

# THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

FOR

LT. D. S. BOYCE BRIDGES, Jr.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

APRIL 22, 1945

3 O'CLOCK



LT. D. S. BOYCE BRIDGES

TEMPLE BAPTIST CHURCH

HENRIETTA, N. C.

# THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

OUR TRIBUTE OF HONOR

## ORDER OF SERVICE

3:00 O'CLOCK

Prelude

Minister Enters

Family Seated

Opening Hymn 366: "Give Of Your Best" ..... Choir

Scripture Reading and Prayer ..... F. E. Dabney

Special Music: "Crossing The Bar"

Remarks ..... J. A. Hunneycutt

Comforting Words ..... Chaplain

Closing Hymn 202: "O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee"

Prayer of Dedication ..... O. D. Moore

Soft Music ..... Miss Lucile Wall

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Kindly leave the sancutuary in silence

Boyce, Jr. attended Grammar School at Cliffside, N. C. He was a member of the Cliffside Boy Scout Troop No. 1.

He united with the Cliffside Baptist Church at 8 years of age.

Later he graduated from the Cliffside High School in 1940.

In 1943 he entered Clemson College, but due to the war he left college and entered the same year to serve in the Army Air Forces.

Survived by his wife, Mrs. Mary Carpenter Bridges; his mother, Mrs. Boyce Bridges, Sr.; three sisters, Mrs. Mabel Cargill, Mrs. Inez Ashe, and Miss Wytle Bridges; one brother Major H. Paul Bridges.

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## His Army Life

Entered the Army Air Corps February 1, 1943 at Miami Beach, Fla.

During the cadet training period, he was stationed at Lebanon and Nashville, Tenn., Maxwell Field, Ala., Jackson and Greenville, Miss.

Received his Pilot's wings and commissioned as Second Lt. at the Jackson Army Air Base, Jackson, Miss., April 15, 1944.

Received his transitional training before he went overseas on Sept. 18, 1944, where he served in the European Theatre of Operations.

He was a pilot of the P-47 Thunderbolt Fighter Plane with the 9th Air Forces. Boyce, Jr. had completed 56 missions over Germany. For this outstanding service he was promoted to the rank of 1st Lt. only three days before his death on March 23rd.

## HE IS JUST AWAY

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I cannot say, and I will not say  
That he is dead, he is just away!  
With a cherry smile, and wave of the hand,  
He has wandered into an unknown land.

And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingered there.  
And you—O you, who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear  
In the love of there as the love of here;  
Think of him still as the same, I say:  
He is not dead,—He is just away!

—By James W. Riley