

Was it all in vain?

It is said of our grandparents and great grandparents that they sacrificed so much for freedom and family life, indeed had it not been for them we would not be here at all.

The Clergy recruited them from the pulpits.

The Royal British Legion, Royalty and Dignitary's commemorate their loss every year.

The Woman's Institute have and still give solace to those left behind.

Yet here we are in the year 2005 with the stark reality that grandparents have no legal presumption in law to see their beloved grandchildren should the parents separate or divorce.

It is now estimated that some one million grandparents here in the UK are at this moment in time being subjected to what can only be described as the inhuman and immoral removal of family life, family life fought and died for through the great wars and down till this very day.

We therefore at the NSCFC would implore all beloved and much cherished grandparents to join with us in making representation to your local MP's and powers that be directly or via our website, in the sincere hope that together we can reverse this breach of Human Rights, that your sacrifice's and those of your forbears might not have proved in-vain, that your heart's not remain forever broken and above all your grandchildren, namely the parents of tomorrow might have that all important love and role models they so richly deserve to become well rounded members of a society built on traditional family life..

Suffice to say. No matter how much we seek year in year out to remember those who sacrificed themselves on our behalf, the act of commemoration will continue to be undermined if not insulted by the State's refusal to fully acknowledge the very Human Rights our forbears died for.

As such the NSCFC has no hesitation in reminding the Churches, The Royal British Legion, and the Woman's Institute as to their responsibilities when it comes to the legacy of our fallen Hero's, that to remain forever silent on the issues pertaining to the Human Right to family life is not in keeping with the memories they and we strive to keep alive.

With the above in mind the NSCFC strongly recommend the track "No Mans Land" on the CD by Award winning June Tabor - "Ashes and Diamonds" (Topic Records TSCD 360), after which the question "was it all in vain" becomes even more poignant to each and everyone who has a true and sincere vested interest in Human Rights.

Chairman: National Society for Children and Family Contact. 2005

60 YEARS ON....

When a question was asked a number of years ago why people still marched on Remembrance Sunday, an unknown gallant old soldier who served throughout the Second World War with the DLI penned a poem and this is what he had to say:

Why do you still march old man?

With your medals on your chest

Why do you still grieve old man?

For those friends you laid to rest

Why do your eyes gleam old man

When you hear those bugles blow

Tell me why you cry old man

For those days so long ago.

I'll tell you why I march, young man

With these medals on my chest

I'll tell you why I grieve young man

For those friends I laid to rest

Through misty folds of gossamer silk

Come visions of distant times

When boys of very tender age

Marched forth to distant climes

So young they were... with blossom cheeks

Their eyes shone bright and clear

Scant knowledge of this sinful! World

Thought nought of hate or fear

Their laughter rang through strange bare rooms

Hardships.. They were soon to know

All they knew, was beyond their shores

Was a deadly vicious foe
They left behind their boring life
They had nothing much to give
So they laid their lives on the line
So you... young man... would live
With bayonet... Gun... And blossom cheeks
The innocence of their youth
They stood alone with fearsome pride
And perceived the awful truth
The truth they learnt... they had to die
(It's not easy when you're young)
The gods of war had chosen them
And stilled their youthful tongues
The guns they crashed... and the stukas dived
The shells tore their flesh asunder
I smelt their blood... watched them die
The war lords claimed their plunder
And as these warrior gods passed by
They smiled at their obscene death
Gone were their apple blossom cheeks
Scorched by napalm burning breath
We buried them in a blanket shroud
Their young flesh scorched and blacken
A communal grave newly gouged
In the bloodstained gorse and bracken

And you ask me why I march... young man
I march to remind you all
But for those apple blossomed youths
FREEDOM... would have been lost to ALL

ANON

We think that says it all.

