



**We are
Lyng Hall
Special Edition**



Holocaust Memorial Day 2026:

Bridging Generations

Holocaust comes from the root *holokaustos* meaning “burned whole,” “a sacrifice by fire.” Let us reflect today on what was truly sacrificed in that fire. It was more than a life. More than 6 million lives. It was morality. Social conscience. The power to liberate the lives of others. During the years of The Holocaust, when we chose to look the other way, as individuals and nations did, we sacrificed our responsibility. We hear the phrase “never again” many times, but do we live the truth of that statement in our lives?

When I was 17, my teacher, Mrs. Jackson took myself and my classmate, Bhavna, on the Lessons from Auschwitz course. This was the nexus of my Holocaust Education. When we presented our project at the House of Lords, I met Kitty Hart-Moxon. She was a survivor of Auschwitz – one of the darkest environments to ever exist. She looked us in the eye and said: “Never lose your passion, never lose your fire, always be an ambassador in your heart.” At that moment, my conscience created a covenant with Kitty’s words. I became a vessel for her truth. Over the years, I’ve been privileged to work with Rudi Oppenheimer (survivor of Bergen-Belsen, died in 2019), Gena Turgel (survivor of Bergen-Belsen, died in 2018), Susi Bechofer (a survivor because of the Kindertransport, died in 2018), Dr. Martin Stern (survivor of Westerbork and Theresienstadt). – each voice a survivor. Each voice a Phoenix that flew above the ashes of humanity’s dark past.

Nearly two decades later, I have never forgotten Kitty’s words, the survivors I’ve met, and the promise I made. I’ve remained faithful in being an ambassador for Holocaust Education. It was therefore a profound privilege to host a Memorial service on 27th January 2026, with this year’s theme ‘Bridging Generations,’ in partnership with my own students. They too are now vessels, and ambassadors of truth. Our congregation became vessels for the testimonies we shared, gatekeepers of humanity’s truth. Generation to generation, a reconciliation with our past, and a rebirth of humanity, can only be realised when we confront this dark thread, allow the fire to live inside of us and collectively shine a light on a future that is brighter, more hopeful, and woven with peace. Everyone has the power to be part of that tapestry. As a child of Coventry, I embrace the truth of every value our city is known for: peace, reconciliation, resilience, hope. I pray that the same values guide you. A prayer that is poignant when we reflect on the landscape of our current world.



HOLOCAUST
MEMORIAL
DAY 27/1

**Opening address by
Miss. Hagan**

**Director of English
UNESCO School
Ambassador**

Sacrifice – Alexandra Arvai

We must not forget the sacrifice that was their lives.
Nu trebuie să uităm sacrificiul care a fost viața lor.

Heart

Hearts beat fast, glowing, illuminating all around them.

The trembling of sacrifice, spreading throughout the whole body.

The one thing that makes a person human, gone. Vanished in the hands of the empty shell that was once human. It sits there starting at the red organ that kept them alive now dripping down their sacred arm. Every memory flashing right before their eyes.

The happy ones, the depressing ones, the ones they wish they could forget. All those memories made them who they were and now it's all gone. Their whole body goes limp and their head hits the ground, an innocent soul lost.

By reading testimonies and dairies we give their words life. They show what individuals are prepared to sacrifice; many parents sacrificed their own lives to protect their children and other jews. These stories give us faith that people care about others and are willing to sacrifice their belongings, their food, when cruelty and loss is rampant. Many families had to sacrifice their love for their children by sending them away to a safer place. I spoke about Klaus Langer, he was sent away to Denmark without his family and just a suitcase. Whenever children were sent away parents didn't know if they are ever going to see them again, they just had to trust it was the right choice. I believe it is a very brave action to be able to put their love aside for the safety of their children. These two lines embody the sacrifice many had to go through just to survive.



"I had no idea when I would see them again, especially because the war is on now. When I sit here all alone, I often think of my parents and grandmother and then only sad thoughts come to mind."



Fire – Emmanuel Dampare

Under the forest of archaic structures, they sear, mounds of flesh caged under a decree of cruelty. Injustice. The flame is brutal, grotesque, but also enlightening, igniting our souls in the name of remembrance and respect.

Who am I to pass judgement if I walk an imperfect man?

*I stride like a king, yet I wear a crown of immaturity,
My kingdom; a land of confusion and glaring imperfection
I strive for something fantastical, ornate, unattainable.*

Am I fool?

I denounce those my ignorant brain deems inferior or unfit.

"Who am I to pass judgement if I walk an imperfect man?"

