

II Cor. 3:17 -- "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is..."

LIBERTY

A Ministry of Grace Baptist Church, Pittsfield, Illinois - 217-285-5230

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DEFINITION OF A TRUE VETERAN

"A veteran is someone who, at one point in his life wrote a blank check made payable to the United States of America for an amount of 'up to and including my life.' That is honor, and there are way too many people in this country who no longer understand it."

Memorial Day
Monday, May 30

"LEST WE
FORGET"



MEMORIAL DAY
REMEMBRANCE



"TAPS"

We have all heard "Taps." It's the song that gives us that lump in our throats and usually creates tears in our eyes. But, do you know the story behind the song? If not, I think you will be pleased to find out about it's humble beginnings.

Reportedly, it all began in 1862 during the Civil War, when Union Army Captain Robert Ellicombe was with his men near Harrison's Landing in Virginia. The Confederate Army was on the other side of the narrow strip of land. During the night, Captain Ellicombe heard the moans of a soldier who lay severely wounded on the field. Not knowing if it was a Union or Confederate soldier, the Captain decided to risk his life and bring the stricken man back for medical attention. Crawling on his stomach through the gunfire, the Captain reached the stricken soldier and began pulling him toward his encampment. When the Captain finally reached his own lines, he discovered it was actually a Confederate soldier, but the soldier was dead. The Captain lit a lantern and suddenly caught his breath and went numb with shock. In the dim light, he saw the face of the soldier. It was his own son. The boy had been studying music in the South when the war broke out. Without telling his father, the boy enlisted in the Confederate Army. The following morning, heartbroken, the father asked permission of his superiors to give his son a full military burial despite his enemy status. His request was only partially granted. The Captain had asked if he could have a group of Army band members play a funeral dirge for his son at the funeral. The request was turned down since the soldier was a Confederate. But, out of respect for the father, they did say they could give him only one musician. The Captain chose a bugler. He asked the bugler to play a series of musical notes he had found on a piece of paper in the pocket of the dead youth's uniform. This wish was granted. The haunting melody, we now know as "Taps" used at military funerals, was born.

Not Coming Home

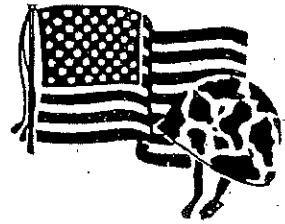


-R.W. Cooper

I kin see him now-
A lad with a boyish grin,
Browned and lightly-bearded,
With "peach-fuzz" on his chin.
An' his fox-hole conversation
Belied the weight of war,
As his eyes began to twinkle,
In spite of din and roar.
"When this here war is over,
Then I'm a-goin' home,
An' I'm never gonna wander
Back across this briny foam.
Gonna settle in the rocker-
Mebbe rock a time er two,
An' when I've rested somewhat,
I'll find a job tuh do.
An' I'll buy un automobile
An' I ain't a-goin' ta walk
Any farther than I hafta-
Mebbe now an' then uh block,
Then mebbe I'll marry Judy
An' raise a child er two
We'll build a home together-
Boy, that's what I'm looking to."
Yup, seems like yesterday
That lad with boyish grin
Lay all bloody, stilled forever-
He's not coming home again.
Over there within a valley
There're crosses, row on row,
An' little flags a flutterin'
Now thu drums beat sad an' slow.
All the things that boy wanted
Are yours an' mine today,
An' he gave them up forever-
Don't ferget that lad today.

IN MEMORY OF ALL VETERANS

Memorial Day



On Memorial Day, in almost every cemetery of our country, we see the little American flags fluttering in the breeze beside the graves of those soldiers who are buried there. We can read the names of those who fought in the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, World War I, World War II, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, the Persian Gulf Wars and many other conflicts throughout our history.

Most of these soldiers never thought of themselves as heroes. They were simply at the right age at the wrong time. They found themselves in uniform, fighting an enemy they knew little about. Most of them would find it very strange that in a few short years those enemies would be our allies.

We often wonder what we would have done in their place, gripped with fear, crouched in a landing craft, struggling on the beach, watching our buddies fall all around us screaming and dying, knowing that at any moment our lives could end. Many will argue the politics of war, but most of us prefer to honor those who fought those wars, sometimes to the death.

Wherever they fought, whether in Northern Africa, or in the Argonne Forest, or on the shores of Normandy, or at Heartbreak Ridge in Korea, or at Khe Sanh in Vietnam, or on the desert sands in the Persian Gulf, or in the many other conflicts during our history, WE HONOR THEM ALL, the men and women who served in the uniforms of our great nation. May God continue to bless America, the land of the free. Psalm 33:12 - "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord..."

Prayer should be the key in the morning and the lock at night.

He takes us as we are and makes us more than we ever imagined.

If you saw the size of the blessing coming, you would understand the magnitude of the battle you are fighting.