

Subject: Re: gps coordinates correction

From: "jimmyg"

Date: Sat, 20 Jun 2009 22:51:02 -0400

To: "John Robertson"

John,

Thanks for ***your***

help. I live about 90 miles from the area where the cemetery is located. I had known of its existence for about 20 years and had tried to find it before, but couldn't. People living nearby don't know where it is, either. Now, though, with the help of the internet, I found people in Union County who led me to it.

I don't know how interested you might be in having these items, but I'm sending them to you: a couple of pictures I made while there. In the first photo, Maj. Joseph McJunkin's grave is on the left, his wife's on the right. Also sending the inscription on Major Joseph McJunkin's tombstone as well as the inscription on his wife, Ann's tombstone. The poetry on hers is an old hymn by Isaac Watts. Capt. Sam McJunkin's tombstone also has a verse from an Isaac Watts hymn. It says:

**Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away, our life's a dream
An empty tale, a morning flow'r
Cut down & withered in an hour**

I appreciate your website and your work. Thanks a million.

Jimmy Gillespie

Erected
To The Memory Of
Major Joseph McJunkin
Born June 22nd 1753
Died May 31st 1846

He commenced the service of his country in the war for its independence as a private soldier, never ceased from that service till the war closed, when he held a Major's commission.

He was a useful and upright citizen through the period of manhood promoted diligently the best interests of society.

He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for a period of 60 years.

But mark the man of holy fear,
How blest is his decease.
He spends his days in duty here
And leaves the world in peace.

Sacred
To
the memory of
Mrs. Ann McJunkin
The wife of Major Jos. McJunkin
and daughter of Col. John Thomas
who departed this life March 17th
1826.
aged 69 years.

The deceased was an intrepid heroine of the revolution, who with the aid of her mother, brother, & brother in law defended her father's house with success against the attack of 300 Tories.

Lord I am thine but thou will prove
My faith, my patience, and my love
When men of spite against me join
They are the sword, the hand is thine
Their hope and portion lie below
'Tis all the happiness they know
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value I resign;
Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine
I shall behold thy blissful face
And stand complete in righteousness.
This life's a dream an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

O glorious hour; O blest abode
I shall be near and with my God;
And flesh and sin no more control,
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my savior's image rise.



