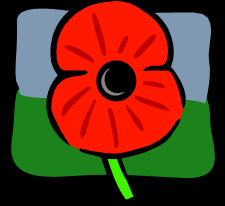
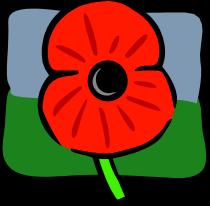


Remembrance Day





Armistice Day

Eleventh hour of the
eleventh day of the
eleventh month



The Cenotaph in Whitehall, London



FLANDERS FIELD

In Flanders Fields where poppies grow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks. Still bravely singling, 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.



Eternal rest give unto them O Lord,
And let perpetual light shine upon them.

May they rest in peace

Amen



Today we remember all those who have
died in the World Wars, but we also think
about all those who have died.
Let us pray.



They shall not grow old,
As they 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



**When you go home
Tell them of us and say
‘For your tomorrow
We gave our today.’**

