

## 2024-04-25 Graham's Anzac Day Reflections for 2024

I hold in my hand a wonderful gift that was given to me by the people of Ballarat when we were doing the Community of Unity tour last year. It's a treasured item and I remember I cried when I was given it at the public gathering that I attended and I so appreciate the people who took the effort to give it to me.

It is a German made bugle, but it was an Australian Army issue bugle given to a trooper. in World War I. It may have been to Gallipoli, I don't know, but I do know it served on the Western Front. It was given to a young trooper who was obviously good at playing a bugle, if not he was taught to. It has stitched around it an addition that was made by the trooper who was given it.

It's a canvas piece of fabric, hand stitched, and I'm looking at the stitches now and I can't actually show them to you, but it was made so the trooper could hold the bugle and not have it slip out of his grip. His hands may well have been covered in mud and even blood. And as I look at this simple trinket, the memorial of, uh, World War I, I wonder how the, uh, trooper who had this issued to him would have felt every time he was given the order to sound the charge.

I wonder how he felt blowing a charge that he knew would send many of his mates to their deaths. I wonder how he felt when he would play the last post on this bugle. I've had the privilege of hearing a young bugle play the last post on this bugle, and it was daunting.

It's a symbol of war, but it's a symbol of courage. It's a symbol of overcoming trials and adversity. Because the young man who blew this was probably in his late teens or early twenties. It was restored to be given to me because apparently it had been pretty badly damaged. But it's a cherished gift, and every time I look at it, I remember.

And every time I hold it, I feel haunted. I didn't get to go to war. My father did, but I didn't get to go. There were times that I regretted that I didn't get to go to war for the simple reason that, um, I wanted to prove that I would be there to serve my country. I got close to going to the Vietnam war and I missed when Gough Whitlam came into power and ended it.

Probably the one only good thing that Gough Whitlam ever did ending the Vietnam war for Australia. But several of my mates went over there and a couple of them never came back. And now, as I look at the trauma. The Vietnam vets that I've shared many, uh, many conversations with. I'm really glad I didn't go through that.

And I honor and respect them for what they went through. The hardships of the war were pretty tough, but the hardships when they came home were probably in many ways tougher. Many of them who survived battle and saw unspeakable horrors performed in the name of freedom against communism. Isn't that funny?

And now we seem like we're living more in a communist country than we ever were. Many of them were treated very badly when they came back. They were treated badly by the um, anti war activists and people who didn't agree with them being there, even though many of them were conscripted to go and had no, not much say in the matter.

They were spat on and had pig's blood thrown on them as they paraded through the streets of Sydney and many of them were looked down on. Poor guys went over and they did the very best that they could and they came back and they weren't treated as heroes like their fathers and grandfathers were. They were treated as baby killers and criminals.

And it's true that men are capable of the most awful darkness in war, but they're also capable of the most incredible courage and bravery. Atrocities were committed on both sides. We know that, and we can't ignore

the fact that that happened. A lot of the men who went to war in World War II, for example, and even in World War I, were fed on propaganda to make them see that their enemy was bayoneting children and, you know, Doing other unspeakable things.

And they went to war because they didn't want to see that happen. Now, knowing propaganda the way we know it, who knows what's possible and what would have been possible. But in their hearts, they went for the right reasons. They went to serve their country to protect it, to protect its freedoms so that the people of this country, for example, could live the way they grew up and privilege that we have thrown away in the last four years.

Without a doubt, it breaks my heart to think that the guy who blew this bugle Many of his mates, to their deaths, as a result, would look at Australia now, I'd be ashamed that he went through all of that, and his colleagues as well, for what we've done to this beautiful country. We have decimated it, there's no doubt about it.

I don't want to politicise this day, because today is ANZAC Day, it's now 11am, on the 25th of April, 2024. And men in uniform, and women, are marching in streets of the capital cities, and parading at cenotaphs in country towns all around the country. And we honor them. We honor them and we reflect on their sacrifice and we consider the things they must have seen and um, we're just, we're just so glad that they're in our lives.

We're so glad these people are in our lives. But atrocities were committed on both sides. As I said, wonderful courage, bravery and compassion and the most diabolical evil. The Germans had committed many atrocities but the Allies did too in World War II. I watched a documentary recently that talked about a bombing raid over Hamburg where 45,000 people were burned to death.

When nearly 900 RAF bombers flew over, over the city, which was mainly built of timber, a medieval city, and it was obliterated with tons of incendiary bombs. People were being sucked into burning buildings. The force of the fire was so incredible. And some of the survivors talk of the horrors of that night in Hamburg.

