

At the going down of the sun.....



TO THE MEMORY OF  
THESE THREE  
BRITISH SOLDIERS  
KILLED IN ACTION 1916  
AND BURIED AT THE TIME  
BRITISH SOLDIERS  
WHICH WERE DESTROYED  
IN LATE 1918  
THEIR GRAVES

**Words and images for Remembrance based on a visit to the Battlefields of WW1 in Belgium and Northern France with students from Silcoates School, Wakefield.**







HELME R.

IBBOTSON G. S.

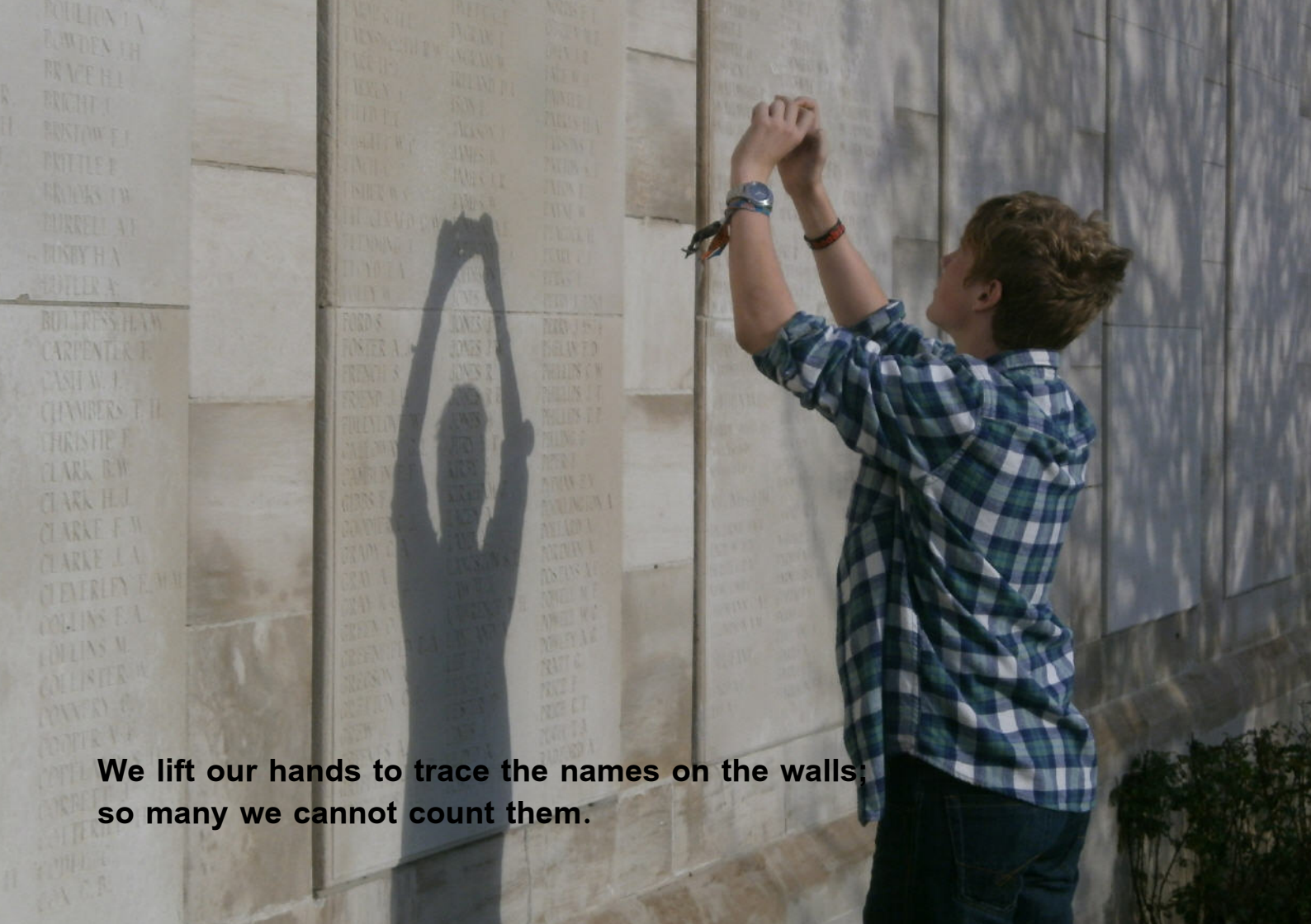
MILNE C. M. C.

WEATHERILL W. B.

COY SGT MAJOR

CASSIDY J. C.

BIMNEY P.



**We lift our hands to trace the names on the walls;  
so many we cannot count them.**

**For those we remember and  
for those we forget**

**Lord have mercy  
Christ have mercy  
Lord have mercy**









The maple, oak and sugar gum leaves fell in various cemeteries and represent the fallen from both sides of the conflict.








The fallen leaf  
marks the spot  
where you have fallen  
and we remember.

Every year millions more  
are added to the pile,  
falling still, rotting,  
becoming one with the earth.



A collage of autumn leaves and a nut on a light background. The leaves are in various colors: yellow, green, pink, red, and brown. One large red leaf is prominent in the center. A small brown nut is visible on the right side. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Fallen,  
like leaves  
one on top of  
another,  
so close together:  
touching





**The snail shell  
reminds us of  
the spiral of  
grief**

















one after another,  
the Cross of Sacrifice  
blazing white,  
each one surrounded  
by its own  
neatly groomed  
perfectly aligned family.

‘Follow me’ you said,  
and we did;  
up a stony track  
to another fine, neat  
space  
in which to rest  
from where we could see  
all along the ridge,





May we lead each other  
carefully, lovingly  
between the rows,  
past the names  
on the walls,  
to the foot of the cross.  
May we wait in Silence.

**‘Lead me from death to life’**

Lead me away from decay.  
Lead me to a new season  
of flourishing,  
to a place where flowers grow  
and peace vibrates through grief.









Just visiting

They know what to do.  
They are not afraid  
to drop to their knees  
before a name or stone  
to pay their respects  
to a distant memory  
not always their own.

As we step back in time  
listening for the echoes of lost voices,  
looking for scraps of lives,  
you call us again  
to consider the possibility  
that even we could be peacemakers.







## And in the morning



Details of art and craft projects:

Pages 10 and 13: watercolour on paper

Page 15: wax and watercolour on paper

Pages 17 and 18: felted wool

Pages 21 and 22: wax and 'Brusho' on cotton

Page 23: felted wool

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