



An Act of
Remembrance
By Year 6
at
The Vine Inter-Church
Primary School

09-11-18





Welcome Everybody

All are Welcome Here

Arya, Tommy and Adam
will begin our Act of
Remembrance by
explaining why poppies are
so important today.





Significance of the poppy

Poppies grew in the battlefields during WWI. Many soldiers pressed poppies and sent them home in cards to their loved ones.

A Canadian doctor called John McCrae wrote the poem, *In Flanders Field* during the war. The poppy has become a symbol to remember soldiers who have died in battle. The first poppies were sold in 1921, they were made out of silk and they raised over £106,000!

We wonder how much money our poppy raffle will raise?





We Shall Remember

1. You gave us our freedom,
And the world we see today
Is shaped by your bravery.
We won't let it pass away.

2. You live on in photographs,
A world in shades of grey.
You battled through the night
So that we might see the day.

Chorus

Now we shall remember,
And at the dimming of the day,
Always we shall remember,
We won't let you fade away.

Now we shall remember,
And at the dimming of the day,
Always we shall remember,
We won't let you fade away.

3. You had no time for evil.
You had no room for hate.
You did what you had to do.
You didn't choose your fate.

1. You gave us our freedom,
And the world we see today
Is shaped by your bravery.
We won't let it pass away.



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"God is our refuge and strength;
a very present help in trouble."

Psalm 46.1

"I lift up my eyes to the hills –
from whence will my help come?
My help comes from the Lord,
Who made heaven and earth."

Psalm 121.1-2

"The Lord gives strength to those who are weary.
Even young people get tired, then stumble and fall.
But those who trust the Lord will find new strength.
They will be strong like eagles soaring upward on wings;
they will walk and run without getting tired."

Isaiah 40.29-31



War Horse written and performed by Year Six

Dread stirred through the lines.
Through men's hearts. No mans fine.
But secure, brave, facing war once more
A potent silence, concealed them all.

We tramped our hooves. We followed the plan.
We expressed as only horses can.
With the clinking harness, snorts cometh
everywhere.
With eerie eyes and ears a flare.

Charge! Charge! We raced to battle.
To canon fire and machine gun rattle,
With crushing hooves and cries full of fear
To nightmare scenes where hope disappears.

Regardless, we bolted on and on.
But the victory was not won.
Through shrapnel tunnels and rifle fire,
In unthinkable panic, to barbed wire.

Now rider-less, with no one to guide me,
I expanded my jump to its maximum capacity
To clear the wire of neutral lands
And grasp the forest in enemy's hands.

Riddled with grief, I hobbled along,
Till the rattle of shelling was long gone,
Past destroyed homes and field of sludge,
Past trenches with a reek of blood.

All alone, I find a river,
I stopped at once and left a shiver,
I slurp its freshness, It simulates me,
I think about how it used to be.

Where is the field I used to play?
Where is the bedding I once lay?
Where is the farm where me and Albert grew?
Where is my family I loved and knew?

Inspired by the Brenda William's poem, War Horse



This is why we remember by Sienna and Isabella

**We remember this day for all those
who have died for us,
We shall be thankful that we are
living the life we do.**

**It came on the day of September
to the day of November
This is why we remember.**

**As more blood flow'd another
poppy show'd.
Some suffered but we knew they
would,
They did it for our country.**

**It came on the day of September
to the day of November,
This is why we remember.**

**It was 1914 to 1918, 100 years now,
since that terror has stopped.
We are grateful for those four years.
There is no more.**

**It came on the day of September to the
day of November.
This is why we remember.**

**Performed by Isabella, Sienna and
Emily P**



No-man's Land

by Lucy Colledge

**In the life-less, lice-covered, dull trenches,
Soldiers lurk, not knowing what's going to
happen next.**

**But up on land is no-man's land
Where nobody dares to go
Until the battle starts and that's where they go.
To fight for possibly the last minute of their life.**

**But when they die, they are not forgotten,
Because the poppies carry the spirit for the men
Who died and lie in Flanders Fields.**



