



We hold before God those affected by war all over the world and pray for peace, thanking Him for friends abroad, especially those in our twin-towns of Bad Salzungen, Germany and Millau, France.

We pray for all whose lives have been touched by tragedy, whether by accident or a deliberate act. For those who mourn, immerse them in your love and lead them through this darkness into your arms, and light. For those who comfort, be in both the words they use and all that's left unspoken; fill each heart with love. We ask this through Jesus Christ, whose own suffering brought us life, here and for eternity. Amen

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Please light a candle for peace if you wish



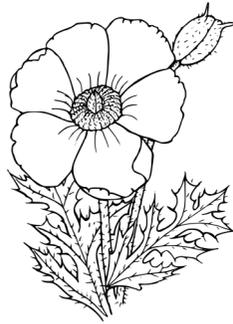
**Bridlington
Priory**

*Remembering
the Fallen
1914-1918*

*The Great War Heroes
of Bridlington
June- November 2018*



2018 marks the 100th anniversary of the end of World War One... "a war to end all wars". To commemorate this significant date we pay tribute to all in the Armed Forces from Bridlington who died serving their country. Most are named on the Priory's WW1 memorial and also included are those remembered on the town's war memorial.



The Priory is indebted to Chris Bonnett, with Mike Wilson, for their research and book 'The Great War Heroes of Bridlington' from which the information on each silhouette is taken.

The designs for the men are by artist Stephen Carvill, whose work can also be seen in and around the Priory. The figures, made of recycled card, have been cut out by Bridlington people.

Anthem for Doomed Youth

What passing bells for those who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
Can patter out their hasty orisons.
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.
What candles may be held to speed them all?
Not in the hands of boys but in their eyes
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,
And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

Wilfred Owen

Owen wrote this poem in 1917 while recovering from shell shock. He died in battle less than a year later.

Many of the fallen represented in church would have known the sound of the Priory bells. Some were choristers here. Many will have been baptised or married here. They will have sat in these pews before.