




**REMEMBRANCE
DAY 11
NOVEMBER**

**Выполнил:
Учитель английского языка
МБОУ СОШ №14 г. Ногинска
Алексеева Карина Александровна**

A soft-focus photograph of a field of flowers. In the foreground, a large, vibrant red poppy is in sharp focus, its dark center prominent. To its left, a white flower with a yellow center is partially visible. The background is filled with a dense field of similar flowers, mostly in shades of red and white, but they are blurred due to a shallow depth of field. The overall lighting is warm and gentle, creating a somber yet peaceful atmosphere.

*Remembrance Day is observed on
11 November to recall the end of
hostilities of World War I on that
date in 1918.*

Every year during the week before 11 November, people all over Britain wear a little red paper poppy. They do this to commemorate Remembrance Day, or Poppy Day, which takes place each year on 11th November to remember the millions who died for their country. Poppy Day is on this date because World War I ended in the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month in 1918.



The poppy is the symbol of Remembrance Day because they are only flowers that grew on the battlefields after World War I. They are very delicate flowers, too, and live for a short time.

Some people have also pointed out that fields of bright red poppies look like fields of blood. There are many poems about Remembrance Day and many of them mention poppies. One of the most famous of these poems is “In Flanders Fields”.



In Flanders fields

- 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.

- Вновь маки алые в полях цветут
Во Фландрии. Мы воевали тут.
Теперь кресты стоят тут ряд за
рядом.
А в небе, не пугаясь канонады,
Вновь жаворонки звонкие поют.

Мы – Мёртвые, в земле нашли
приют.
А ведь могли бы жить, как все живут,
Любить и любоваться на закаты...
Но на войне убили нас когда-то
В полях во Фландрии.

Пускай теперь другие в бой идут,
Чтоб не был факел ярости задут.
Пусть память о погибших будет
свята,
Тогда спокойно будут спать солдаты
В земле, где маки алые цветут,
В полях во Фландрии.

*Lieutenant Colonel of the Canadian Army, military field surgeon John McCrae
The poem «In Flanders fields» was written under the influence of his friend's
death, who was buried on the field with blooming poppies. The poem was sent to
the English shop “Punch” in 1915, and in 1918 Colonel McCrae died.*



Memorial services take place all over Britain on the second Sunday in November which is known as Remembrance Sunday.







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IN
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The Royal Family and top politicians attend a special service in London at the Cenotaph, which means “The Empty Tomb” in Greek. Old war veterans lay wreaths on the steps of the monument. At 11am, there is a two-minute silence.



Words of wisdom



War does not determine who is
right - only who is left.

Bertrand Russell