

**This is an extract from Jamie Bryce's blog, written before 11<sup>th</sup> November 2012.  
Jamie was the bugler for Mousehole RBL before moving away from Cornwall.**

This Sunday is Remembrance Day. A day when we are encouraged to reflect on the people who died serving their Country during The Great War, and the more recent Wars, for us to live in the World we live in today.

I was born in 1987. I don't remember life under Thatcher, I wasn't around to be awe-struck by the Moon Landing and I certainly cannot even fathom how England once won a World Cup in Football. Isn't it incredible how different a generation can be and have such different surroundings?

When I was 16, 17, 18, I used to play the Last Post for Mousehole Royal British Legion. It was something I did without thinking about. I never reflected on the importance and significance of The Last Post. I couldn't, and still can't, fathom going off to fight for my Country and leaving my family behind not knowing whether I will see them again. I always just used to look forward to a morning out in Mousehole with the free buffet in the Legion after the Service and hoping I would get home in time for the Football.

I can remember the pride my parents had when referring to me as The Mousehole Bugler.

This summer, I went through the agonizing pain of losing my hero, my wonderful Father. This is the first time I have had to go through the mixed feelings of grief in losing a loved one. Anyone that has experienced the pain of losing a parent knows that feeling of having your life destroyed and having to rebuild it. I never really got it, when people described it like your life was over. I now know that is exactly the right way to describe your feelings. But when I think of my Dad's last hours I spent with him (he was taken by the biggest killer of all. Cancer.), I am so thankful the way he just went so peacefully to sleep after all his pain.

I think that my Dad, Alexander Wither Bryce, was the bravest man in the World the way he fought his battle with Cancer at 83, 84 and 85 years of age. But there have been so many brave men and women who have gone off to fight for our Country in War. In the Past, Present and Future.

I recently got in touch with Hounslow Royal British Legion on the off chance of whether they had an official Bugler. They don't. I am proud to say that come 11am on the 11th of November I shall be blasting out The Last Post in Hounslow. I am doing this because I want to do something more than give money to the Legion by buying my Poppy. It isn't much but I thought if I write this down and put it somewhere on the Internet for others to see, maybe it will help some of us remember Remembrance Day?

I know life gets busy and sometimes Sunday can be our day of rest, sometimes in my case even recovery/hangover day. But if this blog makes some of us think about what Remembrance Day is about, and you may decide to even attend your local Remembrance Parade March, attend a Remembrance Sunday Service or even stick a couple more quid in the collection box for The Royal British Legion, then that's a good thing right?

I am doing this on Sunday morning because I am completely inspired by my wonderful Dad who I miss everyday and maybe I'm also doing this because I know it would put a smile on his face. Not exactly the reasons to give to decide to give a blast on your Cornet on a day commemorating the people who lost their lives in the Wars our Country has been involved in. But if a friend of mine, dear Matthew, can make the decision to go to Afghanistan to represent his Country, the very least I can do for Remembrance Sunday is put the usual 'Sunday coffee and newspapers' routine on hold and dust off my Cornet, find 'The Last Post' sheet music somewhere in my room and infect the good people of Hounslow with my very standard Cornet playing.