

*The singing of the hymns will be accompanied by a contingent of
The Band of the Felixstowe Salvation Army Corp.*

Wreaths will be laid by and on behalf of

Deputy Lieutenant of Suffolk
Mayor of Felixstowe – Felixstowe Town Council
War Widows Association
Royal British Legion
Royal British Legion – Women's Section
Royal British Legion – Riders Branch
Submariners Old Comrades Association
RAF Regiment Association
Royal Green Jacket Association
Suffolk and Royal Anglian Regiment Old Comrades Association
Royal Artillery Association
HM Coastguard
Merchant Navy Association
TS Landguard Sea Cadets
356 (Felixstowe) Squadron Air Cadets
Felixstowe Detachment Royal Artillery, Suffolk Army Cadet Force
Colneis Division Girlguiding
Orwell District Scouts
Felixstowe Academy
Suffolk County Council
Suffolk Constabulary
Suffolk Fire and Rescue Service
Seafarers UK
Felixstowe Seafarers Mission
Felixstowe St John Ambulance
Parish of Felixstowe, St John with St Edmund
St Felix Catholic Church
Salvation Army
Temple of Light Christian Spiritualist Church
Felixstowe Masonic Lodge
Royal Ancient Order of Buffalos

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Felixstowe Town Council

**Civic Service
of Remembrance**

**Sunday
13 November
2016**

**9.45am
St John's Church
Orwell Road**

followed by

**10.50am
The War
Memorial
Felixstowe
Sea Front**



Gathering of Civic Officials

Welcome

by the Reverend Andrew Dotchin

Hymn

During the singing of this hymn the standards are brought forward

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, 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.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom Heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel host
Be praise and glory evermore.

The Bidding Prayer and the Lord's Prayer

Let us pray for all who suffer as a result of conflict,
and ask that God may give us peace:

For service men and women who have died in the violence of war,
each one remembered by and known to God;

Ode of Remembrance

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.

We will remember them.

The Kohima Epitaph

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

Reveille

Wreath Laying

Prayers

Hymn

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts, and hands, and voices;
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices;
Who, from our mothers' arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is our today.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever-joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us,
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven:
The one, eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

The Blessing

At the Town War Memorial, Felixstowe Sea Front

Bidding Prayer

Hymn

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure:
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

The Act of Remembrance

led by Revd Mark Kichenside,

Chaplain to the Royal British Legion, Felixstowe

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.

Last Post

Silence

For those who love them in death as in life,
offering the distress of our grief and the sadness of our loss;

For all members of the armed forces who are in danger this day,
remembering family, friends and all who pray for their safe return;

For civilian women, children and men whose lives
are disfigured by war or terror, calling to mind in penitence
the anger and hatreds of humanity;

For peacemakers and peacekeepers,
who seek to keep this world secure and free;

For all who bear the burden and privilege of leadership,
asking for gifts of wisdom and resolve in the search
for reconciliation and peace;

All our prayers we bring together in the words which Jesus taught:

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come; thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,
for ever and ever.
Amen.**

Reading

Romans Chapter 8, verses 31-39

The Mayor of Felixstowe, Councillor Jan Garfield.

At the end the reader says

This is the Word of the Lord

Thanks be to God

Hymn

And did those feet in ancient time
walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
on England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
among those dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
till we have built Jerusalem
in England's green and pleasant land.

We Will Remember Them

*Readings are from the Royal British Legion CD "We Will Remember Them".
An offering will be taken in aid of the Royal British Legion's Poppy Appeal during
these readings*

Reality in Afghanistan

Read by Richard Baker

My pain feels cold and selfish
My anguish very small
My reality insignificant
Compared to ones that fall
Young men with broken bodies
Their Comrades lie in sacks
Devastated parents
Their sons will not come back.

The National Anthem

God save our gracious Queen,
long live our noble Queen
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
happy and glorious,
long to reign over us:
God save the Queen

Thy choicest gifts in store,
on her be pleased to pour,
long may she reign:
may she defend our laws,
and ever give us cause
to sing with heart and voice
God save the Queen!

The Blessing

May God grant to the living, grace;
to the departed, rest; to the Church, the Queen,
the Commonwealth, and all people, peace and concord;
and to us and all his servants, life everlasting.

