



but being shocked at the transformation all the same. Think of the next cohort starting to sign up out of loyalty, patriotism but with a wee bit more trepidation as more and more faces vanish into the murky front.

Schools are a community which binds you for a lifetime through shared memories. I can't imagine reading a list of my classmates' names and mourning for friends, acquaintances and even friends and memories I might have made if the future had been free.

Quite a lot for a moment's reflection isn't it? We owe it to the soldiers of the past to remember but also contextualise their sacrifice by putting our modern selves in their shoes. We are not so different. We have friends, family, ambitions, desires, fears. The more I think of it the more similar we are and the more remarkable their sacrifice was. I have made a pledge to all those who have fought for my freedom. As I grow old, achieve some of my dreams and gain the experience born out of a varied life, I will continue to understand what it is to sacrifice a whole life. As a teenager I am beginning to wonder how young soldiers faced warfare when all their lives they had been sheltered and nurtured. If I become a parent I will THEN understand more the torture of having your precious child in peril and if I am lucky enough to reach old age I'll marvel at how much life was lost NOT IN NUMBERS BUT IN YEARS, IN MEMORIES, IN EXPERIENCES. This is a life time's commitment that I am making to remembrance. I challenge you to do the same.