

A DIGGER – A GOOD SHEPHERD

On Anzac Day, we heard many acts of unbelievable bravery and selflessness of our fallen. One of them is Donald Clarkson -a farmer from Perth, whose first day on the front line was also his last. Before he died, he wrote two letters –one for his wife, one for his son.

To his wife, he wrote: *“Dear Lover of Mine, There are many, many things that I should like to say and one is this: that I am sure for those whose love is great enough, nothing is impossible. I have always loved you and you only. No other woman has ever been anything to me and I have loved you always as much as it is possible to love a woman. I have been faithful to you always too.”*

You know that religion was never very much to me and though I have tried much harder to see light through the great mystery since I left, I have not been able to find anything very certain that I can put into words; but I am sure that nothing that is good and great ever dies.”

And to his son, Clarkson wrote: *“My dear, dear son! Never attempt to gain success at the cost of your honour. Be straight always and if you ever make a mistake or do what you know is wrong, be brave and pass judgment on yourself and make up your mind to do better in future.”*

What struck me is not only Clarkson paid his ultimate sacrifice for freedom and peace, he was also a family man: a faithful husband; a real father. He is a good shepherd even though *“religion was never very much to”* him.

Fr Toan Nguyen

