



HEAR MY CRY

WORDS FOR WHEN
THERE ARE NO WORDS

Foreword by General the Lord Dannatt

Foreword

In this centenary year of the outbreak of the First World War historians will be reviewing once again the causes of the war, debating who was to blame for its outbreak, its bloody protracted course and its effect on the history of the rest of the twentieth century. But these debates mask the real stories of that terrible war – the thoughts, hopes and fears of the ordinary people that fought in the mud and blood of the trenches, or at sea or in the air. War is first and foremost about people, and people are individuals who have to make sense of the circumstances in which they find themselves. In war this can be a huge personal challenge.

Some may choose to argue in the coming months about on whose side was God in the First World War, but that is an arid argument. God does not take sides between countries, however he is passionately concerned for the people who live in those countries and get caught up in war. He made us, He loves us and he wants us to love him in return. In peace or war God is interested in us as individuals.

In this helpful publication are psalms, poems, photos and personal stories that connect those caught up in the turmoil of the Great War with the peace, promise and real purpose in life offered by their loving Heavenly Father. To make sense of war we can do nothing better than place our hope and faith in God and in his Son, Jesus Christ. This publication is a timely guide to help to do just that.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Richard Dannatt', with a stylized flourish at the end.

*General the Lord Dannatt GCB CBE MC DL
Chief of the General Staff 2006-2009*

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A last letter

THEO CHADBURN

13th York and Lancaster Regiment

ON APRIL 9 1918, 29-YEAR-OLD THEO CHADBURN, A MINER FROM SHEFFIELD, WROTE TO HIS WIFE LILY. HIS LETTERS HOME, ON CREAMY LINED PAPER, WERE ALL WRITTEN IN PENCIL, AND THEY ENDED WITH A ROW OF KISSES. THIS WAS TO BE HIS LAST. THREE DAYS LATER HE WAS KILLED, IT IS THOUGHT WHILE RESCUING COLLEAGUES FROM A BURNING BUILDING. HIS BODY WAS NEVER FOUND.

Theo was a Sergeant in the 13th Battalion of the York and Lancaster Regiment, serving in France.

'I am daily thinking of you,' he wrote to Lily and his six-year-old daughter May, 'and constantly hoping and trusting God for the reunion, may he grant us that privilege.

'I believe that I have still a work to do for him and my mind is broader. I believe that every day I learn more of his goodness and am waiting his pleasure to be able to do a work for him in conjunction with my dearest wife.'

Heartbreakingly, this letter arrived home after Theo's death. At first, Lily thought he had been taken prisoner. It was to be a year later, after the war had ended, in April 1919, that she received a letter from the War Office. It read,

'It is not thought that any hope can now be entertained that Sergeant Chadburn has survived and steps will shortly be taken to consider the question of the presumption of his death.'

Theo, like all his family, was a member of the Salvation Army in Sheffield, and played in the band at weekends. He wrote from the front less than a fortnight before his death of his 'privilege' to be at a Salvation Army meeting.

'The place was packed with soldiers and there were about 150 fellows who made the necessary decision,' he says, of men committing themselves to God.

'I tell you,' he wrote to Lily, 'it was the best Easter Sunday night meeting I have ever spent. I was greatly blessed.'

His tiny black leather-bound diary from 1917 contains a page from Deuteronomy 28, ripped from a larger Bible. It reads,

'The Lord shall cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thy face: they shall come out against thee one way and flee before thee seven ways.'

Theo's name is engraved on the Ploegsteert Memorial near Ypres. Lily never remarried.

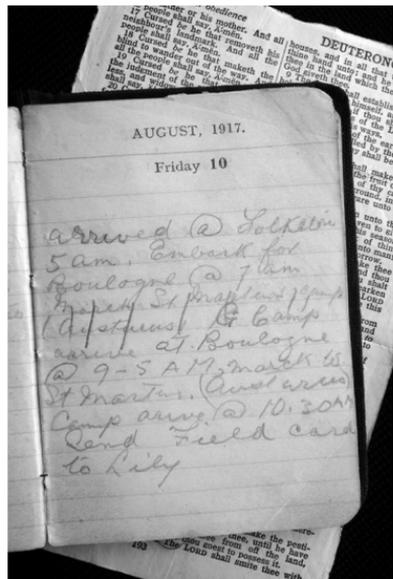


PHOTO: CLARE KENDALL

Psalm 19

HOW CLEARLY THE SKY REVEALS GOD'S GLORY!

How plainly it shows what he has done!
Each day announces it to the following day;
each night repeats it to the next.
No speech or words are used,
no sound is heard;
yet their message goes out to all the world
and is heard to the ends of the earth.
God made a home in the sky for the sun;
it comes out in the morning like a happy bridegroom,
like an athlete eager to run a race.
It starts at one end of the sky
and goes across to the other.
Nothing can hide from its heat.

