

Sunday 25 April

ANZAC Day



On Anzac Day, the people of Australia and New Zealand will come together, in person and in spirit, to commemorate the men and women who have served our nation in all wars, conflicts, and peacekeeping operations.

As many would know, the word “ANZAC”, was the name given to a combined force of First Australian Imperial Force and New Zealand Army troops who landed on Turkey’s Gallipoli Peninsula at around dawn on Sunday, the 25th day of April, 1915, barely nine months after the outbreak of World War I.

On the 10th day of January 1916, inspired by the heroic example of courage and sacrifice demonstrated on that bloody battlefield, a public meeting of Brisbane citizens voted unanimously to establish the ANZAC Day Commemoration Committee. Their efforts lay the groundwork for a nationwide, solemn day of public remembrance on the first anniversary of the landings.

Hence, ANZAC day was born and for over 100 years, on every 25th day of April , “ANZAC Day” has been observed in Australia and New Zealand, becoming an honoured and sacred tradition along the way.

An integral part of all ANZAC Day ceremonies, is the recitation of the “Ode of Remembrance”. Many would not be aware that the “Ode” actually comes from a poem entitled, “**For the Fallen**”, written by English poet, Laurence Binyon. So overwhelmed by the carnage and loss of life by British and Allied forces in World War 1, Binyon penned one of the most moving tributes the world has known to our war dead. The ode first appeared in *The Times of London* on September 21, 1914 and the verse in bold below is still read at dawn services and other ANZAC tributes in memory of those who have died. It is followed by the response, “**Lest we forget**”.

FOR THE FALLEN

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 her tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young.
Straight of limb, true of eyes, 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 at home;
They have no lot in our labour of the daytime;
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 will 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.

As we celebrate ANZAC Day this weekend, may we strive, in our words and actions, to always respect others, promote understanding and tolerance to maintain peace for generations to come.

Above all, may we always remember those brave men and women who gave the ultimate sacrifice so that we may live in freedom. Lest we forget.

God bless,
Rita Cordina

