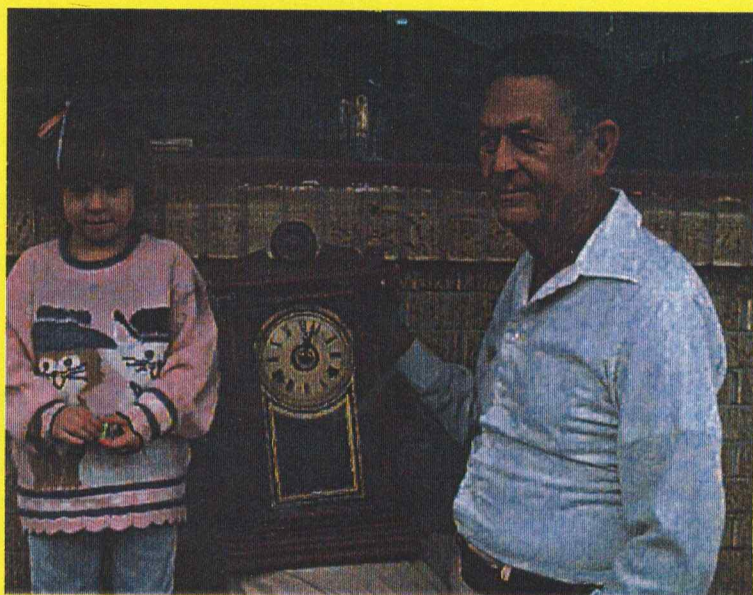


January 1997

\$2.50

THE LEGACY



It's About Time...The Burton Coate Story

The History of Calendars
Find out how February lost a day

Scrap Pieces of Memories

Using Quilts as a
Legacy Full of Warmth



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Franklin T. Wike

Executive Editor:
Marilyn Wells, Ed.D.

Managing Editor:
Martha Wells

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Melinda Long

Feature Article Editors:
Kim Justesen
Sonya Lichte

Column Editors:
E. Valerie Hewitt
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Editor-at-Large:
Morgan A. Jarema

Assistant Editors:
Karen Manente
Maria Isabel Viana
Ashley Helsel
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Dear Editor,

I just wanted to let you know that I just received a sample copy of *The Legacy* and when I began reading it, I could not put it down until I had read the whole thing. For anyone that likes to read about "Old Time Stuff" this magazine is great.
S.C.

Dear Editor,

I just read the story about Shyler Moore and I was really touched. I think this story would make a great movie.
Thanks, M.B.

Happy New Year

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Cover Picture

Photograph of Burton Coate and his Great Granddaughter Cassie Somers

Letter from the Editor

As we embark on another New Year, I would like to encourage you to take a moment to reflect back on all of the changes that have taken place during your life time. A new century is almost upon us, and there are times that I wonder what changes will take place during my grandchildren's lifespans.

As I read some of the articles we have printed in this magazine, I find myself amazed at just how many changes have taken place in this century -- from the Wright Brothers getting their airplane off the ground, to watching a man actually walk on the moon.

We have also made quite a few changes on the humanity level. We have evolved from a society where certain people had to change their names to hide their nationality, while others had to drink from a particular water fountain or sit in a particular section of a bus merely because of the color of their skin, to a culture that allows anyone to be elected to a public office, regardless of their race, sex, or the heritage of their forefathers.

These are all great accomplishments which we should be proud of, however I believe that society has also deteriorated in several aspects. We have become a country with a 60% divorce rate that is causing a lot of children to grow up without having the advantage of having two full-time parents to teach them about love, commitment, and the many values and teachings that parents should pass along to their children.

We have also become a society where some of our children and elderly citizens are no longer safe in their school yards or neighborhoods, as they might become victims of drive-by-shootings or other acts of random violence.

Some of the "old-time" values that our forefathers had instilled by their parents, such as helping a neighbor or taking a stand for what you believe is right, needs to be taught to the children of today THROUGH EXAMPLE, so that they in turn, can teach it to their children.

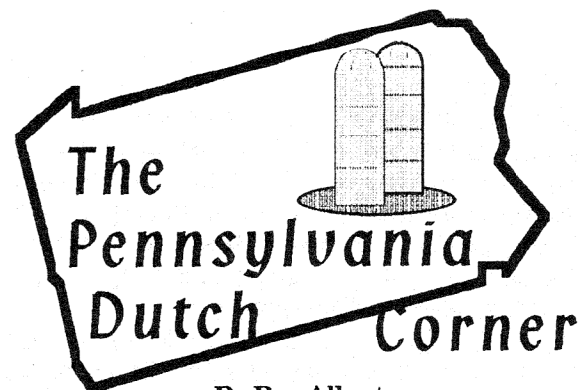
If you want this world to be a safer and more loving place for your grandchildren and great-grandchildren to live, then do your part by SHOWING them what decent and caring values are all about.

Lets all work together in the coming year to help build stronger family ties and a more loving relationship with our entire extended family and our neighbors.

If you have a story you would like to share about a mentor, friend or relative that made a difference in your life, please send it to us, so we may share it with others as an example of how one person can make a difference in the life of another.

In the meantime, in the months to come, we are going to be adding more columns on parenting, grand-parenting and mentors that can be used as teaching examples to people that do not have a positive example to follow.

Frank Wike



By Bev Albert

As we ring in the New Year 1997, we Pennsylvania Dutch Germans here in Pennsylvania will be feasting on our traditional meal of pork (or pork sausage) and sauerkraut on January first. Why, you ask? Well now, let me tell you. It is the belief of some folks that the pork will keep one healthy throughout the new year and the boiled cabbage, or sauerkraut, will bring good luck. We certainly won't be serving chicken, for if we do, it could bring on financial troubles during the year.

To change your shirt on New Year's Day may cause boils. And who would have ever thought by giving your pet dog filings from silver scrapings sprinkled on a piece of bread and butter would prevent the dog from becoming mad or rabid?

We also tend to think of babies being born in the New Year. Did you know that a person born in January can see ghosts? A child should cry

immediately after birth, or should be slapped until it does cry. An old diaper put on a newborn could cause the child to become a thief, or the child might not stool easily. The first diaper should be burnt for good luck. If a child is given several teaspoons of their baptismal water, it will tend to make the child bright and maybe a good singer. Children born on the thirteenth of the month will be unlucky. Children born on a Wednesday will have a short life or be stupid. Being born on a Saturday could make a person become lazy if the morning chores were not completed before the birth. These are some of the wonderful superstitions and Dutch folklore of our Pennsylvania Dutch German ancestors.

Visitors to the Pennsylvania Dutch countryside will notice the dialect of the Pennsylvania Dutch Germans. Call it "Dutchified English" or "Ferhuddled English," but a

The Pa. Dutch Corner

distinction of this dialect can be made by the listener. "Dutchified English" is derived from the German language, not the Dutch language. "Dutchified" comes from the German word for German: "Deutsch," So "Deutschified English" becomes "Dutchified English."

To get a better understanding of our word pronunciation, the following shows how I pronounce certain words:

1. "about" is pronounced "abot"
2. "blouse" is pronounced "bloss"
3. "down south" is pronounced "don-soth"
4. "flour" and "flowers" is pronounced "flar" and "flars"
5. "tower" is pronounced "tar"
6. "cloud" is pronounced "clod"
7. "slippery" is pronounced "slippy"
8. "sound" is pronounced "sond"
9. "sour" is pronounced "sar"
10. "picture" is pronounced "pitcher"
11. "restaurant" is pronounced "restrent"
12. "plow" is pronounced "plah"

The older Pennsylvania Dutch Germans will not pronounce the letter 'V.' For example, a vacuum cleaner is called a "vacuum cleaner," vanilla is "wanilla," value is "walue." My father pronounces the letter 'W' instead of the letter 'V,' just as my late grandfather did. Some common expressions and words also used by myself are :

1. "wootzer"—meaning a little pig: "You little Wootzer."

2. "rutch"—meaning to squirm: "Quit rutching around."
3. "strubly"—meaning messy: "My hair is a strubly mess from the wind."
4. "dippy eck"—meaning a sunny side up fried egg: "Make mine a dippy eck."
5. "doppick"—meaning dumb: "I think he's a little doppick."
6. "all"—meaning gone: "The apple schnitz is all."
7. "Ach!"—meaning surprise: "Ach! You're pulling my leg."
8. "shyster"—meaning storyteller etc.: "He sure is a good shyster!" Older folks will also pronounce words such as:
 1. "bridges"—"britches"
 2. "another"—"anudder"
 3. "dodge"—"dotch"
 4. "apple butter"—"apple busser"
 5. "busy"—"bissy"
 6. "fudge"—"futch"
 7. "good"—"goot"
 8. "faster"—"hurrieder"
 9. "English"—"Inklisch"
 10. "pledge"—"plech"

Pennsylvania Dutch Recipes!

