

THE HOWLING DAWG

DECEMBER 2015



"The First Noel..."

16th Georgia Volunteer Infantry Regiment, Company G
"The Jackson Rifles"

Georgia, Christmas and War



Try as we will, it is hard for us to imagine what it was really like during wartime Georgia and especially during the Christmas season. The celebrations were not exactly like ours. For instance, a newspaper of the time reported that the first Christmas tree in Macon was in 1861 – it was, nonetheless, a remembrance of the birth of the Lord Jesus Christ and traditionally a time of "*peace, good will toward men.*" (Luke 2:14). Soldiers were often far away in camp, their families and home. Yet, they drew comfort from similar traditions that characterize Christmas today.

"Christmas during the War served both as an escape from and a reminder of the awful conflict rending the country in two. Soldiers looked forward to a day of rest and relative relaxation, but had their moods tempered by the thought of separation from their loved ones. At home, families did their best to celebrate the holiday, but wondered when the vacant chair would again be filled." (www.civilwar.org/.../christmas-during-the-civil-war.html)

Written recollections give us a glimpse back to those troubled times:

December 21, 1860 - The volunteer companies in Charleston are preparing for "field operations." The Mercury publishes the following as the outfit of the Washington Light Infantry, a company numbering 85 men. It is interesting to our military friends: Single-breasted frock coat, of cadet grey cassimere; one row Palmetto buttons on front. Pants same material, with black stripe inch wide on outer seams. Overcoat same material, army pattern, with cape, &c. Leggings of calf-skin, to lace up as high as the calf of the leg, and to fit snugly over the feet. Belt of black patent leather, with buckle, &c.--Knapsack — a very simple kind, similar to those worn by the Swiss guides, (without the usual wooden frame.) Haversack — enameled cloth, with leather straps, &c. Canteen of gutta percha, to hold two quarts — an entirely new article; it fits the person comfortably, and keeps the water pure and fresh. Rubber cloth--one piece, three feet wide and six feet long to each man — an indispensable article to light troops. Blankets — plain grey-- 5 pt. mackinaw, 3 ½ lbs. in weight. Hat — plain felt, brownish color, looped upon left side. Two pairs winter drawers, two colored flannel shirts, two pairs woolen socks, one extra pair shoes (heavy soles.) They have also provided twelve rubber caps with capes for the guard in rainy weather, which, with the piece of rubber cloth already alluded to, will keep the men perfectly dry. Each officer is armed with a revolver and provided with a pocket compass. The captain is provided, in addition, with a field glass. In addition to this complete outfit, there have been provided India rubber mattresses, pillows, and blankets lined with rubber cloth, India rubber bottles (pints and quarts) for medicines. These are intended for the comfort of the sick, if any there be. Their camp buckets and other utensils are also of rubber goods. The company are daily expecting one hundred improved stand of arms, with cartridge boxes, cap pouches, etc. (*The Daily Dispatch*)

December 21, 1860 - It will be seen by reference to our shipping advertisements, that the steamer St. Mary's, E. Lafitte & Co., agents, will leave Savannah Packet wharf on Sunday afternoon, the 23d inst., for Wilmington, N. C., and return the afternoon following. For many seasons one of the Messrs. Lafitte & Co.'s steamers has been chartered, a few days previous to Christmas, to convey a large gang of negroes, who are employed in the constructions of railroads, &c., in Georgia and Florida, to their old homes in old "Norf Kerlina" to spend the Christmas holidays, and the St. Mary's has been chartered for this purpose on this occasion. When the holidays are over the St. Mary's will return to Wilmington for the negroes, whose hearts will be gladdened and made light by this annual courtesy and kindness of their owners and employers. (The Charleston Mercury)



December 19, 1861 - A Georgia soldier in Virginia wrote home to his wife, telling her how much he wished he could be home for the holidays: *"...You will not receive this before Christmas holidays. I would be glad if I could be with you all. How sad it is to compare the situation of the country last Christmas and now. ... You must write often and tell me everything. I know that I cannot give you the same pleasure in writing that you do me. Kiss our dear boy for me. ..."*

Source: Randall Allen and Keith S. Bohannon (eds.), "Campaigning with 'Old Stonewall': Confederate Capt. Ujanirtus Allen's Letters to his Wife (Louisiana State U.Press,1998,p. 70)



December 25, 1861 - Since last Christmas, a great revolution in our political destinies has taken place. An old and rotten Government, which was about to become an engine of oppression and degradation to the South, has been thrown off with a disdainful and heroic spirit becoming a free and proud people, and in its stead has been erected a Confederacy of States, homogeneous in tastes, and habits, and interests, and thoroughly adapted to secure to its citizens all the rights and immunities for which the American revolution was successfully fought, and of which Abolition hate, and Yankee greed would deprive us.

