

**Saturday November 23, 2013**

**11:00 am**

**Chapter 10 Sarah Isabella Haynes OCR**

**will be hosting an Iron Cross and Confederate Rose Ceremony for  
Captain Melton Haynes and his Wife Sarah Isabella.**

The dedication will be held at their grave site at the Yalaha Cemetery in Yalaha, Lake County, Florida. This will also be a celebration of their 164<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.

Melton Haynes was a settler, soldier, and later statesman who served Florida during the mid-19<sup>th</sup> Century. He was an ordinary man who excelled in extraordinary times. He rose to the challenges of his peers, and as need be, to his enemies who would threaten what he cherished and loved his family, friends and Florida. Captain Haynes was a man of humble beginnings who forged a homestead in Central Florida with his courage, faith, loyalty, and a keg full of "sweet orange" seeds. He rubbed elbows with such well-known men as Senator D.L. Yulee, General Joseph Finegan, Captain J. J. Dickison, Henry S. Sanford, Debarry, Brock and many more notable Floridians. His Tragic death cut his life short, but he is a man to be remembered.

Below writes a reporter from the Altoona Argus on the day of the Captains Burial

*"as the fateful winds and showers swept over land and lake, the steamer Tuskawilla left her moorings at Leesburg, loaded down with friends and Masonic brothers, bound to perform the last sad rite over the remains. As the steamer touched each landing along the north shore, more friends came aboard. At "Woodlea", the remains and family were taken. Then the steamer's head turned toward Yalaha. Many more friends and saddened hearts waited on the wharf along the shore and in carriages to offer condolences and sympathy to the grief stricken family, and do whatever kind office in their power lay. At Yalaha, a procession, the largest ever seen in South Florida formed. First after the hearse, came the family, then the Masons, and after the populace. From Yalaha to the cemetery, nearly a mile distant, and the muffled whispers of the crowd was sufficient evidence of the love and respect, which alike prevailed all the hearts of the two hundred twenty persons present. When the handsome casket was ready to be lowered, the Brotherhood older and wiser than the tradition of Salomon, gathered around the grave. The silence for a moment to us seemed awful even in the peaceful city of the dead". When the coffin had been lowered, the people joined in singing, "Jesus lover of my soul" After a moment the bright sunlight breaking through the drifting cloud fell upon the grave. And we felt that great Being who created us in His own image has not enough room in His grand mind to remember human weaknesses against man, and Capt. Haynes must need be resting beyond the mystic river"*