



HAWARDEN COMMUNITY COUNCIL

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

9TH NOVEMBER 2025



**Father Alan Cronin to open the service and
welcome attendees**

Hymn

I vow to thee, my country,
all earthly things above
Entire and whole and perfect,
the service of my love
The love that asks no question,
the love that stands the test
That lays upon on the altar,
the dearest and the best
The love that never falters,
the love that pays the price
The love that makes undaunted
the final sacrifice

And there's another country,
I've heard of long ago
Most dear to them that love her,
most great to them that know
We may not count her armies,
we may not see her king
Her fortress is a faithful heart,
her pride is suffering

And soul by soul, and silently
her shining bounds increase
And her way are ways of gentleness
and all her paths are peace

Prayer
(Father Alan Cronin)

Psalm 67

Izabelle Humphreys & Joshua Stott
Hawarden High School

God be merciful unto us and bless us:
And shew us the light of his countenance;

That thy way may be known upon earth:
Thy saving health among all nations.

Let the peoples praise thee O God:
Yea let all the peoples praise thee.

O let the nations rejoice and be glad:
For thou judgest the peoples righteously,
And guidest the nations on earth.

Let the peoples praise thee O God:
Yea let all the peoples praise thee.

The earth hath brought forth her increase:
And God, even our own God, shall give us
His blessing.

The blessing of God be upon us:
And let all the ends of the world fear Him.

Hymn

O God our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come
Our shelter from the stormy blast
and our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure
Sufficient is thine arm alone, and
our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood
Or earth received its frame
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same

A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time like an ever-rolling stream
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

**George Clark, Chairman
Royal British Legion, Hawarden
Ewloe and Mancot branch**

*‘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’.*

Response:

‘We will remember them’

LAST POST

TWO-MINUTE SILENCE

REVEILLE

George Clark to say:

**“When you go home tell them of us and say
For your tomorrow, we gave our today”**

LAYING OF WREATHS

Ian Gibbons, Radio Deeside
will announce the order of the
wreath laying in groups

A Prayer for all who suffer from War: *(Father Alan Cronin)*

God of all compassion,
We pray for all those who have in the past
And are presently suffering the effects of war.

Where their hearts are heavy with burdens
Of loss
Help carry their burdens

Where they suffer the hunger, sorrow, fear
And death of war,
Be present to them in their ordeals

Where the emptiness of hopelessness fills
Their hearts,
Pour into them your Spirit and grant them
The hope of faith.

A Prayer for Peace
(*Father Alan Cronin*)
God of hope,

On this day of remembrance, we pray for peace.
Help us to understand that peace does not come
Without justice, forgiveness and healing.
We pray that the world will soon experience your
justice,
A justice that is for all people,
And that we will have the courage to work
For that justice.

It is for peace that we pray and yearn, so
That one day all your children may sit together
In harmony, may be cared and provided
for even as they care and provide for
others.

Grant us this day the peace of Christ, so that we may
in turn share that peace with others.

In Jesus' Name. **Amen.**

The Lord's Prayer (*All*)

The Welsh National Anthem:

Mae hen wlad fy nhadau yn annwyl i mi,
Gwlad beirdd a chantorion, enwogion o fri; Ei
gwrol ryfelwyr, gwladgarwyr tra môd, Tros
ryddid gollasant eu gwaed.

Chorus:

Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm gwlad,
Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff bau, O
bydded i'r heniaith barhau.

Gwlad, Gwlad, pleidiol wyf i'm
gwlad, Tra môr yn fur i'r bur hoff
bau, O bydded i'r heniaith barhau

The National Anthem:

God save our gracious King
Long live our noble King
God save our King
Send him victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us
God save the King

**Jamie Tennant
Head Teacher
Broughton CP School
will read out the following Welsh poem:**

*Gwae fi fy myw mewn
oes mor ddreng,
A Duw ar drai ar orwel
pell;
O'i ôl mae dyn, yn deyrn
a gwreng,
Yn codi ei awdurdod
hell.*

Why must I live in this
grim age,
When, to a far horizon,
God
Has ebbed away, and man,
with rage,
Now wields the sceptre
and the rod?

*Pan deimlodd fyned
ymaith Dduw
Cyfododd gledd i ladd
ei frawd;
Mae sŵn yr ymladd ar
ein clyw,
A'i gysgod ar fythynnod
tlawd.*

Man raised his sword,
once God had gone,
To slay his brother, and
the roar
Of battlefields now casts
upon
Our homes the shadow of
the war.

*Mae'r hen delynau
genid gynt,
Ynghrog ar gangau'r
helyg draw,
A gwaedd y bechgyn
lond y gwynt,
A'u gwaed yn gymysg
efo'r glaw*

The harps to which we
sang are hung,
On willow boughs, and
their refrain
Drowned by the anguish
of the young
Whose blood is mingled
with the rain.

Ian Gibbons,
Radio Deeside

During 2025 there have been many commemorative events held to recognise eighty years since the end of the Second World War. As the conflict moves beyond living memory, it is important to pass on the stories of those whose courage, sacrifice and resilience secured the freedoms we cherish today.

VE DAY 80: THURSDAY 8 MAY 2025
VJ DAY 80: FRIDAY 15 AUGUST 2025



Source: Royal British Legion

Daddy's Home.

I know you went off to war daddy
As the King asked for your help
But I really need you too daddy
I want you for myself

Have you forgotten about me daddy
Or did I do something wrong
You said you'd be coming back to us
But it's been so very long

I hear my mummy crying
And don't know what to say

She's been crying nearly every night
Since you've been away

Daddy I haven't been crying
Because it's something big boys don't do
I sometimes get some stuff in my eye
I think that mummy does too

I've really, really grown daddy
I think you'll be surprised
Mummy jokes, with other folks
I've grown up right before her eyes

They say the war is over now
There have been marches in the town

Soldiers returning from the front
Having done their bit for the crown

I'll have to finish writing now
To get this off to you
I can't really think of things to say,

But just before I do
There's some people at the door
Two soldiers in their uniforms
Who I haven't seen before

I'll leave it there for now then daddy

As mummy's crying again

I'll go and hold her hand for now

While she's talking to those men

I'll maybe ask the soldiers

If they could pass this onto you

I've heard them say your name a lot

So you probably know them too

I know you're only there

As the shilling has been paid

But I've a feeling that you'll be coming home

Maybe part of the next parade

Sweet dreams to you then daddy
I can hear a military tune
Men are marching down the street
We'll be together soon.

Bill Clayton

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**Blessing by Father Alan Cronin
and close of ceremony**

Thank you for your attendance.

**IMPORTANT:
MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC,
PLEASE WAIT FOR THE PARADE TO LEAVE
BEFORE DEPARTING**

With thanks to the
Marching Band:
Hawarden 2247 Squadron
Air Training Corps.

Hymns:
Chester Wind Band



A heartfelt thanks to
Pauline and Lisa Scutt and Chrissi Chambers
for their kind donation of knitted poppies
at the Gladstone Playing Fields Car Park