

HERE THEY COME

A day to remember





Here they come: A day to remember

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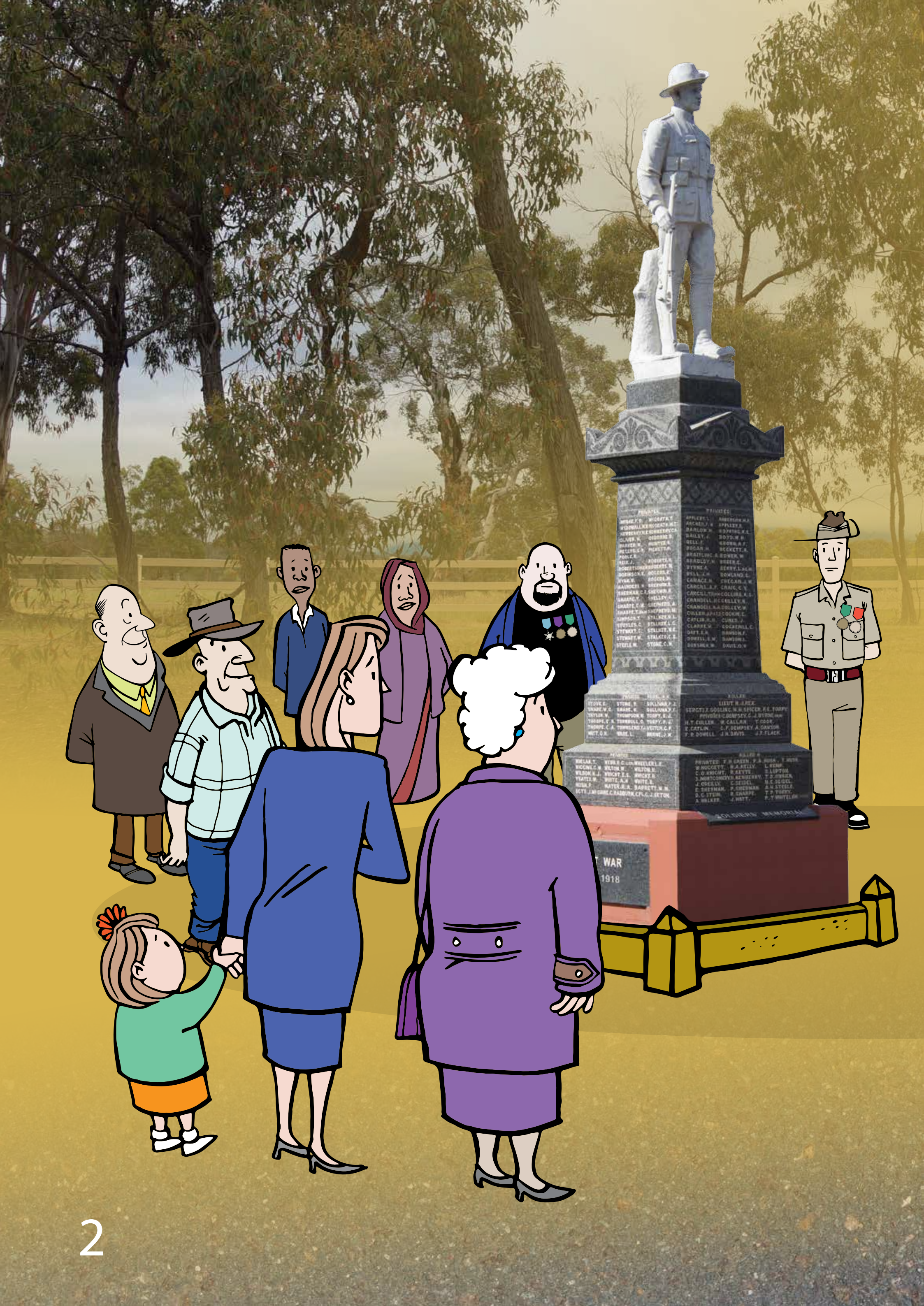
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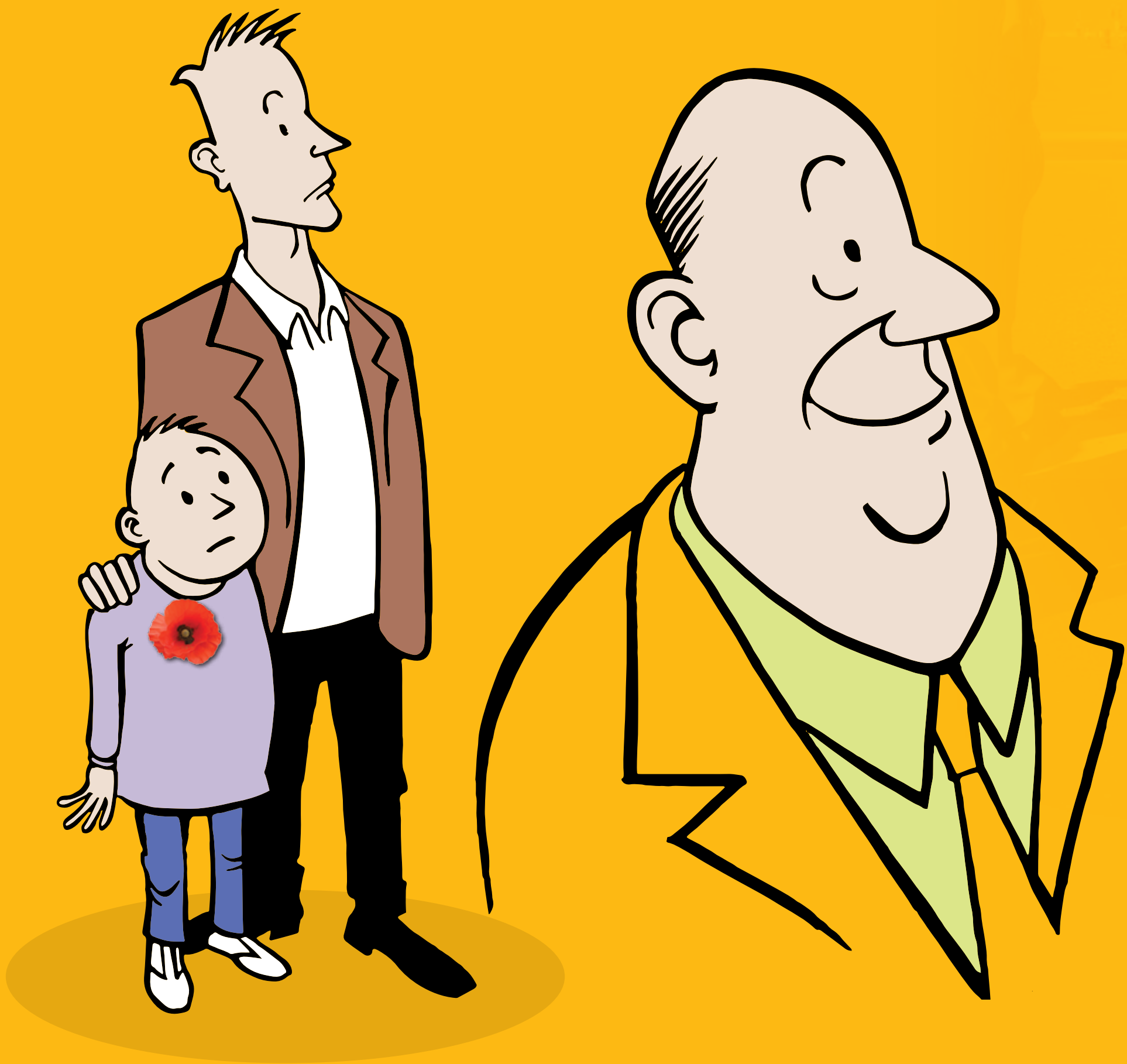
