



WHAT ANZAC DAY MEANS TO ME

If I was born a century ago almost being 11, my war experience would be of my family and friends going away to fight. If my dad volunteered, I would grow up too fast and have to work hard to look after my mum and brothers.

If I was a bit older, about 18, and if I volunteered, it would be terrifying as I would be shot at. The people I trained with might be getting killed without even using the skills they were taught.

There would be disgusting smells and horrible sounds. There would also be kinds of weather I would have to live through. It could be cold, hot wet or dry. I would be feeling homesick but also determined to fight.

This year is 2015. Each year I attend the Cunnamulla ANZAC parade.

I feel proud of those courageous soldiers who died just like my great-great grandfather who died in France. I am thankful today for those soldiers who sacrificed their lives to give us the freedom and the peace we have in our country today.

