



Millhouse Remembers



Over the weekend, some of you will have taken part in or watched events to commemorate Armistice Day and Remembrance Sunday. We know some of the children took part in parades around Basildon as part of a uniformed organisation and we are very proud of them for doing so.

On Friday, we held our own Remembrance Assemblies and events to remember those who have died and those who lived through war and conflict. The School Council led the assemblies for Key Stage 2, talking about the meaning behind Remembrance and Armistice. In the Key Stage 1 and EYFS classes, the children learnt about the meaning of the poppy and why it is a symbol for remembrance.

Our Year 6 classes wrote poems for remembrance as part of a poetry workshop which were shared in the assemblies.

At 11am the whole school stopped for 2 minutes silence.

Finally, our Nursery children and Art Club had made poppy wreaths during the week and the school council walked with Mrs McGarry and Mrs Haken to the Laindon War Memorial to lay our wreaths and pay our respects.

We are proud of all our school community.



A poem of remembrance by Class 18.

Why do you droop Poppies?

We remember soldiers,
Soldiers marching, ready to open fire
Open fire, open fire.



Why are you silent Poppies?

We remember the wailing cries of many innocents,
Blood-red bodies of fallen friends suffering and pain,
Suffering and pain.

Why are you red Poppies?

We remember that which we have witnessed,
Many arrive but never return home.
Falling, suffering and sacrificing
Losing, leaving, surviving
All lives depending.

*We Remember
by Class 19*

Why do you droop, poppies?
We remember soldiers arriving and never departing.
Rows of soldiers falling - falling - falling.

Why are you silent, poppies?
We remember the deafening guns
Humming, shooting, killing - killing - killing.

Why do you groan, poppies?
We remember the rage of bullets.
The deafening pelts of metal, shooting - shooting - shooting.

The page is decorated with small drawings of soldiers, tanks, and poppies arranged in a border around the text.

Class 17 remember...

Why do you droop poppies?
We remember the bodies falling on the fields,
rows of blood-drenched bodies-
bodies-bodies

Why are you silent poppies?
We remember the wailing cries,
the devastation of comrades falling
falling-falling

Why do you groan poppies?
We remember the rage of bullets,
the deafening pelts of metal
shooting- shooting

Why do you flutter poppies?
We remember the humming,
splashing, hugging, flashing, thumping, thrashing
We remember the clapping, rasping, shaking, parting, grasping,
grieving-
grieving- grieving

We took part in a two day on-line poetry writing workshop during our English lessons with a poet who wrote a poem about war called 'we remember'. We used the same structure to write our own class poem with the title 'class 17 remember'.

Three small images: a close-up of red poppies, a soldier in a field, and a silhouette of a soldier at sunset.

