

Reunion Camping Tent Sale
Garden, N.C.

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THE 31ST ANNUAL KILLIAN REUNION

6603
2083

27333

27283
700

15350
1414
4116
20780
6403
27183

Sunday, September 11, 1966
Salem Lutheran-Reformed Church
Lincoln County, North Carolina

THE 31ST ANNUAL KILLIAN REUNION
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1966
SALEM LUTHERAN-REFORMED CHURCH
LINCOLN COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

MRS. G. B. CHANDLER, ORGANIST

PROGRAM

OPENING HYMN

PRAYER

DEVOTIONS THE REV. FRED HINTZE
PASTOR, DANIELS LUTHERAN CHURCH

REMARKS AND WELCOME BY PRESIDENT. . . . W. D. KILLIAN

INTRODUCTION OF GUESTS W. D. KILLIAN

AWARDING PRIZE FOR OLDEST AND
YOUNGEST GUEST GUY C. KILLIAN

REMARKS PHILIPPE GILISSEN

READING OF MINUTES

REPORT OF SECRETARY AND TREASURER

NOMINATING COMMITTEE REPORT ODUS C. CARPENTER

SELECTION OF TIME, PLACE AND DATE FOR NEXT REUNION

OFFERING

STANDING PRAYER AND MEMORIAL TO OUR
DECEASED MEMBERS J. EDWARD JENKINS

CLOSING HYMN

YOUR PRESENT OFFICERS

William D. Killian, Lincolnton President
John W. Killian, Charlotte Vice-President
Guy C. Killian, Gastonia Secretary, Treasurer
Mrs. W. D. Killian, Lincolnton Historian
John F. Carpenter, Maiden Historian
Jesse C. Sigmon, Newton Historian
Mrs. Gladys Stine, Lutz, Florida Historian

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Nominating Committee

Odus C. Carpenter
D. C. Killian
Ware Killian

Greeting Committee

Mr. & Mrs. Frank Killian
Mr. & Mrs. J. Edward Jenkins
Mr. & Mrs. Ware Killian

**Table Arrangements and
Clean-Up Committee**

Odus C. Carpenter
Robert Killian
Jeff Killian
Mike Killian
Jim Killian

OPENING HYMN

He leadeth me: O, blessed thought! O, words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By water's calm, o'er troubled sea — Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor even murmur nor repine; Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

CHORUS

He leadeth me, He leadeth me! By His own hand He leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He leadeth me.

CLOSING HYMN

Faith of our fathers, living still In spite of
dungeon, fire and sword, O how our hearts beat
high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in
heart and conscience free, And blest would be their
children's fate, Though they, like them, should die
for thee.

Faith of our fathers, we will strive To win all
nations unto thee; And through the truth that comes
from God, Mankind shall then indeed be free.

Faith of our fathers, we will love Both friend and
foe in all our strife, And preach thee, too, as love
knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life.

CHORUS

Faith of our fathers, holy faith, We will be true
to thee till death.