Tear Gas

By Daisy Cornick-Wells

**The War broke out
He joined up for a laugh
He thought he would return
He was ignorant of the future
I warned him
But it was the last of him
TEAR GAS**

**Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori
It is right and proper to die for King and Country**

**And now these three remain:
FAITH, LOVE and HOPE.
But the greatest of these is LOVE.
I Corinthians, chapter 13 verse 13**



The Story of the Soldier

by Bethany Hunt

In arms, standing shoulder to shoulder,
A British Tommy. A British soldier.
Friends of others, now my brothers,
Standing waiting tense and scared.
We are ready, we are prepared.
My mind drifts to times long gone...

Songs sung loudly,
Marching proudly.
Spirits are high, none are low,
Family's waving as we go.
My country needs me – battle on.

My wife and children stand hand in hand
As we march across to No Man's Land.
Oh my darling how I miss
To stand beside you, I long to kiss ...
But the present wakes me from my dreams.

Will this fighting ever end?
Will enemy ever be our friend?

As the shrill whistles blow,
Over the top we must go.
No longer do we proudly stand.
Now we've reached the No Man's Land.

Performed by Bethany and Arya



The Soldier

by Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign
field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust
concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped,
made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her
ways to roam.
A body of England's breathing English
air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of
home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by
England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as
her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and
gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English
heaven.



To My Brother

GIVE me your hand, my brother, search my face;
Look in these eyes lest I should think of shame;
For we have made an end of all things base.
We are returning by the road we came.

Your lot is with the ghosts of soldiers dead,
And I am in the field where men must fight.
But in the gloom I see your laurell'd head
And through your victory I shall win the light.

by Siegfried Sassoon



Base Details

By Siegfried Sassoon

If I were fierce, and bald, and short of breath,
I'd live with scarlet majors at the Base,
And speed glum heroes up the line to death.
You'd see me with my puffy petulant face,
Guzzling and gulping in the best hotel,
Reading the Roll of Honour. "Poor young
chap,"
I'd say – "I used to know his father well:
Yes, we've lost heavily in this last scrap."
And when the war is done and youth stone
dead,
I'd toddle safely home and die – in bed.





Everyone Sang

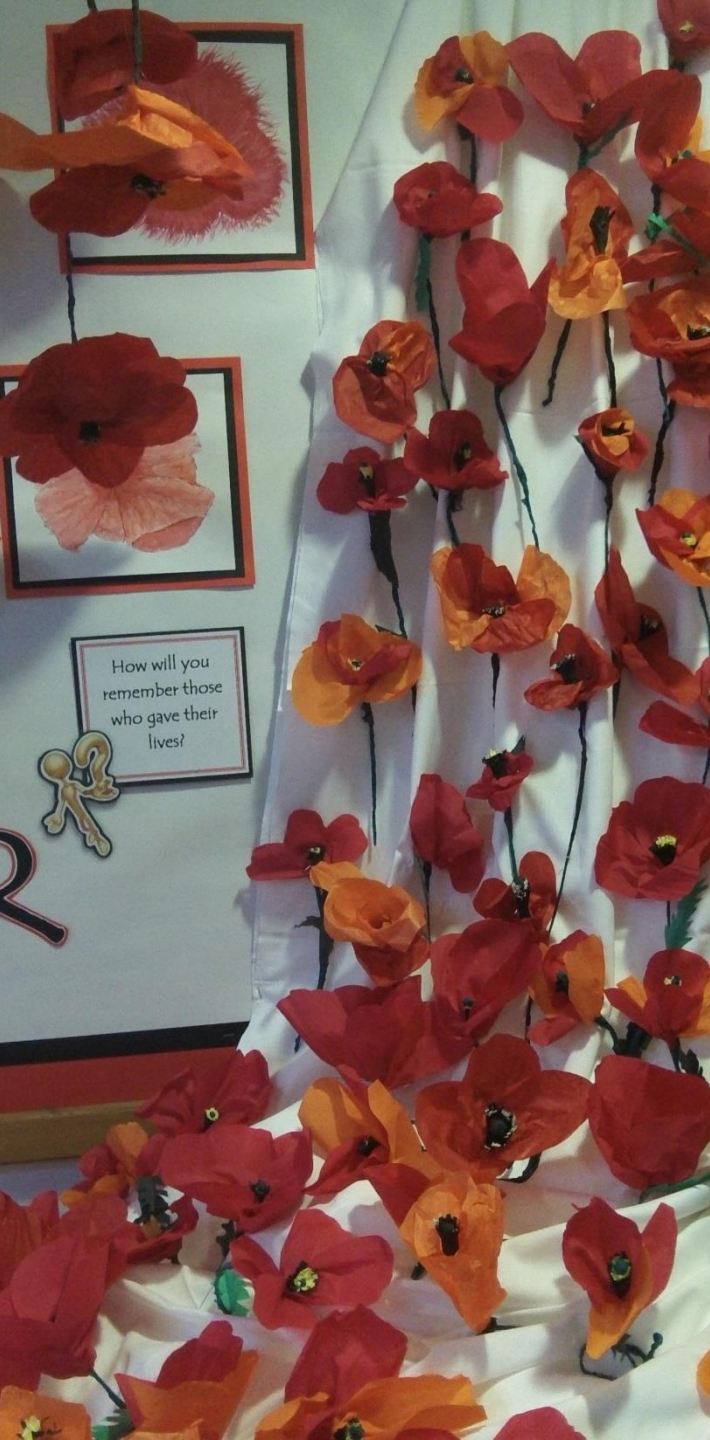
By Siegfried Sassoon, performed by Bethany