My rigid psyche has been stretched and so will my arms.

To the benevolent embrace of faults

My beautiful inner discord.

I think the concept of fire was present during the whole service. The first way I think was through the passion that each piece was laced with, which created an electric experience that I think really resonated with me and the audience.

The second way was from the lighting of the candles, which I took part in. Fire doesn't only symbolise heat and warmth but also power and light, which is what the service aimed to imbue within everyone there. To better understand the great significance that the Holocaust has, and the lessons learnt from the catastrophic event.

I have been a Genocide and Holocaust Educator for many decades and the work which your students produced for the exhibition; the artwork and the poems and statements were excellent. Furthermore, the commemoration was very powerful and reflective. The understanding and depth of the students' knowledge could be visibly seen and heard and it was with conviction. This is as you know such an important topic that schools need to address and I feel that Lyng Hall students truly managed to navigate this difficult subject.

I would also like to thank the teachers involved in assisting and nurturing the students in this project. It is because of their guidance and passion that your students are on their way to becoming outstanding leaders.

In peace, Balbir Sohal
On behalf of the Lord Mayor's Peace Committee

"It was truly inspiring to hear the young people from Lyng Hall share their work on the Holocaust – through literature and songs. These amazing students reflect our city's rich diversity and its deep belief in peace, reconciliation, and respect for our shared humanity. They are powerful role models, and I am so proud of them – and of the fabulous staff whose dedication and support make this important work possible."

Manjit Kaur, Chair of SACRE





Ashes – Daria-Teodora Nedelcu

Our ashes from your pain growing anew into a beautiful poppy.
Cenusa noastra din durera ta crescand intr - o frumoasă floare de mac

*Ashes are gray
and mostly just sit there.
They used to be something,
but now they aren't.*

*Ashes fall down
like they forgot why they were moving.
They get on your hands
even if you disagree.*

*People say ashes mean things.
Mostly they mean
something burned
and now this is what's left.*

*Ashes don't apologise
for being everywhere.
They wait quietly
to be swept up,
or not.*

*Sometimes they blow away,
sometimes they don't.
Either way,
they remain ashes,
which feels final.*

*Ashes dwell in our hearts,
and through this their lives remain.*

I felt my word was honoured: ashes serving as a bridge between the agonising silence of the past and the active duty of modern remembrance. This representation often moves beyond the literal to embrace metaphors of fragmentation and dispersal; for instance, many ceremonies utilise the image of gray dust to symbolise how the Nazi regime attempted to erase individual identities into an anonymous mass.

However, these services frequently conclude with a "Phoenix-like" transition, pivoting from the ashes of destruction as the renewal of the seeds of the future. By framing the memory of the victims as a foundational element from which new life and moral commitment grow, the memorial transforms the residue of death into a catalyst for "Never Again," ensuring that while the physical bodies were reduced to ash, their spiritual legacy remains inextinguishable.

My section also presented ashes through my remembrance of the survivors and victims, through my reading about Elie Wiesel's experiences from his book as this showed that not even fire can burn a person's will to live; ashes are made from a sacrifice of peace or something harbouring a bright light, but in the end, ashes represent the darkness after the beauty.

It means a chance to be reborn into something that brings hope instead of darkness. A chance to reconcile the past and commit to an act of unity so that we never let these things happen again.

"With a starting point of 'Remembering the Holocaust Bridging the Generations', these young people researched and responded with both empathy and sensitivity. They delivered their words with a confident maturity that gives us hope for the future. They certainly are true Ambassadors for Peace."

Dave and Linda Hirons, Coventry Association of International Friendship





Darkness – Ierene Kour

In this darkness surrounding the truth, we will triumph and sow the next seed.

ਸੱਚਾਈ ਦੇ ਆਲੇ ਦੁਆਲੇ ਦੇ ਇਸ ਹਨੇਰੇ ਵਿੱਚ, ਅਸੀਂ ਤਿੱਖਾ ਹੋਵਾਂਗੇ ਅਤੇ ਅਗਲਾ ਬੀਜ ਬੀਜਾਂਗੇ

The Next Light

*These invisible leashes bind us to our stature,
What covers our eyes from looking up to the truth,
When our wishes are blown away in the wind
This empty void that consumes us all.*

*Darkness is in the air,
Above I see those vultures, looking down on us at our fate*

*For they think we have given up
We identify as a number, our history forgotten,
Degraded, suffocated in these confining rooms*

These limitations hurt me

Yet still—

*I see the yellow star burning on my chest,
The single emblem I am forced to own.
But it glows, defiant, against their brutality.
They cannot break me.*

I will rise. I will endure.

