

# Hermitage Index

10 May 1917

## IN MEMORY

Benton Rees, a noble Christian hearted gentleman, and Ex-Confederate soldier, a generous, indulgent father, a kind husband and good neighbor, died at his home, Weaubleau, Mo., April 28th., 1917.

At his bedside were his bereaved wife and five daughters who truly mourn their loss as do twenty-two grand-children and many other relatives and friends. Mr. Rees was born near Georgetown, Pettis County, Missouri, June 9th., 1839, where he resided for fifty years, and soon would have been 78 years old.

He was married to Ellen Agee Feb 6th., 1866, and they celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary last year. Six daughters and one son were born of this union, and grew into womanhood and manhood; all were married and survive him except Mrs. Vaughn who died December, 1916. Those living who gave loving ministrations during his last illness were Mrs. John L. Henton formerly of Sedalia but who the past year visited relatives in Montana and Texas, Mrs. W. W. Sharpless of Stonewall, Okla., Mrs. J. S. Painter of Quenemo, Kansas, Mrs. L. A. White of Bowie, Texas and Mrs. Don Harryman of Wheatland, Missouri. The only son, Thomas Benton, of Tindall, Montana, was not able to be at his father's bedside.

Mr. Rees became converted and joined the Baptist Church at Dresden, Mo., fifty years ago. He was deacon and enjoyed his church relationship very much. His place at Sunday School was seldom vacant except in severe illness.

The funeral services were held from the Weaubleau Baptist Church, of which he was a member, by Rev. Tucker, his pastor for several years. The church was full of kindly faces, old and young, that attested the love in which he was held.

He was laid to rest by the side of his daughter, Mrs. Vaughn, at the Tillery Cemetery, south of Elkton, his former home, where many old friends met the sorrowing family. Those from a distance were: Mr. James Agee, brother of Mrs. Rees, and Gus Agee of Kansas City, and William Agee of Limonte, Mo., nephews of Mrs. Rees. The flowers that covered his casket and the altar were beautiful. One piece was unique, being in the shape of a "Confederate Cross of Honor", made with white carnations edged with ferns, the letters "C. V." in red rose-buds in the center with laurel wreath around them. Mr. Rees was a soldier of the South, stood for what he deemed right and gave four years of service to the cause. With his passing goes one of the few left of the old school of the South. He belonged to Co. B., 10th. Mo. Infantry, was wounded, and a prisoner for twenty months. He was mustered out of Co. D, 2nd. Mo. Cavalry, taking the oath of allegiance and becoming a loyal citizen always interested in everything progressive and good. The grand-children were deeply affected by the loss they sustained of one who ruled

through love:  
"All children loved him, babe  
and boy  
Played with the strength he  
could employ

Without one fear, and they are  
fleet

To sense injustice and deceit."

Many letters and messages of  
condolence were received from  
friends and relatives expressing  
their deep sympathy.

Dear father, we salute and  
bid farewell, as

"From the silence of sorrowful  
hours

As desolate mourners we go,  
Lovingly laden with flowers

On the grave of our dead to  
sow;

So when the summer calleth  
On forest and field of grain

With an equal mumur falleth  
The cooling drip of the rain;

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day—

Wet with the rain the Blue,  
Wet with the rain the Gray.

So, with equal splendor  
He would have the sun-rays  
fall

With a touch impartially tender  
On the blossoms blooming for  
all."

We say, with many others,  
"Dear, loving heart, so good,  
so true, so generous to the faults  
of all, something has gone out  
of our lives that cannot be re-  
placed. One of the world's  
true noble-men has knocked at  
the door of Eternal Morning and  
our hearts are made to thrill  
and pulsate with holy affection,  
and a new sense of our deep loss  
of his tender companionship and  
fellowship which God lent us for  
awhile." Love is indeed im-  
mortal, crowned with Hope and  
Memory.

A. R. H.