

Order of Service, Sunday 3<sup>rd</sup> August 2014

Prelude:	MATTHEW
Notices and Call to Worship	Worship Asst.
Welcome and introduction	Rev'd O'Neill
Lighting the Chalice	Rev'd O'Neill
Service of Remembrance	Ed Fordham
Offertory:	MATTHEW
Poem of Remembrance: Aftermath by Siegfried Sassoon	George Appleby
Roll Call of Remembrance With Margaret Perry, Janna Williams and Kerry Reid	Ed Fordham
Meditation: Spoken and Silent	Rev'd O'Neill
Readings The power of a letter home With Jane Williams, George Appleby and Rev'd O'Neill	Ed Fordham
Voluntary:	MATTHEW
Readings Poem by German soldier, Herr Goldfeld Poem by American soldier, Alan Seeger Music (pre-recorded)	Ingrid Tavkar Leighton Cole Where have all the Flower Gone (Peter, Paul and Mary)
Closing Words	
Postlude:	MATTHEW

Introductory notes:

Notice and Call to worship

From the lecturn

Welcome and introduction

Rev'd Patrick O'Neill

Lighting the Chalice

Rev'd Patrick O'Neill

Service of Remembrance

Ed Fordham

Today we look back and reflect on the conflict that was to start across the whole of Europe and become known as World War One – The Great War...

The lives of all in Great Britain were touched – all families felt a loss – indeed by the end of the war 16 million had been killed and over 20 million were wounded.

But this was not a war that Britain joined reluctantly – many did not want war, but few predicted the long and slow trench war that was to come. At the start of war there was optimism in both Britain and Germany - "It would be over by Christmas".

This chapel was not untouched by the realities of the war and over the course of the next four years we will remember the individuals from this congregation. Many of them were volunteers, few in fact from this Chapel were conscripts...

Indeed in the period from 4<sup>th</sup> August to 12<sup>th</sup> September 478,893 men joined the army - including 33,204 on 3 September alone – the highest daily total of the war and more than the average *annual* intake in the years immediately before 1914.

Today we will try and draw out the voices from that war – to reflect, to consider what happened, to give thanks for the freedoms we enjoy, and to remember.

We have a series of poems, readings, some hymns and will play some songs as we draw on our strength and play our part in the rallying cry – never again – though of course we now know, just 21 years later... it did happen again.

We will now take the offertory collection - which will be shared with

Read by *George Appleby*

Siegfried Sassoon: *Aftermath* (written in March 1919)

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 forget.

## Roll Call of Remembrance read by Ed Fordham

We will now have The Roll Call of Remembrance of Rosslyn Hill Unitarian Chapel of the 21 men who gave their lives and are commemorated on the war memorial in this church.

As I call their names, Janna, Margaret and Kerry will light a candle for each of the men (i.e. 7 candles each).

Lieutenant Alfred F Schuster	died November 30 <sup>th</sup> 1914, aged 30, Ypres, France
Lieutenant Gordon Hollingsworth	died August 12 <sup>th</sup> 1915, Gallipoli Peninsula, Turkey
Private James Kearney	died August 21 <sup>st</sup> 1915, Gallipoli Peninsula, Turkey
2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant Arthur Roscoe	died September 5 <sup>th</sup> 1916, aged 26, Corbie, France
Private Douglas Thomson	died September 15 <sup>th</sup> 1916, The Somme, France
2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant Harold Huddleston	died June 2 <sup>nd</sup> 1916, Carnoy, France
Captain Clifford Hart	died August 9 <sup>th</sup> 1916, Fleurbaix, France
Surgeon Charles Gow	died November 13 <sup>th</sup> 1916, Thiepval, France
Captain Richard Roscoe	died February 4 <sup>th</sup> 1917 The Somme, France
Lieutenant Edward Ellis	awarded the Military Cross died February 7 <sup>th</sup> 1917, aged 32, Thiepval, France
Private Frederick Lawford	died April 9 <sup>th</sup> 1917, aged 20, Souchez, France
Commander Bernard Ellis	awarded Distinguished Service Order and the Distinguished Service Medal died April 21 <sup>st</sup> 1918, aged 33, Wimereux, France
Private Seymour Goodwin	died April 28 <sup>th</sup> 1917, Arras, France
Lieutenant Percival Hart	died May 3 <sup>rd</sup> 1917, aged 24, unknown location, France
Captain Clive Keen	died May 10 <sup>th</sup> 1917, aged 27, Wancourt, France
2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant Laurence Johnson	died May 15 <sup>th</sup> 1918, aged 20, Pernes, France
Major Harold Brown	awarded Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross death reported 1918, location unknown
2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant John Hamer	death reported June 1918, location unknown
Cavalryman Henry Madgwick	death reported June 1918, location unknown
2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant Hamilton M Wylie	death reported June 1918, location unknown
Captain Allan Keen	died September 6 <sup>th</sup> 1918, aged 29, Heilly, France