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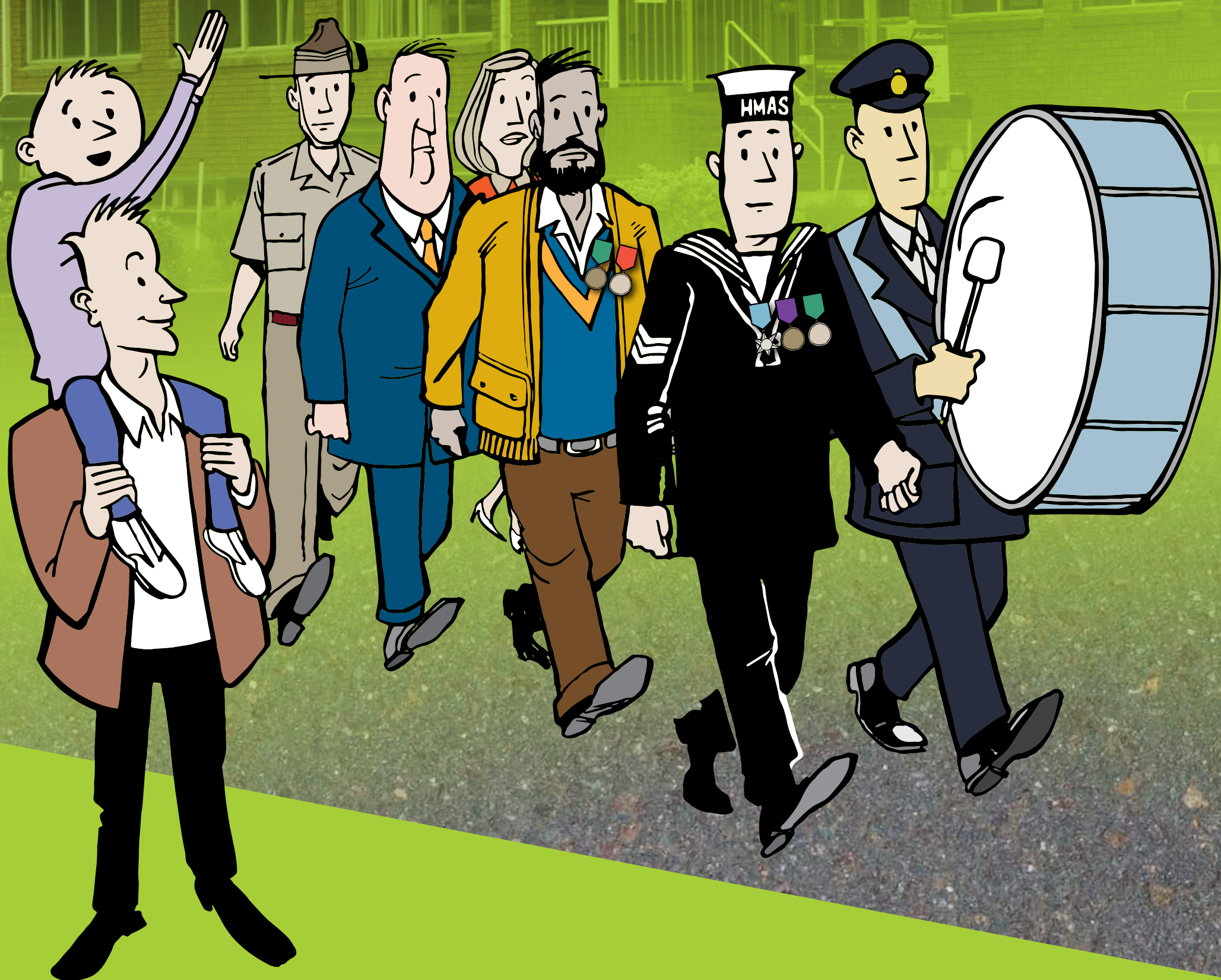
'I still can't see anything, Dad,' complained Wil.

