

**THE HOME GOING  
OF  
SERGEANT MAJOR BEN MARSH, JR.**



**October 13, 1933 - May 8, 1994**

**Friday, May 13, 1994 - 3:00 P.M.**

**Evans Chapel A.M.E. Zion Church**

**Rev. E.J. Alston, Officiating  
Rev. R. Headen, Pastor**



## ORDER OF SERVICE

Processional

Hymn

Prayer

Scripture

Hymn

Acknowledgements & Obituary

Solo

Ms. Mary Moffitt

Message

Rev. E.J. Alston

Song

Recessional

Soft Music

## INTERMENT

Evans Chapel Church Cemetery

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENT:** The family gratefully acknowledges the many acts of kindness shown during the loss of our loved one. Your cards, your visits, your flowers and most of all your prayers have done much to console our hearts. May God bless you.



**FLORAL BEARERS**

Friends of the Family

**PALLBEARERS**

U.S. Army Personnel

**-Service Entrusted To-**

**Knotts and Son Funeral Homes  
719 Wall Street  
Sanford, North Carolina 27330  
919-776-4345**

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**1501 Martin Luther King, Jr. Blvd.  
Siler City, North Carolina 27344**

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**101 Masonic Street  
Pittsboro, North Carolina 27312  
919-542-6180**



## A Soldier's Prayer

Last night from a "shell hole" I saw you in the sky  
I was told a "soldier's" not suppose to cry.

Now that I've taken the time to see the thing you made  
I know they weren't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder God if you'd shake my hand  
Somehow I feel you will understand.

Funny, I had to come to this place  
Before I could truly see your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say  
But I'm sure glad God I met you today.

I guess the "zero hour" will soon be here  
But I'm not afraid since I know you're near.

Well, God I have to go  
I like you a lot, this I want you to know.

Look now, this will be horrible fight  
Who knows, I may come to your house tonight.

Though I have asked you before  
I wonder, God, if you'd wait at your door.

Look, I'm still crying, ME, shedding tears  
I'm glad you were by my side all these years.



## OBITUARY

**Ben Marsh, Jr.** the son of Bennie and the late Lydia R. Marsh was born in Pittsboro, North Carolina on October 13, 1933.

He was married to Peggy Rodgers Marsh on August 14, 1965. He was a member of Evans Chapel A.M.E. Zion Church.

Ben Jr. was a loving, attentive man who always cared for his family and friends quietly and without complaints. His strength, determination and courage were an inspiration to us all. We realize that death is a part of life, but we had hoped to keep him with us a while longer. He left us on Sunday, May 8, 1994.

He graduated from Chatham High School in 1951. He attended A&T College for three years. He received a Bachelor of General Studies at the University of Nebraska in Omaha and a Master of Arts in management from Webster University in Missouri.

He started his military career in 1953 in Korea and then to Europe, Southeast Asia and back to Fort Bragg as a member of the 82nd Airborne. He retired at the rank of Sergeant Major in 1981. His accomplishments were numerous, to mention a few, schools, paratrooper, Drill Sgt. NCO, military language, 1st Sgt., organizational effectiveness, instruction training, Ranger, Pathfinder, and jungle expert. Decorations included a silver medal, five bronze stars with "V" for valor, two air medals, Purple Heart, two army commendation medals with "V" devices, eight Good Conduct medals and numerous other awards and honors.

He leaves to mourn: Mrs. Peggy Rodgers Marsh of Fayetteville, NC; his father, Bennie Marsh, Sr. of Pittsboro, NC; four sisters, Ms. Irma Marsh of N.Y, Ms. Helen Marsh of Asheboro, NC, Ms. Frances Vittorio of N.Y, and Ms. Mary Marsh of N.Y.; three brothers, Mr. Joseph Marsh and Mr. Jerry Marsh of N.Y., and Mr. Roger Marsh of Raleigh, NC; three aunts, Mrs. Nellie Crawford of Wash. DC, Mrs. Annie Crutchfield of Pittsboro, NC, and Mrs. Willie Mae Rodgers of N.Y.; one uncle, Mr. Leroy Alston of Durham, NC and many nieces and nephews and a host of other relatives and friends.



## A Letter

After a while you learn the subtle difference between holding a hand and chaining a soul. And you learn that love doesn't mean leaning and company doesn't mean security, and you begin to understand that kisses aren't contracts and presents aren't promises.

And you accept your defeats with you head held high and your eyes open, with the grace of a man and not the grief of a child.

You learn to build your roads on today, because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain and futures have a way of falling down in mid-flight.

After a while you learn that even sunshine burns if you get to much.

So you plant your own garden and decorate your own soul, instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers.

And you learn that you can endure, that you really have courage.

And that you really do have worth and you really are strong.

With every Good-bye there is a lesson to be learned.

-The Family-