

Remembrance

“We will remember them.....”

Strands of well-being:

Perspective, relationships, meaning and purpose

Life skills:

Social, ensuring a strong, healthy and just society for existing and future communities, Ethics

Learning objectives:

To explore the motivation behind going to war

To value other people's perspective on conflict

To respect views on sacrifice

To recognise the value of avoiding conflict to encourage a sustainable environment in which to live

Resources:

“The Average British Soldier” film clip (click on the link below)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jNssBAh4Maw>

Sheets of poppies

The learning4Life story “We will remember them .....”

POPPY SHEETS

### Being Aware:

Please watch the clip which can be accessed by clicking on the link above or in the Google Classroom.

Read the story and interspersed poetry as a class. Give several children the poetry and one to read Michael's section. There are a couple of questions to ponder during the reading.

### Applying:

In the circle:

What was Aidan thinking when the noise came out of Michael's pocket?

What was Michael thinking?

Was Michael right to be asking questions on Waterloo Bridge?

Do you think his questions are worth asking?

What do you think those who have died would want us to be doing for the future?

Take a minute to reflect in silence

### Reflecting:

In the circle: finish the sentence:

In L4L books draw a Poppy on the blank half and continue these two sentences:

During that minute's silence I will be thinking about .....

In the future, those who perished would want us to .....

# We will remember them .....



## Reader 1

*"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 uncouth,  
They fell with their faces to the foe."*



## Reader 2

It was Aidan's first London duty and he was nervous. It was also the perishing cold which was causing him discomfort. He completely understood the importance of Remembrance Sunday. He had it literally drilled into him since his first day as a recruit. He hadn't been on active duty yet, but men in his battalion had died and been badly injured in Helmand province. Aidan was on parade and he knew that there would be thousands of people in London on this wintry day. He would see them all, all the top brass, politicians for whom he had little time.

## Reader 3

*"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."*



#### **Reader 4**

Michael had been to London on many occasions before. He especially loved going to London to spend his Christmas money. This time was different, his parents had thought that it would be good for Michael to get a good perspective on War as he was studying war poetry and literature for his coming exams. His parents also wanted him to get a perspective on war for other reasons.

***Teacher (What reasons do you think these might be?)***

#### **Reader 5**

Michael's finger flashed quickly over the screen on his phone. He was getting bored of the snioer game he had downloaded. The voices and sounds were really good, but the graphics were not up to much. It wasn't overly exciting now. He knew how to use all of the weapons and had recently increased his all-time number of kills. Michael looked up as the train he was on sped towards London. Today was a day like any other day.

## Reader 5

*"With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,*

*England mourns for her dead across the sea.*

*Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of spirit,*

*Fallen in the cause of the free."*



## Reader 6

The hairs on the back of Aidan's neck stood up as the old veterans marched by, some with tears streaming down their faces. Aidan's boots were like mirrors, and he knew that every hour that he had put in to cleaning them represented respect for these proud men. All he could hear was the regular beat of drums and boots or feet on the roads. The music changed from brass to pipe bands. The wind was blowing through him and as unpleasant as it was he had to stand still,

very still. It had been two hours already, he guessed. He couldn't of course, check his watch. His bearskin was very heavy and he was uncomfortable. He wanted to clear his throat.

## Reader 7

*"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."*



## Reader 8

"Why am I here?" thought Michael as he tramped across Waterloo Bridge. "Keep up" said his father.

“But Dad, I don’t understand ..... everyone talks about Ukraine and now Gaza, and how much the war costs in lives and money, why can’t people just stop moaning and stop fighting?”

***Teacher: Do you think that Michael’s suggestion is feasible?***

## **Reader 9**

“Now is not the time”, replied his father, “this is all about respecting the fallen, can’t you at least do that?”

Michael and his father joined the crowd which lined the route of the parade. They found themselves in front of a guardsman in a grey great coat. His boots were like mirrors, he stood, motionless and silent. Michael was really surprised to hear him clear his throat.



## **Reader 10**



Aidan cleared his throat. He was very aware that the silence was approaching and he did not want to utter any kind of noise during that sacred moment. He could hear young voices behind him and he could feel himself getting wound up little by little. Could he trust them to stay silent? What would he do if they made a noise? The last post began to sound, the last note faded and the silence began. Irritatingly all Aidan could think about was the crowd behind him. As the seconds ticked by it became clearer that everyone was united in silence. Aidan felt comforted by this and the solidarity allowed him to reflect on his own military experiences and what bereavement could mean.



## **Reader 11**

Michael kept his eyes firmly on the soldier in front of him as the wind ruffled his bearskin. He couldn't fail to be impressed by the fact that everyone was silent. The traffic had stopped, all was quiet ..... he still wondered why we were doing all of this ... he stopped himself and tried to concentrate. Unfortunately, from his pocket came a noise ..... "Game over"

## **Reader 12**

*"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."*

## **Teacher reads**

For The Fallen was first published in the Times on September 21 1914. Laurence Binyon (1869-1943) wrote it while working at the British Museum, and did not go to the western front until 1916, as a Red Cross orderly. The poem's fourth verse is now used all over the world during services of remembrance, and is inscribed on countless war monuments.