Pickled Red Cabbage

- 4 qts. finely shredded red cabbage
1/4 cup salt
2 quarts of cider vinegar
2 cups of sugar
1 tablespoon celery seed
1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 teaspoon mace
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

Sprinkle cabbage with salt. Set aside in a cool place for 30 hours.

Drain all moisture from cabbage. Mix all remaining ingredients and boil for 7 minutes. Pour over the cabbage. Put into jars, cover, and store in a cool place. Makes about 4 quarts.

Kraut and Chops

6 pork chops, cut 1 inch thick
1 teaspoon of salt
1/4 teaspoon of pepper
1 quart of sauerkraut
Put chops into a skillet and brown on both sides. Season with salt and pepper. Cook, tightly covered, over low heat until meat is tender and thoroughly cooked. When pork chops are cooked, add the sauerkraut and continue cooking until sauerkraut has absorbed the pork drippings. Serves 6.

Humorous Dutch Story

A New York City tourist stopped at a small Berks County hotel and asked, "Can you give me a room and a bath?" The Dutchman replied, "I can give you a room, but you must take your own bath."

Readers' feedback

Vanessa R. Stern of Waltham, MA writes:

My grandmother is still living. She no longer speaks PA Dutch, but she can still understand some of it. As a child, I had three pet dachshunds. Grandma suggested their names. The first was "Doppy" (not smart), the second was "Schusley" (always getting into things), and the third

was "Struvley" (messy hair). We also had a cat named "Rutchy" because he always was wriggling around!

Del Forbush of Monahans, TX writes:

My grandma and grandpop spoke Penna. Dutch all the time. When my parents didn't want us to know what they were saying, they'd chime in and then sometimes in "pig Latin." But my Grandparents, whose surname was Mummert, were very modest and I know they would have never thought it right to teach us kids "Dutch."

In fact, it is only since their deaths that I got a hold of "Long Lost Friend" ("pow wow"). Grandpap used pow wow, but only when he asked the person if they really believed in it. I was in York County, Pa last month, and my entire family up there has the Penna. Dutch accent. I love it.

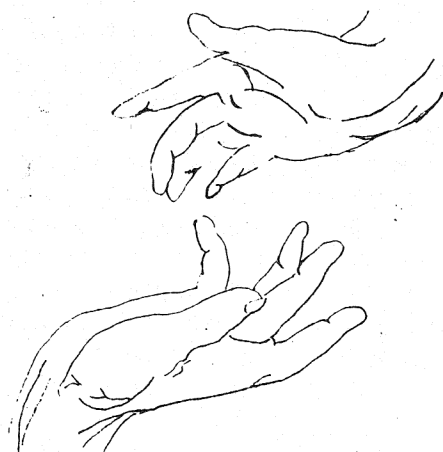
* **Editor's note-** "Long Lost Friend" is a book by John George Hohman on Pow-wows; a collection of Mysterious and Invaluable Arts and Remedies.

Please mail your stories and comments to:

"The Legacy" (PA Dutch Corner)
P.O. Box 201 Perkins, OK 74059 or
E-mail us at: A Legacy@aol.com
We look forward to hearing from you.

Remember that he who rides slowly gets just as far, only it takes a little longer. ☺

The Sandwich Generation



Dear Sunshine:

I had an experience with my (adopted) grandmother. She is not blood-related, but she was real close to our family. She spent 7 years in a nursing home and ended up losing her home, all her assets and her independence. It was a horrible experience! I live out of state, so I could only see her when I visited my hometown. I am now a long-term care agent and deal with families on providing insurance to pay for this type of care. I often wonder if I were in this business, before my grandmother needed the care, maybe, just maybe, I could have saved her from going into a nursing home. She could have had home care and maybe have kept her home and her independence. I encourage everyone to look into this protection

now while you're young and it's affordable, so we don't have to burden our children as much when we need care.

Adult day care is getting big! It allows the primary care-giver a chance to drop off your loved one in the morning and pick them up at night (which allows a respite or also a chance to work during the day). It is very affordable and allows our loved ones the opportunity to get out and improve their self-awareness, plus they can help train them to do activities of daily living.

I think it's wonderful that there's a place we can go and share what we are dealing with. Thank you for your interest; this is a FAMILY CRISIS!

By sharing our experiences and hardships, it will give others strength to let them know they are not alone.

From A W

Dear A. W.:

I suspect you are engaging in that old American tradition - second guessing yourself! Since you weren't there on a daily basis, you don't know if she could have been maintained in adult day care (which I agree is a wonderful development.)

Let us consider for a moment that maybe she could have remained home. You would still be far away. So what would happen when she got sick? If she got injured? Could you have come to her aid each and every time she called? Most probably not.

What I see as a possible scenario, is that your adopted grandmother would have stayed home, but called on you whenever she needed something. At some point, you would have been frustrated and thought about putting her in a nursing home. And, most likely, you would later have wondered if that was the best choice!

There is absolutely NO WAY to tell if our decisions are the best possible ones. All any of us can do is make a decision based on the information we have when we make a decision. Sometimes, important information is not available. I am sure if I were face to face with you, we would talk and you could give me a long list of other decisions that you might have questioned. We all have those, at some point in time. We can't second guess ourselves. If we did, WE would be the

ones in the nursing home because we got ourselves in such a state that we couldn't do anything!!!

If I were you, I would accept what happened and let it be. Consider this: How would your grandmother feel to know you are helping others like her? Proud, I bet. You work hard and do a good job, because you have been there. You know what it is like. Not only were you available to help - in some small fashion - your grandmother, but you have taken her legacy and made something of it for others who are confused and concerned. Your grandmother had you. Many others have no one. Some of them can now count on you to give them good ideas. You do your grandmother's legacy proud! Keep up the good work.

Dear Sunshine:

Thank you for attempting a magazine column for us who are not orphans-- yet.

My mother stays with me. She will be 95 in December, and is the neatest lady. She is one fit old gal, yet I listen for every breathless moment, listen for every cough, listen to every story I've heard a hundred times before and know I am never going to hear again--soon. I want her to live forever, and I want her to die in her sleep tonight. Does that tell you something about the state of love and terror we "sandwich" people are in?

I'm beginning to see the beginnings of toileting problems. I'm 54, still working, have kids and grandkids and all that. I'm the middle of the sandwich. But this is what is great-

The Sandwich Generation

-I am the bridge between generations. My grandson, who is three, went through some toilet problems a few months ago. There we were, sitting by the toilet talking about all the bodily functions' stuff with him. Then I write notes to Mom to take a bath and change her underwear because I'm going to do a washing when I get home from work. And it occurs to me that all we have is each other to get us through, whether we're talking about toilets and underwear or any of the rest. And the toileting doesn't seem like anything more than something else we deal with in those we care about. I guess when my grandson gets over diapers and my mother gets into them, it will just be that stage. Lord help us all.

Marylou

Dear Marylou:

I bet you have had at least one moment when the idea that "toilet training never stops" has crossed your mind. I know you can remember the process with your children, now, believe it or not, it is time for your grandson to learn! Doesn't seem possible, does it?

I suspect that your mother would also see the humor in the situation. I would stress the irony, more than the idea that her life has taken this turn. I know that is a fear that concerns my mother, but I work at making the possible situation funny. Mother laughs at the idea and forgets to be worried -- until she forgets the humor!

In your case, your mother also might enjoy the idea that she is helping her grandson, even if it is not in the

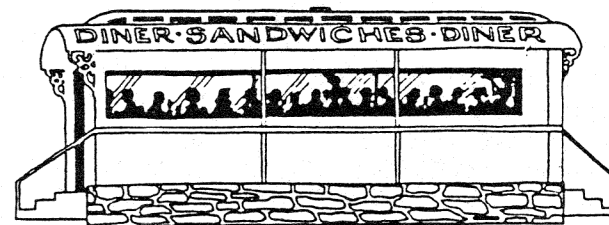
typical manner. The situation may help your grandson, because then he can learn that everybody makes mistakes! This way, no one has to feel really embarrassed.

