

It's very quiet here, just birdsong in the morning early and the milking parlour humming twice a day, a place of small woods and neat fields, and lanes like ribbons running through the farmland. Very few cars, very few people. Wide skies over a landscape of gentle hills and valleys, the towers and spires of Ypres in the distance.

You would only know there had ever been a war here from the cemeteries and memorials. There are dozens of them, hundreds

probably. I've never counted them. We can see two of them from the house, go past them almost every day, one for British soldiers, one for Germans. Most of my friends hardly notice the cemeteries, because they're always there, part of the landscape. I notice them, but then I have good reason to. Because that same war killed my father, and that was 11 years ago, in the spring of 2005. That's 87 years after the war ended.

