

"Their bodies sleep in the cemetery at Timpson Chapel, but it is only their mortal remains. They live here in the hearts and lives of loved ones and friends and out there in the Unseen Country they live and work and plan for those who are left behind waiting for the reunion that must come.

"Now in their memory we should each hold this church and cemetery as a sacred memorial. We should preserve it for the use and benefits for which it was erected and perpetuate the upkeep of this, their last resting place on earth.

"Quaint little church, smiling in splendor
Out from the border-land, mystic and old,
Sweet are the memories, precious and tender
Linked with thy summers of azure and gold.

Timpson Chapel, memories of you I am dreaming,
Home of the church, the school and the cemetery.
Cherish thy legends with tragedy teeming,
Also, legends where fun reigned not of the ordinary.

Land of Aunt Lizza, my heart's in thy keeping,
On Timpson Chapel how can we forget the others at rest?
Calm are thy vales where the silences sleeping
Wake unto melody tinged with the best.

Let the deep chorus of life's music, throbbing
Swell to full harmony, born of the years.
Or for the loved and lost, tenderly sobbing
Drop to that cadence that whispers of tears.

Land of our pioneers, here's to thy glory
Here's to thy daughters as fair as the dawn.
Here's to thy pioneer sons, in whose story,
Valor and love shall live endlessly on.

"Thus, may the Kind Father in Heaven bless to us this service of memory, so that we shall go home from this Memorial Day service of 1941, with the purpose in our hearts to be better fathers, better mothers, better sisters, better brothers and better neighbors and friends. Casting the mantle of charity over any mistakes we may have made and resolving in our hearts that we will imitate and emulate the many deeds of those we honor.

"So, as long as the breath is in the bodies of the rest of us, let us gather here each Memorial Day in remembrance of their fortitude, their courage, their manifold charities and their goodness."

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Back in the 1880s and 1890s, Frank remembers a family by the name of Bowlin. They were what is called mulattos, negro and French or Spanish mixture, and lived south of the whiteoak country. In the fall of the year this family could be heard shooting and it was known they were killing prairie chickens and quail which they would sack up and ship to the markets. The Indians did not think much about this as there was plenty of game everywhere in those days, but the Indians did live to see much of their game disappear, thanks to the invasion of outsiders who took every advantage in and out of the book of the Indian country.