

Relic of Peace

In a nearby town there is another machine. A machine of war. A killing machine. Unlike the one seen here, it sits in a place of honor in the town square. Unlike the one seen here, the war machine is carefully protected from the elements. Various groups of people volunteer to paint, polish and protect it, so that it will serve as a proud reminder of how well a free nation can build weapons of war.

The machine in the town square did its job well: it killed many hundreds of human beings. In its finest hour, blood and gore dripped from its flanks. Smoke, and the stench of death and war enshrouded it. Flags and painted combat ribbons now decorate it. Thousands of people have posed for their picture with this fine machine as it sits in its place of honor.

The tractor was left in the very field where it served for so many years to help feed a nation at war. Its work and toil are over now. Its only veneration, its only honor, is that the farmer left it and has plowed around it each new spring. Each passing season brings more rust and devastation. One day I will pass by here again and it will be gone; returned to the earth.

Will anyone remember the millions of lives that it preserved, by producing food for an entire nation? It is only an inanimate object. It stands here alone, in great beauty and dignity; a tool, a servant of human kind. But if we can so dearly honor war and the memories of war, can we not also honor and remember this: A Relic of Peace?

Walt Green