I will wake to see the next light.

When I was writing my poem, I wanted to show my perspective on how darkness was shown in the Holocaust. I metaphorically wrote about how it deeply scarred the generation, and how it broke them. Moving further to the last stanza, I shift the attention towards the light, of a hope for a future where their respect and dignity is given back to them. It helped them persevere through this dehumanising torment for 12 long and traumatic years. In this poem, I used phrases such as "When our wishes are blown away in the wind" to manifest that what has been lost can be found once again, even if it takes time to recover, heal and mend.

"Thanks to Lyng Hall School in partnership with Holy Trinity Church, organising a Holocaust Memorial Service. I applaud the commitment and the efforts of Miss Hagan – who has guided young people for Peace and Reconciliation. The work of the young people still remains as an exhibition in Holy Trinity. Thanks to Revd Cannon Richard Hibbert who lead the service in the church. It was lovely to share this moment with my colleagues from the Coventry Association of International Friendship."

Cllr Ram Lakha - LMPC





Light – Maisie Jenkinson

A reflection, a beam to guide your way: to glow, to sing, so bright we say.
Un reflejo un rayo que te guía que brilla que canta tan brillante que decimos.

Imprisoned in Light

*Those laws imprisoned them for many years,
The 'light' of screams in the shadow of fear.
Brutal are times which targeted them all,
for the Jews were not allowed an education or to live.*

*For I wish the solution was to forgive
this time of dictatorship and wrong in society,
The indoctrinating of a belief incorrect in so many ways.
We now reflect upon it
For – in memory - forever it stays.*

The light. The possibility. The grounding of a new way.

*Illuminating,
You see it as clear as day,
The light drawn through a space of prayer:*

*It's luminous, it's bright, it's here to stay,
forever it may guide our way.*

*We now reflect upon it
For forever it stays.*

This service taught me the respect we should cherish as a community and how I should treat others later in life as we continue to remember them.

During the service I felt that the poem I shared had given me purpose, to express my true feelings and to believe in myself. My word **Light** encouraged a sense of hope and belief in a better world: for when we think and reflect, we can move forwards stronger.

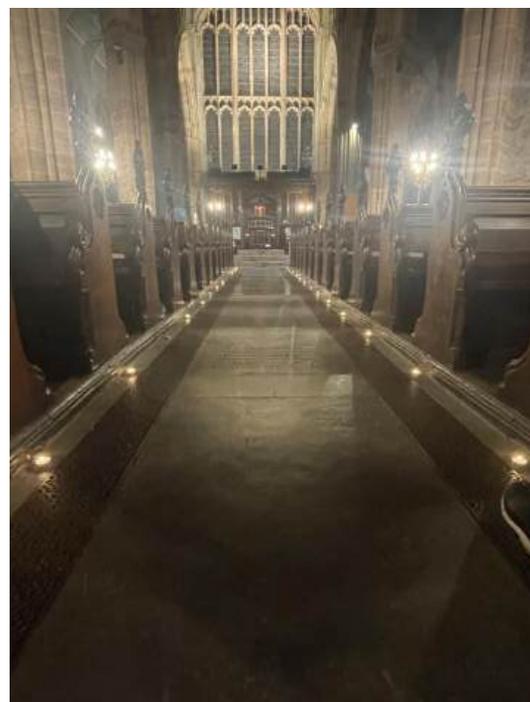
The closing song **Amazing Grace** was incredible to witness - the song showed respect for the ones who were lost and the sacrifices which will live on through their legacies. It was an amazing way to reconcile and remember the victims of The Holocaust. Our words captured that there was always at least an inkling of hope to guide them; even if they didn't see it. We have to remember that it will always be there.

"Thank you so much for inviting us to the event. It truly was a privilege to be there.

The young people who spoke and performed were incredibly talented, and their words and confidence were genuinely moving. Their maturity, their understanding, and the way they expressed themselves were remarkable for their age.

They really are a credit to their teachers and to the school."

Salaha Uddin
Customer Service Manager
Coventry City Council



Phoenix – Alicja Bieda

The eternal flames of the phoenix will continue to burn in our community's spirit.

Wieczny płomień feniksa będzie nadal płonął w duchu naszych społeczności.

After the first victim, the first bomb, everything was destroyed. Homes become the scarred remnants of what they once were, family and love. People, who were meant to love one another, are killed because of who they were, becoming scattered bones, that burn away into suffocating, dark ash. Ash that lingers in the air many years later, reminding us of the pain that was endured and the inevitable deaths.

