



Sunday 8th November 2020 10:15 am

Rev'd Dawn Saunders, Rev'd Jenny Pathmarajah and Lay Reader Pat Bougard (BSL)

Welcome & Candle to Light



Call to Worship

Lord, we have come to remember you and your great love. We have come to *remember* your mercy and your truth. We have come to

remember your grace and your power. We have come to *remember* to give you thanks and praise. We have come to *remember*.

Amen

Thanksgiving

Father, we thank you for everything that reminds us of your love and goodness to us. We thank you for the world in which we live, which reminds us that you are the one who made us. We thank you for the beauty of the world, which reminds us to praise you. We thank you for the food we eat; for our family and friends; for games to play and things to learn; for minds to think, something to discover and remember and enjoy.

We thank you for those who help us when we are in need and those who love us even when we are in the wrong; for those who teach us at school and for those who care for us at home; for those who help us when we are ill and hold us when we are sad.



We thank you for all our love to us in Jesus and that every time we look at the cross, it reminds us that he lived and, though he died, he rose again, and, though we cannot see him, he is always with us. We thank you that your Holy Spirit reminds us to trust you, to praise you and to thank you everywhere and every day.

We want you to know, Lord, that we are sorry for the times when we know we have pleased ourselves and not you, and when we have done what we wanted to do and not what you had planned for us.

We want to say that we are sorry for the things we have said and done and the things we have forgotten to say and do that have hurt you and other people and ourselves. We ask you to forgive us and help us to forgive other people too. In Jesus' name, **Amen.**

The Lord's Prayer...

Hymn:

All people that on earth do dwell

Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed
Without our aid, He did us make
We are His flock; He doth us feed
And for His sheep, He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise
Approach with joy His courts unto
Praise, laud, and bless His name always
For it is seemly so to do.

Because the Lord our God is good
His mercy is forever sure
His truth at all times firmly stood
And shall from age to age endure.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow
Praise Him all creatures here below
Praise Him above ye heavenly host
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

*Music: French-German Psalter (1551)
Words by William Kethe (1559 – 1594)*

Bible Reading: 1 John 4:16b-end.

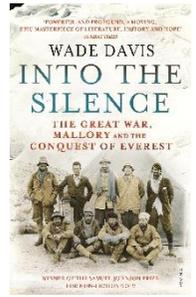
Sermon

We all have our secret obsessions, and one of mine is this absolute fascination with Everest. I've seen all the films and documentaries, read a gazillion books on it and can bore you with facts and figures, names and explores of those who've reached the top and those who've perished on the mountain Goddess, Chomolungma.

One of my favourites reads about Everest was 'Into the Silence' by Wade Davis and if you're stuck thinking what on earth am I going to buy Uncle David and Auntie Elizabeth for Christmas, this I promise you will be a winner.

The book explores the Great War, Mallory and the conquest of Everest. Mallory and Irvine in the late 20s found a route firstly to the mountain and then made incredible journeys to the top. Did they arrive at the summit? On a Monday, Wednesday and Friday I think they did; on a Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday I think they didn't, and on a Sunday I rest.

Davis weaves the powerful story of the group of men's journey to Everest and peppers it with their experience from the Great War. The men could handle the extreme conditions of the Himalayas, the physical, mental and emotional demands because of their time in the trenches. It's a powerful read and one which will leave you feeling connected to the mountain, these people and the tragedy of the War in a way you'd never think possible.



There's a passage in the book which haunts me to this day and has a powerful message for contemporary readers, particularly in the light of the Pandemic. Let me share it with you:

Britain had not fought a major continental war in a century, and the high command exhibited a stubborn disconnection from reality so complete as to merge at times with the criminal. A survey conducted in the three years before the war found that 95 per cent of officers had never read a military book of any kind. This cult of the amateur, militantly anti-intellectual, resulted in leadership that, with noted exceptions, was obtuse, willfully intolerant of change, and incapable for the most part, of innovative thought or action.

Thus men who had fought in 1898 at Omdurman – a colonial battle in which the British at the cost of just 48 dead, had mowed down with Maxim guns 11,000 Sudanese, wounding another 15,000 – nevertheless in 1914 rejected the machine gun as a useful weapon of war.



