

On this day when we pause to remember, I invite each and every one of us, together, to reflect on what it is exactly that we are remembering. Yes, the valour, yes the courage of the giving of one's life for one's friends. But it is surely, more... much more than that.

For Gallipoli's military failure while it may be in the eyes of some, the defining moment, the foundation of Australia's self-identity, its coming of age, is also, and *must* also surely be a moment each year, like the Lenten Season in the Church's Calendar, a time for serious self-reflection, where we are permitted to ask hard questions of ourselves, and on this Anzac Day, to ask hard questions of our national narrative.

For those who fought that war and the terrible wars which followed, the second world war, the Indochina Wars, including the Korean and Vietnam wars...war is something you don't talk about. Friendship, yes; the ones you killed, yes; your mates who died yes. How can you forget. You can't. Wilfred Owen, couldn't forget. His nightmares made sure that he didn't.

READ THE POEM.

Strange Meeting - Poem by Wilfred Owen

It seemed that out of the battle I escaped
 Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
 Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.
 Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
 Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
 Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
 With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
 Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.
 And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall;
 By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.
 With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;
 Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
 And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
 'Strange, friend,' I said, 'Here is no cause to mourn.'
 'None,' said the other, 'Save the undone years,
 The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
 Was my life also; I went hunting wild
 After the wildest beauty in the world,

Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
 But mocks the steady running of the hour,
 And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
 For by my glee might many men have laughed,
 And of my weeping something has been left,
 Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
 The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
 Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
 Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
 They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
 None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
 Courage was mine, and I had mystery;
 Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;
 To miss the march of this retreating world
 Into vain citadels that are not walled.
 Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels
 I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
 Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.
 I would have poured my spirit without stint
 But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.
 Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.

I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
 I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned
 Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
 I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.

Let us sleep now ...

PAUSE

Yes, indeed. Let them sleep. And we will remember them.

6 Upon your walls, O Jerusalem,

I have posted sentinels;

all day and all night

they shall never be silent. (Isaiah 62)

8 O Lord God of hosts, who is like you?:

your power and your faithfulness are all about you.

9 You rule the raging of the sea:

when its waves surge, you still them. (Psalm 89)

For, in the midst of the desolation, there is hope. A new beginning.

Say to daughter Zion,

‘See, your salvation comes;

his reward is with him,

and his recompense before him.’

12 They shall be called, ‘The Holy People,

The Redeemed of the Lord’;

and you shall be called, ‘Sought Out,

A City Not Forsaken.’ (Isaiah 62)

Like Jesus, they have been taken up into heaven and sit down at the right hand of God. For our life, as St always knew, is hidden with Christ in God. Always...forever. There they live in a world where they can pick up snakes in their hands and are not hurt. How do we know that? Because the signs that the martyr, St Mark speaks of, the good news, thunder above our heads, break in upon us from the future in those dazzling moments to remind us...that *this* is where they and us are headed. Lest we forget, and descend into hopelessness and despair. Let us remember then.

As I, the only remaining descendent, honour my paternal and maternal families, who were disrupted by the war, but *not* displaced—remember yours. Let us remember too, the Rwandan people, for them who think of their over million dead, in one hundred days. this April.

For me:

a mother who died when I was born, and could only see her son grow old from afar;
her brother, and mother and father who died from grief.

The memorial goes on as if imprinted on War Memorial Wall. Never to be forgotten.

Until we meet face to face.

And for you.

Sound the tone.

Play the music (1) (2)

INVITATION to light a candle. As the poem is read below.

Wallace Stevens, 'The Death of a Soldier'.

Life contracts and death is expected,

As in a season of autumn.

The soldier falls.

He does not become a three-days personage,

Imposing his separation,

Calling for pomp.

Death is absolute and without memorial,

As in a season of autumn,

When the wind stops,

When the wind stops and, over the heavens,

The clouds go, nevertheless,

In their direction.

Psalm 89.1-9

- ¹ Lord, I will sing for ever of your loving-kindnesses:
 my mouth shall proclaim your faithfulness
 throughout all generations.
- ² I have said of your loving-kindness
 that it is built for ever:
 you have established your faithfulness in the heavens.
- ³ The Lord said 'I have made a covenant with my chosen:
 I have sworn an oath to my servant David.
- ⁴ 'I will establish your line for ever:
 and build up your throne for all generations.'
- ⁵ Let the heavens praise your wonders, O Lord:
 and let your faithfulness be sung
 in the assembly of the holy ones.
- ⁶ For who amidst the clouds can be compared to the Lord:
 or who is like the Lord amongst the gods?
- ⁷ —A God to be feared in the council of the holy ones:
 great and terrible above all that are around him.
- ⁸ **O Lord God of hosts, who is like you?:
 your power and your faithfulness are all about you.**
- ⁹ **You rule the raging of the sea:
 when its waves surge, you still them.**

Isaiah 62.6-12

- 6 Upon your walls, O Jerusalem,
 I have posted sentinels;
 all day and all night
 they shall never be silent.**
- You who remind the Lord ,
 take no rest,
⁷ and give him no rest
 until he establishes Jerusalem
 and makes it renowned throughout the earth.
- ⁸ The Lord has sworn by his right hand
 and by his mighty arm:
 I will not again give your grain
 to be food for your enemies,
 and foreigners shall not drink the wine
 for which you have laboured;
- ⁹ but those who garner it shall eat it
 and praise the Lord ,
 and those who gather it shall drink it
 in my holy courts.
- ¹⁰ Go through, go through the gates,

prepare the way for the people;
 build up, build up the highway,
 clear it of stones,
 lift up an ensign over the peoples.

11 The Lord has proclaimed
 to the end of the earth:

Say to daughter Zion,

**'See, your salvation comes;
 his reward is with him,
 and his recompense before him.'**

12 They shall be called, **'The Holy People,
 The Redeemed of the Lord'**;

**and you shall be called, 'Sought Out,
 A City Not Forsaken.'**

Mark 16.16-20

¹⁶ The one who believes and is baptized will be **saved**; but the one who does not believe will be condemned. ¹⁷ And these signs will accompany those who believe: by using my name they will cast out demons; they will speak in new tongues; ¹⁸ **they will pick up snakes in their hands, and if they drink any deadly thing, it will not hurt them; they will lay their hands on the sick, and they will recover.** ¹⁹ So then the Lord Jesus, after he had spoken to them, was taken up into heaven and sat down at **the right hand of God.** ²⁰ And they went out and proclaimed the good news everywhere, while the Lord worked with them and confirmed the message by the **signs** that accompanied it.