

# **MALAYAN VOLUNTEERS GROUP**



## **V-J DAY SERVICE**

**WEDNESDAY, 15<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 2012**

**12 NOON**

**THE MVG MEMORIAL GARDEN**

**The National Memorial Arboretum  
Alrewas**

## **WELCOMING REMARKS**

by Jonathan Moffatt

## **WREATH LAYING 2 MINUTES SILENCE**

### **ABIDE WITH ME**

**SATB arrangement by Lisa Ho  
Dedicated to the Malayan Volunteers of WW1 & 2**

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

## **A READING FROM SCRIPTURE**

**Romans Ch 12 Vs 9 – 21**

### **"SINGAPORE FALLS"**

**An extract from "The Story of Changi Singapore"  
By David Nelson**

### **CHANGI, FEBRUARY 1944**

**Poem by Mary Thomas**

The gates, they are not shut, but only guarded:  
The windows are not sealed, but closely barred:  
The walls, they are not spiked, only unscaleable:  
The stars are not shut out, only the landscape.

The torrent of human voices is like a torment,  
It is like a mill, grinding hearing to nothing,  
It is like a sea, pounding a wrecked man to pieces,  
It is like a hammer, crushing a stick on an anvil.

## **PRAYERS**

### **THE LORD'S PRAYER**

**THE SANCTUARY**  
**Poem by Margaret Dryburgh,**  
**Read daily at evening prayers, on Banka Island**

Within the camp's confined domain  
No great Cathedral reared its walls,  
No pointing spire tried Heaven to gain,  
No church bell sounded welcome calls,  
Not e'en the smallest meeting place  
Did offer us the means of grace.

A little company did dwell  
Within a garage, scarce supplied  
With furnishings of prison cell  
So bare it was! Each eventide  
They met for simple family prayers  
To God commended their affairs.

**"SONG OF SURVIVAL"**  
**Passages from the book by Helen Colijn**  
**A young Dutch woman interned in Sumatra**

**INTERNMENT, JULY 1945**  
**Poem by Mary Thomas**

Three and a half years of it – and another day over,  
The sun had gone down in a jumble of brilliant lights:  
The rose and the blue, the green and the gold have faded forever,  
The startling moon turns the black asphalt white.

All is ethereal now in the ghostly silver,  
It makes me restless, stirring the heart in me:  
Memory, sorrow and hope are blent in fever:  
Begone, O Moon, to your rest, and let me be.

The moon dazzles, the stars are dim beside her:  
Too strange and lovely those white, enchanted beams.  
I cover my eyes that my thoughts may wander wider,  
Soothing despair with memories, hopes and dreams.

**THE CAPTIVES' HYMN**  
**By Margaret Dryburgh**

Father, in captivity  
We would lift our prayer to Thee,  
Keep us ever in Thy love,  
Grant us daily we may prove  
Those who place their trust in Thee  
More than conquerors may be.

Give us patience to endure,  
Keep our hearts serene and pure,  
Grant us courage, charity,  
Greater faith, humility,  
Readiness to own Thy will,  
Be we free, or captive still.

For our country we would pray,  
In this hour be Thou her stay,  
Pride and selfishness forgive,  
Teach her by Thy laws to live,  
By Thy grace may all men see  
That true greatness comes from Thee.

For our loved ones we would pray,  
Be their Guardian night and day,  
From all danger keep them free,  
Banish all anxiety.  
May they trust us to Thy care,  
Know that Thou our pains dost share.

May the day of freedom dawn,  
Peace and Justice be reborn.  
Grant that nations, loving Thee,  
O'er the world may brothers be,  
Cleansed by suffering, know rebirth,  
See Thy Kingdom come on earth.

### **THE EXHORTATION**

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.

**WE WILL REMEMBER THEM.**

### **FEPOW PRAYER**

And we who 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 KOHIMA EPITAPH**

When you go home, tell them of us and say  
"For your tomorrow, we gave our today".