And the blessing of God almighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
come down upon you and remain with you always.

Amen

*After this service please proceed to the War Memorial on the Sea Front
for the Act of Remembrance
the Order of Service for which follows*

Hymn

During the singing of this hymns the standards are returned

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to thee,
for those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, the Universal Lord,
who suffered death by nails and sword,
from all assault of deadly foe
sustain thy soldiers where they go;
and evermore hold in thy hand
all those in peril on the land.

O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace
Who fills with strength the human race;
Inspire mankind to know the right,
Guide all who dare the eagle's flight;
And underneath thy wings of care
Guard all from peril in the air.

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee,
Praise from the air, the land and sea.

We Lay a Poppy

Read by members of the Cadet Forces

My pain will ease and lessen
My anguish slip away
Reality in Afghanistan
Two brave men died today
Young men with shell-shocked faces
Growing old before their time
Are living breathing testament
To this shallow pain of mine.

I wrote this poem when I was in Camp Bastion in Afghanistan, working for the NAAFI. I was wallowing in self-pity as my partner had just sent me a 'Dear John' e-mail. All those helicopters coming in with the dead and wounded moved me greatly and put my own small problems into perspective. I am proud to have served our brave service men and women in Afghanistan in my own small way.

Phil Williams

At Daybreak

Read by Joanna Lumley

I listen for him through the rain,
And in the dusk of starless hours
I know that he will come again;
Loth was he ever to forsake me:
He comes with glimmering of flowers
And stir of music to awake me.
Spirit of purity, he stands
As once he lived in charm and grace:
I may not hold him with my hands,
Nor bid him stay to heal my sorrow;
Only his fair, unshadowed face
Abides with me until to-morrow

Siegfried Sassoon

Wherever you Are

Sung by The Military Wives Choir

Wherever you are my love will keep you safe,
My heart will build a bridge of light across both time and space.
Wherever you are, our hearts still beat as one.
I hold you in my dreams each night until your task is done.
Light up the darkness, my wondrous star
Our hopes and dreams, my heart and yours, forever shining far.
Light up the darkness, my prince of peace.
May the stars shine all around you may your courage never cease.

Wherever I am, I will love you day by day.
I will keep you safe, cling on to faith, along the dark dark way.
Wherever I am, I will hold on through the night.
I will pray each day a safe return, will look now to the light.
Light up the darkness, my wondrous star
Our hopes and dreams, my heart and yours, forever shining far.
Light up the darkness, my prince of peace.
May the stars shine all around you may your courage never cease.
May your courage never cease...

Paul Mealor – compiled from love letters to military spouses and partners

Aftermath

Read by Lt General Sir John Kiszley

Have you forgotten yet?

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days, like traffic
checked while at the crossing of city-ways: and the haunted gap in your
mind has filled with thoughts that flow like clouds in the lit heaven of life;
and you're a man reprieved to go, Taking your peaceful share of time, with
joy to spare.
But the past is just the same—and war's a bloody game...

Have you forgotten yet?

Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget. Do
you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz. The nights
you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets? Do you
remember the rats; and the stench of corpses rotting in front of the front-
line trench...and dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, 'Is it all going to happen again?' Do you
remember that hour of din before the attack — and the anger, the blind
compassion that seized and shook you then as you peered at the doomed
and haggard faces of your men? Do you remember the stretcher-cases
lurching back with dying eyes and lolling heads. Those ashen-grey masks of
the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet?

Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll never forge

Siegfried Sassoon

They Tell Me

Read by Hayley Westenra

They tell me he always fought bravely,
They say what a hero was he.
They tell me he'd do whatsoever was asked
If it meant they could gain victory.

They tell me though wounded he always fought on
And always supported his men.
It was only when fighting had finally ceased
Would he call for some help; not till then.
I stood on the tarmac and awaited the plane
That would bring my dear loved one back home.
Then it came into view with the metal so bright
And that unmistakeable drone.

They tell me at times I suppose just like this
That each yard can seem like a mile.
But in just a few minutes he was back in my arms
With that unmistakeable smile.
He may have been special to many
And no one could e'er disagree.
But as I held him that day in a field far away
He was the most special to me.

Anonymous