



# The Driffield and Wolds Churches

Before the service, speak to God    During the service, let God speak to you    After the service, speak to one another

## Services Next Week – Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> November

### Second Sunday before Advent

- 08:00 All Saints', Driffield – BCP Communion  
09:15 All Saints', Thwing – CW Communion  
09:15 St Mary's, Little Driffield – Morning Prayer  
10:45 All Saints', Driffield – CW Communion

## Events – Week Beginning Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> November

All Saints', Driffield will be open every day between 10am and 4pm to view the display of poppies.

### Remembrance Sunday

- 08:00 All Saints', Driffield – BCP Communion  
09:15 All Saints', Thwing – Remembrance Service  
09:15 St Mary's, Little Driffield – Act of Remembrance  
10:00 All Saints', Driffield – Remembrance Service  
10:55 St Peter's, Langtoft – Remembrance Service  
14:00 Foxholes Village Hall – Act of Remembrance  
17:30 All Saints', Driffield – Celebration Service  
100 Years Since the End of World War I

### Monday

- 13:00 All Saints', Driffield – Art Group (Church Hall)  
18:45 All Saints', Driffield – Church Office Open  
19:30 All Saints', Driffield – Evening Prayer

### Tuesday

- 09:00 St Peter's, Langtoft – Morning Prayer  
16:00 All Saints', Thwing – Evening Prayer  
19:00 All Saints', Driffield – PCC Meeting

### Wednesday

- 09:30 All Saints', Driffield – CW Communion  
13:00 All Saints', Driffield – Kettle's On (Church Hall)

### Saturday

- 10:00 All Saints', Driffield – Church Open  
10:00 All Saints', Driffield – Kettle's On (Church)  
16:00 St Peter's, Langtoft – CW Communion

## Notices

### St Mary's Forum, Little Driffield

We shall be holding our St Mary's Forum at the Rose and Crown, Little Driffield on Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> November at 7.30p.m. Our speaker will be Emma Grant – formerly a G.P. and now wife of the vicar of All Saints', Driffield. All are welcome.

## For the Fallen

Poem by Robert Laurence Binyon (1869-1943), published in The Times newspaper on 21/9/1914.

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.

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.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are  
known

As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,  
To the end, to the end, they remain.