The Daily Constitutionalist of Augusta



December 25, 1861 - A planter near Atlanta wrote: *"Christmas Day, 24° clear & the promise of a pleasant day. There is not near so much bustle among the young folks as usual on that occasion. Abe's government has cast its shadow of war around the country, and gloom and seriousness is the effect, even among the young and thoughtless. It is to be hoped this misfortune will not long oppress..."*

Source: Atlanta and Environs

December 21, 1862 - A Georgia soldier writing home to his wife described being on picket duty in Fredericksburg, and staying in a house damaged by cannon. *"We are on post today, and those on post yesterday are held in reserve today. Our posts are on the bank of the river about 100 yards wide and the enemy's pickets are on the other bank. No pickets firing has taken place yet. We can almost see the muzzle of the enemy's guns about a quarter of a mile off. The small house of two rooms where we stay in when off post has 4 canon ball holes through it, with signs of shell bursting inside."*

Source: Milo Grow's Letters from the Civil War



December 24, 1862 - A wounded Georgia soldier wrote to his wife on his recovery, but was saddened that it could not be a festive holiday. *"...My general health is very good and my wound I think is improving fast, but I cannot lay on that side yet. The Doctor seems to think that I am much worse off than I think I am but I do not tell him so. It is useless to say much to the Doctors here, they go their own way about things generally. He told me this morning that I must keep in bed a while longer. I made no reply but between his visits I lay in bed but little. ... Well, this is Christmas Eve but little does it seem so to me. I see no indications of Christmas at all..."* Source: Jeffrey C. Lowe and Sam Hodges (eds.), *Letters to Amanda: The Civil War Letters of Marion Hill Fitzpatrick, Army of Northern Virginia* (Macon: Mercer University Press, 1998), pp. 40-41.

December 24, 1862 - A Georgia soldier wrote home, missing his family. *"...It makes me feel sad indeed to compare my condition today and that of last year at this time. I was then at home enjoying the comforts of family. Now [I am] here in the woods in a tent, which life has almost become natural and gets more so every day. ... This, indeed, is a hard life. I get extremely anxious at times to see you and children..."* Source: Mills Lane (ed.), *"Dear Mother: Don't grieve about me. If I get killed, I'll only be dead.": Letters from Georgia Soldiers in the Civil War* (Savannah: Beehive Press, 1990), p. 203.



December 19, 1863 - The Richmond Times Dispatch reprinted a romantic poem a north Georgia girl had penned to some of her admirers in the army there. *"Tis hard for youens to sleep in camp, 'Tis hard for youens to fight; 'Tis hard for youens thro' snow to tramp, In snow to sleep at night; But harder for weans from youens to part, Since youens have stolen weans hart."*

December 20, 1863 - A Georgia soldier serving with Longstreet in Tennessee wrote to his wife about the Battle of Bean's Station, and of course how much he missed her. *"...I have been in another fight at this place though not so severe as that at Knoxville. We did not lose many men. We run the Yankees off from their camp and captured many of their things. Bean's Station is about forty miles from Knoxville where the road running from Cumberland Gap intersects with the road running from Knoxville to Bristol and thence on to Virginia. Molly, I may fall one day but if I do I intend by the grace of God to fall in the discharge of my duty and with my face towards heaven and, if it must be so, God grant us a happy meeting there. I would to God I could*

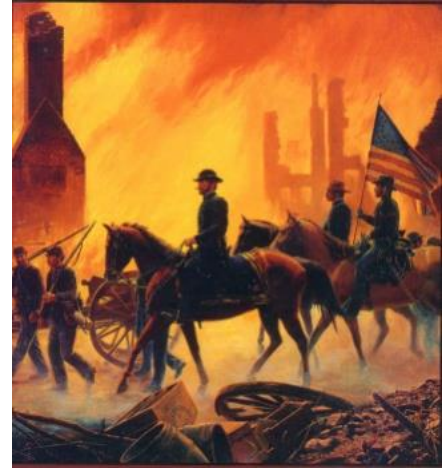


meet you again on earth..." Source: Ronald H. Moseley (ed.), *The Stilwell Letters: A Georgian in Longstreet's Corps. Army of Northern Virginia* (Macon: Mercer University Press, 2002), pp. 236-237.

December 3, 1864 - The Richmond Times Dispatch reprinted several reports from Georgia newspapers on the advance of Sherman's army, through Georgia, including the following overly optimistic report on the Battle of Griswoldville. *"On Tuesday, the enemy made their appearance at Griswoldville in some force, and, before being attacked, burnt all the buildings in the place except three. A fight took place, lasting some three hours, when the enemy were repulsed. Our wounded in this engagement arrived in Macon on Tuesday evening. We have not ascertained the extent of the loss in the engagement on either side."*

December 24, 1864 - Eliza Frances Andrews of Washington, Georgia, in Wilkes County, kept a detailed diary of the last months of the Confederacy in Georgia. Her

father had opposed secession, but she was an ardent supporter of the Confederate cause, and wrote with much bitterness and anger of her feelings toward Yankees. Her diary is one of the best primary source materials for this time in Georgia history. In the entry below she wrote of encountering areas of the state where Sherman's army had passed through as she traveled to visit her sister near Albany, Georgia. *"About three miles from Sparta we struck the 'Burnt Country,' as it is well named by the natives, and then I could better understand the wrath and desperation of these poor people. I almost felt as if I should like to hang a Yankee myself. There was hardly a fence left standing all the way from Sparta to Gordon. The*



