



BRIG GEN RICHARD M GANO

Camp # 2292

www.camp2292.org

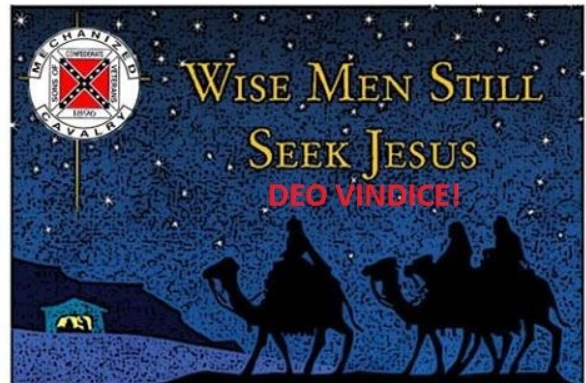


We just wanted to send this to you as a reminder that our camp Christmas party is coming up Saturday December 18th at 11am at Chill, 814 S Main St, Grapevine, TX 76051. The party will be in the back private Cotton Belt room. Bring a \$10 dollar White Elephant gift to trade.



Last Months Meeting

Allen H. gave a presentation on the reinternment of Gen Nathan Bedford Forest at Elm Springs, TN



Upcoming Local Events

Dec 11 - Cmdr John M. Special guest speaker at Decatur camp meeting Catfish O'Harleys in Decatur, TX..

Dec 11 - Lt LP Pinky Brooks Camp in Graham chartering at Ft Belknap, Young County.

Dec 18 - **Camp Christmas Party at 11:00am at Chill on Main St. in Grapevine, TX.**

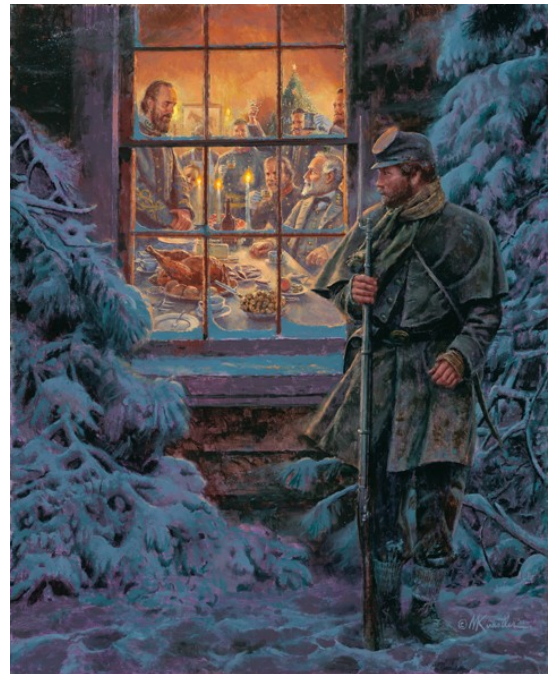
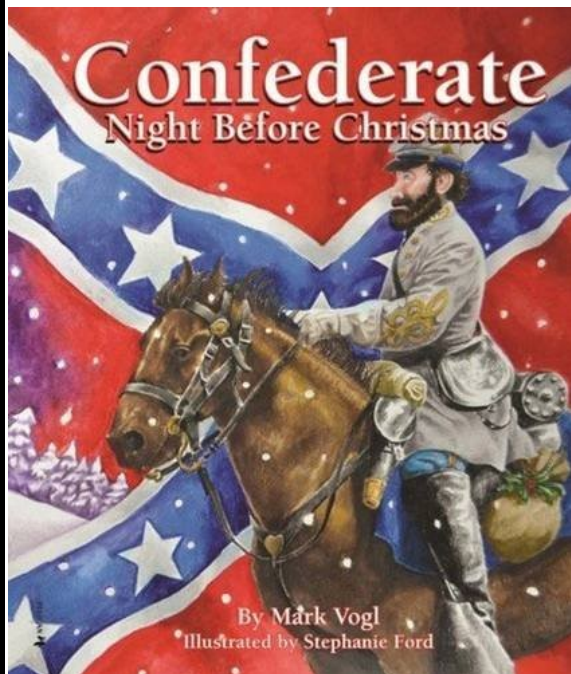
Jan 15 - Lee-Jackson Banquet at the Gober Party House, starts at 6:30pm.

Jan 15 - Ft Worth Stock Show parade Saturday at 11 a.m.