I, too, know what it is to listen to every breath. After one of mother's first surgeries, I got a baby monitor. Mother is so used to it now she doesn't give it a second thought, but she originally was interested in the technology - things like that didn't exist when I was a baby - and now we have one for her! People who come to the house are curious, ask what it is, and then seem surprised that we would have one. We of the Sandwich Generation understand without asking!

Let me share an idea about the incontinence: At the end of his life, my father had to be in a nursing home. While there, he developed a similar problem. One day, a young nurse had the idea of training him to go to the bathroom every time he passed one. He got in the habit and no one had to change his clothes during the day again. Maybe your mother can develop a habit of going to the bathroom every hour or so, to prevent her any embarrassment! It might not be appropriate in your case, but it is worth considering. Maybe you can create another idea that would work better. If you think of one, let me know and I will share it with the rest of us.

I would like to wish all of you and your loved ones a very Happy New Year.
Sunshine Ω

Coffee Shop Conversation



Pat:

Did anyone hear about Dave going to the hospital?

Bill:

No. What happened?

Pat:

He was up in a tree cutting off a limb, and instead of sitting between the area he was cutting and the tree, he was sitting on the opposite side. When he cut through, he fell to the ground along with the limb.

Steve:

That is one of the reasons I won't go up into a tree to cut on it.

Pat:

Actually, you don't have to worry as long as you are in the tree. Fact is, nobody ever got hurt falling from anything, cause as long as you are in mid-air, it doesn't hurt. It's when you reach the ground that the real pain starts.

John:

I don't know about that. I jumped off a barn one time and got hurt. And my feet never landed on the ground. I was around eight years old and we had just finished building a new barn. I was up on the roof and decided to jump off. Well, when I landed, my right foot landed on a board that had a nail sticking through it. The nail went clean through my foot and came out on the top side.

I called for my dad and he pulled the board off my foot and made me stick my foot into a bucket of kerosene.

That kerosene burned like the dickens, but it kept my foot from getting an infection.

Steve:

That kerosene used to work pretty good as an antiseptic. Did you guys hear about Barney sticking his hand in a bucket of motor cleaner?

Coffee Shop

John:

No. What happened?

Steve:

You guys know that he has arthritis real bad in his hands, right? Well, he was working in his garage and he had a carburetor that he was working on and he wanted to clean it up, so he put it in a bucket of cleaner that he had sitting by his workbench.

Then he suddenly remembered that he had motor cleaner in the bucket instead of carburetor cleaner. He knew that he would have to get the carburetor out of that bucket immediately or it would be ruined, so he just reached down into that bucket and took it out.

As soon as he got it out he went over to the sink and made sure that he washed the cleaner off of his hand and arm real good.

Later than night, he realized that he was able to move his fingers and grip things real tight with that hand and there didn't seem to be any pain.

A couple of days later, his left hand was aching real bad, so he went out to his garage and stuck it down in that bucket of motor cleaner, and he says that took the

pain away and he can use it better now than he has for many years.

Paul:

Hey guys, I got a letter from my grandson who is in the Navy, and you need to hear this part.

This is an actual radio conversation released by the Chief of Naval Operations, 10-10-95

#1: Please divert your course 15 degrees to the North to avoid a collision.

#2: Recommend you divert YOUR course 15 degrees to the South to avoid a collision.

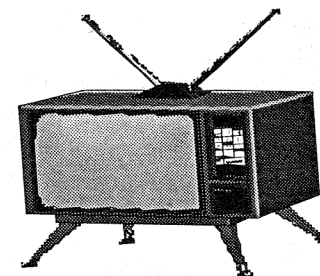
#1: This is the Captain of a US Navy ship. I say again, divert YOUR course.

#2: No, I say again, you divert YOUR course.

#1: THIS IS THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER ENTERPRISE; WE ARE A LARGE WARSHIP OF THE US NAVY. DIVERT YOUR COURSE NOW!

#2: This is a lighthouse. Your call.

Nostalgia Corner



Trivia Questions about old TV Shows

1: One of the funniest shows on TV was "The Phil Silvers Show" where Phil played an army Sargent named "Bilko." What was Sargent Bilko's first name?

2: There used to be a TV show called "Casey Jones." In one episode, farms were catching fire and people were blaming it on sparks from the stack of the cannonball. In the end it was an arsonist that started the fires during the train run. Casey Jones proved it wasn't the train by installing a screen in the stack then holding dry hay over it while he raced the engine. What actor starred as Casey Jones in his pre-Gilligan Island days?

3: He got fightin' mad this rebel lad. Who played Johnny Yuma, the Rebel?

4: Who starred as the western lawyer Tom Brewster in the old western series called "Sugarfoot" ?

5: In the series "The Rifleman," Chuck Connors played the role of Lucas McCain, but who played the role of his son Mark?

6: There used to be a Saturday morning series called "Fury" about a black horse, a boy called Joey, his best friend Packy, a ranch hand Pete and a father. Which real-life brother played the lawyer that adopted Joey and became his father? Was it James Arness or Peter Graves?

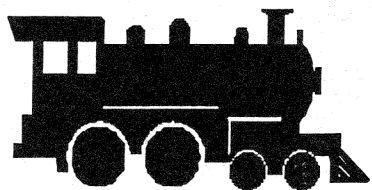
7: In the series "Petticoat Junction," what was the dog's name?

Now you can visit us on the Internet at
<http://www.angelfire.com/ok/Legacy>

Nostalgia

8: In the series "Gun smoke," Marshall Dillon's side kick and deputy "Chester" was played by Dennis Weaver. What was Chester's last name?

9: In the fifties, there was a TV show called, "Wild Bill Hickcock." Hickcock was played by Guy Madison and his trusty sidekick Jingles Jones was played by Andy Devine. What cereal box used their pictures and who replaced them on the cereal box?



Answers

1: Ernie Bilko was the character played by Phil Silvers.

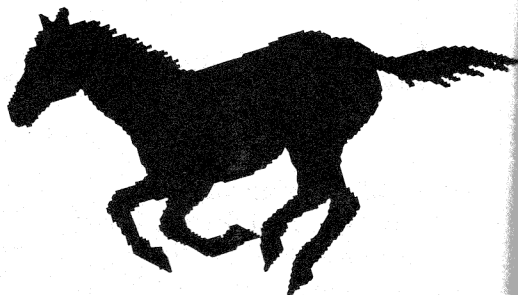
2: Casey Jones was played by Alan Hale Jr.

3: Nick Adams played the part of the Rebel.

4: Sugerfoot was played by Will Hutchins. He still makes guest

appearances at western film festivals, such as the Roy Rogers Festival in Portsmouth, Ohio from May 30 to June 1.

5: Johnny Crawford played the part of Mark McCain on the Rifleman series and is currently touring the country and singing hits of the 1930's.



Fury

6: Bobbie Diamond was the boy that played the part of Joey. He is now an attorney in Century City, California. Peter Graves played the father and Packy, the boy that was always pulling things out of his pocket, was played by Roger Mobley.

7: The Petticoat Junction dog was called "dog."

8: Chester Goode was the character played by Dennis Weaver.

9: Wild Bill Hickcock and Jingles were displayed on the Corn Pops box.....several years before Sugar Pops Pete.

New Year's Traditions

By Marilyn Wells



I simply cannot imagine a New Year's Day without black-eyed peas! If you want to have good luck for the whole coming year - "ya gotta eat at least one!" I can hear my mother telling me and I hear myself telling my children about this required behavior. Now that the Legacy has made me think about things that I do I have to laugh.

I really had not even thought about the tradition of eating black-eyed peas until I was visiting with a friend from Indiana and he said he'd never heard of it! I was shocked! "Do you mean that you have gone all your life and never eaten black-eyed peas on New Year's Day???" Unbelievable!

I set forth on an adventure trying to discover where and when this tradition began. When I questioned some relatives, I heard the comment, "The reason you eat

black-eyed peas is..... well, just because! Just as the sun comes up in the morning; you eat black-eyed peas on New Year's Day so you will have good luck! It's just that simple." I called my aunt, Morcie, and she told me, "I really don't know why we eat black-eyed peas on New Year's Day..... I have just done it all my life!" I asked Nancy, a good friend at work, if she ate black-eyed peas on New Year's and she looked at me as if I were crazy as said, "Of course, that is as American as apple pie!"

