

MEMORIAL DAY 2018

150th Anniversary of Memorial Day



# PROGRAM

## PROCESSION AND LAYING OF WREATHS AND FLOWERS

Members of the Camp and Auxiliary and children

## POSTING OF COLORS

27<sup>th</sup> Indiana Volunteer Infantry, Co. D, Sons of Veterans Reserve

## OPENING AND GREETINGS

Camp Commander

## OPENING PRAYER

Camp Chaplain

## PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

All in Attendance

## READING OF GENERAL ORDER NUMBER 11

Camp Commander

## ADDRESS FROM "REVEREND R. ANDRUS"

Brother Wilson

## BATTLE HYMN OF REPUBLIC

All in Attendance

## ODE BY COLLINS

Camp Chaplain

## RIFLE SALUTE – THREE VOLLEYS

27<sup>th</sup> Indiana Volunteer Infantry, Co. D, Sons of Veterans Reserve

## TAPS

# **Opening and Greetings**

Camp Commander

Brothers of the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, and Friends:

We assemble once more to pay to our ancestors our tribute of love and respect and within these sacred bonds to pledge anew our dedication to their memory and principles for which they fought!

With bowed head, solemn tread, and voices hushed, we meet to remind our people of their duty to the soldiers and sailors who wore the blue; to the Flag for which they fought; to the country for which they died; and that it is for us to keep green the memories of their heroic service and unselfish sacrifice.

May we fully realize the sanctity of the place and hour; may our conduct give assurance of the sincerity of our purpose and our earnest appreciation of duties and responsibilities resting upon us as Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War.

The Camp Chaplain will invoke the Divine Blessing.

## **Opening Prayer**

Camp Chaplain

Let Us Pray,

Supreme Ruler of the Universe! God of battles and of peace! We thank you for this day and hour; for this blessed privilege of meeting here as sons of soldiers and sailors to do homage to a Nation's dead.

We thank Thee that in the day of trouble and the hour of danger Thou in Thy infinite wisdom raised up men who were ready to do battle, and if need be, to die that this country might be preserved. Grant us we beseech Thee, a continuance of Thy watchful care.

Grant Thy blessing upon these sacred ceremonies, consecrated as they are to be the memory of brave and loyal hearts who dared stand for the right and did not fear to bare their breasts to a storm of steel in defense of human liberty, a united country and the brotherhood of man.

Bless our country. Preserve its integrity. Prosper our Order. Make it, we pray Thee, an instrument in Thy hands of great good to our country and to Thee, and at last gather us with Thee in the Great Camp of Eternity. Hear and answer, we beseech Thee. Amen.

## **Pledge of Allegiance**

All in Attendance

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation under God, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

**General Order No. 11**  
**Headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic**  
**Washington, D.C., May 5, 1868**

I. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village, and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance no form or ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foe? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their death a tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the Nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain in us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with choicest flowers of springtime; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us as sacred charges upon the Nation's gratitude,-- the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this Order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By command of: JOHN A. LOGAN, Commander-in-Chief.

N. P. CHIPMAN, Adjutant-General.

# Address from Reverend R. Andrus

Read by Brother Wilson

"Under circumstances of a very peculiar character we are gathered together here at this hour. Never before in the history of the world has been held such a meeting. Here in this beautiful city of the dead, where hundreds and thousands lie in their silent chambers, we come to do honor to those who did honor to their country, and who have gone down to the dead, not from their own homes where loving hands could minister to their wants and smoothe their dying pillow or close their dying eyes; not from your homes where they could receive the kindly attention of friends, but from the various battlefields of the country, from the cannon shot and the sabre stroke. Others came from the hospitals North and South, to sleep in your graveyard.