fields were trampled down and the road was lined with carcasses of horses, hogs, and cattle that the invaders, unable either to consume or to carry away with them, had wantonly shot down to starve out the people and prevent them from making their crops. The stench in some places was unbearable; every few hundred yards we had to hold our noses or stop them with the cologne Mrs. Elzey had given us, and it proved a great boon. The dwellings that were standing all showed signs of pillage, and on every plantation we saw the charred remains of the gin-house and packing-screw, while here and there, lone chimney-stacks, 'Sherman's Sentinels,' told of homes laid in ashes. The infamous wretches! I couldn't wonder now that these poor people should want to put a rope round the neck of every red-handed "devil of them" they could lay their hands on. Hay ricks and fodder stacks were demolished, corn cribs were empty, and every bale of cotton that could be found was burnt by the savages. I saw no grain of any sort, except little patches they had spilled when feeding their horses and which there was not even a chicken left in the country to eat. A bag of oats might have lain anywhere along the road without danger from the beasts of the field, though I cannot say it would have been safe from the assaults of hungry man. Crowds of soldiers were tramping over the road in both directions; it was like traveling through the streets of a populous town all day. They were mostly on foot, and I saw numbers seated on the roadside greedily eating raw turnips, meat skins, parched corn - anything they could find, even picking up the loose grains that Sherman's horses had left. I felt tempted to stop and empty the contents of our provision baskets into their laps, but the dreadful accounts that were given of the state of the country before us, made prudence get the better of our generosity." Source: Eliza Frances Andrews, *The War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl, 1864-1865* (New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1908), pp. 32-33.

December 24, 1864 - 3500 Union prisoners of war previously transferred from Camp Sumter - Andersonville prison - to Camp Lawton near Millen, then to another military prison in Thomasville, were returned to Andersonville by order of Confederate General P. G. T. Beauregard, because Millen and Thomasville were no longer secure from Union cavalry raids. In fact, one attempt had already been made to free prisoners at Camp Lawton, but they had already been moved.

December 25, 1864 - Most Georgians had little to celebrate on this Christmas Day in the wake of the March to the Sea. Many had homes, businesses, crops, or livestock destroyed along the march; those fortunate enough not to be in its path still suffered hardships from lack of food, supplies, and communication. Plus it was becoming more and more clear that the South could not win the war, casting an even gloomier feel over the holiday. Meanwhile, Union General William T. Sherman - architect of the March to the Sea - and his army spend a comfortable Christmas in Savannah, where they would rest, re-supply themselves, and prepare to carry their form of warfare into South Carolina. Two days later, the Confederate Union of Milledgeville expressed Georgia's Christmas sentiments for this year in an editorial (seen on this page). And a Covington woman wrote in her diary of the disappointment in her home on Christmas morning. Sadai jumped out of bed very early this morning to feel in her stocking. She could not believe but that there would be something in it. Finding nothing, she crept back into bed, pulled the cover over her face, and I soon heard her sobbing. The little negroes all came in: "Christmas gift, mist'ess! Christmas gift, mist'ess!" I pulled the cover over my face and was soon mingling my tears with Sadai's. Source: A Woman's Wartime Journal: an Account of the Passage over a Georgia Plantation of Sherman's Army on the March to the Sea, as recorded in the Diary of Dolly Sumner Lunt (Mrs. Thomas Burge)

December 24, 1865 -The final two entries in the journal of Dolly Lunt Burge show how some happiness was returning to the South, but that problems for freedmen remained; the ending of the Civil War marked a new beginning for them - freedom had been obtained, but the struggle for civil rights was just beginning. *"It has been many months since I wrote in this journal, and many things of interest have occurred. But above all I give thanks to God for His goodness in preserving my life and so much of my property for me. My freedmen have been with me and have worked for one-sixth of my crop. This is a very rainy, unpleasant day. How many poor freedmen are suffering! Thousands of them must be exposed to the pitiless rain! Oh, that everybody would do right, and there would not be so much suffering in the world! Sadai and I are all alone in the house. We have been reading, talking, and thus spending the hours until she went to bed, that I might play Santa Claus. Her stocking hangs invitingly in the corner. Happy child and childhood, that can be so easily made content!"*

Source: A Woman's Wartime Journal: an Account of the Passage over a Georgia Plantation of Sherman's Army on the March to the Sea, as recorded in the Diary of Dolly Sumner Lunt (Mrs. T. Burge)

DECEMBER 25, 1865 - Sadai woke very early and crept out of bed to her stocking. Seeing it well filled she soon had a light and eight little negroes around her, gazing upon the treasures. Everything opened that could be divided was shared with them. *"Tis the last Christmas, probably, that we shall be together, freedmen! Now you will, I trust, have your own homes, and be joyful under your own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make afraid."* Source: A Woman's Wartime Journal: an Account of the Passage over a Georgia Plantation of Sherman's Army on the March to the Sea, as recorded in the Diary of Dolly Sumner Lunt (Mrs. Thomas Burge)



The joyous family reunions and rowdy revelry that characterized the "Big Times," as slaves sometimes referred to the Christmas holiday, ...



Florida Battalion of Infantry

HEADQUARTERS
1st INFANTRY BRIGADE
DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF



Georgia Volunteer Battalion

December 8, 2015

General Order #1
Department of the Gulf

General Order #12-08-15
1st Infantry Brigade

Whereas, In Accordance with the Rules and Regulations governing the operations of the Department of the Gulf, and at the Direction of the Commanding General of the Department, the 1st Infantry Brigade will observe a period of Mourning to celebrate the life of Colonel Don D. Bowman, late Commanding Officer of the Florida Battalion of Infantry of the 1st Infantry Brigade.

Therefore, the period of mourning shall be observed by all Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers and Soldiers of the Department, dating from November 25, 2015 to May 25, 2016.