Being in this so-called "Age of Information," I figured that the internet would surely hold the secrets about the origin of the tradition for eating black-eyed peas on New Year's Day. I searched every nook, corner, and spider web to find what it might have to offer. Following is a synopsis of what I found:

The black-eyed pea, (aka: cowpea) originated in Asia and is thought to have been introduced to America through the African slave trade. The "cowpea" originally was cultivated for animal fodder. It was during the battle of Vicksburg in the Civil War that townspeople turned to eating "cowpeas," or black-eyed peas to avoid starvation.

Some folks in the South open every door and window at the stroke of midnight to let out any residual bad luck. They make a loud ruckus

New Year's Traditions

banging on pots and pans, setting off fireworks and take part in other noisy activities to chase all the bad luck far away. While they were busy chasing out the bad luck, they ate black-eyed peas in a salsa, called southern caviar. This, they thought brought good fortune and prosperity into their homes!

Some folks still take part in the Scottish custom from Hogmany of "first footing" -- the first person to set foot over your threshold on the New Year sets the luck for the year.

Good looking men and/or women and children with birthdays on the day itself were considered to bring good luck. Other folks that fit the local criteria (new brides, new mothers, the local preacher, or lacking any one of those -- someone who was healthy) would travel from door to door treated to drink and good food while they were invited to be the first person of the New Year to step over the threshold. Black-eyed peas, ham, and cornbread were served to the "first footing" person just to increase the chances of good luck.

Cris, another good friend of mine, talks about chowing down on a rich bean soup called Hoppin' John. This is made of black-eyed peas simmered with spicy sausages and tomato sauce. Recipes vary, (variations were often determined by what was on hand.)

1 cup dried black-eyed peas
4 cups of boiling water

3 medium onions diced coarsely
1/2 pound each salt pork and
spicy sausage (sliced into
thumbnail-sized cubes)

1 cup mixed rice and barley
Salt, pepper and hot cayenne
sauce to taste

Optional: 1/2 cup molasses
and 1 cup stewed tomatoes

Pour boiling water over peas, let sit for 1 hour. Place on the stove on low heat or in a crock-pot/slow-cooker. Add in onions, meat, rice/barley, tomatoes and molasses.

Simmer until the beans are so soft that they are falling apart, usually around 18-24 hours. Add hot sauce, salt, and pepper in the last half hour before serving.

Serve -- immediately after every window and door in your home is opened (to let out any left-over bad luck) and after a particularly "lucky" person walks over your threshold to set the tone of your luck for the New Year -- with cornbread, honey, and wishes for each person's New Year's luck.

Well, it really does not matter if this tradition originated from an old Scottish custom, or an entrepreneurial grocer with a large stock of black-eye peas, or simply because it is a healthy soul food, but I plan on keeping the tradition alive just because. Don't you just love New Year's family traditions?!

A Father's Love

by Arthur Johnson

A letter from a father to his daughter upon the occasion of her marriage.

There are several occasions during one's lifetime that are considered milestones. Some of those are: birth, death, religious conversion, age of consent, and marriage.

Marriage as a milestone is something that you are now about to enter. Your mother and I have always been very proud of our daughter. You have grown up as a God-fearing, honest, caring and hard-working young lady. You have chosen a young man that has the same characteristics as you. I have no doubt that you will have a successful marriage. I have been blessed with a wonderful wife and children. Your mother and I did not always agree, but we always managed to talk out our differences in a civilized manner. We also have always tried to work out any problems before retiring for the evening. If you do nothing else in your

life but have a good marriage and family, you will have been a great success. Your mother and I wish you all the success in the world in your marriage and want you to know we love you and stand ready to help when you have the need of help.
Love,
Dad

Editors Note:

Arthur Johnson is the Superintendent of Schools in Drumright, Oklahoma and originally wrote this letter to his own daughter when she was about to get married. It is touching to find a father that loves and supports his children.

We encourage you to send us a copy of any special letters that you have written to support and encourage your children in their journey through life. It could have a major influence in the life of some child that does not get the kind of support they need from their own family.

Make a difference in someone's life. Share your knowledge and love.

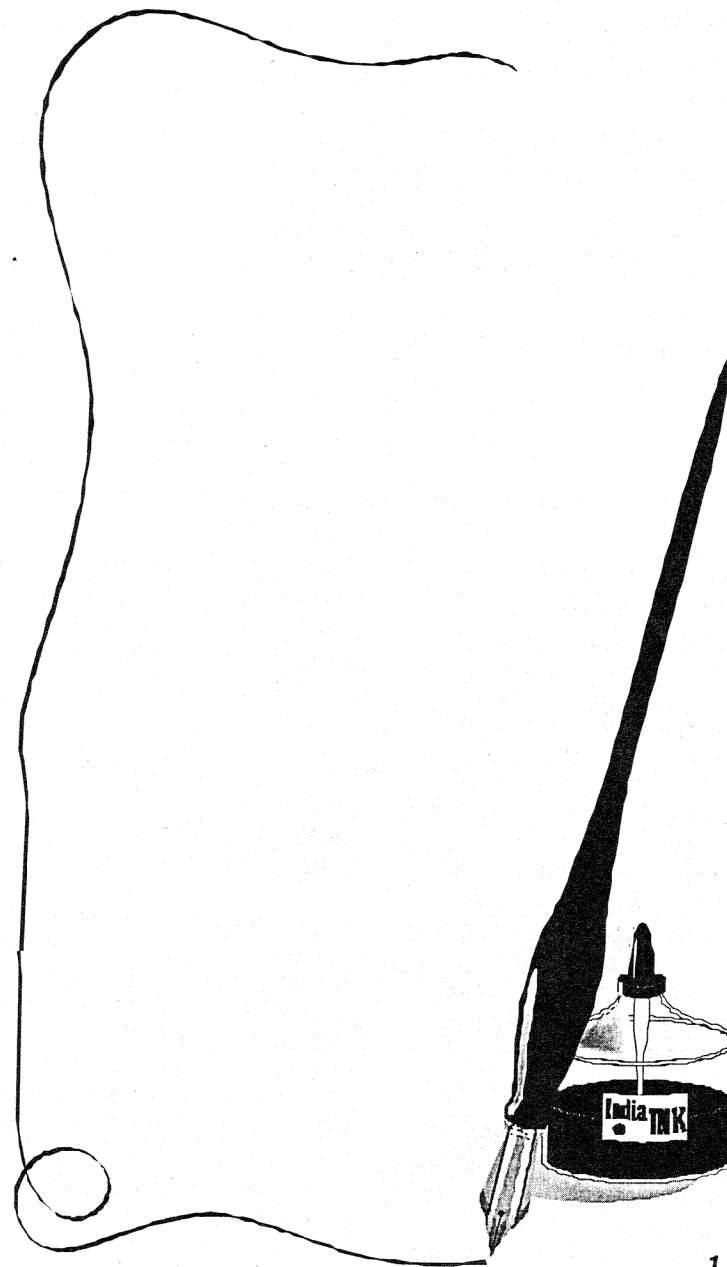
If you give a subscription of *The Legacy* as a gift to a family member, we will ask them to give us a history of their grandparents and parents, that we will pass on to you. Also, as they write down stories about their favorite Christmas, Valentines Day, Mother's Day or any other holiday, on the blank pages in our magazine, your family will get some very important records of their most precious memories. So, give a Special Gift that will please the ones you love and come back to you in the form of a personal legacy from them to you.

Blank Pages

These blank pages are available so you can personalize your copy of The Legacy with stories, thoughts and any other messages you want to leave as a personal legacy to your loved ones.

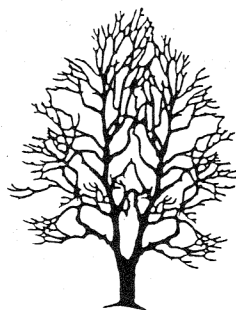
My Favorite New Years Traditions

The Best Year of my Life Was



The Genealogy Forum

by Linnea Travis Miller



Genealogy: The science or study of family descent.

Ah - so you didn't like science in school? Guess what - you're a scientist! All scientists use a method of attack to their problem. First you develop a hypothesis - well, you do know who you are. Next, the collection and organizing of data; this is the point where you will stay for years and years and years - how humbling. Your work is never done. You will have conclusions along the way, which are very exciting, but you'll never be quite finished with the project. And once you're "hooked" - hey, what can I say? That's Genealogy.