As late as March 1916, after twenty months of fighting, Douglas Haig, the British commander in chief, who had been at Omdurman as a staff officer to Kitchener, sought to limit the number of machine guns per battalion, concerned that their presence might dampen the men's offensive spirit.

For a similar reason, he resisted the introduction of the steel helmet, which had been shown to reduce head injuries by 75%.



In the summer of 1914, he dismissed the aeroplane as an overrated contraption, and he had little use of light mortars, which in time would become the most effective of all trench weapons. Even the rifle was suspect. What counted, was the horse and sabre.



"It must be accepted as a principle," read the Cavalry Training manual of 1907, "that the rifle, effective as it is, cannot replace the

effect produced by the speed of the horse, the magnetism of the charge and the terror of cold steel."

Throughout the war, Haig would insist on holding in reserve three full divisions of mounted troops, 50,000 men, ready at all hours to exploit the breakthrough at the front that would never come. As late as 1926, as the nation mourned the death of nearly 1 million men, Haig would write on the future of war "I believe that the value of the horse and the opportunity of the horse in the future are likely to be as great as ever. Aeroplanes and tanks are only accessories to the men and the horse, and I feel sure that as time goes on you will find just as much use for the horse – the well-bred horse – as you have ever done in the past". Frontline soldiers knew better. Of the cavalry reserve, one remarked: *"They might as well be mounted on bloody rocking-horses for all the good they are going to do."*

I find that passage harrowing, and it sends shivers down my spine. The tragedy of losing so many young people in the war because of a handful of people refusing to accept change and move on to adopt new technology horrifies me.

It's easy to look back at the past, point fingers and play the "they should have known better" game. Who knew that in August 1914 the war would stretch on for four tortuous years. What happened to *'we'll be back in time for Christmas?'* Who knew in January 2020 when we first heard reports of a virus, the world would have been locked down, and we'd still be dominated by it nearly a year later?

I'm challenged by this passage from Wade Davis's book because it makes me wonder what will people say about how we handled the Pandemic in 100 years. What will people say about the Church? Or your job or your...you fill in the blank.

Have we chosen to be blind about accepting rights for everyone, the military coup in Mali in October, or other world events but because they don't affect us, we're not that bothered? What change and progress are you resistant to in your work, your Church, your life?

And then Jesus comes along and throws everything upside down with this teaching "God is close to those who bring peace." What does that mean in a time of war? What does it mean when we come to Remembrance Day?

I read this passage from Davis's book, and I read it again in the context of a Christian, and I'm Haig, and God is the author – challenging me to make changes in my life. When I want to hang on to the old things, God is trying to bring me forward. I have a choice. And when I read about Haig's choices, I'm compelled to go with God.

What peace do you need to bring into your heart? Your Church? Your Work? Your Family? Your life? Because as St John reminds us "Whoever claims to love God yet hates a brother or sister is a liar. For whoever does not love their brother and sister, whom they have seen, cannot love God, whom they have not seen. And he

has



given us this command: Anyone who loves God must also love their brother and sister." This Remembrance Sunday, we are mindful of those who have gone before us to give us the freedom to live as we do. But we are challenged to bring peace in our own homes because wars and strife start in the heart.



HYMN Make me a Channel of your Peace

- 1 Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there is hatred,
let me bring your love.
Where there's injury, your pardon, Lord.
And where there's doubt
true faith in you.

*Oh, Master, grant that I may never seek
so much to be consoled as to console,
to be understood as to understand,
to be loved, as to love with all my soul.*

- 2 Make me a channel of your peace.
Where there's despair in life,
let me bring hope.
Where there is darkness only light,
and where there's sadness ever joy.
- 3 Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned,
in giving unto all that we receive,
and in dying,
that we're born to eternal life.

Sebastian Temple (1928-1997).

Prayer of St Francis dedicated to Mrs Frances Tracy

Intercession

Father, we pray for those people all over the world who today remember; and their remembering is filled with a great sense of loss; for people of every nation who have lost home and family and friends in hostilities; For those whose lives have been wrecked by war or by terrorist attacks. We pray for those who remember their loss of faith that has left a hole in their lives that nothing else can fill. May they remember the love of Christ which can make them whole. Lord in your mercy, **hear our prayer.**

Father, we pray for those who remember the bitterness and anger that crushes their lives, taints their deeds, and colours their every word; For those whose sense of resentment has split families and communities, churches and nations; For those who remember conflicts that have damaged their relationships and For those whose health has been affected by the grudges they bear and the hatred, they harbour still. May the gentle Spirit of Christ hold and heal them completely.