He wondered what he was doing here. He wondered what everyone was doing here.



Wil knew today was about remembering war. But that seemed strange to him. Why would anyone want to think about something so sad? He didn't even understand why we had wars.

'Here they come,' said Dad as he lifted Wil onto his shoulders. 'Can you see them marching?'



Caitlin's feet moved to the beat of the booming drum. Smiling, she glanced across at all the people who had come to watch – to thank her and the others for their service.

Her time in Afghanistan had been tough.
The dangers were real. Being alert and
well trained had helped keep her safe.



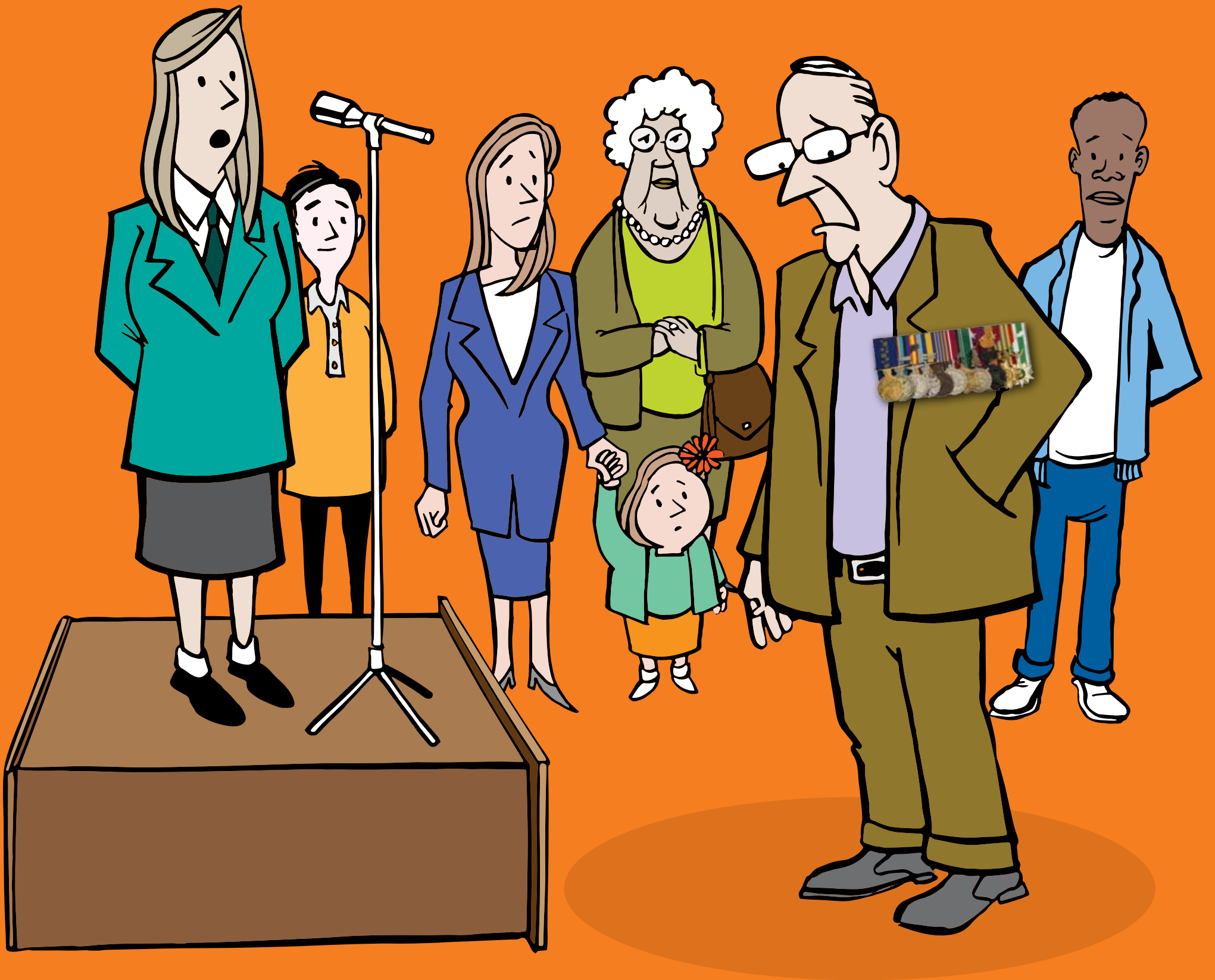
She was proud to be marching
here today.



Roslyn looked at the marchers, old and young, as they took their seats. She wished her father was still here to take his place. Anzac Day was a day she had shared with him since she was a young girl.



Yet she didn't feel lonely. Not in this crowd.
She was one of many who had come together
today to reflect. She was part of this community.



‘We must never forget them,’ said the girl at the microphone.

Col fingered the photo in his pocket. He didn’t need to take it out. He knew every detail of the young face at Nui Dat – the half smile and scattering of freckles.

Col could never forget. Even when he tried.

