



## Falkland Islands Branch

### Message to the Crewe Branch, Royal British Legion.

On this, the 30<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our Liberation from the armed invasion by Argentina, we send you, our colleagues in Crewe, our warm greetings, and best wishes.

The community in these Islands will always be indebted to the bravery and sacrifice of Her Majesty's Forces during that Conflict in 1982. Apart from those who paid the ultimate price for our freedom, and those who still struggle with the physical injuries that they sustained, we also remember those who returned to their homes with unseen, but still very real scars on the mind, and the families for whom no one came home.

The Royal British Legion was founded to support just such cases as these, and we of the Falklands Islands Branch are proud to follow in that tradition, just as we are sure you are. Your remembrance of these sacrifices, especially at this time, is greatly appreciated.

Accompanying this message are three pieces, we have asked three different generations of Islanders to produce their individual words: one from someone who not only lived through the Conflict as an adult, but who took an active part in supporting the troops; one from someone who experienced the fighting as a child at San Carlos; and a poem from a present-day child of these wonderful Islands we all call home.

We hope that these will help you, with us, to remember, reflect, and give thanks for those who gave us the peace and security which we now enjoy.

God bless you all.

The President,  
Committee,  
Members,  
Falkland Islands Branch,  
The Royal British Legion.



## Falkland Islands Branch



First I must say what an honour to be asked to say a few words.

Where has the last thirty years gone? Sometimes it feels like yesterday and other times it seems like a life time ago.

But one thing for sure, we will never forget all those brave men and women who, on receiving the call to come, came and liberated us. They did, and for that they will all have a special place in our hearts.

Thirty years on we still feel for all the families that lost their loved ones saving us, and I hope you could all see that the Islanders still have the same gratitude and time for the veterans that liberated us to this day.

We are proud of our identity and heritage; we also celebrate our diversity and try make every moment count, because we remember what they gave to make these days happen.

On behalf of my family i would like to say thank you to one and all and God bless.

Trudi McPhee (Age 59 )

Brookfield Farm

East Falklands.





**"Lest we forget"**

*(Taken from the original poem written By Mary Michael)*

*Adapted by Donna Clasen of San Carlos 82*

*"To give thanks to all those who gave me my freedom*

*Too young for memories of my war*

*Your face I never saw*

*A mere child of two*

*Yet I will always remember you"*



**Remember** all those who didn't get home  
May their memory be more than engraved in stone  
**Remember** the boys and all the young men  
Who surely didn't deserve for their lives to end

**Remember** that their lives they gave  
Were given so my future they could save  
**Remember** lives taken in the name of war  
Remember they couldn't have given any more

**Remember** always and never forget those who died  
Remember them all with much respect and pride  
**May** their memory forever in my heart burn bright  
Remembering those who lost their own mortal fight

**Remember** also the ones who survived  
With memories of all those who died  
**May** they too peace finally get  
Knowing that I will *never* forget

**Remember** them all on this day and every day  
30 years on and British I will stay  
Thank you is what I wish to say  
for everything in every way.  
God bless you all my heroes

From Donna Clasen, Stanley, Falkland Islands, 32 years old

**Falkland Islands Branch**





## Falkland Islands Branch

### Letter to home...1982

Please take time to read this letter,  
It may well be my last,  
The enemy's approaching,  
So very, very fast.

We sailed two weeks  
Until dry land came in to sight,  
We crept into San Carlos,  
Prepared to go and fight.

The hills were covered in our fox holes,  
Packed tight with lots of men,  
Waiting to attack  
From their small and secret dens.

Please take time to read this letter  
It may well be my last  
The enemy's approaching  
So very, very fast.

Thirty years from now,  
As I walk back through those fields,  
The fox holes are overgrown  
And my blisters have all healed.

But the flash backs still keep happening,  
All night and all the day,  
As I live my lonely life  
In sadness and dismay.

Please take time to read this letter  
It may well be my last  
The enemy's approaching  
So very, very fast.

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Jack Ford age 13  
Infant & Junior School  
Stanley  
Falkland Islands.