

PROGRAM

Anzac Day: An Opportunity to Reflect

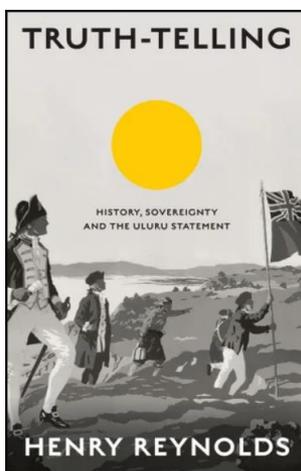
Sunday 25th April 2021 - 10.30am to 11.30am

Richardson's Lookout - Marrickville Peace Park

(cnr Richards Avenue & Holts Crescent in Marrickville 2204)

1. Welcome (John Butcher)
2. Acknowledgement of Country - Jennifer Newman (local Wiradjuri resident)
3. Address by Jo Blackman (MPG)
4. Poetry reading (1) - Andy Kissane (writer and poet)
5. Two minutes silence at 11.00am
6. Address by Linda Burney MP (Member for Barton)
7. Poetry reading (2) - Andy Kissane
8. Raffle for Henry Reynolds' *Truth-Telling, History, Sovereignty and the Uluru Statement* (published Feb 2021)
9. Other contributions

RAFFLE - \$2.00 PER TICKET



In *Truth-Telling*, influential historian Henry Reynolds pulls the rug from legal and historical assumptions, with his usual sharp eye and rigour, in a book that's about the present as much as the past. His work shows exactly why our national war memorial must acknowledge the frontier wars, why we must change the date of our national day, and why treaties are important. Most of all, it makes urgently clear that the Uluru Statement is no rhetorical flourish but carries the weight of history and law and gives us a map for the future.

POEMS BY ANDY KISSANE

After the Deluge

“Every human war is now, automatically, a war against the earth.” —Robert Hass

Now, even more than before, we are shaped by what we cannot see. Take Fatima, who was born with a cleft palate, fused fingers and one missing leg. The doctors held grave fears for her heart as well, though she wasn't the worst they had seen. Sure, there are explanations—depleted uranium, with its astonishing ability to pierce armour and shatter reinforced concrete, leaves a radioactive residue that seeps into the soil, the water table. To say nothing of the lead and mercury released by the bombs dropped on Fallujah and now present in these floating grains of dust just waiting to be inhaled.

Fatima propels herself along the path by the Euphrates with the gait of a praying mantis, her crutches producing a ravenous stride and a speed that is breathtaking. She stops now and then to scold other children and their irresponsible parents who are feeding white bread to marbled ducks—ducks that were lucky to survive the shock and awe unleashed upon them—the poisons in the food chain, the shrinking wetlands, their fertility as fragile as the tissue-thin eggs lying in their nests. Apart from the rising and setting of the sun, nothing is *automatic*. A drop of defiance can become a ripple and then a river—take the surgical separation of Fatima's fingers so she can hold up, in front of her beaming face, a V for victory; take the flapping outspread wings and stuttering steps of a teal duck as it walks on water.

Reconciliation Achieved

In RSL clubs
across the country
when we stand
to honour the fallen
from that other Great War,
the unknown warriors
who fell at Coniston Station
and Waterloo Creek
in scrub, grassland
and eucalypt forest,
in countless skirmishes
without date or legend.
The Wiradjuri, the Bunaba,
the Kalkadoons.

Terra nullius: lest we forget.