

MALAYAN VOLUNTEERS GROUP



V-J

V-J DAY SERVICE

THURSDAY, 15TH AUGUST 2013

12 NOON

THE MVG MEMORIAL GARDEN

The National Memorial Arboretum

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

John Ch:14 Vs: 1 - 6

WHAT IS A FEPOW?

By Queenie Spink (1992)

What is a FEPOW? A FEPOW is one
Who fought a great battle, without sword or gun,
Who suffered starvation, torture, disease,
When captured by the Japanese.
Stripped of his dignity, degraded and hit,
The FEPOW fought back with courage and grit.
No longer a fight for King and Country
But a fight for survival in captivity
Herded like cattle, worked the day long,
His body grew weak but his spirit was strong,
Determined to win the fight to survive,
To outwit the Japs and to stay alive.
Some couldn't make it; laid to rest there.
No flowers, no parades, just a tear and a prayer,
Never forgotten, remembered still
By their comrades who buried them there on the hill.

So – what is a FEPOW? A FEPOW is one
Unique among men, a hero unsung.

“FATHER GERARD BOURKE”
A Great Redemptorist. A Great Padre
Foreword by Sir Edward “Weary” Dunlop

PRAYERS

THE LORD’S PRAYER

“BY EASTERN WINDOWS”
An extract from the book
By William McDougall

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.

"ALL IS WELL"

By Henry Scott Holland

Death is nothing at all. I've only slipped away
into the next room. I am I and you are you.
Whatever we were to each other, that we still are.
Call me by my old familiar name. Speak to me
in the easy way you always used.
Put no difference into your tone.
Wear no forced air of solemnity or sorrow.
Laugh as we always laughed
at the little jokes we enjoyed together.
Play, smile, think of me, pray for me. Let my
name be ever the household word that it
always was. Let it be spoken without effect,
without a trace of a shadow on it.
Life means all that it ever meant. It is the same
as it ever was. There is unbroken continuity.
Why should I be out of mind
because I am out of sight? I am waiting for you,
for an interval, somewhere very near
just around the corner. All is well.

"COMING HOME"

By Padre Noel Duckworth

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".