The law of the Lord is perfect;
it gives new strength.
The commands of the Lord are trustworthy,
giving wisdom to those who lack it.
The laws of the Lord are right,
and those who obey them are happy.
The commands of the Lord are just
and give understanding to the mind.
Reverence for the Lord is good;
it will continue for ever.
The judgements of the Lord are just;
they are always fair.
They are more desirable than the finest gold;
they are sweeter than the purest honey.
They give knowledge to me, your servant;
I am rewarded for obeying them.

No one can see his own errors;
 deliver me, Lord, from hidden faults!
Keep me safe, also, from wilful sins;
 don't let them rule over me.
Then I shall be perfect
 and free from the evil of sin.

May my words and my thoughts be acceptable to you,
 O Lord, my refuge and my redeemer!



HYMN

O God, our help in ages past

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
our shelter from the stormy blast,
and our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of thy throne
thy saints have dwelt secure;
sufficient is thine arm alone,
and our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
or earth received her frame,
from everlasting thou art God,
to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
are like an evening gone;
short as the watch that ends the night
before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
bears all our years away;
they fly forgotten, as a dream
dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
our hope for years to come,
be thou our guard while troubles last,
and our eternal home.

Psalm 29

Praise the Lord, you heavenly beings;
praise his glory and power.
Praise the Lord's glorious name;
bow down before the Holy One when he appears.

The voice of the Lord is heard on the seas;
the glorious God thunders,
and his voice echoes over the ocean.

The voice of the Lord is heard
in all its might and majesty.

The voice of the Lord breaks the cedars,
even the cedars of Lebanon.
He makes the mountains of Lebanon jump like calves
and makes Mount Hermon leap like a young bull.

The voice of the Lord makes the lightning flash.
His voice makes the desert shake;
he shakes the desert of Kadesh.
The Lord's voice shakes the oaks
and strips the leaves from the trees
while everyone in his Temple shouts, 'Glory to God!'

The Lord rules over the deep waters;
he rules as king for ever.
The Lord gives strength to his people
and blesses them with peace.



In Flanders fields

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.



Psalm 116

I LOVE THE LORD, BECAUSE HE HEARS ME;

he listens to my prayers.

He listens to me

every time I call to him.

The danger of death was all round me;

the horrors of the grave closed in on me;

I was filled with fear and anxiety.

Then I called to the Lord,

'I beg you, Lord, save me!'

The Lord is merciful and good;

our God is compassionate.

The Lord protects the helpless;

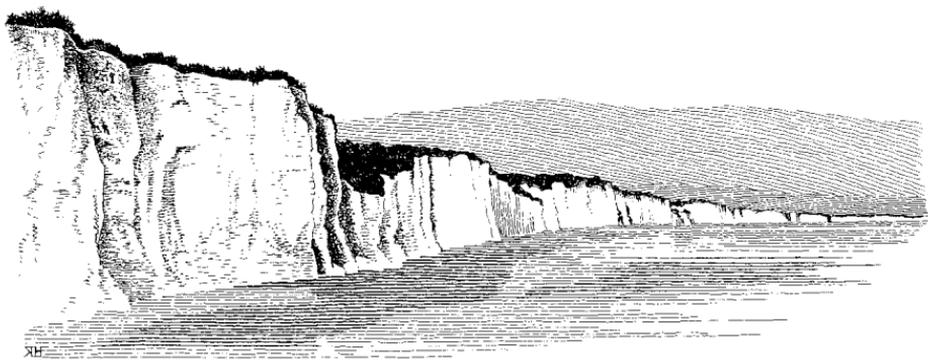
when I was in danger, he saved me.

Be confident, my heart,

because the Lord has been good to me.

The Lord saved me from death;

he stopped my tears



and kept me from defeat.

And so I walk in the presence of the Lord
in the world of the living.

I kept on believing, even when I said,
'I am completely crushed,'
even when I was afraid and said,
'No one can be trusted.'

What can I offer the Lord
for all his goodness to me?
I will bring a wine offering to the Lord,
to thank him for saving me.
In the assembly of all his people
I will give him what I have promised.

How painful it is to the Lord
when one of his people dies!
I am your servant, Lord;
I serve you, just as my mother did.
You have saved me from death.
I will give you a sacrifice of thanksgiving
and offer my prayer to you.
In the assembly of all your people,
in the sanctuary of your Temple in Jerusalem,
I will give you what I have promised.

Praise the Lord!

RUPERT BROOKE

Peace

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
But only agony, and that has ending;
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Prayer

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.

*Where there is hatred, let me sow love;
where there is injury, pardon;
where there is doubt, faith;
where there is despair, hope;
where there is darkness, light;
where there is sadness, joy.*

*O, divine master, grant that I may not so much seek
to be consoled as to console;
to be understood as to understand;
to be loved as to love;
for it is in giving that we receive;
it is in pardoning that we are pardoned;
and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.
Amen.*

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