

MAKE ME A CHANNEL OF YOUR PEACE

Make me a channel of your peace,
Where there is hatred let me bring your love
Where there is injury your pardon, Lord
And where there's doubt true faith in you.

Oh, Master grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console
To be understood as to understand
To be loved as to love with all my soul.

Make me a channel of your peace,
Where there's despair in life let me bring hope
Where there is darkness, only light
And where there's sadness, ever joy.

Make me a channel of your peace.
It is in pardoning that we are pardoned
In giving to all men that we receive
And in dying that we're born to eternal life.

WREATHS ARE LAID

*(Led by Rosemary Padfield DL, MP A. Burghart, EFDC representative, ECC Cllr Mclvor, OTC Chairman
Cllr Gunn, Youth councillors, Local organisations, and children)*

DISMISSAL AND BLESSING

(Rosemary Padfield DL and Revd. Stewart Gibbs)

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

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

**Those in attendance are invited for refreshments at the Ongar
Academy on behalf of Ongar Town Council after the service**



ONGAR TOWN COUNCIL



ONGAR'S ACT OF REMEMBRANCE

Sunday 9th of November 2025 @ 2.30pm
Outside the Ongar War Memorial Medical Centre,
Fyfield Road, Ongar CM5 0AL

WELCOME AND INTRODUCTION

(Rosemary Padfield DL)

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
Under the shadow of thy throne.
Thy saints have dwelt secure.
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

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

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

READING - Remembrance by H. Meyer
(Chairman Cllr Gunn)

For ever young, in Flanders field they lie,
In peace in silent seas, on foreign shore,
In place with name unknown, in land unseen;
And we, perhaps forgetting, walk on by
Their sad memorials, and think no more
Of lives now passed, and lives that might have been.
In park and green and village marketplace
They stand, these ageing monuments – and we
Look past the loving tributes carved thereon
And never slack or slow our hurried pace
To call to mind the fading memory
Of these young men, much missed, though now long gone.
To read the names of honoured dead, long lost
To grieving parents, children, sweethearts, wives,
The names of men who never more will wake,
Who bought us – at what sad and painful cost –
Our freedom, and indeed our very lives.

READING - The Fepow Prayer, by Cpl Arthur E. Ogden and Victor Merrett
(Vice Chairman Cllr Cole)

*And we that are left grow old with the years
Remembering the heartache, the pain and the tears
Hoping and praying that never again
Man will sink to such sorrow and shame
The price that was paid we will always remember
Every day, every month, not just in November.
We Shall Remember Them.*

THE LAST POST *Silence* **REVEILLE**

READING - For the Fallen by Laurence Binyon
(Chairman Cllr Gunn)

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill; Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
There is music in the midst of desolation,
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted;
They fell with their faces to the foe.

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.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the daytime;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRAYER FOR PEACE#
(Revd Stewart Gibbs)

Lead me from death to life
From falsehood to truth
Lead me from despair to hope
From fear to trust
Lead me from hate to love
From war to peace
Let peace fill our hearts
Our world
Our universe

ALL: Peace, Peace, Peace