**Meditation: Spoken and Silent**

**Rev'd O'Neill**

## The power of a letter Home

Ed Fordham

During World War One up to 12 million letters a week were delivered to soldiers, many on the front line.

When a soldier on the Western Front wrote to a London newspaper in 1915 saying he was lonely and would appreciate receiving some mail the response was immediate. The newspaper published his name and regiment and within weeks he'd received 3,000 letters, 98 large parcels and three mailbags full of smaller packages.

Wherever a soldier was fighting in Europe, his reply would have been delivered back to Britain within a day or two of posting.

These are unpublished letters between a relative of mine John Henry Bloomfield and his family – Mother Mrs Bessie Bloomfield, Father Mr Arthur Gregory Bloomfield. John was just 18 when he went to war. His parents, Arthur and Bessie ran the local Post Office and village store.

John Henry Bloomfield	Barnaby Raine
Mrs Bessie Bloomfield	Jane Williams
Mr Arthur Gregory Bloomfield	Patrick O'Neill
The British Army	George Appleby
Dear Mother	Barnaby Raine
Dear Mother	Barnaby Raine
Dear John	Jane Williams
From the Red Cross	George Appleby
Dear John	Jane Williams
Address Unknown	George Appleby
Deceased	George Appleby
Dear Bessie	Patrick O'Neill
Personal Effects Certificate	George Appleby

There is a table in the middle of the congregation  
Jane and Patrick are sitting on one side  
Barnaby is sitting at one end  
George is sitting at the other end

**Read by Barnaby Raine**

Dear Mother and all,

Have just arrived here for the night. It's no good writing to me here as I may be gone first train in the morning or I may have to stay two or three days. It depends what regiment I join as I don't know yet.

I am all right at present. I am now going to get a cup of tea. I had a good dinner - supplied free. Well now I must be going after my tea or shan't get any.

Hoping you are all well, from your loving son,

J.H.B

---

**Read by Barnaby Raine**

Letter – passed by censor

Dear Mother,

Well here I am with the rest. We have joined the Battalion now and have got up near the lines. I have had no letter from you yet, but we have moved about so I daresay you have written. I might get it in time.

This is the fourth letter I have written and we were told today to put our address in middle of letter. 68981, B Company, 6<sup>th</sup> Platoon, 1st Battalion Queen's, British Expeditionary Force. Keep this address. If it is altered, I will let you know. I wrote to Gordon and Jack and will have to write again and give new address,

Well how are the peach trees getting on – more ripe yet I suppose. If you have had such weather as we've had today they soon will be.

Remember me to old friends and a goodbye for present.

From your loving son

John

---

**Read by Jane Williams**

Dear John,

So glad to hear you was well. Have sent coca, tin milk, packet chocolate and some sweets, jam tart and pastry, a few apples and buns.

Father and Alice have told you the other news. I am busy with shop so close with love. Hope they will give you a long rest. Charlie Balls was not given draft leave after all. I am glad of the good news every day in papers.

From your loving Mother, B Bloomfield.

---

Read by *George Appleby*

Post card to Mrs Bloomfield, Coney Weston, Bury St Edmunds

From the British Red Cross

Enquiry Department for Wounded and Missing

Re: Bloomfield J. H.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and will do our best to make all possible enquiries. As soon as we receive any information it will be forwarded to you immediately.

---

Read by *George Appleby*

Envelope addressed to

Private John H Bloomfield, 68981  
B Company, 6<sup>th</sup> Platoon, 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, Queen's  
British Expeditionary Force, France

Return to Arthur Gregory Bloomfield, Coney Weston, Bury St Edmunds

Address unknown

19<sup>th</sup> November 1918

---

Read by *Jane Williams*

Dear John,

Hope you will write soon or get someone to write for you. Hope you are not seriously wounded. You know the war is over by now. We received an official wire about 1.30pm Monday. Then the school bell was rung – not so long as would have done as Mrs Albert Hogg is very ill. Percy is coming tonight – they don't know if she will last so long – no hope for her unless a very great change.