When they returned home to their bases, The airmen were taken back to the briefing hut to discuss what they'd seen and I witnessed on a documentary an interview with a Royal Canadian Air Force pilot who was seconded to the RAF to fly Lancaster's on that mission. He was horrified when he recalled the red glow that lives in his mind still from the fires of that city burning underneath their wings.

Horrified the next day when they were sent back to Hamburg to do it again. When airmen of the, at the briefing room for the next day's mission, queried why they were going back to a city they'd already destroyed, they were told that underneath the post office square, in a large subway complex, there were 60,000 people sheltering from the night before.

And that post office building and the complex underneath it wasn't hit. They were ordered to go back and bomb the survivors.

The old Canadian guy recanting the story had tears in his eyes. None of us wanted to do it, but we didn't have the option or the luxury to refuse our orders. And we were sent. We think about the carpet bombing of, uh, of the Japanese cities by incendiary bombs from the B 29 bombers under General Curtis LeMay.

The Japanese did some very bad things, but we too did some very, very bad things. We've got to consider that and the dropping of the nuclear bombs and war. What is it good for? Absolutely nothing, as the song goes, but to make. Wealthy people in the industrial military complex, even wealthier, and to give more control to those who seek to control us.

I wonder if we had our time to live through the war, how we'd have dealt with it. The Australia of today is very different to the Australia that my father went to to fight for in World War II. Enlisting in 1939, five years at war, two week furlough in between two campaigns in the Middle East and in New Guinea.

My dad saw the best and the worst of people too. When he died at his funeral, the RSL came along, they sent a man along with a dossier of his military background to read his military eulogy, which is customary. And he brought an Australian flag and a slouch hat to drape on the coffin. He asked me if I had the medals my father was awarded to put on the coffin.

I said, my father wasn't awarded any medals. And he said, no, I've got a record of your father's medals in this dossier that I have in front of me. He won five significant medals. I said, he never talked about the war. He didn't have any medals. There were none in his possession. And when he read further, he saw that my father was never given the medals.

He never claimed them. And at this moment, they sit on the wall of the, of the room that I'm broadcasting this from there as a wonderful reminder of just the kind of man my father was. He was a really good bloke, and I approached the army when I found out that he was awarded those medals, but never, was never given them, and they sent me the medals, which I now have framed alongside a photo of my dad in World War II, in his African uniform, his desert uniform, and underneath it are the words that are inscribed on the plaque that sits above his ashes in a Gold Coast cemetery now.

My dad was a really good bloke. That's a photo of the, um, of the plaque. William Snowy Hood, a really good bloke and loving memory. The most important symbol on that plaque is the dash between the day he was born and the day that he died. That represents his entire life. And he had a long one. He was lucky to come back and have an opportunity to not only serve his country in wartime, but to serve it in the peace.

He was a really good bloke and he is held in loving memory. There's no doubt about that. My father was a man who taught me so much from the mistakes that he made. He made a lot of them. He wasn't the best father, but I loved him dearly. And he loved me, even though it took just my whole life until just a few months before he died.

To find out just how much he loved me. And I'm so grateful that I had that opportunity and more about that. And on a, on another occasion, but we have opportunities now in this country. My father would definitely roll in his grave as would all the other men and women who lay buried on foreign battlefields, 100,000 Australians in total during all the wars, they'd be horrified to see what we've done with the freedoms that they'd, they'd won for us.

They'd be horrified that we're not allowed to talk about gender, they'd be horrified that we can't refer to what is a woman, they'd be horrified that, that men in women's clothes were telling stories to children in libraries, they'd be horrified at transhumanisms that are being programmed at the moment, they'd be like horrified at the way the government treats its, its civilians, its population, its citizens.

They'd be horrified at the number of laws that we are forced to live by, tens of thousands of them. They'd be really upset at the fact that we had been mandated to take a medical experiment, which is the one thing they fought in World War II to prevent from happening. That's why the Nuremberg trials happened.

They'd be gut wrenched to see state borders closed and people locked down for months at a time. And they'd be horrified to think that parents were kept from their relatives, children and whatever from, uh, in die, in situations where they were dying in hospitals because of a green tick. They'd be horrified to see plastic barricades set up between states and police patrolling borders to keep people from their loved ones.