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom,
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields; on-on-
and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted;
And beauty came like the setting sun:
My heart was shaken with tears: and
horror

Drifted away ... O, but Everyone
Was a bird: and the song was wordless; the
singing will
never be done.





Traditionally, Year Six make ceramic poppies to plant in our Reflective Courtyard each year to remember everyone who has been affected by war.

This year, to mark 100 years since the end of World War One, as a school, each year group has made a wreath of poppies.

We would like to invite Pre-School and Reception to lay their wreathes.

Now we would like to invite Year One.

Now we would like to invite Year Two.





A remembrance prayer written by Henry in Year Two

Lord,

Thank you for everything that the
soldiers did for us.

And for making them save our
country.

Amen.

Now we would like to invite Year Three.





A remembrance prayer written by Year Three

Dear God,
Help us to remember all those who
fought for us 100 years ago
Thank you for all those brave men
and women who still risk their lives
to still protect us everyday.
Help us to wear our poppies with
pride for many more years to come.
Amen.

Now we would like to invite Year Three.





A remembrance prayer written by Year 4

Dear God,

We remember.

I feel the touch of red poppies swaying against my
frightened skin.

I hear guns firing and families crying.

I see the sight of the soldiers' injuries, poppy-red.

I smell the stench of sadness in the soldiers' breath.

I taste fear in my mouth, dry as the smoky air.

I feel the velvet poppies entwined into barbed wire
fences,

I hear the sound of silence complete with loneliness
and fear

I smell the blood from the innocent soldiers

I taste the soldiers' confidence, perseverance and
bravery.

Amen





Now we would like to invite Year Five.

Finally, Year Six will lay their wreath.

A Remembrance prayer
written by Aleesha and Amandine in Year Six

We will remember those who risked their lives for us

We will remember those who were brave and
courageous

We will remember those who wanted to keep us safe
in their love and compassion

We will remember those who fought for their
country

We will remember those who died on the battlefield

We specially celebrate the 100th year of
Remembrance today

We will remember them

Amen





The Exhortation

They shall not grow 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.

We will remember them

Two minutes silence.



Our school prayer

As is our tradition at Friday assembly, we will finish our service with our school prayer

This is our school
Let peace dwell here
Let the rooms be full of contentment
Let love abide here
Love of one another
Love of mankind
Love of life itself and
Love of God
Let us remember that
as many hands build a house
so many hearts create a school
Amen





Planting of the poppies in the Reflective Courtyard