During this period, it is Directed that all military protocols for mourning be observed, to wit; All Colours shall be adorned with black streamers and Officers shall wear mourning bands and streamers in place of sword knots.

By Order of the Commanding General of the 1st Infantry Brigade,

M. Hunter Poythress
Brigadier General, Commanding
1st Infantry Brigade
Department of the Gulf

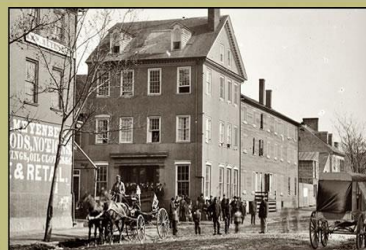
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OUR SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

JANUARY 2016 – WINTER DRILL – TO BE ANNOUNCED

FEBRUARY 2016 – OLUSTEE, FL.

APRIL 2016 – CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY

MARCH 2016 – BROXTON'S BRIDGE, SC

APRIL 30 – MAY 1 – OLD CLINTON WAR DAYS

Brig. Gen. Herbert Burns - 478-668-3598

Honorary Colonel J. C. Nobles - 478-718-3201

Capt. Wm. "Rebel" Bradberry, Cmding. - 404-242-7213

1 Lt. Noah Sprague - 706-491-9755

2nd Lt. Kevin Sark - 478-731-8796

Adjutant: 5th Corp. John Wayne "Duke" Dobson 478-731-5531

Treasurer: 6th Corp. Earl Colvin - 478-214-0687

1st Sgt. Alan "Cookie" Richards - 478-308-9739

2nd Sgt. Nathan Sprague - 478-320-8748

1st Corp. Chas. "Goodtime" Whitehead - 478-986-8943

2nd Corp. Dan Williams - 478-230-7189

3rd Corp. Brick Lee Nelson - 478-986-1151

Lead Chaplain - Joel Whitehead, Jr. - 478-986-8798

Honorary Chaplain Ronnie "Skin" Neal - 478-808-8848

Assistant Chaplain - Charles Hill - 770-845-6878

Musician - Chance Sprague - 706-491-9755

Musician - Aaron Bradford - 302-668-8029

Musician - Oliver Lummus - 302-668-8029

Musician - Al McGalliard - 478-318-7266

Rev. Joey Young - Honorary Life Member

ON FACEBOOK: "JACKSON RIFLES". And @ scv2218.com, thanks to Al McGalliard.



"Jackson Rifles" 2014 Staff



THE CAMP OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER
of Old Clinton, Jones County, GA gathered for the final regular meeting of 2015 on the hallowed soil of the Griswoldville Battlefield after the 11th annual Commemoration. Our speaker for the preceding service was Reverend Joey Young. Normal business matters were handled such as approval of the minutes from the previous meeting and the treasure's report.

We had the honor and pleasure of inducting our newest member, Matt Sims, into the fellowship of our Camp and approving the submitted application for John Conkell of San Diego, California. On hand were most all of the officers elect, including:



Commander - Charles Whitehead
1st Lt. Commander - Brick Lee Nelson
2nd Lt. Commander - J.C. Nobles
Color Sgt. - Earl Colvin
Chaplain - Joel B. Whitehead, Jr.
Adjutant - John Wayne Dobson
Treasurer/Quartermaster - Al McGalliard
Judge Advocate - Ethan Bloodworth
Surgeon - Bryant Knight (not able to attend)
Historian - Ethan Bockholt

These Compatriots will be sworn in on Thursday, January 21, 2016 at our annual Lee-Jackson Banquet.

There will be no December meeting. Our January 21, 2016 meeting will be our annual Lee-Jackson Banquet, featuring Mark Pollard of Nash Farm as our featured speaker. More

details are forthcoming. Guest speaker openings for meetings – February-October 2016 are currently available.

Simple Heritage had a wonderful evening of fellowship with The Old Capitol SCV Camp #688 during a traditional music ensemble performance for their "Dinner with Lee and Jackson" on Thursday December 10. We thank Camp Commander Roy Mixon for inviting us and were glad for the support of a group of homefolks from Camp 18.

The group now has a YOUTUBE Channel and has begun work on a CD that will likely be titled "Southern Irish". In the next few months we hope to begin a video series on Campaign Cooking as well.





Brenda Dobson made a presentation on substitutes during the War to the Sidney Lanier Chapter #25 UDC at the Cannonball House on December 2.

IN MEMORY



Diane Dobson Beck

June 16, 1954 – December 13, 2015

(Pictured left to right: Diane Dobson Beck, John Wayne Dobson and Valeria Dobson Elliott)
Thank you all for the thoughts, cards, prayers, gifts and most of all you Duke

NOTES & QUOTES

"My Irish-American grandmother (Kate Daniel Beckworth) sometimes said "warm December, full graveyard." – Duke

"Dear Wayne, Please accept the most sincere condolences from the entire Edgerton family. May the Almighty God be with you and your family . God bless you! Your brother, - HK"

"This year, there have been 24 homicides in Macon." Karli Barnett/WMAZ-TV

"Four centuries after white Christians landed in Jamestown and settled what would later become America, a report reveals that white Christians are now a minority in the nation their forbearers settled. The number has dropped from 55% to 46% in just a few short years due to immigration which is the same strategy employed by the Yankees after the war to ensure the perpetual subjugation of the Southern population." www.breitbart.com/.../new-american-century-white-christians-n

A Delightful Homecoming

150 yrs ago today, December 3, 1865: In Lexington, Virginia, the Lee family is together again. General Lee has been living alone in a hotel, while getting his feet on the ground with the new college administrative duties he has at Washington College, and preparing the President's Cottage for occupancy. His wife and daughters arrived by private boat yesterday and were accompanied by Robert E. Lee Jr. who is recuperating from malaria.



