

Cobbers

Writer's Note: The Lord said ***"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee"*** Hebrews 13:5. These three illustrations from history depict the Lord's compassion upon ***"them that are his"*** 2 Timothy 2:19.

'Don't forget me cobber' Fromelles July 19th-20th 1916

www.geocaching.com/geocache/GC1FECN_cobbers?guid=31cf6089-2561-445a-9626-cfb511f098fe

Prominent in his efforts to save the wounded was Sergeant Simon Fraser, 57th Battalion, of Byaduk, Victoria. In a letter, a lengthy extract of which Charles Bean quoted in his official history, Fraser described something of the process of bringing in the wounded in the face of the enemy at Fromelles...It was no easy task picking up and carrying a man on one's back particularly if he had a serious wound or a broken limb...



Fraser wrote of one man 'I could not lift him on my back; but I managed to get him into an old trench and told him to lie quiet while I got a stretcher. Then another man...sang out **'Don't forget me cobber'**. I went in and got four volunteers with stretchers and we got both men in safely.'

Fraser, later promoted to the rank of Lieutenant was killed in action at Bullecourt on 11 May 1917 with the 58th Battalion.

The bravery of those who went out to rescue the wounded of Fromelles is commemorated at the Australian Memorial Park. In the middle of the Park is a statue, sculpted by Peter Corlett of Melbourne, and was erected in 1998. It depicts Sergeant Simon Fraser with a wounded man of the 60th Battalion on his shoulders, carrying him to safety and the work is appropriately entitled 'Cobbers'.

"Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee" Isaiah 49:15.

Group Hug

Today's believer should therefore abide by 1 Thessalonians 5:11 ***"Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do"*** noting that group hugs are good:



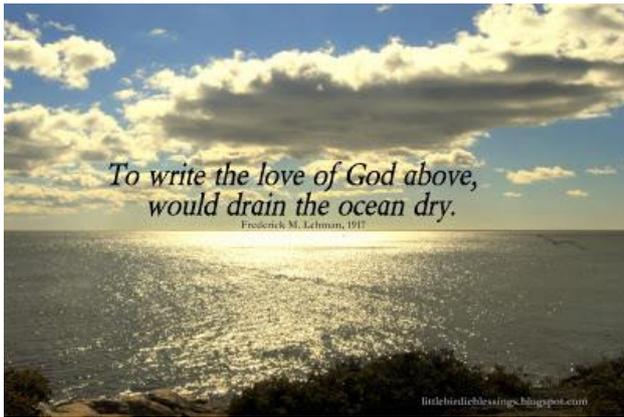
Wounded Ed Tipper is comforted by his friend Joe Liebgott
Band of Brothers Episode 3 Carentan

www.wearethemighty.com/articles/band-of-brothers-veteran-ed-tipper-dies

"Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God"

2 Corinthians 1:3-4.

The Love of God



*Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry.
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.*

One day, during short intervals of inattention to our work, we picked up a scrap of paper and, seated upon an empty lemon box pushed against the wall, with a stub pencil, added the (first) two

stanzas and chorus of the song...Since the lines (3rd stanza from the Jewish poem) had been found [pencilled] on the wall of a patient's room in an insane asylum after he had been carried to his grave, the general opinion was that this inmate had written the epic in moments of sanity.

- Frederick M. Lehman, History of the Song, *The Love of God*, 1948. See:

littlebirdieblings.blogspot.co.uk/2013/02/scripture-thursday-depths-of-gods-love.html
www.hymntime.com/tch/htm/l/o/v/loveofgo.htm.

“For whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God...” 2 Corinthians 5:13. See also:

www.youtube.com/watch?v=v8YOPj5TnUM

*Here is love, vast as the ocean,
Lovingkindness as the flood,
When the Prince of Life, our Ransom,
Shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten,
Throughout Heav'n's eternal days.
On the mount of crucifixion,
Fountains opened deep and wide;
Through the floodgates of God's mercy
Flowed a vast and gracious tide.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,
Poured incessant from above,
And Heav'n's peace and perfect justice
Kissed a guilty world in love.
So here is love, vast as the ocean,
Lovingkindness as the flood,
When the Prince of Life, our Ransom,
Shed for us His precious blood.
Who His love will not remember?
Who can cease to sing His praise?
He can never be forgotten,
Throughout Heav'n's eternal days.
Grace and love, like mighty rivers,
Poured incessant from above,
And Heav'n's peace and perfect justice
Kissed a guilty world in love.*

“I will give...my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world” John 6:51