

Memorial Day Tribute

Acknowledgments & Announcements

D.C. County Commissioners
Military Honors by the Pipes
Oakland Singers
U.S. Navy Sea Cadet Corps.
D.C. Veterans Service Office
Roseburg National Cemetery Maintenance
Douglas County Wings of Love
Program Design ~ LeRae Hunt

*This Memorial Day Tribute is sponsored by
the Douglas County Veterans Forum
“Veterans Serving Veterans”*



Roseburg National Cemetery

VA Roseburg Campus
Roseburg, OR



May 25, 2026
1 1:00 a.m.

Welcome.....Jim Little, Your Host
Music.....Oakland Singers
Invocation.....VA Chaplain, Patrice Borne
Posting of Colors.....U.S. Navy Sea Cadet Corps.
Honoring Douglas County Casualties of War.....Larry Hill
Ringing of the 8 Bells.....Veteran Kimberly Jasper
Laying of Wreaths - by Branches of Service
Army.....Dawnetta Loomis
Marines.....John Cortez
Navy
Coast Guard.....
Space Force.....

Introduction of Speakers

D.C. Commissioner, Tim Freeman
D.C. Veterans Service, Mary Newman

We are pleased to have Speakers from The Army National Guard 1/186, Roseburg Oregon

SFT Kyle Criss
LLT Trevor Gourley
CPT Kevin Jung

Presentation of Veterans Organizations

American Legion, Post and Unit #16
American Legion Post #152
American Women Veterans Assoc,
D.C. Wings of Love
Patriot Guard Riders
Military Order of the Purple Heart #147
Veterans of Foreign Wars and Auxiliary Post #2468
Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter #805
Vietnam Veterans Associates, Chapter #805

Caparisoned Horse

"The Caparisoned Horse, with the boots reversed in the stirrups,
symbolizes a warrior who will ride no more."

Honor Guard #805 Volleys and Taps

In Flanders Field

by: Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae, MD
Read by Chad Alcock

Benediction.....VA Chaplain Patrice Borne
Retirement of Colors.....U.S. Navy Sea Cadet Corps
Military Honors by The Pipes

In Flanders Fields

By John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
In Flanders fields.

Take up your quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.