

# George Wildrick Memorial Service Held At Detroit Sportsmen's Congress July 25, 2020



George Wildrick Memorial  
Announcement



Raising the colors



Raising the Colors with Piper



Dave Pierce prepares for the George Wildrick  
Memorial with President Savo in background.





Mrs. Wildrick talking with some of the attendees at the memorial



President Savo addresses the attendees at memorial for George Wildrick



Dave Pierce reading the George Wildrick Memorial Sermon



Mrs. Wildrick being escorted to the Clinton River by Major Uller from Selfridge Air Base with Memorial Wreath



Major Cunningham (ret) U.S. Army salutes a final good-bye after placing the wreath into the Clinton River



Mrs. Wildrick and Major Uller saying their final good byes





## George Wildrick Memorial

Fire is very important to us in Black Powder.

Like the powder and arms we use it links us to our past.

Since the beginnings of humanity we have gathered around it as we do here.

In this place whenever three or more are gathered for any significant period of time there is always a fire.

We use it for warmth, for cooking and for light.

Even in modern times, many of us have a hearth in our homes and with a fire blazing we feel its comfort and friends and family gather around it. We converse and exchange ideas near it. Sometimes, like our ancestors, we just stare into the flames.

On special occasions we even bring it to our tables.

Candles lit, on our tables are used for special occasions, weddings and holidays and even for that romantic dinner for two.

We still use fire to light our camps at night.

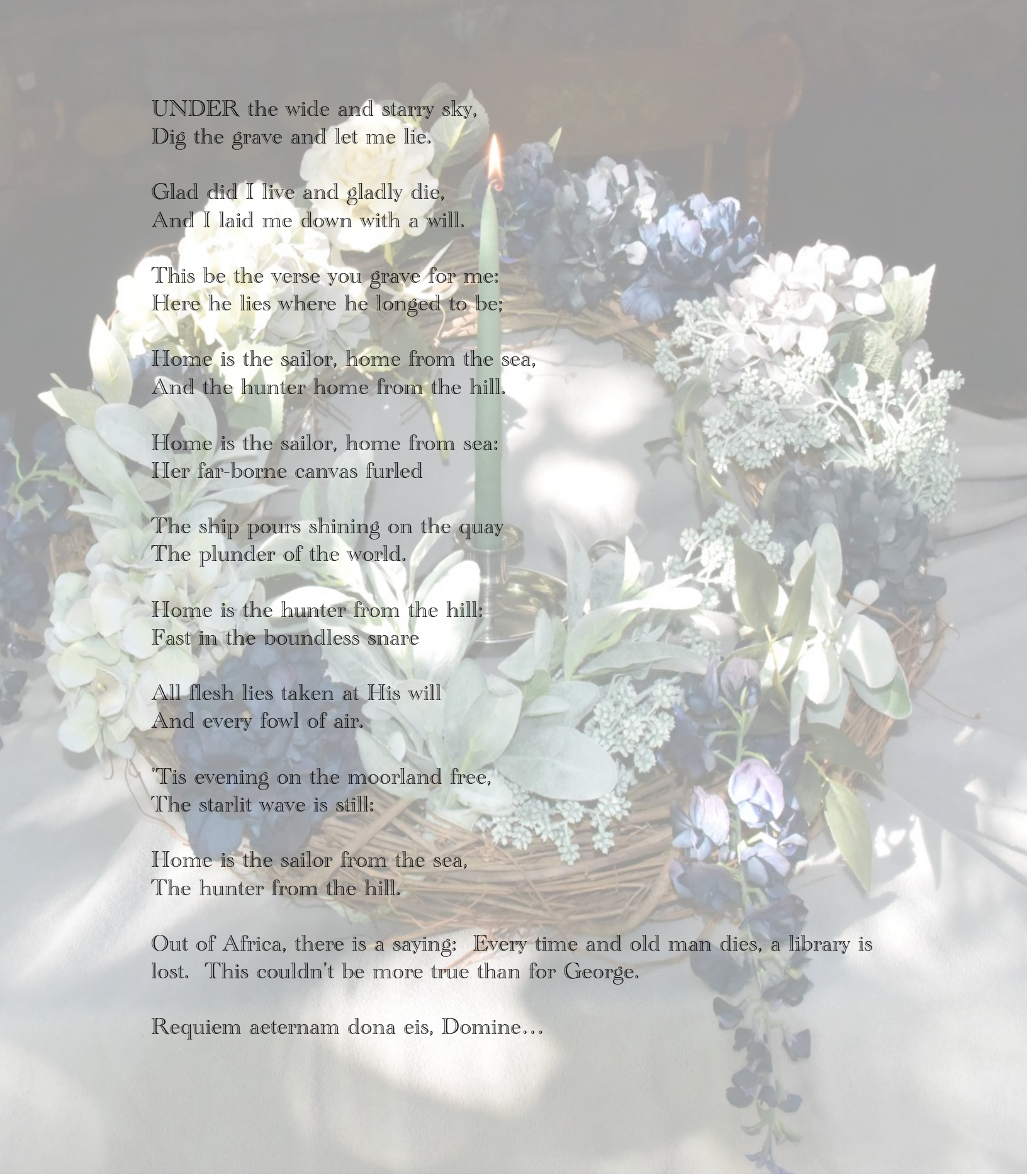
George Wildrick was like one of these lights; Like the fire.

He warmed us with his winning smile and gentle ways. His laughter was contagious. We broke bread together.

When a light goes out, (BLOW CANDLE OUT,) we miss it.  
We stumble in the darkness.

And so it is that we shall miss our friend...





UNDER the wide and starry sky,  
Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,  
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:  
Here he lies where he longed to be;

Home is the sailor, home from the sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.

Home is the sailor, home from sea:  
Her far-borne canvas furled

The ship pours shining on the quay  
The plunder of the world.

Home is the hunter from the hill:  
Fast in the boundless snare

All flesh lies taken at His will  
And every fowl of air.

'Tis evening on the moorland free,  
The starlit wave is still:

Home is the sailor from the sea,  
The hunter from the hill.

Out of Africa, there is a saying: Every time an old man dies, a library is lost. This couldn't be more true than for George.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine...