

MEMORIAL DAY SERVICE  
Timpson Chapel  
May 30, 1941

Written by Ben Franklin.  
Read by May Casto.

"To-day we are gathered here to pay our tribute of respect and friendship and love to the memory of those who have already passed over that Great River to the great reward on yonder shore.

"Some have brought frail bodies, burden with many years and moving upon crutch and staff. Some of us have brought here kind solemn thoughts and tender words and wishes for those who are gathered here to-day. Some have come to perform the kindly service backed by heartfelt memory. Some have brought to this service of memory the heart prayer. Others have brought the Scriptural message, while still others have brought the sacred song with which to honor our glorious dead.

"Finally those are here who have sought to express their memory with these sweet and fragrant flowers with which to decorate the graves. It would seem by all this heap of floral tribute, that there had been an effort to bring a blossom to represent each kindly work, each courteous act and each loving deed of our departed pioneers. But, if left to my judgment I would say there are not here in this great array of flowers sufficient blooms and blossoms to represent the many manly, kindly, courteous words and works of those whom we are gathered to honor.

"This hallowed ground upon which we now stand was once a lonely land. Under the coppery suns of summer and the grey skies of winter, lay these tree dotted acres. Vagabond winds in their varying moods, carressed them with soft breath or harried them with all their furies.

"No lights pricked the darkness of night and the deep silence was broken only by the mournful wail of a gray wolf, the crazy laughing bark of a coyote or the ghostly call of an owl.

"Later grey curls of smoke from Indian tepees marked the only human habitations. They blazed the trail and knew all the hardships of frontier life. Long days of burning heat or blinding blizzard, smothered in summer's dust or chilled by autumn's rain, with none of the comforts of civilization to make life easier.

"Later, homes were built, where strong deep bosomed pioneer mothers, their grave kind eyes shaded by flat bonnets, looked into the future visioning schools, churches and an orderly environment for their children and their children's children.

"Thus, these pioneer women such as Aunt Lizza Woodall, Nellie Boot, Aunt Chick Morris and many others, made the church, the Sunday School and the Memorial Day services of Timpson Chapel ones that could not soon be forgotten.