That they'd obviously say with very colourful language, you'd have to be joking, wouldn't you? And who could blame them? But the last four years have been a war of a different kind. And how have we fared? As a nation, how have we fared? Well, I'm critical, but I'm also praiseworthy. In the last four years, I've seen the best and the worst of people in this country.

I've seen incredible compassion and courage. I've seen wonderful generosity of spirit. And I've also seen the darkest evil play out. It's been a challenging four years, but you know what? If you're watching me, you're one of the people who took it full on. You're one of the people who took it on the chin and went for it because you believe that there is something, something still worth fighting for in this country.

We stood and still stand together and our numbers are growing. More and more people are smelling a rat in the cheese factory. And why wouldn't they? What's being done to the people of this world, broadly, is probably one of the greatest disasters of our time. We're seeing globalists and people of influence riding roughshod over everyday citizens sovereignty.

And we've been accepting the unacceptable for a long time. There is a way out of this. A way out that requires the courage that was demonstrated on the beaches of Gallipoli. In the trenches on the Western Front, or on the jungle, rain soaked trails of Kokoda in New Guinea. There is a way we can tap into that, just by standing and saying no.

By refusing tyranny at its footsteps, right in the face of it. By telling the people who are seeking to govern us to oblivion, that they do not have the right to do that, and that we will challenge their perceived rights to do what they're doing to us. We must do it with compassion, we must do it with love, we must do it with a firmness.

We must do it legally, but we must stand nevertheless, because one day we'll lie under a cross. One day we'll be buried underneath a plaque. And how will we be counted? What will be written on the plaque that sits over the top of our ashes or of our grave? Will we be counted as worthy? Will we be remembered as people of courage and strength?

Will we be remembered as people of compassion? People who loved each other through adversity? I know where I want to be remembered and how, and I guess you do too. And I want us to take this time today to remember not only the sacrifices of those who went before us, but the sacrifices that you've been making and are still prepared to make.

I want you to look at yourself and see yourself the way God sees you. You are loved. You are cherished. You were created by God and God doesn't make junk. You were made in his image. And I know people get upset with me when I talk about God and religion, but you've got to admit that this country has gone to hell in a handbasket in the last few years.

And there's one common denominator, God's being withdrawn, light is being withdrawn, and what, what is replacing it is pure evil. You can't deny it and you shouldn't deny it. We've got to bring God back because with God comes a morality. It brings us out of the darkness and back into the light. We have to remember not only the 100,000 white crosses that lay on the graves of our fallen on foreign battlefields, but that huge wooden cross that stood on a hill outside Jerusalem over 2000 years ago, when one man demonstrated the saying that should live by us all, greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for a friend.

And that's really, really important for us all to remember. Sacrifices have been made for us right throughout history, particularly in Jerusalem on that day, which was Easter just gone. So as we contemplate these things, we need to think about our country and our families and our communities. How are we going to face the years ahead?

Because it's not going to get any easier, my friends. It's not. There's a train coming. We know that those of you who are awake know that fully. There is a train coming. And how will you be remembered? I wonder. They shall not grow 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. We will remember them, lest we forget. And as we contemplate the initiatives of organisations like Forest of the Fallen, you've seen them in parks around the countryside, on foreshores and beaches. Hundreds and hundreds of photographs laminated,

swinging on a little cane stick, stuck in the ground, commemorating the lives of people who died as a result of injuries, as a result of a medical experiment that was forced on them.

And as you look at those photos, as you walk through those living memorials, may those words ring for you then? For them. They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old. Age will not weary them, nor the years condemn, at the going down of the sun and in the morning. We will remember them. As you contemplate the meaning of life on this Anzac Day, remember that you live in a wonderful country.

You are an amazing human being, no matter what you believe in. You are beautifully and wonderfully made, and you have an eternal future. And how this country is left for your children and grandchildren is largely in your lap. Will the bugle blow for you and how will you respond? May God bless you on this Anzac Day, lest we forget.

Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh,

Do not let your hearts be troubled. I will be there. In a garden you will discover my tender care.

For the things that do not belong, they will be cut away. Love, yes love, will remain.

Do not let your hearts be troubled, I will be there in a garden, you will discover my tender care. For the things that do not belong will be cut away. Ah, yes, love, it will remain.

Remain in me

And I will remain in you Be in love for the rest of your life

The truth will remain in me and I will remain in you for the rest of your life.

And follow, always follow the truth. Remain in me, and I will remain in you. Be in love for the rest of your life And follow the truth Remain in me And I will remain in you Be in love For the rest of your life, Always follow the truth. Always follow the truth. Always follow the truth.