











The entrance to the Armistice Museum.	
View inside the replica of the carriage, with the names of those who were present for the signing.	
And the outside of the replica of the Carriage where the 1918 Armistice was signed. The original was kept here between the wars, and Hitler insisted on the French signing the World War II Armistice here in 1940, before taking the Carriage to Berlin, where it was subsequently destroyed by fire in 1945.	
Our next stop was at Vimy Ridge, where the Canadians were given the task of capturing high ground held by the Germans in April 1917. The whole area is looked after by the Canadians - young Canadians come to spend several months as guides here, and we spoke with several of them. Here we see the landscape cratered by mines.	

We could also walk through the trenches in the area.	
The Canadian Memorial itself dominates the highest point of the ridge. When we visited, there was a ceremony being held by a group from Canada of ex-servicemen and current servicemen of the battalion which fought here in 1917.	
From the top we could look down over the area dominated by the ridge - The Arras area was important to the Germans as a coal-mining area which they needed to hold for their supplies.	
From Vimy Ridge we set off for Lille, where we stayed in the Novotel for the next two nights. The Cathedral here seems to be still under construction.	

On Thursday 24 th October we crossed the border into Belgium and our first stop was the John McCrae Memorial Site near Ypres. Ypres is the French name for the town, which in Flemish is Ieper, and was known to the British troops as 'Wipers'. The IJzer (Yser) river was the front line between the Germans and the Allies, and was held from 1914 to 1918.	
There was a field hospital here, where the wounded were treated in concrete shelters like these. Major John McCrae (1872-1918) was working here as a military surgeon when he wrote the famous poem 'In Flanders Fields' in 1915.	
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.	

Within the John McCrae site is the Essex Farm Cemetery, and one of the graves here is of the youngest soldier to die, Rifleman M.J. Strudwick, who was only 15.	
There was also the grave of Private T.Barrett, who had won the Victoria Cross.	
Our coach waiting for us during our vist to Essex Farm.	
From there we went on to Tyne Cot Cemetery.	



Later we returned to the Menin Gate for the Last Post Ceremony, which is held every night at 8 p.m. There were hundreds of people there, many of them school children. We were fortunate to be present when there was a choir also, who sang 'In Flanders Fields' between the Last Post and Reveille. We all felt that this event was the climax of our tour.



Looking back towards the Menin Gate as we made our way to the coach, one of many queued up to take the crowds away.



On Friday 25th October, Father Gorran held a Requiem Mass in a room in our hotel, for those who fell in the First World War. We also remembered Russell Buckingham at this Mass. After this, we made our way home, having experienced a very full and thought-provoking programme.



Here are some of our party relaxing during the ferry crossing back from Calais to Dover.

Many thanks to Father Tony Macey for organising and leading such a memorable expedition in his own inimitable style.