Jan 18 - Camp meeting Mark V. will be speaking on The Lee - Jackson Partnership. Meeting starts at 7pm at Chill on Main St. in Grapevine, TX

Jan 29, 2022: Susan of the VA Flaggers will be the guest speaker at the San Antonio Heroes Dinner, San Antonio, TX, sponsored by Alamo City Guards Camp 1325 SCV. texan1834@yahoo.com

June 3-5, 2022: Susan of the VA Flaggers will also be speaking at the 2022 Texas Division Annual Reunion, McKinney, TX.



The Other Christmas Story

The story of Christmas has been told and retold, taught and taught again. A mountain of books has been written and thousands of sermons have been spoken about that first Christmas so long ago. We sing songs about peace on earth and joy to the world. And we love to hear about Mary, Joseph, and the birth of the Christ Child in Bethlehem. But there is the other Christmas story, a story that is often overlooked.

When Christ was born in Bethlehem, the Bible tells us that an angel was sent to announce His long-awaited arrival. (Lk 2:10,11) It is important for us to notice that when the angel came, he did not come to the priests serving in the great Temple of God in Jerusalem. Nor did he come to the Rabbis who taught people about the coming Messiah, or to the Scribes who knew so much about the prophecies concerning the Messiah. The angel did not come to the very religious Pharisees or Sadducees, or make his announcement to the Sanhedrin, the judges of Israel. And the angel did not appear to King Herod.

When the angel of the Lord came to bring the "good tidings of great joy," he passed by all of the religious leaders, rulers, and men of influence and power, and made the long-awaited announcement to simple shepherds "keeping watch over their flocks by night." (Luke 2:8-20) Of course, this is not to say there is anything inherently wrong with being a leader or having knowledge and influence. But it does tell us that God is not impressed with our degrees, titles, rituals, or position in the church or community. God looks at our heart.

There was an old Bible teacher at a very large seminary who was highly regarded for his scholarly work, knowledge of Scripture and spiritual wisdom. One day some of his Bible students came to him and asked, "Professor, after all your years of study and great accomplishments in the field of Theology, what is the most important thing you've learned?" Without hesitation he answered, "Jesus loves me this I know, for the Bible tells me so."

The Apostle Paul writes, "But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtlety, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." (2 Cor. 11:3) God's word is not, nor was it intended to be, complicated. True Christianity is having simple faith in the simple truth.

So, as we celebrate this Christmas, let us enjoy the old, old stories, and the well-known Christmas songs. But we should also be mindful of the other Christmas story. If a person asks Christ to come into his life in simple faith, He will come, and He will come as surely to a shepherd as He will a king.

Bro. Len Patterson, Th.D.
Past Chaplain, Army of Trans-Mississippi
1941-2013

The Private Infantryman. The Typical Hero of the South.

[From The Times-Democrat's Christmas Edition, 1892.]

The Old South has grand memories and the New South has splendid anticipations. The spirit which moved the Old leads the New South.

It is that spirit which seeks truth through roughest paths and heeds no danger in its pursuit. It is that spirit which warmed the hearts and steeled the nerves to bear the burdens of both the Old and the New South. My ideal hero embraced it with superb unselfishness.

Some would say he should be Robert E. Lee, whose great heart and lofty leadership enchaind the everlasting affection of the South.

Some would say he should be Stonewall Jackson, whose magic power so often awakened the wonder of the world. Some would say he should be Jefferson Davis, whose polished manhood held with unyielding nerve the pearl of Southern pride.

Some would say he was among the hosts of cavalymen and artillerymen, who flashed their swords and pulled their lanyards in battles often won.

Yes! These are the jewels of the South, and there are honors and memories for them; but I would take away the stars and trimmings and titles, for there was charm and inspiration in them.

I would eliminate, too, the higher grades of service.

The purest spirit, the deepest love, the greatest hero, the noblest manhood, was in the infantry private of the South. He was reared when the "irrepressible conflict" quickened the pulse of the people. He was inspired by the intellectual gladiators of the South.

He gloried in the heroism of his ancestors, which had won the republic from England.

He shouldered the burden of his convictions, he grasped his musket for his cause, he inhaled the smoke of battle, he felt the sting of bullet, he bled from shot and shell.

He dared to die when he could foresee his unurned ashes scattered on the soil of his enemies.

Where is loftier heroism?

Where is nobler patriotism?

Where is truer manhood?

Where is grander chivalry?

Where a more ideal hero?

For principles, he carried the heaviest cross.

For principles, he courted an unknown grave.

He touched elbows in the unwavering line of charge.

He gained victory with the point of the bayonet.

He dauntlessly rushed over earthworks.

He stood like a "stone wall" on the field.

He was strongest in battle.

He was gentlest in victory.