This column, hopefully, will help you with the collection and organization of your data. We will be sharing short family histories that have been sent to us by people that are

requesting further help from our readers in passing that "roadblock". We're also interested in publishing short queries on your behalf. If you have general questions regarding your research, we will try to help you through this column. So, send your questions in and we can get "rolling" on this joint effort!

What I have found during my research, is the more interesting part of genealogy is not the people themselves, but what the customs and living conditions were in their day. Why did they come? Once they were here, why did they migrate further? What foods and traditions did these immigrants bring from the "old country" and which ones are still being observed today? Our family is our history, whether it

has been here for two or three hundred years or just one generation. It's interesting. It's who we are.

Most people remember from elementary school that the early settlers of the pre-United States came here to escape religious persecution in their homeland. Whether it was the Pilgrims or the Palatinates, the Mennonite or the Quaker - the list can go on and on. How many of you remember that what is now the state of Rhode Island had originally been settled as a penal colony? Or that interest in coming to Pennsylvania was very low until William Penn went to Germany to market his new "free" colony, particularly to the Mennonite? Or that thousands of emigrants died on the many voyages and still needed their passage paid when they arrived? It's interesting and it's real- these are your ancestors!

If you're tracing your family roots, you've probably talked to a lot of relatives, been to many historical societies, visited libraries and taken many walks through cemeteries. Good research skills are very important, but one also has to be a bit creative. Things do not always fall into a neat little pattern, where parents and grandparents are found in books or others' notes. Genealogy can be a definite "hands-on" experience.

One of the highlights I have found in my research is finding an ancestor's tombstone. Each time I locate one of them, the thrill is the same. As I walk up to it, often after much footwork and searching, I have the same thought, "Gotcha!!!"

For most of the larger cemeteries, which are easily found as you drive through your ancestor's locale, the records of burials are easily found at the cemetery office, the church or the local historical society. The smaller graveyards, those who have been moved for the benefit of "progress" and those found in farmers' fields are the problem. Not only are these "cornfield" cemeteries often difficult to locate, but how do you know who's buried there, especially when many of the stones are unreadable or missing. Many of these smaller graveyards have been cataloged by very thoughtful researchers and those records have been donated to the local historical society or library.

We should feel very indebted to those people who have taken the time to document the inscriptions on these older tombstones, especially the ones on the farms. Many people are not even aware of these burying grounds until they "bump" into the information at the local historical society or library. All of a sudden you've found a whole family, plus more people you never knew about.

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A little background on older "burying grounds":

Churches maintained the earlier cemeteries; public grounds did not come into their own until the late 1800's. Many families had a burying place on their farms, oft-times within site of the main house. You sometimes can find many generations on this plot of ground. Farm cemeteries were still used into the early 1900's in central Pennsylvania.

I spoke to Tom Lehman of Lebanon County, Pennsylvania. Tom is a genealogist who took the time to methodically document many of the farm cemeteries in this area. Tom stresses that the most important thing to do before you visit the farm cemetery is to seek permission from the property owners. Most farmers do not appreciate people tramping through their fields, especially at planting-time. By asking first you may also gain additional information about the family and may even find out about a second or third, previously unknown, area with more family burials.

Another important point that Tom mentions is to disturb as little as possible. If you must move an overturned stone in order to read it, make sure it is replaced exactly as found. Tom tells about one field cemetery he visited where someone before him had moved all the stones in order to get better light in which

to read them. They were all lined up against the fence! Often husbands, wives and children are buried together, moving the stones upsets the identification of family-members, especially if you're looking for verification. Also, by returning everything as it was found, allows future seekers a better chance of gaining permission to view the stones.

Tom recommends visiting field cemeteries in early spring or late fall, before or after planting and harvest. Another reason to choose these seasons is that the overgrowth is at a minimum with much less brambles and briars to walk through. I will add another reason; less wildlife! How many have walked up to an overturned stone only to find a snake sunning itself?

Most of the field cemeteries which Tom visited are considered "abandoned"; no family is around any longer for the upkeep. Some have even been plowed over or built upon, (acht, progress!) Most of the stones were of a crude marble or sandstone. Either way, some inscriptions were very difficult to decipher. I usually bring a spray bottle of water along with me. Sometimes this helps to "bring out" the letters and dates. Also, time of day has a lot to do with the ability to read the stones. Try to make your visit in the morning. I have learned most people were buried with

feet facing East! That way they will be ready when the Lord appears from the East on His second coming.

I'm sure many of you can recall interesting or funny experiences from your cemetery visits. I'd like to share one from a friend:

"We were led from the family homestead to the very cemetery where the ancestors were buried. However, after following the map we were provided with, all that we could see concerning the cemetery was just a farmer's field. Nonetheless, undaunted, we started out over the vague land through the fields until we spotted a grove of trees in the middle of it. Ah hah! No farmer has a grove of trees in the middle of his fields. That's where the cemetery must be. And so we headed straight for the trees, found the cemetery, crawled through the cabled-in area and looked around.

"We paused a moment inside the sunlight-speckled dimness of the cemetery, looking around at the broken tombstones among the low brush and the deep animal excavations. It was obvious that it had not been cared for in many years. But rather than being saddened by the sight, we were thrilled to be standing in the midst of the graves of our ancestors' family.

"Slowly we picked our way from one stone to the other, cautiously avoiding the holes and brambles. We examined each stone and the inscriptions

on them. We were mostly interested in finding the graves of our ancestors, but we wrote down the inscriptions of all the stones because we were not that well acquainted with the first names of our new family and it was obvious that the entire family was buried there. We took pictures of the stones, hoping that some of them might prove to be the graves of a grandmother or grandfather.

"There was one tombstone that intrigued us more than the others. It was larger and obviously older than the rest and we felt that it was the grave of either Henry Jacobs or his son, George Sr. (our direct ancestors). It was of a bluish slate and about half the face of it had broken off in layers. Only a partial inscription was left.

"To the right of the stone was only the very base of what was obviously a similar tombstone and small pieces of slate were scattered around on the ground nearby. Norma had been picking through the pieces in the hopes of finding bits of inscriptions on them. Soon she was seriously digging with her hands into the soft earth in front of the base of the missing stone in an attempt to find more pieces. Then with the aid of a stick she had picked up, she was able to dig down a few inches and came up with a much larger piece of slate. With anticipation, we examined it, but there was no inscription.

"Inspired by her efforts, I found a good stout stick and

The Genealogy Forum

started helping. What a scene we must have made, Norma in her fur coat and me perspiring in my fleece-lined jacket, both of us on our hands and knees, digging furiously in an overgrown cemetery in the middle of some farmer's field. We had just given new meaning to the phrase "digging up your ancestors". It wasn't long before we took off our coats and draped them over the upright tombstone. It almost seemed sacrilegious, but we hoped Grandpa wouldn't mind.

"We kept digging downward, finding larger and larger layers of tombstone, none with an inscription. We had dug about a foot down when we found a larger piece about two feet tall and one foot wide. As it lay embedded in the earth, we brushed the dirt off the surface, but found no inscription. We carefully dug around and under it with our fingers, trying to get a good grasp on it so that we could lift it out in one piece. Carefully we pulled it out and turned it over. There was a little bit of an inscription on it. We reverently propped it up next to the upright stone.

"We paused to catch our breath and satisfied that we had seen all that there was to see in the cemetery, we brushed the russet-brown earth from our hands as well as we could and started back down the lane, occasionally stopping to pick at the burdocks that had fastened themselves all over our clothing.

"It wasn't until much later when I studied the notes I had taken at the Historical Society and compared them with the few clues we had literally dug up that day that I realized we had dug up our great-great-great-great-great-grandmother, Maria Jacob, wife of George Sr. Maria was born 29, December 1726 and died January 1, 1801. And I'm certain that Grandmaw and Grandpaw were happy that we visited them that day almost 200 years later!"

Used with permission from Vee L. Housman

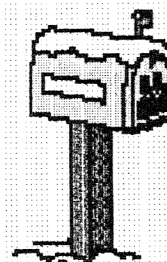
Check with the local Historical Society, most will know the locations of many of these "cornfield" cemeteries. Some may even have a county map with the locations marked. And be sure to get permission from the landowner first.

So, happy hunting and see you next month!