But, among those ashes, the shape of a wing can be seen. It's hidden away, overshadowed by the ash, but it is fighting back, wanting to show itself to the world. It emerges, pushing the ash away, like nightmares that were beaten. A bird, but not just any bird.

A phoenix.

A symbol of strength and unity, here, to bring its glowing light back into this world, to join people together in peace. It'll help us overcome the struggles we face as a society. It'll glue the cracks back together. The cracks that have wreaked havoc, which will give us the sense of safety the world needs to create a beacon. The beacon of light will navigate us through the dark tunnels of suffering, the ones we were lost in during the war.

During the service, I felt that my word **phoenix** was honoured in a magnifying way. The lighting of the small candles, through the song *When You Believe*, and then to the six large ones, through the song *Amazing Grace*, embodied the phoenix rising. Starting off as a small light from a little candle, then evolving into a large ones like the wings of a phoenix.

The Phoenix also lived in one of the response poems:
"The eternal flames of the phoenix will continue to burn in our community's spirit."

In the church, there was a feeling amongst us that there will always be light in this world, and that light will grow if we make a change. Together.



"I feel so blessed we have such wonderful young students, like the Lyng Hall students, who put on an amazing, thought-provoking afternoon at the Holy Trinity Church."

Paul Maddocks, LMPC



Renewal – Eden Jones

Staying in the light for each day we will become a new presence in hope for the chance of one's renewal

每日沐浴阳光，我们将焕然一新，满怀希望地迎接新生。

Měi rì mù yù yáng guāng, wǒ men jiāng huàn rán yī xīn, mǎn huái xī wàng dì yíng jiē xīn shēng.

*A time of terror
 Freedom stripped
 Trapped within a place they call home
 A peaceful life turned upside down
 The night of broken glass
 For the people who had lost
 The presence of death
 Collecting the fallen memories
 Humanity to climb again
 To fight against the horror
 A phoenix rising above
 Their spark to never dull
 The light of life to be found
 Memory thought to be lost
 The tale of survival
 A truth to reach
 Keeping it in heart
 Alive for the world to hear
 Nothing to fade
 A life to always remember
 Minds to remain clear
 To have their thoughts heard
 Each experience to be told
 Written for a trail of hope
 A trail for us to follow
 The guide to their life.*

During the service I felt that the act of renewal was honoured through the impact that our voices carried. Showing that even after times of despair we carry on the stories that we've learnt and try to make the world a better place. I also found that the lighting of the candles represented the act of renewal by accepting light for new beginnings in the journey towards peace from the times of war. As a society each generation brings a factor on achieving the peace we are aiming for which was represented with all the people who were present and participated during the service.



"Thank you so much for inviting me to your HMD event today. Your pupils were truly inspiring and such a credit to Lyng Hall and the city of Coventry. Their reflections were moving, thoughtful and very poignant. Thank you also to you for your powerful introduction - a reminder that our lives and those of our pupils can be shaped by experiences and opportunities at school."

Rebecca Bollands, Headteacher of Earlsdon Primary School

Reconciliation – Bhavika Sharma

As we reconcile with the relevance of our past we aspire to make peace with our sins.

jivem ki asim apane atita di sarathakata nala mela khande ham, asim apane pampam nala shanti bana una di vicha rakhde ham.

Echoes of Reconciliation

*In the shadows, echoes whisper low
Of a past that we cannot erase.
A wound that runs deep, a scar that shows.
The weight of history, a sombre gaze.
Six million voices silenced and lost.
A people torn, their future, the cost.
The echoes of hatred, a painful refrain.
A reminder of humanity's darker strain.
But even in darkness, a spark remains.
A flame of hope, a chance to reclaim.
The memories, the stories, the lives unfold.
A bridge of reconciliation, to build a new fold.
Hands that once inflicted pain and fear.
Now reach out, in a gesture clear.
Atonement, forgiveness, a path to mend.
A journey towards healing, a new beginning to tend.
In the ashes of despair, phoenix rises.
A testament of resilience, a people's forgiveness.
Their strength, their courage, their stories unfold.
A testament of the power of love, young and old.
Let us remember, let us learn, let us grow from the depths of
sorrow, new path to know.
Reconciliation's fragile thread, we weave.
A tapestry of hope, a world to believe.
In the silence, may we hear the cries.
Of those who suffered and those who died.
May their memories ignite a love so strong.
That never again will hatred be our song.*



During the service, I felt that my word reconciliation, was honoured during the Liturgy of Reconciliation (read by Reverend Richard Hibbert). It was wonderful to witness all of the people who attended come together to say "Father, forgive".