He was most powerful in the face of menace.

He was tenderest to the captured.

His pride was grand, his bravery exalted, his heroism majestic!

His marvelous simplicity of conduct was consonant with his beauty of heart?

His life in camp was characterized by praiseworthy endurance.

He met his privations with the calmness of a philosopher.

He enjoyed the pastimes of his tent with the guilelessness of a child.

He doted on his faded uniform and jeered at the "slick" silk hat, even on the head of a Confederate congressman.

When the first year of his service had passed he was bright with hope.

Fort Sumter had fallen and Manassas had emblazoned his bayonet with glory!



The second year passed with five hundred and sixty-four battles and engagements, including Shiloh, the seven days' battle, which made the dark waters of the Chickahominy run red, Second Manassas and Fredericksburg, and his prowess was proved to the civilized world.

The third year passed with six hundred and twenty-seven battles and engagements.

It saw his pride at the highest and his hope brightest when, fresh from the victories of Chancellorsville, he invaded the soil of Pennsylvania.

Alas! for human hopes!

Gettysburg turned backward his footsteps and started anxiety in his breast.

How long could these bloody years last?

Surely, not longer than seven, as his ancestors' revolution had cost!

Then the fourth year passed, with seven hundred and seventy-nine battles and engagements.

His anxiety was over.

He saw the inevitable end.

Hope of success was gone.

It was only a question of the days he might be spared before the bullet pierced his heart.

He saw the end before the statesmen in the Capitol at Richmond. He knew overwhelming numbers would crush out the soldiery of the South.

His comrades were falling, and no recruits came to fill their places. He saw the end and felt it in the summer of 1864, but his allegiance to the army, his duty to himself and his family bade him go almost daily to a hopeless slaughter, and often he marched to battle for his personal honor, without the slightest hope for his country's independence.

Can you imagine heroism more sublime than the private infantryman's who held the front lines of the Confederacy during the last half of 1864 and the winter and spring of 1865?

Around Petersburg along the disastrous line of retreat to Appomattox, and even there he shouldered his musket and yielded ready obedience to the order for a charge, until his matchless commander said his duty to his country had been "faithfully performed," and further resistance would be a useless sacrifice.

He had enlisted as a private, he fought as a private, he surrendered as a private, and then he returned to private life to battle for bread. His country was lost, but a dauntless spirit directed him in the evolution to another citizenship. He guided the plow, wielded the axe, and did whatever his hand found to do, with the same unassuming fortitude which marked his career in the army.

He inspired courage in the young. He gave life to the weak, and grappled the new order of things with masterly mind. Napoleon said: "True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life in whatever shape they may challenge him to combat."

The infantryman not only felt as the illustrious warrior when he uttered this sublime sentiment, but he has demonstrated its truth by rising superior to all the evils of disaster, imbuing his associates with that resolute endurance which made him the breakwater of the Confederacy, and has made the bone and sinew of the progress and prosperity of the New South.

As his is the glory of the past, so his is the strength of the present. Whenever you find him, whether laboring on your streets, building your ships or tilling your fields, pause and lift your hat, for the Confederate private infantryman is the typical hero of the South.

He is entitled to the absolute respect of the grandest in the land. Already many stately granite shafts commemorate our hero leaders, but shall there not be one higher by an hundredfold and a thousand times more beautiful in design than any of these, dedicated to the infantry privates of the South?

Aye! I wish a shaft of burnished gold could lift its head from Virginia's valley, in which sleep the remains of Lee and Jackson, in memory of the private infantrymen of the Confederacy, emblazoning their glory to coming generations, for their heroism is the grandest type of all the thousand bloody fields which heralded Southern valor.

The private infantrymen were lowest in rank, yet highest in their loyalty to the finest sense of honor the human mind can conceive—grandest in humility, greatest in sincerity, purest in purpose; and never can temples of fame enshrine the memory of knightlier souls!

WILLIAM H. STEWART,

Late Lt.-Col. 61st Va. Infantry, C. S. A.,
Portsmouth, Va.

