



S. Anselm's School

Act of Remembrance

2019



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November 2019

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 mankind.

We shall now stand in silence to remember those who attended S. Anselm's and fell.

Those who gave their lives in the Great War 1914-1918.

2nd Lieutenant N. B. Antrobus, Captain N. Armitage, Captain H. G. Barber MC, Lieutenant K. L. Cole, Captain H. Colver, Lieutenant E. W. Colver, Captain A. H. Crossley, Major F. W. Dust MC, Lieutenant A. M. Eadon, 2nd Lieutenant J. I. Farmer, 2nd Lieutenant G. N. Storrs-Fox,

Lieutenant B. W. Drew, Pilot Officer F. G. Drewry, Major T. P. Kneen, Major D. E. Lockwood, Captain M. S. Macpherson, Trooper J. G. Robinson, Lieutenant J. R. Wilson

Major L. B. Halcomb, Corporal H. G. Fielding-Johnson, 2nd Lieutenant S. Knowles, 2nd Lieutenant D. S. Laurence, Captain F. B. Parker, Captain H. K. Peace, 2nd Lieutenant J. R. Prentice, 2nd Lieutenant E. F. R. Robson.

Those who gave their lives in the Second World War 1939-1945:

Flight Lieutenant T. G. W. Appleby, Lieutenant Colonel J. Bassett, Pilot Officer G. H. C. Blunt, Pilot Officer T. G. Bridges, Major S. J. Bunch, Chaplain to the Forces Mr R. C. Chalk, Major Sir C. K. Dick-Cunningham.

LAST POST

A two minute silence is observed

Wreaths to be laid by Holly Hunter, Hector McCallum, Isobel McCallum and Thomas Offless.

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.

All: We will remember them.

ROUSE

Mrs Donnelly

Almighty and eternal God, from whose love in Christ we cannot be parted, either by death or life; Hear our prayers and thanksgivings for all whom we remember this day; fulfil in them the purpose of your love; and bring us all, with them, to your eternal joy; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

All: Amen

All:

HYMN: The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy church, unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away:
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

Donald Storrs Fox

This year we are commemorating the service given by all Anselmians who fought in the Great War.

Fortunately, some survived to return home and tell their story. One such survivor was Donald Storrs Fox, the son of S. Anselm's first Headmaster. He recorded detailed memories of his time at war.

Few individuals can claim a lifelong connection with the school, but Donald's literally stretches from the cradle to the grave. Born in 1895 he was the first son (but third child) to the Storrs Foxs and grew up in school. Enrolling in 1903, Donald attended S. Anselm's until he moved to another prep school in 1906, run by previous Assistant-Master Mr Elliott, which he described himself as 'abysmally dull'. Some of his musings still survive today in various documents and his time seems to have passed reasonably.

By 1914 he had just left Repton when war broke out and like many of his peers, he volunteered to serve as a subaltern in the army. After three years, two serious wounds, and many harrowing experiences Donald made the decision to join the relatively young Royal Flying Corps as an Observer; 18 months later saw him as an experienced flyer out on a routine patrol when his aircraft was shot down over enemy lines. Following capture and interrogation he made a bid for freedom and managed to return to Britain just as the armistice was declared.

Fortunately for the school, he recorded this dramatic journey for posterity and a copy of which remains in the archive today.

The opening paragraphs of Donald's journal illustrate his bravery in the face of a horror that we know was faced by many young airman:

"It was on the 9th of October 1918 that my accident happened. I should like to cut the 9th day of every month out of the calendar, for that day always brings misfortune for me. Twice during this war I have been wounded on the 9th and once recalled from leave on 9th ...

"We were nearly halfway back to the line when Archie began a heavy and accurate fire on us. One shell burst a yard or two in front of us, whereupon our engine gave a feeble splutter and stopped when we were at a height of about 12,000 feet. We glided a short distance, but began to fall behind the others, so made a steep dive in the hope that the engine would start again. But nothing happened and so we turned down in a vertical nose dive as the Fokkers were now coming up against us. To reach our lines was impossible as they were still 15 miles away. Our only hope was to land in German occupied territory and destroy our machine and trust to getting away and back across the lines."

In Flanders Fields,

by John McCrae, May 1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Mrs Whawell

This brings our service to its conclusion. Let us remember as we lead off in silence.