The last line: "be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, as in God in Christ forgave you." encapsulated the narrative of our service.

"The Holocaust Memorial Service Bridging Generations – a partnership between Holy Trinity Church and Lyng Hall School UNESCO Ambassadors – was phenomenal. Their teacher Miss Hagan and students inspired everyone with their presentations, singing and exhibition. A truly beautiful, emotional experience. Thank you to the wonderful Rev Canon Richard Hibbert, inspirational teacher Miss. Hagan and the amazing students.

Coventry's message was heard strong and clear, the message of peace and reconciliation safe in the young people's hands, feeling proud of all of them with renewed hope, respect and resilience." - **Lady Godiva**



Rebirth – Daniel and Deborah Eribalo

Rebirth is the silent alchemy by which the sacrifice of the past is metabolised into the breath of the present.

La rinascita è l'alchimia silenziosa attraverso la quale il sacrificio del passato viene metabolizzato nel respiro del presente.

*The last echo of the volley,
leaving a vacuum where the living breathe.
Here, the geometry of grief is written in Portland stone
those white, uniform battalions standing at ease
yet the earth beneath ignores the finality of the chisel*

*Rebirth is the terrible, beautiful persistence
of a kingdom that asks for the few to save the many,
only to exhale them as the scent of sea salt and gorse*

*We speak of "the fallen,"
as if they are the autumn leaves ground into the dark
forgetting that the forest floor is an engine of rising.
The debt is not paid in the keeping of graves,
nor in the hollow ritual of the wreath,
but in the energy of the survivor
the flickering flame of the yahrzeit candle,
the small stones placed by hand on the headstones edge,
marking a memory that outlast our time.*

*Their pulse as simply changed its medium.
It is no longer a rhythm of blood,
but the oscillation of the flag against a grey sky
a perennial spring watered by the heavy cost of winter,
insisting that nothing given in honour
ever truly stays in the ground*

The most significant Rebirth occurred within the narrative of my speech. By identifying my generation as the "new custodians" I transformed the act of remembering. Memory is something constantly being reborn through the eyes of each generation.

We sang *Amazing Grace* at the end of the service – symbolising a rebirth from the "chained darkness" of our humanity, the song, and message of the service, breaking free into themes of light and hope.

"As the Chair of the Lyng Hall School Governing body, it makes me proud to be associated with a school with students who have a tremendous aspiration to improve the world we live in. Their contributions, lovely words and music, for Holocaust Memorial Day entitled: "Bridging Generations" was awesome. I was very emotional about the way the event was conducted. I pray that they carry on with this work after they have left the school and have a positive impact in our society."

**Ghulam Vohra, MBE, Chair of Governors
Vice Chairman of Coventry Muslim Forum**





Hope – Julien Quesney

Hope lives in the act of seeing possibility where others see limits.
Une étoile dans la brume épaisse, perçant le crépuscule infini.

The calm after the cries

A star in the shrouded mist,

Cutting through the endless dusk.

A beacon of guidance,

The one pure fragment of hope we kept;

A hope that serves as an aegis against the deafening,

Crushing silence nullifying their cries.

Une étoile dans la brume épaisse,

perçant le crépuscule infini.

Un phare qui nous guide,

le seul fragment d'espoir pur que nous avons conservé;

*un espoir qui nous protège du silence
assourdissant*

et écrasant qui étouffe leurs cris.

Hope is carried by testimony. Survivors who spoke, and those who recorded their stories before they passed away, transformed personal suffering into moral warning. I believe that our exhibition teaches us the importance of events like The Holocaust, because if we do not remember the lives who we lost and the survivors, we will lose them forever.

Bridging Generations

An outstanding performance of high quality, demonstrating a collaborative work ethic and a genuine understanding of a challenging, but relevant, topic.

The students' personal responses to the letters from Holocaust survivors and the subsequent effect on their own future, as young people, exhibited a growth mindset; thus effectively embracing the challenge of bridging generations.

The performance also demonstrated excellent organisational skills, effective time management, attention to detail. All of which combined to produce a meaningful and original look at our history.

Ending with the Litany of Reconciliation was a perfect summation.

I left feeling uplifted. Yes! A better future can be secured in the hands and minds of young UNESCO Ambassadors such as these. Congratulations, Lyng Hall School and those who work and learn there.

