

come later.

The Unknown Soldier honours the memory of all those men and women who laid down their lives for Australia.

His tomb is a reminder of what we have lost in war and what we have gained.

We have lost more than 100,000 lives, and with them all their love of this country and all their hope and energy.

We have gained a legend: a story of bravery and sacrifice and, with it, a deeper faith in ourselves and our democracy, and a deeper understanding of what it means to be Australian.

It is not too much to hope, therefore, that this Unknown Australian Soldier might continue to serve his country - he might enshrine a nation's love of peace and remind us that in the sacrifice of the men and women whose names are recorded here there is faith enough for all of us.

*The Hon. P.J. Keating MP
Prime Minister of Australia*



**Please remember in your prayers these local families who lost
at least one member on the battlefields of World War I**

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|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
| BRIMBLE | JACOMBS | RICKETTS |
| CARNELL | LEACH | RUTLEDGE |
| CHAMPION | LEE | ROACH |
| CHAMPION | LEE | SMITH |
| CHINNERY | LUNDIE | SPARROW |
| DAVIS | MASLIN | TAYLOR |
| DOUGLAS | MASTERS | |
| FINCH | MATHEWS | |
| FORD | MACDONALD | |
| HATCH | MCKAY | |
| HOPKINS | McKAY | |



*Please join us in the hall
after Mass for a cuppa
and some refreshments*



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Queanbeyan Mission
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Find us on Facebook



Remembrance Day

11th November 2018

100th Anniversary of the Armistice

Entrance Antiphon

Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them.

First reading

Wisdom 4:7-14

The virtuous man, though he die before his time, will
find rest.

Length of days is not what makes age honourable,
nor number of years the true measure of life;
understanding, this is man's grey hairs,
untarnished life, this is ripe old age.

He has sought to please God, so God has loved him;
as he was living among sinners, he has been taken up.
He has been carried off so that evil may not warp his
understanding or treachery seduce his soul;
for the fascination of evil throws good things into the
shade,
and the whirlwind of desire corrupts a simple heart.
Coming to perfection in so short a while, he achieved
long life;
his soul being pleasing to the Lord, he has taken him
quickly from the wickedness around him.

Responsorial Psalm (sung)

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
in pastures green; He leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
yet will I fear no ill;
for Thou art with me, and Thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

My table Thou hast furnished
in presence of my foes;
my head Thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me;
and in God's house for evermore
my dwelling place shall be.

Second reading

Colossians 3:12-15

You are God's chosen race, his saints; he loves you, and
you should be clothed in sincere compassion, in
kindness and humility, gentleness and patience. Bear
with one another; forgive each other as soon as a
quarrel begins. The Lord has forgiven you, Now, you
must do the same. Over all these clothes, to keep them
together and complete them, put on love. And may the
peace of Christ reign in your hearts, because it is for
this that you were called together as parts of one
body. Always be thankful.

Gospel Acclamation

Alleluia, alleluia! Happy are the peacemakers: they
shall be called Children of God.
Alleluia!

Gospel

John 15:12-14

This is my commandment: Love one another as I have
loved you. A man can have no greater love than to lay
down his life for his friends. You are my friends, if you
do what I command you.

Communion Antiphon

I am the Resurrection and the Life, says the Lord.
Whoever believes in me, even though he dies, will live,
and everyone who lives and believes in me will not die
for ever.



Entrance Hymn

O God, Our Help In Ages Past

1. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
2. Beneath the shadow of thy throne,
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.
3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting you are God,
To endless years the same.
4. A thousand ages in your sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun, Before the rising sun.
5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream
Soon bears us all away;
We fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the break of day.
6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Text based on Psalm 90:1-5; Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

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Offertory Hymn

Eternal Father, Strong to Save

1. Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm has bound the restless wave,
Who bids the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
O hear us when we raise our plea
For those in peril on the sea.
2. O Trinity of love and pow'r,
Your children shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And then shall rise with voices free
Glad praise from air and land and sea.

Text: William Whiting, (1825-1878), Music: John B. Dykes, (1823-1876)

Communion Hymn

Eat this bread, drink this cup

Eat this bread, drink this cup,
come to me and never be hungry.
Eat this bread, drink this cup,
trust in me and you will not thirst.

Jacques Berthier, (1923-1994)

Recessional

The song **“And the band played Waltzing Matilda”**
will be played as a recessional

Symbols

The following symbols will be carried in at the beginning of Mass:-

- A flag as a symbol of Australia;
- Hats representing each of the services;
- A first aid kit representing nurses and other medical personnel;
- A basket of produce representing the efforts of all on the home front to keep the nation and the troops well fed and warmly clothed;
- Overalls and a spanner representing all those who went to work in the munitions factories



In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

REMEMBRANCE DAY 1993

COMMEMORATIVE ADDRESS PM HON PAUL KEATING MP

We do not know this Australian's name and we never will. We do not know his rank or his battalion. We do not know where he was born, nor precisely how and when he died. We do not know where in Australia he had made his home or when he left it for the battlefields of Europe. We do not know his age or his circumstances – whether he was from the city or the bush; what occupation he left to become a soldier; what religion, if he had a religion; if he was married or single. We do not know who loved him or whom he loved. If he had children we do not know who they are. His family is lost to us as he was lost to them. We will never know who this Australian was.

Yet he has always been among those whom we have honoured. We know that he was one of the 45,000 Australians who died on the Western Front. One of the 416,000 Australians who volunteered for service in the First World War. One of the 324,000 Australians who served overseas in that war and one of the 60,000 Australians who died on foreign soil. One of the 100,000 Australians who have died in wars this century.

He is all of them. And he is one of us.

This Australia and the Australia he knew are like foreign countries. The tide of events since he died has been so dramatic, so vast and all-consuming, a world has been created beyond the reach of his imagination.

He may have been one of those who believed that the Great War would be an adventure too grand to miss. He may have felt that he would never live down the shame of not going. But the chances are he went for no other reason than that he believed it was his duty - the duty he owed his country and his King.

Because the Great War was a mad, brutal, awful struggle, distinguished more often than not by military and political incompetence; because the waste of human life was so terrible that some said victory was scarcely discernible from defeat; and because the war which was supposed to end all wars in fact sowed the seeds of a second, even more terrible, war - we might think this Unknown Soldier died in vain.

But, in honouring our war dead, as we always have and as we do today, we declare that this is not true. For out of the war came a lesson which transcended the horror and tragedy and the inexcusable folly. It was a lesson about ordinary people – and the lesson was that they were not ordinary.

On all sides they were the heroes of that war; not the generals and the politicians but the soldiers and sailors and nurses – those who taught us to endure hardship, to show courage, to be bold as well as resilient, to believe in ourselves, to stick together.

The Unknown Australian Soldier we inter today was one of those who by his deeds proved that real nobility and grandeur belong not to empires and nations but to the people on whom they, in the last resort, always depend.

That is surely at the heart of the ANZAC story, the Australian legend which emerged from the war. It is a legend not of sweeping military victories so much as triumphs against the odds, of courage and ingenuity in adversity. It is a legend of free and independent spirits whose discipline derived less from military formalities and customs than from the bonds of mateship and the demands of necessity.

It is a democratic tradition, the tradition in which Australians have gone to war ever since.

This Unknown Australian is not interred here to glorify war over peace; or to assert a soldier's character above a civilian's; or one race or one nation or one religion above another; or men above women; or the war in which he fought and died above any other war; or of one generation above any that has or will