I went down to Barningham to fetch some things. Mr Cullum is in France but alright.

We had a sharp frost this last two nights – if you should land in England send a wire. Aunt Alice and Uncle and all the rest are ill with the flu. Aunt Edie is well and children. Ma Cooke is better now.

I must close. Do write soon, and let us know how you are getting on.

Love from all.

I remain your loving Mother, B Bloomfield

**At this point Barnaby gets up and exits**

---

Read by *George Appleby*

Envelope addressed to

Private John H Bloomfield, 68981

1<sup>st</sup> Battalion, Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiments

1<sup>st</sup> South African General Hospital, Abberville, France, British Expeditionary Force,

Return to Arthur Gregory Bloomfield, Coney Weston, Bury St Edmunds

29<sup>th</sup> November 1918

Addressee Deceased

**At this point Jane gets up and exits**

---

Read by *Patrick O'Neill*

Dear Bessie

As last I think there is a chance of your getting a letter. I did not write to you at Abberville for various reasons which I will explain when I see you.

I wrote to John once while you were there. I don't know whether he received it or if it arrived too late. I am so thankful you are in England again.

This has been a dreadful fortnight. I trust I shall never experience such another. Poor boy – I had made several plans for the future but they are all dashed to the ground. My heart is very sore I cannot write much about it.

I hope you have not knocked yourself out. It has been a sharp trial for you all among strangers. I am thankful they were so kind to you both. I hope they will be rewarded. Your wire arrived this morning or rather Ted's saying you would arrive Thetford 12.59 which is practically 1 o'clock. According to an October time table I borrowed there is only one train down on Sunday that leave Liverpool Street 9.40 and arrives Thetford 1.10 but perhaps they have been altered a few minutes, Anyhow we will wait for you if there is only that one.

A wire has just come from our Ted saying that he is coming tomorrow (Saturday) arriving Thetford 5.19. What a surprise. I suppose his Boss has given him a few days leave. Alice is already airing his bed. I hope he won't take cold in this weather.

You will be pleased to see him I suspect after all your troubles. Poor boy it will be rather a sad home-coming.

Please thank your brother for his kind and sympathetic letter. I could not read it all – perhaps I may some day – he will know why. I cannot write more.

Heaps of love to you all and my thanks,

your loving husband Arthur.

**At this point Patrick gets up and exits**

---

Read by *George Appleby*

Personal Effects Certificate

The effects enumerated on the back hereof which were packed under the personal supervision of an officer, are all that were recovered.

List of Money etc. extracted from Kit of  
Reg No 68981

Rank Pte

Name Bloomfield J H

Regiment 1<sup>st</sup> Queens

One Pay Book	tick
One Small Book	tick
One Identity Disc	tick
Letters	Bundle – one
Photo's	tick
Pipe	one
Pocket Book	tick
Religious Medallion	tick
Religious books	one

List of Article of Intrinsic or Sentimental Value

Cigarette Case	one
Supply Tin	one
Tobacco Pouch	one
Books of notes	none
Belt and Buckle	one

At this point *George gets up and exits*

Voluntary played by *Matthew Fletcher*

Read by Ingrid Tavkar

German Soldier Herr GOLDFELD Translated by Peter Appelbaum  
(Killed during the war: no more is known about him, not even his first name.)

**TO A MISSING FRIEND**

You have no grave, no cross ... but you did die.  
Maybe in some dark thicket your bones lie  
Or you were sunk in swamp in deep of night,  
Or Cossacks cruelly robbed you of the light.

And when it was and where and how ...and why  
I know not: death in forest does not cry.  
You are a skull now white-bleached by the rain  
Round which the weasel lightly leaves its train.

You are the ploughed earth on which horses stand  
You are the grain that once did crown the land  
You are the bread the farmer once did eat  
You are the strength when peace returns to greet.

## Read by Leighton Cole

Poem by Alan Seeger – I have a Rendezvous with Death

I have a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple-blossoms fill the air—  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.  
It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes round again this year  
And the first meadow-flowers appear.  
God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear...  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

As the poem ends the music starts - a recording of *Where have all the Flowers Gone* by Peter, Paul and Mary, written by Pete Seeger nephew of the poet Alan Seeger

Closing words

Rev'd O'Neill

Postlude:

Matthew Fletcher