



REMEMBRANCE SERVICE

TO COMMEMORATE THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE END OF THE FIRST WORLD WAR

Sunday 11 November 2018

Town's War Memorial at the junction of Camp Road/Ennerdale Road

**Service commences at 1040 hrs
Remembrance Silence 1100 hrs**



Service conducted by The Reverend Wendy Mallas
Wreaths may be laid

WELCOME AND CALL TO WORSHIP AND REMEMBRANCE

At the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month the guns fell silent on the Western Front, to bring to an end the First World War. Our Nation and Commonwealth has recalled that moment through our Armistice and remembrance events down the decades, decades during which men and women of our Armed Services have continued to pay the ultimate sacrifice.

And so 100 years later, we stand here today to remember the lives of the sacrificed in the service of our Country, and those traumatised and injured in conflict. May we have such a devotion to justice and freedom that the heroism of all who fought, and still fight, may continue to be remembered in a nation of service and in a world of peace.

(ALL)

On this Remembrance Sunday, in union with nations and people throughout the world, let us remember before God and commend to his sure keeping: those who have died for their country in conflict, those whom we knew and whose memory we lovingly cherish, and all those who have lived and died in the service of humanity. We remember with gratitude, their sacrifice, especially the 69 Servicemen from our Parish listed on our Roll of Honour.

Hymn Eternal Father, Strong to Save

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ! Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walked'st on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

Most Holy Spirit! Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea!

From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

(William Whitting, 1825-1878)

WREATH LAYING

By: The Town Mayor (on behalf of Whitehill Town Council);
East Hampshire District Council, Military representatives;
Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers; The Royal British Legion; Lions
International; Police; Hampshire Fire and Rescue Service;
Relatives of the fallen; The General Public.

READING OF THE NAMES FROM THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE

By Cllr Adam Carew (69 names on our ROLL OF HONOUR)

The book is held in the Town Library.
Children to lay crosses on the War Memorial for each name read out.

THE READING MAY BE HALTED AT 11:00HRS FOR THE EXHORTATION

The EXHORTATION

By Maj Gen Alan Sharman CBE, CEng, FIMechE

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We will remember them

(ALL)

We will remember them

LAST POST - (Performed by Verity Flood)



1 MINUTE SILENCE

REVEILLE (Performed by Verity Flood)

KOHIMA EPITAPH

By Cllr Mark Davison, Leader, Whitehill Town Council

When you go home, tell them of us and say,
For your tomorrow we gave our today.

A WAR FILM

By Cllr Leslie Webber, Mayor of Whitehill Town Council

I saw,
With a catch of the breath and the heart's uplifting
Sorrow and pride,
The 'week's great draw' – The Mons Retreat;
The 'Old Contemptibles' who fought, and died,
The horror and the anguish and the glory.

As in a dream,
Still hearing the machine-guns rattle and shells scream,
I came out into the street.

When day was done,
My little son
Wonder at bath-time why I kissed him so,
Naked upon my knee. How could he know
The sudden terror that assaulted me?...
The body I had borne
Nine moons beneath my heart, A part of me...
If someday,
It should be taken away
To War. Tortured. Torn
Slain.
Rotting in No Man's Land, out in the rain –

My little son...

Yet all those men had mother, everyone.

How should he know

Why I kissed and kissed and kissed him, crooning his name?

He thought that I was daft.

He thought it was a game,

And laughed, and laughed.

(Theresa Hooley, 1888-1973)

AFTERMATH

By Capt (Retd) G MacB Anderson

Have you forgotten yet?

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,

Like traffic checked while at the crossing of city-ways:

And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow

Like clouds in the lit heaven of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,

Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.

But the past is just the same – and War's a bloody game...

Have you forgotten yet?...

Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz –

The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench

Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench –

And dawn coming, dirty white, and chill with a hopeless rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, 'Is it all going to happen again?'

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack –

And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?

Do you remember that stretcher-cases lurching back

With dying eyes and lolling heads – those ashen-grey

Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?...

Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll never forget.

(Siegfried Sassoon, 1886-1967)

ROMANS 12:9-18

By The Reverend Alice Wood

Hymn The Two Fatherlands

I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above,

Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love;

The love that asks no questions, the love that stands the test,

That lays upon the altar, the dearest and the best;

The love that never falters, the love that pays the price,

The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice.

And there's another country, I've heard of long ago,

Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know;

We may not count her armies; we may not see her King;

Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering;

And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,

And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

(Cecil Spring-Rice, 1859-1918)

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

(All)

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;

Thy kingdom come; thy will be done;

On earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

As we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation;

But deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom,

The power and the glory,

For ever and ever.

Amen.

Hymn Thine be the Glory

Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son;
Endless is the victory, Thou o'er death hast won;
Angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,
Kept the folded grave clothes where Thy body lay.

Refrain

Thine is the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, Thou o'er death hast won.

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;
Lovingly He greets us, scatters fear and gloom;
Let the church with gladness, hymns of triumph sing;
For her Lord now liveth, death hath lost its sting.

Refrain

Thine is the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, Thou o'er death hast won.

No more we doubt Thee, glorious Prince of life;
Life is naught without Thee; aid us in our strife;
Make us more than conquerors, through Thy deathless love:
Bring us safe through Jordan to Thy home above.

Refrain

Thine is the glory, risen conquering Son,
Endless is the vict'ry, Thou o'er death hast won.

(Edmond Budry, 1854–1932)

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By Cllr Sally Pond, Deputy Leader, Whitehill Town Council

In Flanders fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

By John McCrae

John McCrae was a doctor in the Canadian Medical Corps and wrote this poem at Essex Farm near Ypres in Belgium after the death of a close friend.

THE ADDRESS

By The Reverend Deborah Scott-Bromley

WE SHALL KEEP THE FAITH

Read by Rowena Sears, Deputy Head Girl, Mill Chase Academy

Oh! you who sleep in Flanders Fields,
Sleep sweet - to rise anew!
We caught the torch you threw
And holding high, we keep the Faith
With All who died.

We cherish, too, the poppy red
That grows on fields where valor led;
It seems to signal to the skies
That blood of heroes never dies,
But lends a lustre to the red
Of the flower that blooms above the dead
In Flanders Fields.

And now the Torch and Poppy Red
We wear in honor of our dead.
Fear not that ye have died for naught;
We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought
In Flanders Fields.

(Moina Michael, 1869-1944)

Hymn Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lighting of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound
retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement seat;
O, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant my feet;
Our God is marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make us holy let us live that all be free;
While God is marching on.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

(Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910)

FOR THE FALLEN

*By Thomas Ferguson, Chairman, Bordon & District Branch,
The Royal British Legion*

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.
They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

(Laurence Binyon, 1869-1943)

ACT OF COMMITMENT

By The Reverend Wendy Mallas

Let us pledge ourselves anew to the service of God and our fellow men and women, that we may be peacemakers in our homes, in our community, in our country and in our world.

(ALL)

Lord God, we pledge ourselves to serve all people in the cause of peace and for the relief of want and suffering. Give us wisdom; give us courage; give us hope; and keep us always faithful. Amen

THE BLESSING

By The Reverend Wendy Mallas

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

(ALL)

God save our gracious Queen

Long live our noble Queen

God save the Queen

Send her victorious

Happy and glorious

Long to reign over us

God save the Queen

Thy choicest gifts in store

On her be pleased to pour,

Long may she reign;

May she defend our laws,

And give us cause

To sing with heart and voice

God Save the Queen!

REFRESHMENTS

Immediately following the service at the War Memorial.

Followed by a further commemoration at
The Canadian Forces Memorial Garden