But who were they who fill these graves we come to day to decorate? What sort of men were they? Some were husbands, some were fathers, some were sons and brothers. Most of them were strong young men. All were brave-hearted men, men of iron fortitude; young men, stalwart, active, full of hope and energy. They knew no fear. They dared to face an enemy. They did not quail before the roar of cannon, or the rattle of musketry. They were full of fortitude to endure the toil and perils of the march. But they were men who loved their homes, and as they left, the word "good-by" quivered on their lip and the tear started to their eye. They loved their homes, their wives, parents, sisters and brothers. They were men of industry, enterprise and intelligence; not the "riff-raff" or the "scum of society," but the honest intelligent working men, merchants, farmers and mechanics. Above all they loved their country. The country called - it was in danger - the call was heard, and these men ran to your defense. They crossed your borders. They met the enemy. They exposed their lives to give your citizens of Indiana defense.

The whole country was in danger, and these men sprang to its defence to protect our form of government, and to show that a Republic could live. They rushed forth to answer the question that the monarchies of the Old World had rung in our ears from across the seas for almost a century - Can a Republic live? Can a Republic be strong? These men went in the midst of the enemy and proclaimed that the Republic can live and be strong.

There lies not here among these sleeping braves a single infidel to the faith of the Republic. Here, in memory of such men, we are to-day doing acts of exquisite beauty. Other sleeping places are garnished by the loving hands of friends; all over this country the graves of the dead are being decorated to-day. We come to do the loving part that brothers and sisters do to their dead. We come with hearts big with gratitude to honor the graves of our heroes. They are the property of the nation. They are *our* dead.

"We bring flowers to strew the bier, For flowers are love's truest language."

And, I remember that to-day, the whole land is awake in its gratitude to the bravest soldiery the world ever saw. Maine beautifies her soldiers' graves to-day, and far off California, and the vast interior States of this mighty republic, honor their soldiers' graves. Bands of loving, grateful friends, everywhere strew flowers to-day. Bereaved hearts come to-day on this sacred mission. The weeping widow, the bereaved mother, the doting father, loving and lonely brothers and sisters and orphan children, and with a grateful people come with them, with sad hearts, but proud of our gallant dead. Millions this hour are standing over their buried legions under the flag that they fought to defend, and as they look up to that flag, every heart is swearing as hearts never swore before, the Republic shall abide. By all that is lovely, by all that is true, by all that is good, they swear the Republic shall live."

From *The Evansville Daily Journal*, June 1, 1868, page 8.

# BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

(First 2 Verses Only)

*Music by William Steffe*

*Lyrics by Julia Ward Howe*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

(Chorus)

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.

(Chorus)

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His day is marching on.

## **Camp Chaplain:**

It seems well we should leave the soldiers in this cemetery and our Soldiers' Governor to rest in honor where over them will bend the arching sky, as it did in great love when they pitched their tents, or lay down, weary and footsore, by the way or on the battlefield for an hour's sleep. As they were then so they are still – in the hands of the Heavenly Father. Let us also then remember those honored dead who did not return to hearth and home, but lie in resting places known but to God:

## **ODE by Collins**

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
By all their country's wishes blest!  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallow'd mound,  
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands in their knell is rung,  
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
Their Honor comes, a Pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
And Freedom shall awhile repair,  
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

From *The Evansville Daily Journal*, June 1, 1868, page 8.

# Rifle Salute – Three Volleys

27th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, Co. D, Sons of Veterans Reserve

## Taps

### Camp Commander:

Our Memorial Day service and dedication is ended. In the name of the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War I thank you, for your courtesy in permitting us, who are bound by special ties to them, to honor our dead. "They sleep their last sleep, They have fought their last battle, No sound will awake them to glory again." From *The Evansville Daily Journal*, June 1, 1868, page 8.

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### **Ben Harrison Camp No. 356, Dept. of Indiana**

#### **Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War**

#### **2018 Camp Officers**

Camp Commander: Jim Floyd  
Camp Senior Vice-Commander: Mike Beck  
Camp Junior Vice-Commander: Tim Beckman, PCC  
Camp Secretary/Treasurer: Jerry Thompson  
Camp Chaplain: Robert Winters  
Camp Patriotic Instructor: Jim Floyd  
Camp Color Bearer: Andrew Kolb  
Camp Guide: Andrew Kolb  
Camp Guard: Dave Wilson  
Camp Council Member No. 1: Garry Walls, PCC  
Camp Council Member No. 2: John Bowyer, PCC  
Camp Council Member No. 3: Mike Beck, PCC  
Camp Eagle Scout Coordinator: John Bowyer, PCC  
Camp Signals Officer: Tim Beckman, PCC  
Camp Historian: Jerry Thompson  
Camp Civil War Memorials Officer: Mike Beck, PCC  
Camp Graves Registration Officer: Tim Beckman  
GAR Records Officer: Bruce Kolb, PDC