Source: Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. XX. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1892



**Albert Sidney
Johnston Camp # 983
Decatur Texas**

**Is proud to Host
SCV Texas Division Commander
John McCammon**



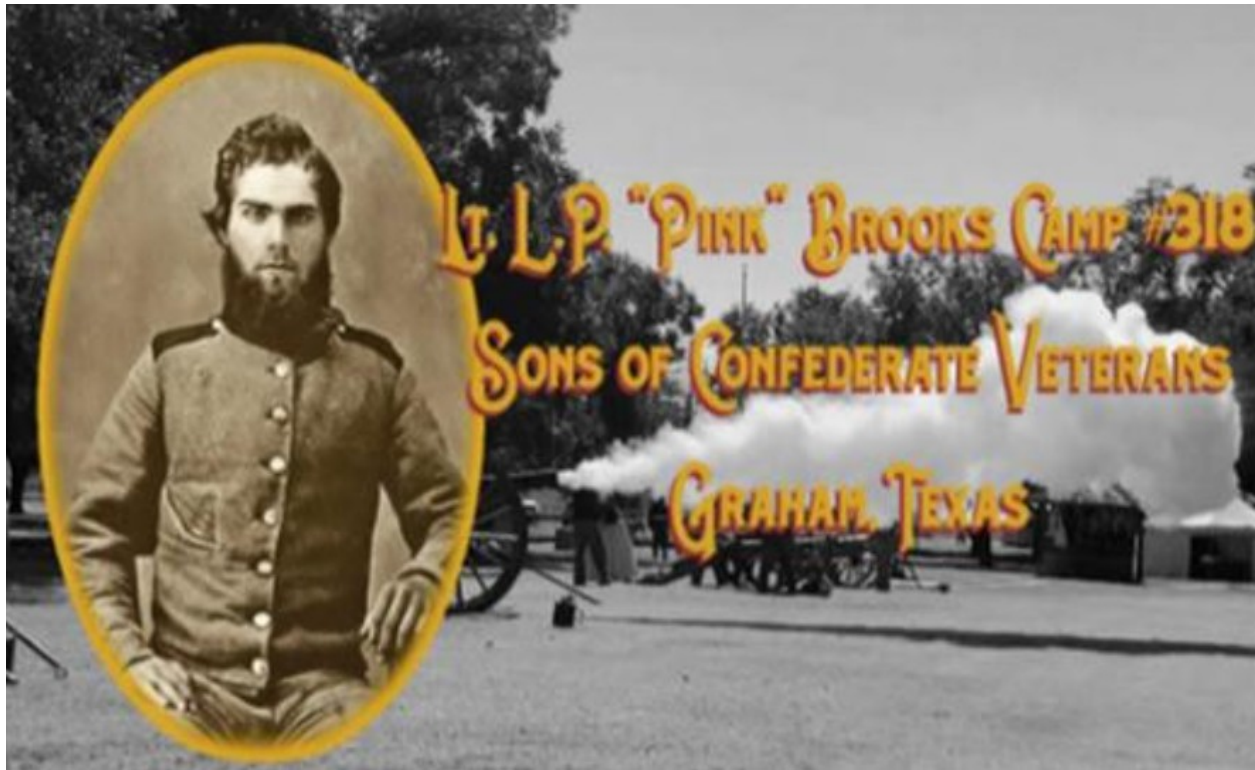
Saturday, December 11th, 2021

Special Venue: Catfish O'Harlies, 1019 N. Hwy 287, Decatur TX

Arrive 5:30 – 6:00 PM to eat

Meeting 6:30 – 7:30 PM

Please RSVP to: jimcox1630@gmail.com or 817-751-8202



AFTER MONTHS OF HARD WORK THE LT. L.P. "PINK" BROOKS CAMP #318
CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO JOIN US FOR THE CHARTERING OF THE
TEXAS DIVISION'S NEWEST CAMP..

WE WILL BE PRESENTING A NEW CAMP FLAG AND
INSTALLING NEW CAMP OFFICERS AND STAFF.

THERE WILL BE A SILENT AUCTION, CAKE CUTTING AND REFRESHMENTS.

DATE: DEC. 11, 2021. - TIME: 1.00 P.M. - PLACE: FT. BELKNAP IN YOUNG COUNTY





Compatriots and Friends,

You are cordially invited to attend the annual Lee-Jackson Banquet of the Major Robert M. White Camp #1250, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Date: Saturday, January 15, 2022

Time: Doors open at 6:30 pm, dinner will be served at 7:00 pm

Location: Gober Party House, 1516 West Avenue H, Temple, Texas 76504

Meal: Barbecue brisket, sausage, and chicken, catered by Miller's Smokehouse in Belton, Texas

In lieu of purchasing desserts from the caterer, please bring one with you to share

Cost: \$20.00 per person (children 10 and under are free)

Dress: Confederate uniform or other period dress, or semi-formal modern dress

We will have a silent auction, awards presentation, and the annual presentation of the camp's George H. Ballentine Memorial Service Award. We will also be swearing in the new camp officers.

Please bring any items you would like to donate to the silent auction.

