



ULTRA ACCESS Remembrance Sunday

Britains Day to remember the service and sacrifice of our troops

On the second Sunday of November, Britain falls silent.

At 11:00am, the nation pauses - traffic halts, respectful bow heads, with those in attendance and who love our country stand in silence, for **2 minutes**.

Remembrance Sunday is more than a date; it is the heartbeat of **British patriotism**, a solemn vow to honour the fallen and uphold the freedoms they secured.

The tradition began in 1919, one year after the guns of **The Great War** (World War I) fell silent at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month.

King George V proclaimed **Armistice Day**, urging two minutes' silence to remember the 888,246 British and Commonwealth lives lost.

The Cenotaph in Whitehall, central London, unveiled that year by the King, became the focal point - a stark, empty tomb symbolising every soldier who never returned.

Designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, its geometry of sacrifice stands as a masterpiece of restrained British dignity.

By 1945, after another world war claimed over 450,000 British lives, the day evolved.

Remembrance Sunday shifted to the nearest Sunday to **Armistice Day**, ensuring churches and communities could gather.

It now commemorates all who died in British and Commonwealth forces since 1914—over 1.7 million souls across two world wars, Korea, the Falklands, Iraq, Afghanistan, and beyond.

At its core is the **Red Poppy**, inspired by Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae's 1915 poem "In Flanders Fields".

Worn proudly on lapels, it blooms from the blood-soaked battlefields of Ypres and the Somme, symbolising resilience and renewal.

The Royal British Legion, founded in 1921, sells poppies to fund veterans' care - a practical patriotism that has raised over £1.7 billion.

Remembrance Sunday weaves duty, pride, and unity into British Identity.

From the Queen's wreath (now the King's) laid at the Cenotaph to schoolchildren planting crosses in Fields of Remembrance, it teaches generations that freedom is not free.

In cathedrals, war memorials, and village halls, the Act of Remembrance - "They shall grow not old..." - binds past and present.

This is Britain at its finest: stoic, grateful, unbreakable.

It is not mourning alone; it is a celebration of courage, a pledge to protect the peace our heroes won, **and a reminder that the Union Jack flies because they held the line.**



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