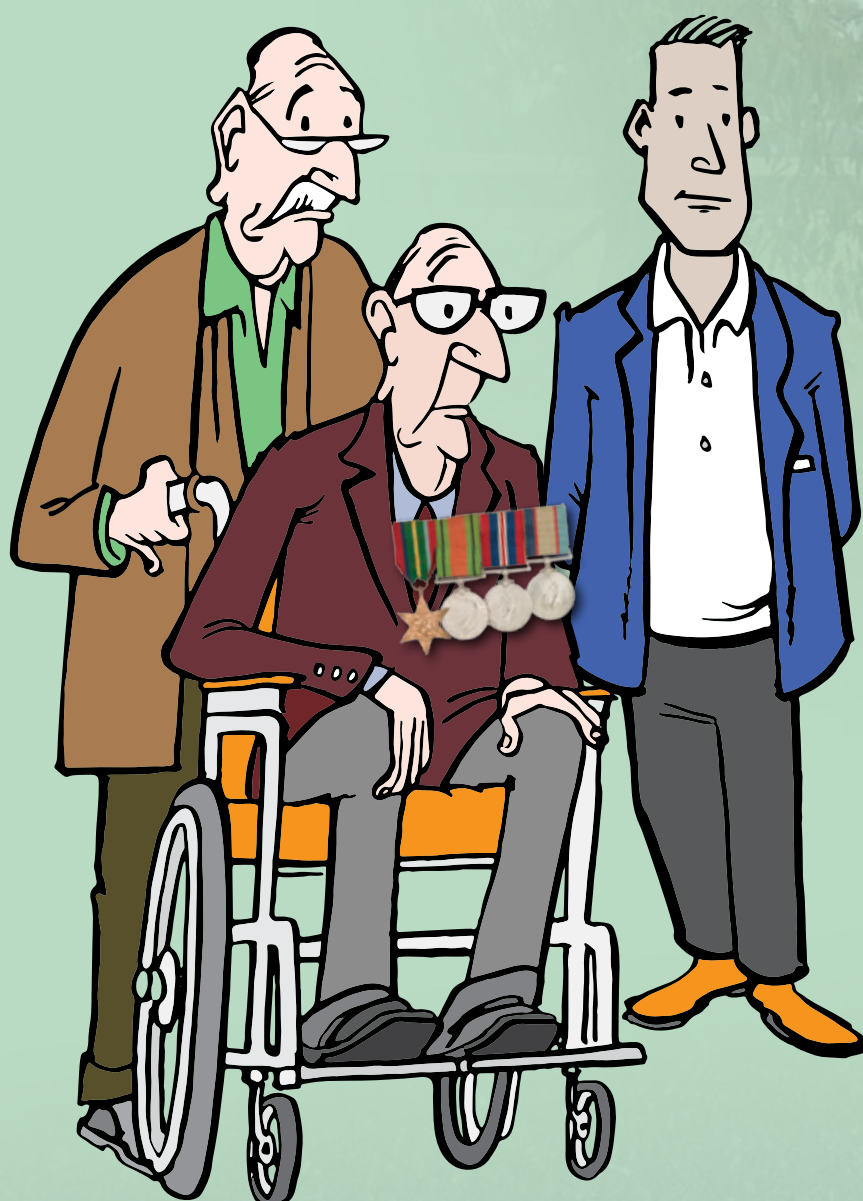


But he wondered what the point of remembering was if we didn't learn from the past. People were still going to war. Brothers, like his, were still dying.

Col felt the weight of his own medals against his chest. He closed his eyes.

Samir tilted his head to see what was happening.

He was still learning about the traditions of his new home. Many things were strange to him, but he understood the importance of honouring those who had fought for their country.



He looked around at the crowd and thought of his family in Sudan. He wished they were here too. There was still no peace for them.





As the sound of the bugle faded, Libby tightened her grip on Ellie's fingers. The minute of silence began.

This part of the ceremony was always hard. Thoughts of Luke crowded her mind. Luke in his uniform, Luke at the beach, Luke cradling their baby girl.



Libby took a deep breath. She was proud of Luke. He loved being an army officer and he died serving his country. It was hard without him.



As the crowd moved away, Rose paused at the memorial – ‘The Great War’, it said. So many names. Most of the men were not much older than her when they went to war.

Life was so different for Rose and her friends – school, parties, holidays.

PRIVATE

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BARNETT H.
BLAIR G. O.
BOTFIELD G. C.
BRADSHAW J.
BRIDDICK J.
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BUCKT
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CLARK
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STAN



PRIVATE

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KELLY R. J.
LONG P. J.
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POLLARD J. H. G.
RICKENS C.
SMORTI K. M. K.
STICKLAND
TORP

LANCE CO

ALLAN A.
DONOVAN
HEAP W.
McNAMARA
NEWBERRY
SALTER H.
TAYLOR F.

PRIV

AKERS

She reached out and touched one of the names.

BANNER A. C. She wondered where he had fought. What had he seen? How had he felt? Who had he left behind?

'Thanks,' she whispered.

‘Another Anzac Day,’ said Bert. ‘We’ve done a few of these.’

Only the two of them had made it this year but Bert loved catching up with Stan.

They had shared so much at Kokoda – stories, fear, exhaustion. There were things they had been through that no one else could understand. Not even their families.

But there was laughter too.

‘Remember when the wild pig came into your tent?’ smiled Bert. ‘I’ve never seen anyone run as fast as you did.’

‘Yeah, that’d be right,’ said Stan. ‘It’s a shame these old legs aren’t up to that any more.’

Bert offered his old friend another biscuit, and hoped they’d be together again next Anzac Day.



It was a day to remember.





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SERVED AS
DAVENPORT H.

SERJEANT
ANE A.E.
HAW B. G.

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