From the boat landing, General Lee accompanied the group on his horse, Traveler ... It was a delightful homecoming, the new quarters are comfortable and attractive. Some of the rooms are somewhat bare of furniture, but most of the new items have been made by a highly-skilled, one-armed Confederate veteran. Early in the War, the family silver collection was sent to a sergeant at nearby VMI who buried it for safekeeping. Young Robert was sent to dig it up so the family could use the old familiar pieces for their first meal, a

breakfast prepared by the wives of faculty members. When the two chests are opened, it is found the silver is so blackened it can't be used until cleaned, so the General opens his old camp chest and the pewter plates and knives and forks which he and his staff had used many times found one more usage. His camp stools were also needed for seating.

(Thanks to Larry Upthegrove)

EMAILS, LETTERS & ANNOUNCEMENTS

"Outstanding job as usual on your newsletter. I'm looking forward to the release of my book on Major William E. Simmons of the 16th Georgia and 3rd Battalion Georgia Sharpshooters early next year. Mercer University Press has informed me that it will be in their spring 2016 catalog. I plan to be at the Clinton War Days this coming spring with lots of copies. I will keep you posted on the release date. Very respectfully, Joe Byrd"

"We arrived early at the viewing for Colonel Donald Bowman and there was time to speak with his wife and daughters. I gave Michele the latest copy of "The Howling Dog" which I had printed. Bette and Don's wife Michele were both members of Zephyrhills' St. Joseph's Church hand bell choir - so there was an added connection there. Also had a 10 minute chat with Tom Jesse, a very personable gentleman. It was clear by his manner of speaking and demeanor how he came to be the one to portray General Lee in re-enactments. It was very enjoyable talking with him - he says he knows the 16th Georgia well and spoke very kindly of your work at events." Frank Foulke

"On Thursday, December 3, 2015, I would arrive 2 hours early for the Annual Sons of Confederate Veterans Jackson Rangers Camp # 1917 Christmas Dinner where I would later speak. Posted the Southern Cross on the side of Highway 19 / 23 and later be joined by the Camp Commander, the Honorable Mike Parish whose ancestor is the namesake for Bryson City, North Carolina. He was a Confederate soldier. Every year the Jackson Rangers march in the Veterans Day and Christmas Day Parades in both Sylva, Franklin, and Bryson City. However, this year, Bryson City would not allow the Sons to march with their Colors. Men die to rescue their Colors. To order a man whose sworn charge is to protect the good name of his ancestor to do so is sacrilege and unacceptable. On Saturday morning, December 5, 2015, as I had promised Commander Parish and the many who I spoke to at the Camp Dinner; don in the uniform of the Southern soldier, I would post his Colors along the Parade route of the Bryson City Christmas Day Parade, and later be joined by Commander Parish, and other members and their families as we posed for pictures, accepted a lot of hugs, responded to the Rebel yell and the many shouts from those who passed us by. As Santa's float brought up the rear of the Parade and passed alongside where we stood, Commander Parish looked me right in the eye as if he had read my mind, and said;" go ahead HK I've got your back! And right behind Santa, off we went to the shouts, hugs, picture taking, loud ovations and so much more of the same as we rounded the corner and headed back from whence we came. It was a Christmas Day Parade for those who attended shall never forget, and neither will I, who received so much love from so many who expressed their pride for my presence. It was so humbling. God bless you! Your brother," HK

Lee Birthday Celebration in Milledgeville on Saturday January 16th.

Annual Southwest Georgia Lee-Jackson Banquet --Saturday January 9, 2016- American Legion Post 30 on 2916 Gillionville Road Albany, Georgia. Speaker - Ray McBerry former candidate for Georgia Governor and former Georgia SCV Division Commander. Additional information contact James W. King SCV Albany Camp 141 Commander 229-854-1944 jkingantiquearms@bellsouth.net

**SCENES FROM THE COCHRAN CHRISTMAS PARADE & RICHLAND CHURCH
December 4-6, 2015**



**LIVING HISTORY PROGRAM FOR MONROE COUNTY 5TH CLASS
December 8, 2015**



BATTLEFIELDS THEN AND NOW

**CHECK OUT: <http://www.theguardian.com/artanddesign/ng-interactive/2015/jun/22/american-civil-war-photography-interactive>
Suggested by: Earlene Hamilton**

TRUST

Trust is a gift to an individual whether it is given by God or by his nation. This great gift was given to every man by Washinton's first government and was given to God Himself by Washinton and his congress. God feels good as does any individual when He is trusted. In fact trust is what God wants from the USA and each of us. It's not much to ask and if there is any type of man in us, we will freely give it. The 2nd Amendment is a promise to each American that he will be trusted by his government. This is an iron clad guarantee to each of us and we pay every government to defend it. Unfortunately our governments are being filled with people who don't know or read our American principles. They respect only the professions, the crowds, the groups, and never see the individual who has no meaning to them. They are slaves to sports and other entertainments and see the individual as meaningless. Lacking the courage and heart that is required by American principles, they bring their craven suspicion, fear, and panic to rule over us and declare us as being possible criminals because they fear a gun in the hand. They abolish Washington's trust and respect for each man and allow their craven fear to accuse and condemn each man. This turns them to thieves as they take from each man a rifle that belongs to him. This theft makes them a traitor to God and to the nation. If a man abuses the trust, then we have law enforcement to handle him. A man is innocent until he is proven guilty and no government has any right to condemn him but only to respect him and the great laws and principles that made the nation great. Billy Joe Parker/Georgia Prohibition/1143 Debord Dr. Waleska, Georgia 30183

