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November 11 – A Day of Remembrance

Generations of Canadians have served our country and the world during times of war, military conflict and peace. Through their courage and sacrifice, these men and women have helped to ensure that we live in freedom and peace, while also fostering freedom and peace around the world.

“LEST WE FORGET”

In honour and in memory of those from our church communities
who gave their lives in two world wars.

Hilden 1914 – 1918

Alfred Archibald
W.A. Archibald
O.W. Blakeney
C.E. Bryson
L.W. Bryson
R. Gibbs

D.M. Harvey
F.A. Harvey
Fred A. Murphy
G.N. Murray
B.M. (Harry) Wynn
J. Wynn

Hilden 1939 – 1945

Hedley Kennedy

Old Barns 1914 – 1918

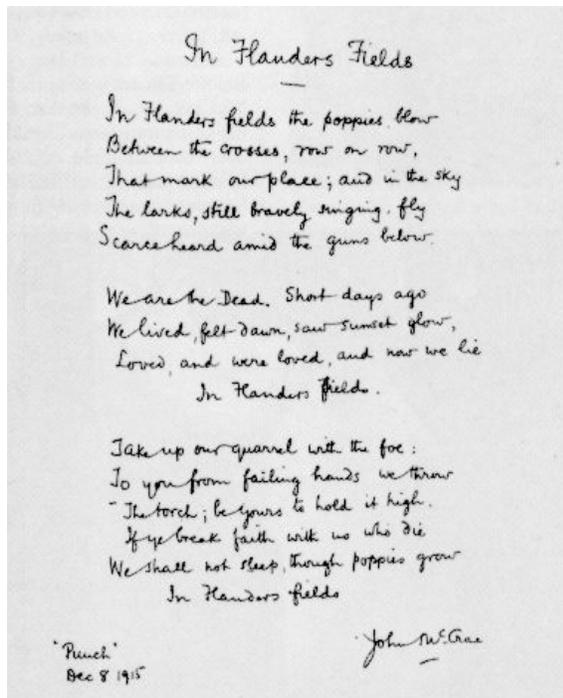
A. Earle Crowe

B. Nicholas Decoste

Old Barns 1939 – 1945

Clarence M. Archibald
Robert Crowe
Willis E. Dearmond

Eric C. Loughhead
Charles F. Rogers
Harold F. Starrett



John McCrae jotted down this most famous of war poems, “**In Flanders Fields**”, in 20 minutes during the Battle of Ypres, December 8, 1915.

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.



Essex Farm Cemetery, Belgium – John McCrae Memorial



Robert Laurence Binyon (1869 – 1943)

Laurence Binyon composed his best-known poem “**For the Fallen**” while sitting on the cliff-top looking out to sea from the dramatic scenery of the north Cornish coastline. The poem was written in mid-September 1914, a few weeks after the outbreak of the First World War.

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.



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