

We are here to remember, honor, and pray for Virgil Levi.

Virgil was born in 1917, 96 years ago.

In late January of that year, Woodrow Wilson called for “peace without victory” in Germany.

Meanwhile, General “Blackjack” Pershing withdrew his troops from northern Mexico as the US called off its search for the revolutionary leader Pancho Villa.

A few days later, the US ceased diplomatic relations with Germany over the Zimmerman Telegram - where Germany offered Mexico the southwestern United States.

The next day, the US granted citizenship to the people of the island of Puerto Rico.

Tsar Nicholas II of Russia abdicated his throne, ending the nearly 200 year Russian Empire.

In April, the US declared war on Germany.

In May, a fire destroys 73 blocks of the city of Atlanta.

And in June, the US begins a draft, conscripting soldiers for the Great War.

In October, the so-called Miracle of the Sun occurs at Fatima Portugal.

J. R. R. Tolkien, on medical leave from the British Army, begins to write his first manuscripts of his Middle-Earth books.

By December, Woodrow Wilson placed all railroads under government control to assist in the war effort.

Indeed, in details, a world different than our own ... yet in general, a world very similar to our own.

Virgil served in the US Army Signal Corps and the Air Army Corps during World War II, receiving an honorable discharge.

He worked hard in the insurance business; and loved his sports teams.

He passed away on Friday, and we are here to assist him with our prayers.

At military funerals, there is a song played which is sometimes known as "Butterfield's Lullaby." We know it as "Taps." What many may not know is that there are lyrics to this tune, which will be played during the military honors given to Virgil later on today at his burial.

The words to this song are:

Day is done, gone the sun

From the lakes, from the hills, from the sky

All is well, safely rest

God is nigh.

Fading light dims the sight

And a star gems the sky, gleaming bright

From afar, drawing near

Falls the night.

Thanks and praise for our days

Neath the sun, neath the stars, neath the sky

As we go, this we know

God is nigh.

Eternal rest grant unto him O Lord ...