

But how do we honour the One who made the ultimate sacrifice on the cross? When asked a similar question, Jesus replied, "This is the only work God wants from you: Believe in the One He has sent." God wants us to put our trust in Jesus. The risen, living Christ wants to become our Lord, Saviour and Friend.

The ultimate insult

When we read of people desecrating war memorials, or wanting to burn poppies, it hurts deeply. When the media and others want to disregard Jesus, it pains Him too. He has loved us with an everlasting love, and His desire is that we should receive Him into our lives.

Christianity is not about doing our best, or even our duty. Rather it is about us turning from our sinful ways, trusting Jesus to forgive us, and surrendering to the loving Lordship of Jesus.

In God's Word, the Bible, we read that there is coming a time when wars will end for ever, when God 'will judge between nations and will settle disputes for many peoples. They will beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. Nation will not take up sword against nation, nor will they train for war any more.'³

Until that day comes, we need to ensure that we are right with God, by asking Jesus to bring us to Him, knowing Him as Friend and Lord, Saviour and Helper throughout every situation that we face.

Today, will you pray asking God Himself to make you His child, in life, through death and into eternity? Thank Jesus for dying to save you from sin. Ask the risen, living Jesus to become your Lord and Saviour. Invite Him, by His Holy Spirit, to help you to start to follow Him.

If you would like more help in becoming a real Christian, or in starting to follow Jesus, go to:

www.tell-me-more.org

or write to:

The Soldiers' and Airmens' Scripture
Readers Association,
Havelock House,
Barrack Road, Aldershot,
Hants, GU11 3NP.

If you ask we will send you free of charge a copy of John's Gospel from the Bible and a booklet called 'Trust in Christ' which explains how to become a Christian.

¹ Romans 5:8. ² John 3:16. ³ Isaiah 2:4



Remembrance Day November 11



By Roger Carswell

The eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month marks the coming into force of the Armistice on 11th November 1918, which signalled the end of World War I. At 11 am on that very day the guns of the Western Front fell silent after more than four years of continuous, aggressive warfare.

Now Remembrance Day, which we once called Armistice Day, is set aside for us to remember those who gave their lives in both World Wars, and the many others who have given their lives in conflicts since 1945. We are very aware that names of mostly young men and women are being added to war memorials throughout the U.K. We are also conscious that many others survive but carry with them terrible injuries.

To be silent to remember for just two minutes in the course of a year, seems too little in light of such overwhelming sacrifice. We reflect as we recite words from the poem, *For the Fallen*, written by Laurence Binyon:

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.

Emotions of gratitude and grief, pride and perplexity, submission and sorrow fill our minds in the moments of meditation.

General Lord Richard Dannatt, the retired Chief of the General Staff of the British Army, said, "In my business, asking people to risk their lives is part of the job, but doing so without giving them the chance to understand that there is life after death is something of a betrayal.

It was said that there were no atheists in the trenches. Terrible as war and death, injury and bloodshed are, they are no match for the love of God for every individual."

The poppy

Flanders, that western part of Belgium, was the scene of some of the most concentrated fighting in World War I. When there was utter devastation of buildings, roads and trees, only the poppy survived. John McCrae, a doctor serving with the Canadian Armed Forces, was so moved by what he saw in 1915 that he scribbled in his pocket notebook the poem *In the Flanders Fields*. *Punch* magazine published it, and so the poppy became the symbol for soldiers who died in battle.

For those who have never witnessed war, all we can do is imagine. One soldier reflected on what he had seen saying, "The world became grey after that."

Another remembrance

In remembering the ultimate sacrifice that so many millions have made so that we might enjoy freedom and our own way of life, we are surely doing the right thing. There is, though, another conflict we should not forget.

In the greatest battle ever fought, the world became completely dark for three hours, even though it was midday. All the forces of evil were let loose. The devil and all his demons, the worst of humanity, and even the wrath of God against all that is rotten in the world, was focused on one Man. It seemed that all hell was let loose.

It happened nearly twenty centuries ago, and today millions of people remember it not by wearing a poppy or even a cross, but by trusting in the fact that it was for them that Jesus' body was broken and His blood poured out. His was the ultimate sacrifice. He died not for any crime He had committed, but for us. In those lonely hours, Jesus carried on Himself the sin of the world. He died so that we might be forgiven. 'But God demonstrates His own love for us in this: While we were still sinners, Christ died for us.'¹

He gave Himself to death so that we might be united to the God who made us, and loves us.

'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'²

The *Manchester Guardian* reported on 12th November 1918 what had occurred in the first ever two-minute silence:

The tram cars glided into stillness, motors ceased to cough and fume, and stopped dead, and the mighty-limbed dray horses hunched back upon their loads and stopped also ...

Someone took off his hat...an elderly woman, not far away, wiped her tears... everyone stood very still. The hush deepened... and the spirit of memory brooded over it all.

Times may have changed, but it is still right to stop, reflect, remember and honour those who died on our behalf.

