



## OURS NOT TO REASON WHY, OURS BUT TO DO AND DIE.

Abalinx 27 April 2020 Peter Adamis

Alfred Lord Tennyson was an English Author and Poet penned this quote over 100 years ago. The quote fills a vacuum within and assists me in coming to terms with loved ones, family, friends, mates, cobbers, diggers and acquaintances that depart this world as we know it.

I write this one month to the day after arriving in my place of birth to find that someone we knew had succumbed to the deadly embrace of death. What is death then, is it a release from the life as we know it, is it a doorway to another existence or is it merely that we simply fade away and our bodies become part of this energy we know not.

This ANZAC Day was special to me as it was filled with sadness and grief. Sadness and grief are companions and grief being a difficult emotion encapsulates all of our senses, physically and psychologically. Faith keeps us from reacting in a negative fashion and keeps our mind occupied in order to survive. The memories may become blurred, fade or pixelated but they are never forgotten, especially during the quiet moments of reflection. It is during these quiet periods that we find the peace and serenity and the will to keep on living. Without faith and reflection, we would not be able to survive the ravages of time, nor withstand the cyclonic attacks on our physical bodies. If this is said to be true, then life is still worth pursuing.

The recent ANZAC Day will go down in history as one of Australian and New Zealand's memorable moments that we dared to challenge the pandemic that threatened to devastate mankind. A time of difficult challenges being were met with extraordinary courage and determination, by people unwilling to forget the sacrifices of those before us. People standing in the driveways of their homes, outside the their front doorways, in their homes, behind closed doors, others standing silently observing the minutes silence and those still far too young to understand the reasons why stood beside their parents in the wee hours of the morning. I have inserted a poem written by Brigadier (ret) 'Warrie' George Mansford, who in my opinion has captured a nation's spirit within.

I was told of a plan by some far wiser than me.  
History is to be made this ANZAC dawn, for all to see.  
No virus can kill our spirit, or blind our eyes to a very special day.  
No parades or cheering crowds, yet all as one, we will do it our way  
In early dawn, there will be lights, candles and torches, row upon row.

In front of family homes, they will flicker and glow.  
Beloved national flags on show from windows, fences and lawns.  
All to be readily seen by the ghosts of our Fallen, in the light of dawn  
Their long columns will march on the streets, unseen and with no sound.

Imagine them as it once was, so young with dreams abound  
Marching to war, heads held high and never looking down.  
In that special dawn, on parade again in every street of every town

When the sun rises high, and families are back behind closed doors.  
The columns will be gone, and the streets empty once more.  
Surely you heard the echoes of their footsteps as they marched away?  
To a camp where they sleep, until bugles call for the next ANZAC Day.



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