would detect and protect the patrol from harm. When the sound of battle made me shake, your embrace around me made everything alright, how I miss your touch.

Often misunderstood and maligned, maybe because of my looks or stubbornness you saw through that during the long desert campaigns. Through sand and sun we patrolled many a mile, how I miss your respect.

Upon borrowed angels wings I fly, high above the battlefield, I return to earth to your embrace, the smallest of all war animals, I see respect in your eyes. How I miss your kindness.

The time grows near when we will be reunited once more, though the passage of time has grayed our hair it has not faded our memories of one another.

With all the compassion needed to work alongside God's creatures you are assured to have a place here in heaven and as we are united I shall miss you no more.

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