



A Burial Service for

Captain Henry John Innes Walker
Royal Warwickshire Regiment

1 Unknown Soldier of the Royal Warwickshire
Regiment

5 unknown soldiers of the Great War

10:30 hours on Wednesday 18th April 2018

Irish Farm Cemetery, Ieper, Belgium

Order of Service

Conducted by

The Revd Stuart Richards CF
Chaplain, 1st Battalion The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers



Capt Henry John Innes Walker

Henry John Innes Walker – or “Jack” as he was known – was born on 12 February 1890, the eldest son of Henry and Cecilia Walker of Victoria Avenue, Remuera, New Zealand. He attended Kings College, Remuera, where he played rugby for the first fifteen, as well as representing Auckland in interprovincial football and local athletics. After leaving Kings in 1909 he continued to study for his army entrance examination and in 1910, was given a second lieutenant’s commission in the New Zealand Defence Force and in 1911 in the British Army, where he enrolled with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment and was posted to join them in India. He was an outstanding sportsman; taking part in rugby, hockey and athletics for the army. In the 1913 army sports, he won no fewer than 6 trophies.

After war was declared in 1914, his regiment left for the front and he saw active service on the Belgian frontier as part of the Fourth Army Division. In September 1914, word was received in Auckland from the War Office to the effect that Lt Walker was missing, only for him to turn up safe a well a few days later, having become separated from his regiment. Letters home to his parents paint a fascinating – and at times funny – picture of life in the trenches. In January 1915 he was promoted to the rank of captain and was twice mentioned in despatches. He was just 25 when he was killed early in the morning of 25 April 1915. One of his men saw him fall on what would, appropriately, become Anzac Day.

Close to a farm known by the troops as ‘Irish Farm’, this cemetery was used from August to November 1917, and April and May 1918, and at the war’s end contained just 73 burials. After the Armistice more than 4,500 graves were brought in from the battlefields north-east of Ypres (now Ieper) and from a number of small cemeteries to what is now known as the Commonwealth War Graves Commission’s New Irish Farm Cemetery. Captain Walker was killed in action near the village of St Julien in April 1915 and can now be buried alongside men from the Royal Warwickshire Regiment and other casualties who died in the same area at the same time.

INTRODUCTION

Psalm 91:1-2

He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High, who abides in the shadow of the Almighty, will say to the Lord, "My refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust."

We have come together, family, friends, representatives of Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, to give thanks for the life of Captain Henry John Innes Walker who was killed in action on 25 April 1915, to commend him to God and to lay his mortal remains in their final resting place. We also lay to rest 6 men whose graves we dedicate today, honoured by us and known unto God, comrades in life, united in death. As we remember their lives, their devotion to service and their sacrifice, we continue to commend all those who died into the everlasting arms of God.

BIDDING PRAYER

Almighty God,
you judge us with infinite mercy and justice
and love everything that you have made.
In your mercy turn the darkness of death into the dawn of new life,
and the sorrow of parting into the joy of heaven;
through our saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

HYMN – O God our Help in Ages Past (*Isaac Watts 1674-1748*)

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;

Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Scripture Reading

Isaiah 2: 2-5

It shall come to pass in the latter days that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established as the highest of the mountains, and shall be raised above the hills; and all the nations shall flow to it, and many peoples shall come, and say: "Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; that he may teach us his ways and that we may walk in his paths." For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. He shall judge between the nations, and shall decide for many peoples; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against

nation, neither shall they learn war any more. O house of Jacob, come, let us walk in the light of the Lord.

In Flanders Field

By John McCrae 1872-1918

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead.
Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

Scripture Reading

John 14; 1 – 6

Do not let your hearts be troubled. You believe in God; believe also in me. My Father's house has many rooms; if that were not so, would I have told you that I am going there to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me, that you also may be where I am. You know the way to the place where I am going. Thomas said to him, "Lord, we don't know where you are going, so how can we know the way?"

Jesus answered, "I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. If you really know me, you will know my Father as well. From now on, you do know him and have seen him."

Members of the Maori Cultural Group will perform the Haka in tribute to Capt Walker.

Interment

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of his great mercy to take unto himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change the body of our low estate that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself

The Act of Remembrance

Let us remember before God, and commend to his sure keeping: those who have died for their country in conflict; those whom we knew, and whose memory we treasure; and all who have lived and died in the service of humanity.

The 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.

All: We will remember them.