Your Queries

If you can help any of these people with their queries, please contact this magazine with your information and we will pass it along to them. Please include "January 1997" and initials found below query. You may also submit queries or your family histories to this magazine, or e-mail me at <lebco@aol.com>. Genealogy is a group effort, there are many others seeking the same

families and hopefully we will be able to connect them with you!



I am looking for information on the GOCHENOUR School in York Co. PA. It was in use in the mid-late 1800's. The building was torn down in 1960 and a home was built in its place. Any information on the history of this school or the associated GOCHENOUR family in this area would be greatly appreciated! W.G.

I am looking for others working on the family of John Fletcher HUGHES. He came to Kansas after the civil war, (he was born in Venango Co, PA) and he was a State Senator. He was my great-grandfather, and I have quite a bit about him and his family already. Please contact me to share info. R.R.

I am seeking information on Cosmos POORMAN, born 10-14-1850 in Dauphin Co. Penna. (Palmyra area). He was the son

of John and Leah (GRUBER) POORMAN.

Cosmos married Emma STUCKEY who was killed on 11-8-1878 at age 24 from a fall off a hay baler. She was pregnant with her third child.

On Jan. 14, 1884 a distraught Cosmos left his two young sons behind with family in Palmyra, Pa to seek a fortune in Alaska's gold rush. He made stops in Kansas, Missouri, and California. He was never heard from again.

What happened to Cosmos? His family had him declared dead in the Lebanon County Court, Lebanon, Pa in March of 1903 after more then seven yrs. went by with no word from him. B.A.

Looking for parents, siblings, children or any other information about Jan ROELOFSE. He sailed to New Amsterdam on the DeStatyn from Amsterdam, Holland on Sept. 27, 1663. Married Aug. 23, 1665 to Tytje LIPPES (Dutch Church of NY.) At the time of his marriage, he was known as Jan ROELOFS VAN VLECKER. A later reference to him on a deed referred to him as Jan ROELOFSEN VAN VLECKEREN.

I am also looking for information on the parents and descendants or any other information about Marinus ROELOFSE VAN VLECKEREN.

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He married Dina IDESSE (daughter of Theunis IDENSEN and Jannetje [VAN PELT] VAN HUYSE) on May 19, 1702 at the New York Dutch Church. When his children were baptized (all bp.RDC, NY), he used the name Marinus ROELOFSE but all of his children, when grown, are recorded with the surname of VAN VLECKEREN.

Sometime during the 1740's, Marinus and Dina went to Dutchess Co., NY and his name appears there in the Fishkill, NY tax list from 1745 to 1747. I have a listing of the Marinus' children which was in the appendix of "Ancestry and Descendants of Tielman VAN VLEECK" by Jane van Vleck.

Variations on the name that may have been used: van Vleckeren, van Vlekken, van Vlackeren, van Vlackeren, van Vlackeren, and eventually, all descendants were called Van Vlack or Van Vleck.

B.V.

* * * * *

I am looking for information pertaining to my Great-Great grandfather Samuel M. FORNEY, born October 23, 1936 in Somerset County, Pennsylvania.

The paternal Grandfather, John FORNEY; farmer, carpenter and minister in the Dunkard Church.

Samuel moved to Olney, Richland County, Illinois. Samuel married Catherine

KIMMEL, September 16, 1862.

The family moved to Buffalo County, Nebraska where he purchased a farm.

Samuel was also instrumental in organizing the South Loop Brethren Church near Pleasanton Nebraska in Buffalo County.

L.E.

* * * * *

I am trying to find the ancestors of the following: SPEER, John born 1779/80 PA/Eng., married Catharine McCUNE about 1808, probably in Lancaster County, Pa. Appears in 1820, 1830 PA Census, Lancaster Co., Bart Twp. Sold Lancaster Co., PA land in 1848 and moved to Decatur Co., IN. He died there 1854 and Catharine died in 1873. Had 15 children.

Catharine McCUNE, born County Antrim, Ireland about 1787. Married John SPEER about 1808 probably in PA. Went to Decatur Co., IN before 1850.

T.H.

* * * * *

I wish to learn more about my great-grandmother Maria GROSBECK. She came from Schaghticoke, NY and in about 1850 moved to the Saratoga (area) NY. She married Zechariah RAMSDALE, July 9, 1854. As a resident of Schaghticoke, she was a member of the Dutch Reform Church. Any leads on where to

would be appreciated.

B.R.

* * * * *

I am looking for information on the wife of James BLACK of PA. There daughter was Emily Jane, born December 25, 1842-died April 4, 1924. Emily was born in PA and died in Carroll Co, MD. Any additional information is appreciated.

D.D.

* * * * *

I am looking for information on the family of George Francis WINTER, born June 14, 1726-died January 9, 1806, from Frederick/Carroll Co, Maryland. Wife - Judith BAUM,

born October 18, 1731-died 1799. Her father died in Berks Co, PA.

Judith and George had a child - Johannes (John), born May 17, 1756-died January 3, 1817, New Windsor, MD. Are there other children? Who are George Francis' parents and siblings? Is the George WINTER who died in MD in 1749/50 the father of George Francis? If so, from where did he come from?

D.D.

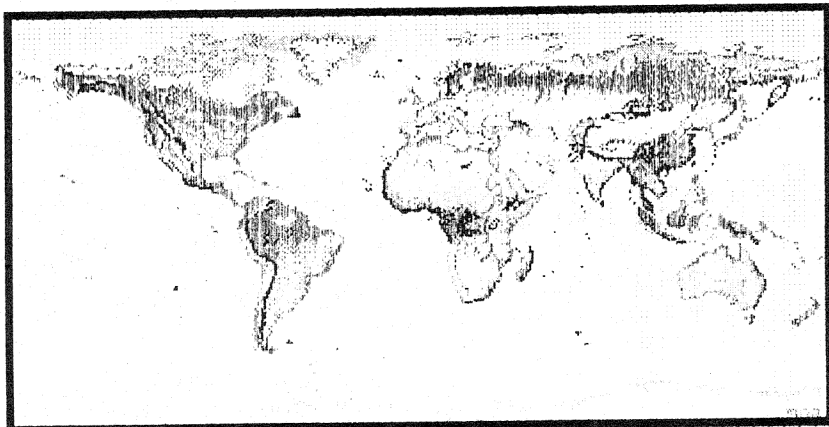
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Please send queries and/or family histories to: The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059, e-mail A Legacy@aol.com or lebco@aol.com.

Good luck on your searching and see you next month.

We have readers looking for and /or offering information on the following surnames. If you have or need information on any of these names, please contact us.

Ahlquist	Brazeal	Coates	Fiese
Akins	Braziel	Coe	Forney
Alford	Brixey	Corbin	Fouty
Allen	Brock	Cramer	Franklin
Angst	Bryan	Creel	Glass
Arnold	Burkholder	Cromer	Gochenour
Aungst	Burnes	Cruson	Gornto
Beckett	Burnett	Davis	Goss
Bethea	Butler	Dees	Graham
Black	Buxton	Dreese	Green
Blair	Caldwell	DuSauchoy	Gregory
Bollender	Carman	Earl(e)	Grosbeck
Bostick	Child	Edmonson	Gully(e)
Bower	Coate	Enochs	Guerin
Bradley		Fink	



Haas
Hall
Hardin
Hatchett
Headley
Heimbach
Holgate
Holtzclaw
Hostetter
Houser
Howard
Hughs
Hunsaker
Jackson
Jaggar
Jarrott
Johnson
Jones
Joyce
Kauffman
Kimmel
King
Lawton
Lange
Leedom
Licata
Lock
Long
Longernecker

Lovett
Lynch
Lyon
Manship
Matzen
Mayfield
Mayor
McConnell
McCune
McRill
McTiggriett
Mertins
Metcalf
Neate
Olson
Olsen
Otterbach
Parks
Peak
Peterson
Pike
Poorman
Prothro
Prudden
Ramsdale
Register
Roelofse
Rossignol
Seay

Shurley
Smith
Snyder
Specht
Speer
Spillers
Stauffer
Stouffer
Steele
Stetler
Stewart
Stoberats
Stroehrer
Swartz
Taylor
Tiffle
Toms
Tucker
Van Vlecker
Van Vleckeren
Walker
Walter
Walters
Warner
Wells
Westcott
Wike
Winter
Young

Angels and Other Visitors



Spirit Messages

Several of my family members and good friends that have passed away talk to me. My deceased grandmother has been my "guardian angel," since before it was popular to have one.

