

The Memorial*

One Sunday morning, the pastor noticed little Alex was staring up at the large plaque that hung in the foyer of the church. It was covered with names, and small American flags were mounted on either side of it.

The seven-year-old had been staring at the plaque for some time, so the pastor walked up, stood beside the little boy, and said quietly, "Good Morning, Alex."

"Good morning, Pastor," replied the young man. Still focused on the plaque, he asked, "Pastor, what is that?" The pastor replied, "Well, son, it's a memorial to all the young men and women who died in the service."

Soberly, they stood together, staring at the large plaque. Little Alex's voice was barely audible, trembling with fear, when he asked, "Which service, the 9:45 or the 11:15?"

*Source unknown.