

**Speech by City of Cockburn Deputy Mayor Lara Kirkwood**

**RSL City of Cockburn**

**Remembrance Youth Parade & Service**

**Wednesday 4 November 2020**

**at 10.00am**

**RSL Park & Field of Poppies, Spearwood Avenue,**

**Spearwood**

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Good morning one and all!

In the year we commemorate the 102<sup>nd</sup> signing of the Armistice it is fitting that we reflect on how Remembrance Day came into being and the need to keep the home fires burning while the serving men and women of the Australian Defence Force and our Peace Keeping Forces do their utmost to follow in the footsteps of our Veterans.

Remembrance Day (formerly known as Armistice Day and also Poppy Day) is a memorial day that has been observed in Commonwealth Nations since the end of the First World War in memory of the members of the armed forces who died in the line of duty.

Hostilities formally ended "at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month" in 1918, in accordance with the armistice signed by representatives of Germany and the Entente (Russia, France and the United Kingdom).

The remembrance memorial evolved out of Armistice Day which continues to be marked on the same date around the world.

The red remembrance poppy has become a familiar emblem of Remembrance Day due to the poem "In Flanders Fields".

These poppies bloomed across some of the worst battlefields of Flanders in World War I; their brilliant red colour became a symbol for the blood spilled in the war.

From the fields of Belgium and France and elsewhere across Europe where the poppies have swayed with the soft breezes for time immemorial we know of their fragility, their burst of red when in full bloom, albeit for a short time, their colour dominating the landscape.

And as their petals begin to separate and drift on the wind, their stems dry and time passes their seeds burst forth signalling a new start – it is a cycle that ensures life forever more for those blood red poppies.

Our Aussie boys and girls were also in full bloom as they arrived at those battlefields over 100 years ago.

Like the poppies, their blooms lasted all but a short time before they fell in the thousands to the hail of bullets and bombs and their bodies were as one with the soil where they fell.

For them there would never be a new start - the opportunity had been taken forever.

Perhaps that's why the red poppies have captured our hearts and minds, why wherever they grow we stop and admire them – just long enough before their petals start to drift on the breeze and a new life cycle begins.

And as the flags flutter, our hearts pound within and we take that deep breathe to compose ourselves and a tear or two escapes - we know that our boys and girls are at rest – forever in our hearts and minds.

Forever in our hearts and minds.

Lest we Forget.