(770)-479-1322

150 Years Ago Today

December 10, 1865 – “In Washington City, Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, has introduced a resolution to the Senate designed to help keep the Southern representation out for as long as possible. Remember that now the Republicans have a super majority that will fade away if Southern Democrats are allowed in. His resolution: “...no State declared to be in rebellion shall be allowed to resume its relation to the Union until after the satisfactory performance of several conditions, which must be submitted to a popular vote, and be sanctioned by a majority of people of each State respectively as follows. Sumner’s big problem in passing this is there is not one Northern state that could now meet the standards either.

December 12, 1865 - In Atlanta, the “Daily Intelligencer” reprinted an article taken from the “New York Tribune”.: “To-day a black man is not allowed a license to drive his own horse and cart, and work for such as choose to employ him, right here in New York. He has had a hard struggle for the right to ride in our city horse cars, paying his fare like other people and has barely secured it, if it be secured, after years of insult and outrage. If a black builder were this day to take a contract to erect a house or store for someone who chose to employ him, and should employ black carpenters and masons on the job, we believe they would be stoned off it before the week’s end.”

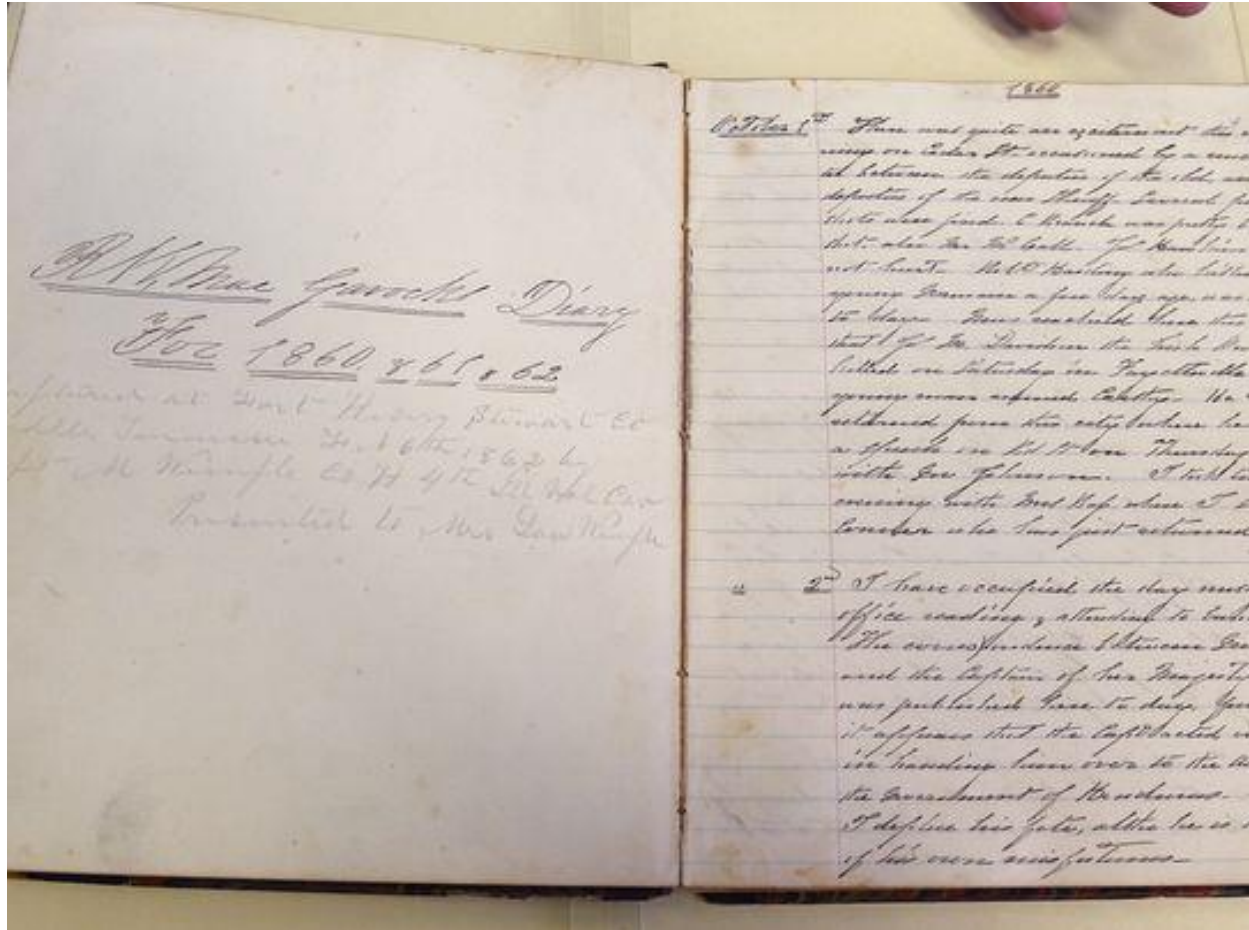
December 15, 1865 - In Atlanta, a crime wave has shaken the City culminating with Railroad ticket agent James Crew murdered last week. Most of the freed slaves, not knowing what to do with themselves have flocked to the City where the Federals are trying to keep them fed. Many of them are robbing the white population of anything they can lay hands on, with some cases of violence occurring with the robberies.

