Several months ago, it was in March, a moving ceremony was held in a small town in France. Or more precisely in a wooded area a few kilometers from this city of the Central France.

March 10, 2013, Nancy Wake’s ashes were scattered in the Verneix woods, near Montluçon. Thus was fulfilled the wishes of Nancy Wake, who had asked her ashes to be spread precisely where she was parachuted in March 1944.

The exceptional fate of Nancy Wake, of "White Mouse", then found its ultimate fulfillment, after her death in London in August 2011.

What a unique life indeed that of Nancy Wake! What incomparable trajectory that of the young New Zealander, born in the hills of Wellington, leaving her parents' house to join Europe, Great Britain and France, and was later caught by the earthquake of Nazism and of War!
- A woman's life, first. I love the face of Nancy Wake. Very Parisian actually. Very French anyway. Married to a rich French businessman who it is said she chose because he danced the tango beautifully!

- A life of resistance, especially. As early as 1940, she refused the defeat she refuses the surrender, she refuses the Nazi tyranny. She enrolls in the French section of the British Special Operations Executive. Parachuted several times in France, she would lead actions of sabotage and become one of the leading figures of the resistance. She even became the Nr1 enemy, the most sought after, on the lists of the Gestapo. And always, she succeeded in avoiding the clutches of the Nazi oppressor. Méline was her field name, her operational code name was Witch, the nickname given by the German was the White Mouse, the one that could never be caught. But for all of us today, no more nom de guerre, no more codename, no more nickname. Just the name of a heroine, Nancy Wake.

Wherever Nancy went, wherever she lived, a heartfelt tribute is rendered.
In Canberra, nearly two years ago, Australia remembered her. Prime Minister Gillard paid her the tribute of the Australian Nation.

In London, a few months ago, in May, a ceremony like the one today, simple, stripped, took place in the hotel Stafford where Nancy spent last years of her life.

It is now time indeed that we met in Port Macquarie, a city where Nancy has spent so many years between her return to Australia in the sixties and her final departure for England in 2001.

The plaque to be unveiled today is a small, but necessary, token of whom was Nancy Wake. This plate, it is for us certainly, but we already know what we owe her. It is especially for the youth of Port Maquarie, for the new generations that the example and memory of Nancy Wake should inspire.

In a few months, representatives of all the Allied Nations, English, Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, French, we will meet to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the landing in Normandy, of D. Day.

We will also remember the soldiers of the shadow, these fighters whose action was decisive for the liberation of Europe. Nancy Wake was part of the army of the shadow.
Then we shall intone again this Chant des Partisans which Nancy and her companions of the shadow chanted before going to face the armies of the third Reich.

Thus, as we do in Port Macquarie today, we will tell our children: you too, remember the name of Nancy Wake.

Lest we forget.