At different times in my life, she has spoken to me from out of the blue and caused me great surprise. She uses her pet name for me, and I hear her from within, not through my ears, as I do with the other relatives.

When my mother was diagnosed with cancer in September, I had to drive several hundred miles across the country alone. Perhaps my deep interest in genealogy has brought the "family spirits" closer. It started with feelings that my grandmother was in close proximity, then my grandfather, and then several aunts and uncles. Though it

comes from within myself, I hear them talking both to me, and among themselves. They told me that they would be there for my mother and would give her their support, no matter what option she chose. I assumed that that meant whether she would take treatment or just bide her time.

One day, I noticed that one of my uncles, who had recently passed away, was not with the others. When I asked where he was, they responded, "With his granddaughter." I told them that he didn't have a granddaughter. "Brittony," they all replied at once. My uncle had not married until he was in his late fifties. Then he married his childhood sweetheart, after her husband passed away. It had never occurred to me that he considered her grandchildren, his grandchildren. I knew she

Angels and Other Visitors

had lost a young granddaughter to cancer recently, but I never knew the child's name. When I got home, I asked my sister what the girl's name had been. "Brittany", she replied.

All of this time I sort of believed the voices were real, but I also considered the fact that it could have been my own mind trying to console itself. Now I'm a believer!

As it turns out, my mother was worse than we all knew and quickly faded away before our very eyes. We prayed that if she could not get well, her passing would be fast and painless. One day she had tried to eat a few bites of food, but was so dehydrated, her "uppers" kept falling down. My dad took them out so she could eat. Our prayers were answered the next day, and her passing was swift. After she left us, I could hear her and her sister looking down on us. Mom and her sister were laughing at how awful she looked, and I heard her say, "At least they could put my teeth back in!"

I'm not ready to look inside yet to hear what they are saying now. It would mean having to admit she is gone. But I do know she is safe with them, although I feel her still with us.

Blaze

If you have had an experience with an Angel or other visitors, share your story with us.

A Message From the Other Side

I was very close to my grandfather. In 1954, when I was nine years old, he appeared to me in a dream the night he died, even though we were 400 miles apart. Years later, after retirement from the Air Force, my husband and I were faced with a quandary about whether or not to leave Washington, D.C. so that he could take a job in California. After a weekend of "discussion," I left the final decision to my husband, after all, he had to do the work.

The following Monday, I went to the Library of Congress to do some research. Nothing I wanted was available, so I browsed through some stacks of books. I came across a book called "Pioneers of Humboldt County." There were no indexes, etc., but as I opened the book, I immediately found the name HANSELL. It was my great-great-grandfather. I found a parallel story of a young man discharged from the Navy who took his wife and infant son from Philadelphia to California in 1850. It was a big risk for them...as it was in our situation. I felt this was a message to follow a dream, or at least to go home. My mother lived in Sacramento and although I didn't know it at the time, it turned out that she needed me. We went to California and I ended up taking care of her. It was a growing experience for us all.

Diane Hitchcock-Owens

The Storyteller

By Melinda Long

Automobiles, Wart-witching, and other Magic

Cromer P. Vaughn was my great uncle on my father's side. Most people called him C.P. because very few knew about the "Cromer" and no one alive today can say for certain what the "P" stood for. His wife, my great aunt Ellie, says it may have been Phormore or Philmore, but even she isn't sure.

Uncle C.P. was a very young man when automobiles became popular, but he was smart enough to know a good thing when he saw it. He taught himself to take a car apart and put it together again, one piece at a time. People used to travel for many miles to have C.P. Vaughn look under the hood of their car or listen to a particular ping or rattle in the engine.

He knew his business. Uncle C.P. once stood there on his front porch and swore, in front of God and everybody, that he was the man responsible for the

blinking turn signal. He told us that somebody had stolen his idea before he could get credit for it.

Uncle C.P. was always good for a story or two. He would sit by the pot-bellied wood stove in the little garage and gas station he owned in Moore, South Carolina, and play checkers with his friends. I often sat and watched him play, but not because I liked checkers. It was the storytelling that held my interest. Uncle C.P. always had some tall tale or horror story to share. He would sit there, his bald head reflecting the light from the stove, and chew on an old cigar while he whispered one yarn after another. Those tales often kept me from sleeping at night...but I never stopped listening.

As he got older, the stories continued, but more often than not they were told from the

A New Year

By Franklin T. Wike

Alas, a new year is upon us, and with it comes new beginnings; dreams; and goals; as well as new chances for completing old goals and dreams.

We now have the opportunity to put behind us any unpleasant memories of past difficulties and savor the proud and fulfilling ones while working on making our future brighter, happier, and more successful than ever before.

As we start this new year, may we all find a greater, stronger, and more fulfilling life than we have ever experienced before.

By achieving personal growth first, then sharing with others the warmth; compassion; love; and understanding that we have gained, we can all experience the greatest joy that life has to offer and look forward to the greatest year of our life.

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comfort of his favorite recliner. He kept an empty coffee can by his chair and would stop talking halfway through a sentence to spit tobacco juice into the can.

Aside from auto repair and storytelling, Uncle C.P. had other talents--among them the ability to witch warts. When I was five years old, I had a wart on my left ring finger. It was an ugly thing that I sometimes covered up when meeting people. One day Uncle C.P. noticed the wart.

"Come here Suzy Q," Suzy Q was his pet name for me.

"What's that on your hand?" He examined the wart carefully and then leaned toward me. "Run in yonder and break me off a straw from that ole broom in the corner." I did what I was told and then watched as Uncle C.P. broke the straw in half and then broke the halves in half again.

He touched the ends to my wart and then placed all four pieces in my hand and closed my fingers around them. He mumbled something I couldn't understand and then looked at my parents.

"One day," he began "I'll show Ellie how to do this so that the

secret will be passed on after I'm gone."

Then Uncle C.P. looked me in the eyes. "Now Miss Suzy Q, you go and hide these somewhere, but don't you never tell nobody where you hid 'em. 'Cause tomorrow that wart's gonna be gone, but if you tell anybody, it'll come back."

I looked up in time to see my parents exchange one of those grins that says, "I hope she won't be too disappointed when this doesn't work." Uncle C.P. saw it too, but he only winked. The next morning that wart was gone.

That was more than thirty years ago. Many things have changed since then. Uncle C.P. has since left us for a better place, but not before my own daughter had a chance to hear his wonderful stories. His garage was finally sold to a group of folks who opened up a storefront church in its place:

"The Fellowship of Our Lady of the Gas Pump," or something like that. One thing, however, still hasn't changed. To this day, I have never told anyone where I hid the pieces of broom straw, and I never will.

A New Holiday

We are starting a Family Tradition. It's called Family Day and it will be celebrated on the first Sunday in August. So spread the word to all of your friends and family members to take one day and get away from the TV, go out into the country or a city park and share your valuable time sharing stories and games with family members.

By the way, if you have a neighbor that has no living family, why not have your family adopt them as an honorary family member.

Medicine for the Heart

by Sonya Lichte

On March 5, 1903, Lemual Bates and Elizabeth Trobley were blessed with a baby girl, Isla Emiline. Seventy-two years later - to the day - I was born. My great-great aunt Isla always called me the best birthday present she ever got. When I was a sophomore in high school, Isla passed away. I remember sitting down on a sidewalk near my high school and crying on a friend's shoulder. Isla was one of the best presents I ever had. She provided medicine for the heart.

Isla spent the last ten years of her life in an alternative living establishment called the Elms. Most of my memories of her are in a little apartment consisting of a kitchen, living room, bedroom, bathroom and a porch. There was always a jar full of candy on her coffee table, and a

few toys on the floor behind a chair.

On one wall she kept a collection of plates. One of those plates, a sail boat, now hangs on my wall.

Every visit my family shared with Isla was the same. It seems that we had some sort of unspoken ritual. Grandma and Grandpa Bates would find a parking space on the street in front of the Elms. My brother and I would bolt out of the car and race to the front door of the building. When we were younger, we could not reach the intercom... so we had to wait for a grown-up to get there. As we got older, we could reach the number 8 when we stood on our tippy toes. Isla would buzz us in. Through the door we would go, past a lobby, down the hall and to Isla's, the third door on the left. By the time we got there, Isla would be

Medicine for the Heart

waiting for us with her door open. The moment everyone was seated and comfortable, Isla was in the kitchen making root beer floats. Not one visit went by that Isla didn't make us one of her floats. If that isn't medicine for the heart, I don't know what is.

