A Small Cross That Brings Back Memories

(by Michael Darvill)

I like most of you will have relations who lost loved ones due to war.

I am going to tell you the story about one of my relations, Emily who lost her fiancé in the 1914-18 war, I do not know when during the war, I suspect by the poem we found it was prior to Christmas 1916, but I do know, she never forgot and never married.

When she died and we were clearing the house, by the side of her chair was a small battered case, inside was a small box which contained this cross together with a poem and some cards which are too fragile to bring and show you having been lovingly handled many times over the years.

The Poem we Found:

**Xmas 1916, from Emily Cook.**

*(Emily lost her fiancé,1 we think just prior to Christmas)*

The year is past with hopes and fears,

With bitter grief and scalding tears,

With Death triumphant in the van,

And Man still bent on slaying Man.

And still the stars shine as of yore

To soothe the soul in anguish sore

By twinkling forth the message sweet

The loved ones parted yet shall meet

To part no more up in the sky.

Where God himself is ever nigh;

And all the dreadful things of earth,

Be as a dream of Satan’s birth

As a phantom passing in the night

That shadows forth supernatural light.

Oh Star of Hope to thee we cling

Some Heavenly balm to us bring

Oh Christ who art the Prince of Peace

Bid strife be gone and discord cease

Bid care and sorrow flee away

That we may have joy on Christmas Day

And this New Year to us all

May bring content and Satan’s fall.

Author Unknown.