The Last Post

The Silence

Reveille

Kohima Epitaph

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

Wreath Laying

Members of the Maori Cultural Group will sing a Maori Hymn

E MURI AHIAHI

E muri ahiahi ka puta atu ki
waho rā
Mātai atu ko ia e karapetau mai
ana,
Ka ara ake te ua
Ka tau te kāwatawata
Ki te kura takai puni tē hinga ā
kara
Tāwhai atu ki tāhuna
Ngaki ō taiwha mate
Kawe rau te tangata
Kawe kē te ngakau
Aku manu taipua
Hemo haputa atu rā
He whatinga mahuri
He tūātanga haemata
Me ngā ika a Whiro

A LAMENT

T'is late afternoon as I move
outside
My gaze is drawn to that which
flutters in the breeze.
The head lifts to attention
As a sense of yearning descends
For those ranks; whose fall is unlike
that of the flag
They travelled to distant battlefields
To avenge the losses of other
people
While the multitude
The heart of those closest did not
Oh my brave warriors
Who died in the battle's rage
Young saplings were trampled
The lofty ones were felled

Mate mai i te tara
Ka tau te tangata ka heke te
haki
Rere ringa ki rae runga
Whakapū ana te tūkeka
E moe e ngā pākai hau,
Ngā toa mū e mene mai rā
I te māra a Tū, e okioki mai rā,
Tē wareware nei e i

While our veterans returned
To pass at home
People come to attention as the flag
is lowered
The hand is raised in salute
And the wailing lament is sounded
Sleep on my valiant champions
Warriors parading there in silence
In the fields of Tūmatauenga - Rest
in peace
Your sacrifice will never be
forgotten

PIKO NEI TE MATENGA

Piko nei te matenga
Tau mai ko te pōuri nui
E te Tama a te Atua
Tēnei arohaina mai.

We bow our heads
in tribute to the fallen
To the son of the heavenly father
Oh Lord look upon us with
compassion

Ngaro nei ō mātou hoa
Riro atu ki te pō
Tangihia i muri nei
Tēnei arohaina mai

Our comrades have fallen
Lost into the night
We lament them at this time
Oh Lord look upon us with
compassion

Tēna koe kua taunga noa
Ki ngā mate o te ao
Nōu te mate tino nui
Tēnei arohaina mai.

Through you o Lord
we have become accustomed to
loss
Your passing was the greatest of all
Oh Lord look upon us with
compassion

Whakapīkau ana koe
I ngā hara o te ao
Nāu katoa i whakaea
Tēnei arohaina mai

O Lord you bear
the sins of the world
It was you who paid the price for
our sins
Oh Lord look upon us with
compassion

The Soldier

By Rupert Brooke

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

THE PRAYERS

Let us pray for all who suffer as a result of conflict,
and ask that God may give us peace:
For the service men and women
who have died in the violence of war,
each one remembered by and known to God;
may God give peace.

All: God give peace.

For those who love them in death as in life,
offering the distress of our grief
and the sadness of our loss; may God give peace.

All: God give peace.

For all members of the armed forces
who are in danger this day, remembering family, friends
and all who pray for their safe return;
may God give peace.

All: God give peace.

For civilian women, children and men
whose lives are disfigured by war or terror,
calling to mind in penitence the anger and hatred of humanity;
may God give peace.

All: God give peace.

For peacemakers and peacekeepers,
who seek to keep this world secure and free;
may God give peace.

All: God give peace.

For all who bear the burden and privilege of leadership,
political, military and religious;
asking for gifts of wisdom and resolve
in the search for reconciliation and peace;
may God give peace.

All: God give peace.

Almighty God, you make wars to cease in all the world, and have
taught us to look to the day when swords are beaten into
ploughshares; into your hands we commend the souls of those
men whose mortal remains lie here. May they find peace in your
presence, rest from their labours, and rise to eternal life through
your Son Jesus Christ. **Amen.**

HYMN – Who Would True Valour See

John Bunyan 1628-88

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;

There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is,
No lion can him fright;
He'll with a giant fight;
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit,
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

The Collect of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment

Almighty God, who callest us to glorify thee in our bodies and in our spirits, quicken, we pray thee, the Royal Warwickshire Regiment that in perils of waters or in the day of battle we may be swift to hear thy word and run in the way of thy commandments, through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

**Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy name;
thy kingdom come;**

thy will be done;
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation;
but deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom,
the power and the glory,
for ever and ever. **Amen.**

The Dismissal

Support us, O Lord,
all the day long of this troublous life,
until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes,
the busy world is hushed,
the fever of life is over
and our work is done.
Then, Lord, in your mercy grant us a safe lodging,
a holy rest, and peace at the last;
through Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

The Blessing

The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you his peace this day and always. **Amen.**

And the blessing of God Almighty; Father, Son and Holy Spirit be with you, and those whom you love, for ever and ever. **Amen.**

National Anthems



ARMY

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