

Remembrance Sunday 2022



We have all lost loved ones at some point in our life. November is the season for Remembering. This Remembrance Sunday we recall those who gave their lives in war and give thanks to God for their sacrifice. War leaves many scars and civilians, and soldiers bear these scars equally in modern warfare. The war in Ukraine has revealed this beyond a shadow of a doubt. In recalling past events, we remember our loss and the debt we owe others for the Peace we continue to enjoy.

Every Sunday in church, memory turns into presence. In the *Eucharist* we celebrate as Jesus commanded us, “*Do this in remembrance of me.*” *Luke 22: 19* When two or three gather together in Jesus’ name, Jesus is present. Memory becomes presence!

At every celebration of the *Eucharist* Jesus’ followers believe that the whole company of heaven is present. On our side of the Host is our world with all its joys and sorrow, whilst on the other side is heaven and perfection! At a time of loss the *Eucharist* can be a great comfort for those who have lost loved ones. We encounter Christ (Jesus) in the *Eucharist* because He is there already waiting for us. In making *Eucharist*, God in Christ reaches out to sanctify and save the world. When we hear the Word of God in Scripture, we hear how God wants us to Love and live. When we make our communion and consume the body and blood of Christ (eat and drink the consecrated bread and wine), it is as though Jesus is present among us. This is the mystery of Faith we celebrate every time we make *Eucharist*. Memory becomes presence.

This Remembrance Sunday be present for those we remember and love.

Below are two poems. One on the futility of war and the other a poem of Hope.



The Shell

Shrieking its message the flying death
Cursed the resisting air,
Then buried its nose by a battered church,
A skeleton gaunt and bare.

The brains of science, the money of fools
Had fashioned an iron slave
Destined to kill, yet the futile end
Was a child's uprooted grave.

Private H. Smalley Sarson



Under the dark trees, there he stands,
there he stands; shall he not draw my eyes?
I thought I knew a little
how he compels, beyond all things, but now
he stands there in the shadows. It will be
Oh, such a daybreak, such bright morning,
when I shall wake to see him
as he is.

He is called Rose of Sharon, for his skin
is clear, his skin is flushed with blood,
his body lovely and exact; how he compels
beyond ten thousand rivals. There he stands,
my friend, the friend of guilt and helplessness,
to steer my hollow body
over the sea.

The earth is full of masks and fetishes,
what is there here for me? are these like him?
Keep company with him and you will know:
no kin, no likeness to those empty eyes.
He is a stranger to them all, great Jesus.
What is there here for me? I know
what I have longed for. Him to hold
me always.

Rowan Williams

From the Welsh of Ann Griffiths, an 18th c. hymnwriter