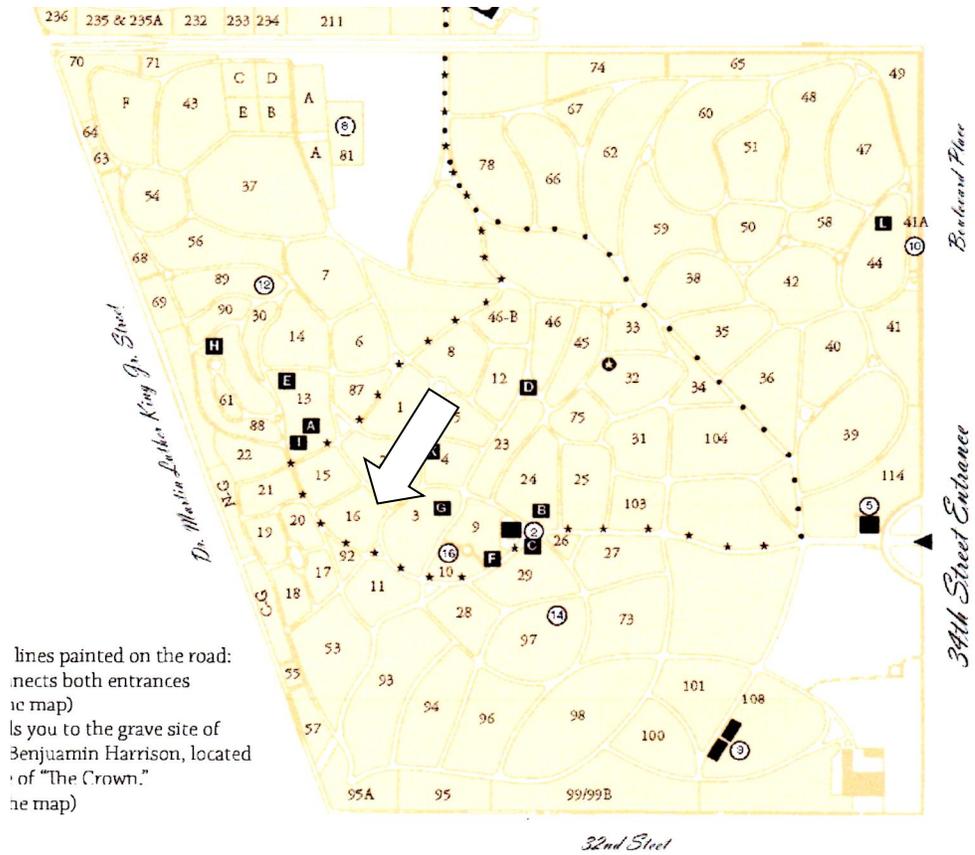
### **Eliza E. George Auxiliary No. 356**

#### **Auxiliary to the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War**

#### **2018 Officers**

President: Amy Bowyer  
Trustee #1/Past President: Carolyn Wiley  
Trustee #2: Jo Lynn Oates  
Trustee #3: Melissa Bowyer  
Secretary/Treasurer: Jennifer Thompson  
Patriotic Instructor: Linda Floyd  
Chaplain: Carol Thomas  
Inside Guard: Crystal Walcott

To find out more about the Ben Harrison Camp and the Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War, please visit our camp web site at the following address: <http://benharrisoncamp.org>



We will be honoring the six Civil War soldiers buried in Section 16 in lots 23, 129, 145, 148, 189, and 149.

Gen. George McGinnis, Sgt. Jonas D. Goodnoe, Edward Black, Lt. Col. Hans Blume, James W. Southard, & William Muecke.

