

REMEMBER
THOSE WHO DIED
IN WW1



Remember

By Natasha Firmin Freeland Guides

As we remind ourselves each year, at this hour on the 11th of November 1918, the guns fell silent. Four years of war had come to an end. But why do we remember it? War it isn't a good thing so why do we? And I thought and then I realised something that not many people think of or doesn't even cross their minds, it is that we don't remember the war we remember all those great, unbelievably brave people who sadly couldn't be with us to day. During the First World War the lovely country side turned into mud and then poppies started to grow. Each and every poppy that we wear to day symbolises one person who fell in the great wars. I have chosen to wear mine for, Jason Mackie and I wear mine for his Family who must be devastated. he died in Afghanistan in an explosion he lived in Oxfordshire. I think we don't just have to remember the people in the two world wars but in the wars happening right now.

Thank you







I watch my friends' bodies hit the ground,
I don't move.

Enemy grenades explode all around me,
I still don't move.

Blood seeps into the muddy ground,
Our blood. Their blood.

I still don't move.

An enemy charges towards me, gun raised, ready to fire,
And I don't realise I need to move before it's too late.





REMEMBER WE WILL

rows of POPPIES grown in FLANDERS FIELDS

everyone will be REMEMBERED

millions of SOLDIERS DIED for OUR COUNTRY

every POPPY ^a DEATH of a SOLDIER

FROM ALL OVER the COUNTRY sent to FIGHT
BUT it's been 100 YEARS SINCE the START OF the WAR

European WAR
REMEMBRANCE DAY happens EVERY YEAR all over the COUNTRY

WE WILL REMEMBER EVERY 1

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We Will Remember

In Flanders' field, the poppies grew red,
 As if to symbolise the 37 million dead.
 We salute them, we feel pride,
 When we see the graves of those who died.
 We will remember.

Even in the harshest winters,
 Covered in gruesome cuts and splinters.
 In our everyday lives,
 Your memory survives.
 We will remember.

Ducked down all day in a trench,
 Trying to avoid the stench.
 R.I.P in English heaven
 Three life changing numbers: 11/11/11
 We will remember

By Nell Davies-Small.



Poppies

People come together in remembrance of the time,

Men fought for their country, not knowing where their fate would take them.

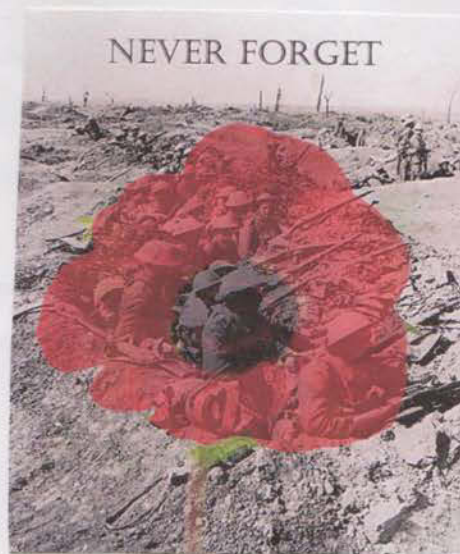
Leaving everything they had to restore peace in the world,

Wishing their loved ones farewell before their lives were taken too soon.

Tranquil fields of poppies waving,

We think back on past events,

Memories shared proud and devastating,
We will remember them for eternity.





We will remember them

We will remember them.



Poppy poem

When the first war was over, 1914,
We cared and thought 'bout the British soldier team.
On this very Sunday our special known as silence,
To share today about peace after violence.

The poppies grown to show life after death,
That all is good, you're not distressed.
The poppies rise with the whisper of love,
Trust.hope.friendship.comitment,
The silence brought by the downcast dove.

The hit of the gun, the bullet in your heart,
The thing that took you to where you are.
Is there because the poppy grew,
Grew up to replace you.

Threatened, Broke, by the yellow paper.
Down on her Knees begging to remember.
As the soldiers' watch from the puffy white things.
A tear drops onto the angles wings.

For us all those don't know what hell feels like,
The woman in black can show you overnight.
That millions more trillions of poppies grown,
At London tower loved to be shown.



So all those people we do not know,
Just show you love them by the little red poppy you wear
on your cloths.

Poppy field





Red Dancers



The wind whistles and the stalks dance,
The petals laze as if in a trance.
The sun as a spotlight, the soil as a stage,
An audience of daffodils, cornflower and sage.



Every red dancer shows every brave man,
Who ran through those fields and gave what he can.

The roof of the theatre is so very high,
That's where the soldiers go after they die.

By Esther McCulloch



For our tomorrow



they gave their today.

Poppies blowing in the breeze
One more soldier slowly seized
Petals fragile, red and rosy
Damp, dark trenches, not very cosy

This may look like an ordinary field of poppies
But it is really a war hoping not to be copied
Where soldiers bravely marched to their graves
For our and future lives to be saved

Poppies blowing in the breeze
With thanks we will remember these
And try to be at peace with others
Treating them as we would our brothers



Poppy poem

People wear them as a brooch.

On their clothes or hats or bags!

Put them on your scarf maybe?

Peg them in your hair perhaps?

In your coat or mac would be fine.

Even on a stylish bracelet...

So it shows respect for those who
fought and died for the country in
WW1.

By Imogen Barrow-Starkey
Freeland guides





POPPY

WE WON'T FORGET

WE WEAR OUR POPPIES WITH PRIDE,
TO REMEMBER ALL WHO HAVE DIED,
LIVES THAT WERE GONE TOO QUICK,
MANY LEFT WOUNDED AND SICK.

LET US HOPE THAT WE HAVE LEARNT
BY THESE TERRIBLE YEARS,
TO MAKE PEACE, SO THERE WILL BE
NO MORE TEARS.



The power of the poppy

What do you see when you see a poppy

The crimson red poppy pinned to our coats

Power, passion, danger and death

All represented in one colour

What do you see when you see a poppy

Swaying gently to the afternoon breeze

Courage, bravery, determination and loss

All represented in one flower

What do you see when you see a poppy

Flourishing on the rolling fields

The flower of the deceased

All represented in our own nature

What do you see when you see a poppy

Placed at the grave of a fallen soldier

Resting on a memorial bearing the dead

For all the world to see

You see a poppy

Bearing the sacrifice for you and me

Let's Remember Let's Remember,

The first world war.

It was soldiers all from Britain,

And it was us they were fighting for.

Let's remember Let's remember,

The soldiers that died in war.

Over 16million deaths,

It was us they did it for.

Let's remember Let's remember,

100 years ago in the past.

The men that died in battle,

at a bomb blast.

Let's remember Let's remember,

When you lay your wreath down.

That the men who fought in war

It was you they did it for.



WE WILL REMEMBER