



Remembrance Service at Enford Church

Over 100 people gathered together at the Remembrance Service and Rededication of the Lych Gate at Enford Church on Sunday 9th November.

It was a clear, warm, perfect day which gave a sense of serenity and calm. How lucky we are that we were able to stand together as friends and neighbours amongst the peace and beauty of our small village in the Wiltshire countryside.

Rev. Mark Zammit led the service while, Jenine Cryle, a young bugler from The Royal Signals sounded The Last Post and Ute Schwarting from Salisbury played the keyboard.

The names inscribed on the tablets on the lych gate were read out, reminding us of how many from our small community never came back and the sacrifices that our local families made during both the First World War and the Second World War.

Wreaths were laid by Norman Beardsley, on behalf of the Parish Council, Colonel Tony Mitchell, on behalf of the Defence community and Charlie Carter on behalf of Enford and Avon Valley Youth Club.

Rhys Teasdale read a very moving poem by Maria Cassee. Due to many requests it is written below for you to read.

The collection raised over £500 for SSAFA Wiltshire.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

On a cold November Sunday morn, an old man sits a while
Looking through old photographs, he can't help but smile
They're all there, all the boys, with hair cut short and neat
Uniforms of khaki, strong black boots upon their feet.

They met as strangers but soon became like brothers to the end
Smiling at the camera, there could be no truer friends.

They all took the Queen's shilling, went off to fight the Hun,
Soon learnt the pain of loss once the fighting had begun.

So many never made it home, lost on foreign shores
Many more were injured and would be the same no more.

The old man's eyes mist with tears as he remembers every face
He proudly dons his beret, his blazer and his tie
For today he will remember the ones who fell and died.

On his chest there is a poppy, a blaze of scarlet on the blue

He steps out into the cold, he has a duty he must do
Once at the cenotaph he stands amongst the ranks
Of those who marched to war and those who manned the tanks,
He bows his head in reverence, as the last post begins to play
And he wonders what will happen at the ending of his days.

Will anyone remember? Will anybody care?
About the lads so far from home whose life was ended there?
I wish that I could tell him, that he should fear not
For this soldier and his brothers will NEVER be forgot
We owe a debt of gratitude that we can never pay
And this country WILL remember them, on each Remembrance day.

Maria Cassee

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Acknowledgements:

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The photograph of the newly refurbished lych gate carried out sympathetically and superbly by Peter Howcutt is reproduced with kind permission of Martin Webb from the Camera Club.