Father, we pray for those who remember with sadness those they have loved and who are with them no more; For those whose sadness is tinged with regret, and for those for whom it is filled with feelings of rejection. For those who feel a great emptiness within, and for those who remember the happy times they once shared. For those who remember with tears and with pain and for those who have no one with whom to share their hurts and their aches; for those who are still hurting, though time has gone by, and for those who

are hurting because others no longer remember.

May the love of Christ share their tears. Lord in your mercy, **hear our prayer.**

Father, we pray for those who remember to work for peace. On this Remembrance Sunday we pray urgently for the peace of the world; for those who are genuinely working for peace, and for those seeking ways to build bridges of hope; Also, for those who resist all attempts to end conflicts; and for those who reflect all efforts at reconciliation, those who are blinded by fear and by prejudice.

On this Remembrance Sunday, we pray that the Holy Spirit may work in all our hearts and minds and wills and give us a new longing to live at peace with each other and with you. May the love of Christ fill us with a desire for peace, whatever the cost. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

Father, we pray for any we know for whom today is a day of special remembering, for those who will be remembering those who fought with them, and who never returned/ May the love of Christ hold them. Lord in your mercy, hear our prayer.

We pray for ourselves and all our Remembrance of our missed opportunities and the promises we have broken and our failure to love, those memories which are still too painful and the experiences we wished we could forget. We rejoice in the memory of the love we have received, the care and support and the new beginnings of hope, joy and forgiveness. May the love of Christ enable us to offer these gifts even to those who least deserve them. Lord in your

mercy, hear our prayer. We all our prayers in Christ's name, Amen.

GERMAN WAR GRAVES:

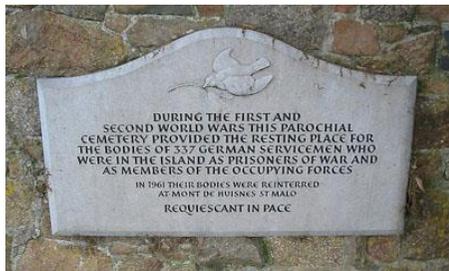
The German Cemetery at St Brelade's Church during the Second World War
By Michael Halliwell and David Ling

THE GERMAN INVASION:

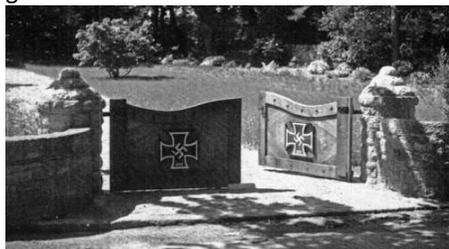
The year 1940 brought the first invading army since the French landed on Jersey in 1781, and for five long years, the Island became part of the Third Reich.

Before that, during the First World War, while an exiled German was working on the wall paintings in the Fishermen's Chapel, some of his compatriots were held as prisoners of war in a camp nearby, and the bodies of those who died in captivity were brought to the cemetery for burial. It was natural, with their compatriots already buried here for the German authorities to choose St Brelade, and its Church and cemetery, for further interments.

The first such burial took place in July 1940, only ten days after the arrival of the first occupying forces. The first interments were alongside the graves of those who died in the First World War, but from February 1942 burials were located in two large blocks separated by a gravel path.



In the following month, the cemetery was designated a Heldenfriedhof or Heroes' Cemetery. Trees were planted, rough granite paths laid, and wooden gates with large representations of the swastika within the Iron Cross were installed in facing entrances to the cemetery and the Rectory garden.



Bushes were planted to separate the civilian from the military sections.

The sinking of the SS Schokland
In 1943, a Dutch cargo ship of 1,500 tons, the SS Schokland, was taking some 200-250



Germans on leave, to St Malo.

