

The Sound of Peace

The sound of the bugle hits deep in my heart. I'm in Gallipoli, looking through rows for my great grandfather's resting place. Poppies nod in the slight breeze. I lay my wreath of rosemary and white lilies in respect and remembrance of my great great grandfather, who fought for our peace and freedom, and like many he died in action, September 15, 1915.

At Anzac Cove waves crash down on one another, like the bullets would have on the Anzacs. The sun reflects off the water making it sparkle with life. A great black backed gull circles overhead with one eye on my steak kebab. Suddenly something floats down past my head and settles quietly on sea shell. It is a black tail feather with a white tip; given in the spirit of friendship.

We return to my Addison's Flat farm on the West Coast of New Zealand's South Island. We should be more grateful for this peaceful place we have, away from a war torn world. We should respect more, those who fought for our freedom from war. We should help those who aren't as lucky as us, the ones who are still at war. One way is to allow more refugees into our country, well not just New Zealand but all other commonwealth countries. Invite them in, don't push them away.

Aotearoa New Zealand is such a peaceful place to live, but many New Zealanders think of it as nothing out of the ordinary. There are fresh water rivers. We have native fauna and flora reserves. There are picturesque beaches. Also we are disconnected from other countries so we don't have border issues. We are no threat to other countries. We should be thankful for that.

The sound of crashing waves echoes through the bay. Driftwood is dotted all around. Gold sand sparkles in the sun light. I imagine voices of soldiers lingering in the waves. Voices of horses remain in the wind. Voices of medics wait like nets, to catch the fallen. A seagull is circling, it calls to me. I see something floating in front of me; it is a white feather with a black tip; given in the spirit of peace.