Mary Goodwin. LMPC





Peace – Hyelsinta Mshelia

Peace isn't just silence. It's that brave heartbeat that keeps shining even when the world feels loud. It's choosing kindness when anger feels easier and believing that the smallest calm can change something big.

*Peace is the quiet breath the world forgets to take
a soft glow hiding in the corners where worries break.
It's the hush between heartbeats when everything slows
a tiny seed of calm only the brave one grows.
It's choosing gentle words when storms want to rise
lifting your chin with hope shining loud in your eyes.
Peace is not perfect, not simple, not small,
It's the courage to stay kind in a world that tests us all.
it starts in places unseen,
in the way we dream bigger or keep our thoughts clean.
Peace begins inside us, quiet as a spark, and spreads like morning light pushing
back the dark.*

In the Holocaust Memorial Day service, the survival stories showed me how precious peace really is. Hearing what people went through made me realise how quickly peace can be taken away when hatred is allowed to grow. The responses and poems people read helped us think about how we can choose kindness instead of cruelty. They reminded us that peace isn't just something big that happens in the world, it starts with how we treat each other every day. The stories and responses made the message of peace feel real and important.

In the end, the stories and responses encouraged us to think about the kind of world we want to live in, one where everyone feels safe, respected, and valued. They reminded us that peace is something we all have a part in protecting.



"I was blown away by the thoughtful reflections the students created in their written words, which were of a professional quality. As if that wasn't phenomenal in itself, they raised the bar even further with their verbal contributions to the service: from songs to poems; from poems to prose; our students demonstrated pride, passion and determination in every word and note. I couldn't be prouder to be the Headteacher of this school: from the outstanding Ms. Hagan, the example she sets and the time and inspiration that she gives; to our students: who thrive as vessels of the past and the spokespeople of a better future."

Mrs. Martindale, Headteacher



Unity– Zaphyia Kapur

Unity is powerful.
Ekta shaktishali hai.

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Unity

A circle of voices that holds me up when the world tilts.

A family is a circle

A bond made with love and care.

That bond cannot be broken

It will not fall into despair.

But history held a winter

A dark and terrible tide.

When the tragedy of the holocaust,

Forced families to hide.

So many people hurt,

Nightmares in broad daylight.

Many hearts were torn,

Leaving empty chairs behind

To wait for a new morn.

Yet memory is a bridge,

That time can never bend.

The love they had survives the night

And lives on until the end.

Unity is what brings people together during times where they need support or if they need a helping hand. We work together for the greater good.

We honoured Holocaust Memorial Day by partnering with the Holy Trinity Church: hosting a service where we performed songs, shared testimonies and prayed in honour of those who lost their lives during this tragic period of our collective history.

We worked together as a team, for both the service and the exhibition. Unity is powerful, it is one word that holds grave meaning and importance to me and our community. Unity and teamwork is what made our service truly exceptional and unity is what will keep us going .

"A beautiful and deeply moving service to remember the victims of the Holocaust was led by pupils from Lyng Hall School at [Holy Trinity Church Coventry](#)

They sang, shared their own writing, and reflected on the testimonies they've learned from. The whole event was emotional, inspiring, and an absolute privilege to witness.

Once again, our city's young people have made us incredibly proud.

A special thank you to Ms Hagan, whose dedication and passion continue to inspire her pupils and make opportunities like this possible.

Also to Revd Cannon Richard Hibbert who led the service so beautifully."

Cllr Kindy Sandhu



Photo with Cllr Kindy Sandhu, Cabinet Member for Education and Skills at Coventry City Council



Our Hope Playlist

Curated by Julien Quesney

Music is the food of the soul - allow these to fill you with a deep sense of peace.

<p>Coldplay- Fix you</p> 	<p>Black Sherif- Oil in my head (Twi)</p> 	<p>Francis Cabrel- Il faudra leur dire (French)</p> 
<p>Franco Battiato- La cura (Italian)</p> 	<p>Voo Voo- Jeszcze będzie pięknie (Polish)</p> 	<p>Smiley- Oameni (Romanian)</p> 
<p>A te - Lorenzo Jovanotti Cherubini (Italian)</p> 	<p>When You Believe - Whitney Houston, Mariah Carey</p> 	<p>Psalms 23 - Phil Wickham</p> 
<p>Amazing Grace (My Chains are Gone) – Chris Tomlin</p> 	<p>Fall on Me – Andrea and Matteo Bocelli</p> 	<p>The best of Yiruma (South Korean)</p> 





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- Defined by **Excellence**