The ship foundered close to the southern shore of Jersey, in the early hours of 5th January, with heavy loss of life. This was due to crowding too many passengers, for the

short sea crossing; into the stern hold, below a twenty-foot vertical ladder and under a 50 cm square hatch. This deplorable bottleneck leads to a high number of casualties.

For days afterwards a number of bodies was washed ashore, and locals recall them being "stacked like timber" on the Albert Pier, awaiting burial. The ship's captain swam ashore and was later court-martialled for losing the ship. She lies in 23 metres of water some 2,000 metres off Noirmont Point but is rapidly breaking up. Suddenly the Heroes' Cemetery had a large input of new graves, and by the end of the year, the first block was nearly full. The second block was full by February 1945 when the first of sixteen burials was made in a new area in the Rectory garden.



Violent Deaths:

Two German soldiers, buried in the St Brelade cemetery, had committed suicide. Their bodies, later deemed unfit for a heroes' burial, were exhumed and re-buried in the Westmountfriedhof, the first German nationals in the Strangers' Cemetery. The body of an Italian soldier made the opposite journey, being exhumed from Westmount and re-buried in the Heldenfriedhof, the

Heroes' Cemetery at St Brelade, in a plot set apart for Italians, their allies.

Another exhumation was that of a Russian prisoner who had escaped from Elizabeth Castle and whose body had been found floating in the sea. He was buried in the Russian section of Westmount. His escape and death perhaps tarnished the official records, for his body was exhumed, examined again for nationality, and re-buried in the French section.

By Liberation Day twelve more German soldiers had been denied burial at the St Brelade cemetery, six more deaths through suicide, five executed. by firing squad, and one through an illness not stated.

AN ACT OF REMEMBRANCE:

Let us remember before God, and commend to his sure keeping: those who have died for their country in war; those whom we knew, and whose memory we treasure, and all who have lived and died in the service of humankind.

Let us call them to mind now – *brief quiet*

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.
All say - **WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.**

Music - THE LAST POST

2 MINS SILENCE

Music - THE REVEILLE

When you go home, tell them of us and say
For your tomorrow, we gave our today.

Let us pray

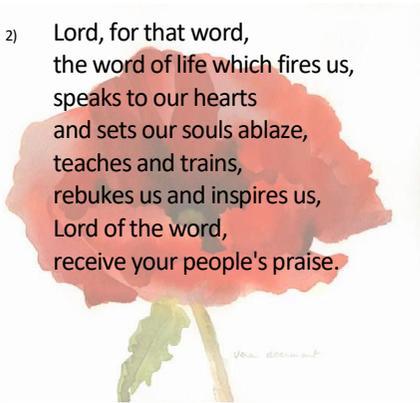
Almighty and eternal God, from whose love in Christ, we cannot be parted, either by death or life; hear our prayers and thanksgivings for all whom we remember this day; fulfil in them the purpose of your love; and bring us all with them to your eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

AMEN

HYMN: Lord for the years

1) Lord, for the years
your love has kept and guided,
urged and inspired us,
cheered us on our way,
sought us and saved us,
pardoned and provided,
Lord of the years,
we bring our thanks today.

2) Lord, for that word,
the word of life which fires us,
speaks to our hearts
and sets our souls ablaze,
teaches and trains,
rebukes us and inspires us,
Lord of the word,
receive your people's praise.



- 3) Lord, for our land,
in this our generation,
spirits oppressed
by pleasure, wealth and care;
for young and old,
for commonwealth and nation,
Lord of our land,
be pleased to hear our prayer.
- 4) Lord, for our world;
when we disown and doubt him,
loveless in strength,
and comfortless in pain;
hungry and helpless,
lost indeed without him,
Lord of the world,
we pray that Christ may reign.
- 5) Lord, for ourselves;
in living power remake us,
self on the cross
and Christ upon the throne;
past put behind us,
for the future, take us,
Lord of our lives,
to live for Christ alone.

*Timothy Dudley-Smith (born 1926)
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Commitment and Blessing

Lord, **we commit** ourselves to remember your love and to love our neighbour as ourselves. **We commit** ourselves to remember those in need for your love and our help. **We commit** ourselves to trust you to deal with the past, to guide us into tomorrow and to hold today safely in your hands. **We commit** ourselves to follow Jesus Christ, who is our Saviour, and to obey him because he is our Lord.

Amen