December 16, 1865 - In Richmond: “About nine hundred and seventeen cords of wood from the celebrated Appomattox apple tree, under which General Lee surrendered, have been distributed over the United States in the shape of snuff boxes, canes, etc. As General Lee didn’t surrender under an apple tree, the demand for relics is falling off.” Grant communicated the result of his observations during his recent trip through Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. “The majority of the negroes in these States are in comparative idleness, and nearly all refuse to renew contracts until after Christmas, believing that a division of property is to take place at that time.”

War Diary Back in Tennessee

Its marble-printed cardboard cover made the journal look ordinary — like something you could pick up at Barnes and Noble today — hiding the brittle, yellowing pages covered with fine script inside. A penciled inscription on the front page was retired science teacher Andrea Shearn's only clue to its origins.

"Captured at Fort Henry, Stewart Co., Middle Tennessee Feb. 6 1862 by Captain M.



Wemple Co. H 4th Ill. Volunteer Cavalry. Presented to Mrs. Sue Wemple." Like a bunch of old stuff from her parents' house in Cincinnati, Shearn shipped it home to San Francisco. She wasn't sure what else to do with it. But now, about two years later, the contents of the diary are set to be published in Tennessee's historical quarterly as part of what historians say is one of the most illuminating War-era accounts of life in the state. And Shearn's unlikely discovery, it turned out, was the key. The diary itself is stored in an acid-free file folder alongside eight other diaries written by Randal William McGavock, a Confederate officer, Democratic politician and member of one of the region's most prominent families of that time. Most of his papers have been at the Tennessee State Library and Archives since 1960, with one glaring omission, historians said. Missing was the slim book in which McGavock detailed his life from Oct. 1, 1860 to Feb. 5, 1862. That was the day Confederate soldiers fled Fort Henry as Union troops closed in. As was common, the victors picked over the belongings left behind. McGavock was an unusually rigorous record-keeper, State Librarian and Archivist Chuck Sherrill said as he leafed delicately through the newest addition. "He was obviously very



disciplined about sitting down at his little lap desk every day,” Sherrill said. And as a member of the region’s political class — the Harvard-educated lawyer served as mayor of Nashville from 1858 to 1859 — his writings provide clear insight into Tennessee’s shift from conciliatory to secessionist. “Watching the progression of his thinking during the period in that diary gives you a window into how a lot of other Tennesseans were thinking at that time as well,” Sherrill said. Sherrill said that because it includes the critical period surrounding Abraham Lincoln’s election as president, the diary is of particular historic interest. In early October 1860, before Lincoln was elected, McGavock wrote that, “all parties in Tenn. were lovers of the Union and opposed to secession ... ” By mid-December, his views had changed. He described reading a senator’s letter published one day in the *Union and American*, a local newspaper. “He says that it is certain that five of the cotton states will be out by the 4th of March and he thinks the other three will follow soon,” McGavock wrote. “Tennessee and the other slave states will have, he thinks, to go with the South or form a separate confederacy. Thus dividing the Union into three parts.”

WHY CHRISTMAS JUST HAD TO BE

"For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:" - Romans 8:3

"God never gave up on man. Despite our unfaithfulness and rebellion, God loved us so much that He gave us His Son (John 3:16), the Lord Jesus Christ who



humbled Himself by giving up His rights of Divinity for the restraints of humanity, to be born in a manger. Jesus' persistence and humility is evident unto death, - even death on of the Cross (Philippians 2). In the manger, the Cross overshadowed the cradle because God is a Never-Giving-Up God. If God had "given up" on mankind, we would have never had Christmas. God never does."(M. Paul)

The Christmas Plan

"Christmas was required in God's plan because the righteous life He requires was not attained by Adam or any of his fallen descendants. God, prompted by grace, chose to fulfill the holy human standard Himself. The incarnate Deity chose to live the life we should have lived - the perfect childhood, the spotless teenage years and the righteous adult life. Had we been able to present to the Father the righteous life He requires so that we could perfectly enjoy His presence and His presents, God would not have needed to become a man and live among us. But we couldn't, so He did. Were it only our sins that needed a payment, Christ could have arrived on the day of His crucifixion. But our deficiencies were more than our acts of transgression . *"For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God"* - Romans 3:23" It is with gratitude that we celebrate His advent as an infant, because we know that as our sins were atoned for on the cross, and all our human deficits began to be rectified by one perfectly-lived life starting that very night in Bethlehem. - (Mike Fabarez)



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In our daily lives, we often wonder exactly how and where God is going to show up. We seem to always find ourselves in a place of need. We think to ourselves, "If God would just _____ " (you fill in the blank) then everything would just be perfect. Christmas is a reminder that God's personal and loving interaction in our lives comes in a way that will always line up with His perfect wisdom and His Word. At this time of year, we remember the Savior's entrance into this world as a baby, and wait expectantly for God to move in ways according to His plan.

