

8th November 2020

Remembrance

**“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.”**

Laurence Binyon, For the Fallen, 1914

We will remember them ... Today, on Remembrance Sunday, we stand in respectful silence at our cenotaphs, war-memorials, or even on our own doorsteps, and we remember. We remember the fallen as we should, and, as bugles sound and pipers play, as flags are lowered and tears are shed, we remember, respectfully, deeply, sadly, painfully.

We will remember them – from the horrors of Ypres to the beaches of Normandy; from the hills of the Falklands to the sands of Afghanistan; from the torn cities of Iraq to terrorist autocracies in our own streets ... we will remember them, for that is our promise.

But when respectful silences are over for another year; when bugles no longer sound and Poppy Wreaths are faded by the rain; when medals are unpinned and flags are stowed away, will we still take time to remember? Will we read the names on our war memorials on *other* days of the year? Will we weep for all those who did *not* die in battle? Will we carry in our daily deliberations the saints and sinners of *all* our generations past? Will we shed silent tears when *no* two-minutes are called for, bow our heads when *no* ‘Last Post’ is sounded? Will we cherish the legacy of goodness and truth, of justice and peace offered to us as gifts by those who have gone before? Will we? Will we remember like that?

*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 ...*

and in all the times in between, we will remember them, we *will!* We have to remember them, because they matter so much. *At the going down of the sun, and in the morning?* No! *All the time ...*

A prayer for today

Living God, on this day, I gather up all my remembrances, the painful and the thankful, the spoken and the silent, and place them before the altar of your merciful grace – for I should do no other. Amen.

Adapted from “We will remember”, from ‘With an Open Eye’, www.ionabooks.com © Tom Gordon

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