

The Trumpet Calls

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The shrieking sound of the whistle pierces through bone and marrow, soul and spirit as blood runs cold. Forsaking all safety, while bullets whizz past, blood and bodies spill everywhere, as the depressing thought shouts out, "What on earth am I doing here?"

It all seemed so much different two months earlier on the march from Molong to Sydney. The certainty that this was God's plan for me was so strong. All the men were so sure that this was the right thing to do. Five young men set out from Molong; Pat, John, Tom, Harry and Will.

Harry was John's best friend ever since the first time they went rabbit hunting when they were five years old. John's shots always found their target and never missed. John was a tall brave eighteen-year-old lad, willing to help and who's "Blood was worth bottling", so everyone said. John and Harry had many differences, but both had heard the same desperate trumpet call deep down in their hearts. As they stared at the poster, both saw themselves coming home with medals making everybody proud. What an adventure they dreamed of.

The training in Sydney seemed to go by like the wind. It was such a sight to see the huge grey ship ~~came~~ into the shore like a storm on the horizon to consume its brave passengers. However, no seasickness or bad weather could stop the enthusiasm of the young Australians bound for Egypt and the final preparations.

The soldiers met their military requirements, said their prayers and prepared themselves for war. There was so much excitement among the ranks; until a cloud of darkness fell. An abundance of wounded soldiers began to flood in from Gallipoli and now complete silence hung over the camp. John and Harry stood shocked.

"Why did these men have such grief? Where was the victory that was so expected?" Those faces and thoughts stole his sleep that night.

The order was given and silently the soldiers boarded their ships. There was no longer room for hesitation. Even the bravest of the soldiers clenched their teeth, as they looked upon the beach lit up by gunfire.

Suddenly bullets were whizzing inches away from their faces. John looked around just in time to see Pat take a hit to the head,

"Out of the boats!" shouted the sergeant.

The water lay just above their chest, not many even made it ashore and for those that did barely made it to safety. John was one of the very lucky soldiers from his boat. Thankfully, he caught up to the soldiers who went before him. Barely catching his breath John was told,

"When the whistle blows, we charge!"

The shrieking sound of the whistle pierced through his bone and marrow, making blood run cold. They scurried out of the little safety they had. Bang! That was the end. The last thought that ran through his bleeding heart asked, "Was this really what God wanted?" He breathed his last.

But did he? John awoke to the familiar sound of his loving mother, "John, get up! Harry is here. He says, "The trumpet calls."