

In Remembrance of



The Crew of Lancaster bomber R5694 EM-F

Flight Lieutenant Raymond Joseph Hannan, D.F.C.

Flight Sergeant John Kennerleigh 'Ken' Barnett Lee

Sergeant John 'Jack' Bernard Burton

Sergeant Bryant Leonard McKenzie Jenkin

Sergeant Ernest Raymond Donald 'Roy' Piper

Sergeant Albert Roberts

Sergeant John 'Jack' Sanders

Sergeant Peter John Thompson

Saturday, August 7th, 2021
Eaton, Leicestershire

Order of Service

Introduction

The Rev Canon John Barr

Showpiece - Lancaster

A poem written by wireless operator / air gunner, Walt Scott,
of 630 Squadron, RAF Bomber Command.

Read by Richard Pincott, The Field Detectives

I dream now of another time,
Of soaring wings, and slipstream whine,
Of airscrew arcs, and engine drone,
And cloudy canyons I have known.

Once we were many and we knew,
The love of thousands, our aircrew,
So many lovers, passed recall,
Yet we were faithful to them all.

When towering columns split the night,
With brilliant beams of searching light,
There, in just moments, we became
Small insects round a naked flame.

And with us then, our young men knew,
An eighth, unwanted, crewman flew,
He whispered, taunted, often near,
Unseen, but known, for he was fear.

Time after time, we saw the cost
To all who fought so well, yet lost,
For them, a fiery plunge through space,
In another time, another place.

For you old lovers, youth has gone,
Relentless, time is moving on,
With arms outstretched, with measured pace,
To take you all in cold embrace.

Time has not marred my grim old frame,
To your fading eyes, I am the same,
Look well, all strangers standing there,
For I am the mighty Lancaster.

For Johnny

A poem by John Sleight Pudney

Read by Cadet Corporal Vincent Foster, 1279 (Melton Mowbray) ATC Sqn

Do not despair,
For Johnny-head-in-air;
He sleeps as sound,
As Johnny underground.

Fetch out no shroud,
For Johnny-in-the-cloud;
And keep your tears,
For him in after years.

Better by far,
For Johnny-the-bright-star,
To keep your head,
And see his children fed.

Memorial Unveiling

Laying of Wreaths and Flowers

Last Landing

Bomb aimer, Alfred Burford Sleep, of 90 Squadron, RAF Bomber Command, wrote this poem before he took off on a raid with his squadron.
He left it for his mother to read should he not return.
Read by Sue Haynes, Goadby Marwood History Group

Oft this earth I leave behind and soar God's heavens
Till sun and stars I find,
And fence the towering clouds
With others of my kind.

Fear not if I should lose my way,
Nor keep sad hearts for my returning day.

Tis that I flew the heavens too high
and reached God's guiding hand
And heard him answer to my cry:
Your journey's done - Now Land!

Exhortation

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.

The Last Post

Played by bugler, Mick Veasey

Two Minute Silence

Reveille

The Kohima Epitaph

When you go home, tell them of us and say,
For your tomorrow, we gave our today.

Final Prayer