Familiar With Depression



According to the American Institute of Stress, more than 110 million Americans take medication for stress-related causes each week. During the holiday season, another one million people battle what experts refer to as the holiday blues. I am very familiar with depression and the pain it holds and must constantly battle to stay out of that pit. To deal with depression, we must first come to a place of total surrender to God and His plan of healing, even if we cannot see or understand that plan. The bottom line of God's heart toward His children is always restoration and healing. While I am not a big fan of television, I do enjoy watching home improvement shows. On a recent program, an interior decorator and homeowner were discussing a list of changes that needed to be made in order to update the home. "First, we have to do something about those windows," the decorator announced. I was surprised that she listed this task first – until I saw the house. The existing glass was not only an ugly shade of gold, but it was thick and chunky as well. The windows let in no light and made it virtually impossible to see in or out. The result was a dark isolated home. The distressed homeowner protested, "But I like my privacy. And if I thought anyone could see in, I would feel totally exposed." When it comes to dealing with depression, many people feel the same way. We construct walls over which no one can climb because the cost of friendship is too high. We fill the windows of our soul with emotional excuses in order to avoid dealing with pain. The result is darkness, loneliness, and missed opportunities for restoration. We don't want to understand depression or find the treasures of that darkness; we simply want to be rid of it. Many people try to understand and deal with depression on a surface level – refusing to face painful experiences, difficult relationships, and the broken places where darkness lives. We look for the nearest exit, hoping to bypass transparency because the price is just too high to pay. Emotional integrity is an essential step to dealing with depression. We must be real before we can be right. Until we are willing to risk being transparent, we can neither understand nor effectively deal with depression during the holidays or any other time of the year. The holidays seem to tug at the masks we carefully hold in place and push the emotional buttons we desperately try to hide. The arrival of certain family members can resurrect painful issues that have never really been resolved. Financial pressure opens up like a sinkhole, waiting to steal our joy and destroy our peace. Schedules demand every ounce of energy, and false expectations leave us empty and hollow. The dark slimy pit waits for us to fall in. We can choose to make this Christmas different. Choose to give God praise. Choose to focus on the victories and joys you have experienced during the year, and then find ways to share that victory and joy with others. Christmas can be a true celebration of fresh starts and new beginnings if we choose to focus on a tiny baby born in a manger, come to save us and give us true life. The darkness can be destroyed if we choose to face and deal with whatever it holds. Write a letter of commitment to Jesus, asking Him to empower the choices you have made. Make a plan or a list of "dos" and "don'ts" that will help you experience the best holiday season of your life. Include your family in making this plan, and make the commitment to hold each other accountable.

– Mary Southerland

THE DAY THE SUN STOOD STILL

We were young and bound for glory
Itchin' for a fight like you
Bringin' hell and purgatory
To the boys who wore the blue
And I thought I'd seen it all
Till the day night wouldn't fall
Oh, how the sun did blaze
Wouldn't go down for days
I got shot and lost my rifle
When the first wave hit the rise
And the guns rolled out like thunder
And the black smoke burned my eyes
And I watched it all unfold
Just the way the Bible told
Joshua's endless day
Keepin' the night at bay
And the soldiers kept a comin'
Til the ground looked like a sea
Of blue and grey
And I watched it from a distance
Wonderin' if I would've fought or run away

The day the sun stood still
How they beat the bloody drums
And the seconds moved like hours
But the sunset never comes
And the cannons shake the ground
And the bullets test your will
Even shadows found no cover
On that Godforsaken hill
The day the sun stood still

And I watched them lean their shoulders
To the fearful hail of lead
And I prayed for night to save us
And I cried and bowed my head
Bt the sun just kept a-creepin'
'Cross a cold indifferent sky
Castin' a deadly glow
On all the men below
All the hours in a lifetime
Don't add up to one while minute in that sun
And the heroes and the cowards
Look the same when they have fallen by the
gun The day the sun stood still

And the north and south looked west
But the evening star was sleeping
And the daylight wouldn't rest
Out on the killing floor
The red sun on the the hill
Shinin' down on all the dead men
With a strange and eerie chill
The day the sun stood still
Do not judge what you brother does
Till you've walked a mile
Rank by bloody file
Who's to say if you'll run or stay and fight?

The day the sun stood still
Is just beneath the skin
In the soul of every soldier
Every battle that he's in
The day the sun stood still
Will haunt your dreams at night
And stalk your every sunrise
Though you will not know it till

The day the sun stood still
How they beat the bloody drums
And the seconds moved like hours
But the sunset never comes
And the cannons shake the ground
And the bullets test your will
Even shadows found no cover
On that Godforsaken hill
The day the sun stood still
Songwriters: WILDHORN, FRANK N./MURPHY,
JACK F.

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INC.



PLEASE, PLEASE PRAY WITH US

**Charles and Marie Hill
John and Linda Tucker
John Hoffman
Ron Haskins
James Boyd and family
Rev. Joey and Amanda Young
Tommy and Elaine Wallace
Tom and Ruth Stevens
Roy and Dana Myers
Mrs. & Mrs. Herbert Burns
Ervin and Barbara Garnto
Perry and Mary Harrelson
The Whitehead family
Col. Bowman's family
Diane Beck's family
Me & You**

And let me know of others

(For privacy, in some cases, I do not publish the details of these requests but will share them if you contact me.)