

WHY MY POPPY MARCHES ON ANZAC DAY

Once again I saw my grandfather carefully pinning his medals on to his jacket. "Where are you going Poppy" I asked.

"I'm going to march down the street with lots of other veterans because it's Anzac Day," said Poppy

He did look very smart with all his medals all shiny and flash and I did feel proud of him, but I didn't really know why I felt like that?

I asked my Mum why did my Poppy march on Anzac Day? This is what she said.

"When I was just 3 years old and your Aunty was 5 years old my Daddy (your Poppy) went to help fight a war in a country called Vietnam. Vietnam is a long, long way away and he had to go on an airplane to get there. Mummy said that her mother (my grandmother) and her sister and her were all very sad the day my Poppy left because they knew he was going to be gone away for a very long time. My grandmother was also worried because she knew that my Poppy might get hurt while he was helping to fight the war."

War is very dangerous. It is where people fight each other with guns and bombs and rockets and things like that. They are doing this because the people who are the bosses are telling them that bad people are trying to take their country and own it for themselves and they must try to stop them

I think war is so scary and I think it must be so sad for all the boys and girls whose mummy or daddy gets wounded or killed in the war.

Mummy said that my grandmother and her and my aunty were all very very lucky because my Poppy came home from Vietnam after such a long long time and he didn't get hurt. Mummy said that she

remembers going to the airport to meet Poppy when he came home and she said her and my Aunty were just so excited to see their Daddy.

I love my Poppy very much and it would be so sad if he had died in the war and then I wouldn't know him. My cousins love him lots too and I know they would be sad if they hadn't been able to know him.

Poppy has lots of medals and he said they all mean something special.

My Pop was in the Air Force where they work with planes and helicopters but he said that lots of people were in the Navy and sailed on great big ships and lots more were in the Army and drove trucks and great big tanks and even had to walk a long way even in jungles.

I reckon you must have to be very brave if you ever were in Australia's Armed Forces.

My Grandmother said that her Grandfather (gosh, how old would he be!) was in something called the First World War and she said that thousands and thousands of brave men died in that war and my Pop said that his father was in the Second World War and thousands of people were killed in that war too.

Mum said that many brave Australians are in other countries even now fighting wars to help keep our country safe.

I don't want to fight people, I don't want anyone to fight. I don't like fighting. I hope all the fighting has stopped before I grow up. I was thinking wouldn't it be great if the bosses of all the countries in the world decided they would be friends and then we would not have any more wars.

I asked my Pop if I could march with him on Anzac Day because he said we honour Anzac Day so we can say thank you to everyone who had to fight in a war so all Australians could be free.

I'm going to clap and cheer and smile at all the people marching on Anzac Day because I am so proud of them all.

Gay Binder 2010

Dedicated to all those brave souls who fought and lost and all those who fought and battled on with their memories for the rest of their lives.

Dedicated also to all those who waited at home, only those who have done this can realize how difficult it can be.

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