My mother, Barbara, enjoyed Isla's root beer floats too. When my mom and her two brothers were children, Isla lived in Wolfpoint, Montana, with her husband, Justin (Jess) Silerude. They lived on a farm, raising chickens and cows. Every summer, the kids would spend one month on the farm with Isla and Jess. It was the kids' responsibility to collect the eggs while they were on the farm. In return, Isla saved the 'egg money' for the kids - year-round.

Sometimes the boys would fight while they were staying at the farm. Isla, of course, was very strict with them. The moment they began fighting, she called them in angrily, sat them down in the middle of the kitchen, and handed each of them a

can of soda. In a stern voice she would tell the boys they had to drink the entire soda before they could get up. She then turned around to attend to her chores. Of course the boys would snicker and giggle. Isla would turn around again saying "Now I mean it boys, you are not to move an inch until every drop of that soda is gone." By the time they were done with the soda, the boys had forgotten all about the fight!

Isla was not only famous for her root beer floats, but for her Irish poke. When ever we went fishing, Isla brought in the most fish; not only that, but she managed to catch the biggest ones. She gave all the credit to her magic Irish poke. She shared her secret with me when I was about eight. I would share it with you, but I promised not to tell anyone.

Today, whenever I need a little medicine for my heart, I watch for sailboats, spend a little time fishing, or enjoy a root beer float. Thank you, Isla, for sharing not only your birthday with me, but your medicine.

We are starting a new column for and about Grandparents.

If you have an interesting and heartwarming story about your grandparents or if you are a grandparent and you have a cute story about one of your grandchildren or simply some advice you would like to share with others, please send your comments and suggestions to: A Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059 or you can reach us by e-mail at A Legacy@aol.com



By Kay Brixey

The colors of sunset..... such a beautiful splash of red, yellow, blue, pink, and purple in the sky as the sun dropped below the horizon of the golden wheat field. The knot in my chest grew, the lump in my throat ached, and tears welled up in my eyes, as I realized how fortunate I was to be able to watch that unique phenomena. That particular sunset was a reminder to me about endings. That was an end of a day that I would never forget. I was told that day that the lump in my breast was malignant. I had cancer. How could I enjoy looking at a sunset knowing it could be one of my last? How could I not enjoy looking at a sunset knowing

The colorful reflection of the western sky was mirrored in the pond below my house. As I sat on the deck I reflected about my day and my life. As the tears began rolling down my face, I wandered back into the big house where I'd lived most of my life. I went into the bedroom and sat down on the old four-poster bed that I refinished as a special project when I was a senior in

high school. Even though I went into that room several times a day, I remember thinking, "I'm seeing things differently....things I have always looked at but really never saw! Is that what cancer does to you?" I noticed the old quilt folded neatly at the foot of the bed. My mother made that quilt from clothing she had sewn for me as I was growing up. She made most of my clothes until her arthritis caused so much pain and physical disabilities that she was forced to quit. I smiled through the tears as I caressed the fabric scraps that were pieced together with her hands. The red knit fabric was from a special dress that I had worn on my first date. I didn't think Mother and Dad would believe that the reason I was late getting home was because we had a flat tire then discovered the spare was also flat! But they believed me because they trusted me. Another piece of fabric is the blue and cream open-weave wool that came from one of my favorite dresses. I was in eighth grade and felt so special when I wore that dress and

Scrap Pieces of Memories

lined cape to church! The knit with shades of blue was from the dress that I stuffed in my backpack as I hitchhiked all through Italy. Between that dress and my blue jeans, I was able to go anywhere (thank goodness for polyester!) The pink and white material brings back memories of the job Linda Hall and I got entertaining in a supper club in Oklahoma City. She played piano and I played guitar while we sang our repertoire of folk songs.

I was so surprised when my mother gave me the quilt on my 26th birthday, after the birth of my first son, Eric. She wanted me to have a quilt made from clothing I'd worn during my childhood to pass along to my children. What a special gift. Surprisingly though, it never meant much to me until that moment seventeen years later. Quilts had always meant so much to my mother. She talked of them as if they were a piece of art and a historical document all wrapped up in one useful and beautiful creation. Now I understand what she was talking about.

That day, three and one-half years ago, I decided to learn how to quilt! It was a great form a therapy to keep my mind and fingers busy during the chemotherapy. In addition to my new hobby, I was also able to end up with a beautiful legacy to leave to Ryan, my second son.

Today, even though I've had no signs of the cancer returning and will continue to get my check-ups every

six months, I look at the quilt and I'm so proud. Now it is priceless, because of the memories. As I pulled it out the other day, I began wondering about the origin and tradition of quilting. Here is a sample of some interesting tidbits I discovered about quilting:

The names of quilt patterns usually reveal the social and/or economic conditions in which they were created. Names with strong biblical influence were patterns such as Jacob's Ladder and Job's Trouble. The hardships of the pioneers were identified in names such as "Rocky Road to California." The Log Cabin and Churn Dash were examples of the everyday life of the pioneers. Many times the names were related to trades or occupations (ship's wheel, monkey wrench, water-mill) or the outdoor life (flying geese, spider's web, ocean wave.) There were even pattern names describing square dancing techniques like swing-in-the-center and eight-hand-around.

Have you heard of the Crazy Quilt? This is the quilt with all kinds of fabrics, from velvet, cotton, and wool to silk and satin. Often wedding dresses were used to make these special quilts that were usually hand-tied because of the thickness and delicate fabric. There was also lots of ribbon, lace, and embroidery. During the Victorian era, these crazy quilts were never used as bed covering but were used to adorn the sofas in the parlor. Usually they were not as big

as the bed coverings because when the fabric ran out - it was done!

A strong sense of sisterhood grew between the ladies who would get together and quilt. Because of strict religious and social guidelines, girls couldn't go out with friends but were allowed to go to quilting bees. It was an eye opening experience when different generations of women got together to discuss men, life, and the birds and the bees.

Amish quilts are probably some of the most famous and desired quilts in the world. Usually these quilts are made with solid color fabrics, only in bright and somber colors. The patterns are usually large geometric medallions.

Humility Blocks are purposefully incorrectly pieced and placed in the lower right hand section of the quilt. The reason was to show that God was perfect and man was imperfect. The Drunkards Path quilt block became popular in the later part of the nineteenth century. As the Temperance Movement grew, many women expressed their affiliation to this group in their quilts. Many of the quilts of this period were pieced using blue and white fabrics, the colors representing the Temperance Movement.

The Log Cabin quilt became popular in the United States by the mid-nineteenth century. This pattern consist of strips of fabric (logs) sewn around a square fabric center. The center fabric square was traditional red to signify the fire on the hearth of the cabin. By careful

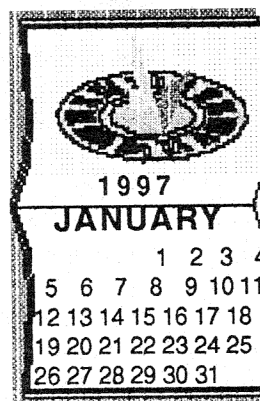
placement of light and dark fabrics, different patterns were formed. These other patterns are known by the names of Court House Steps, Straight Furrow, and Barn Raising. Log Cabin quilts were frequently tied since it was too hard to quilt through so many seams.

There appears to be a connection between the underground railroad and quilts. The Log Cabin or Jacob's Ladder quilts were used to mark those housed considered as safe houses by escaping slaves. The quilt would be hung in the window or beside the door.

Cloth with quilt block pattern printed on it, as opposed to a quilt pattern created by different pieces of cloth cut out and sewn together, is known as cheater cloth. Cheater cloth became available in the 1850's. The first cheater cloth patterns where imitation chintz patches. In the early 1900's, other patterns such as Log Cabin and Charm Quilts became available on cheater cloth. In the 1930's, Sears offered cheater cloth in patterns such as Dresden Plate, Double Wedding Ring, and Grandmother's Flower Garden. Cheater cloth is still being produced today and a bolt or two can be found in just about every quilt store.

Quilts are magnificent expressions of life. They are treasured by all ages, races, creeds, and classes of people. It is amazing how a simple quilt can bring comfort to the body, mind and soul. What a beautiful legacy. Ω

The History of Calendars



As we get ready for another new year and I prepare to tear down the old calendars and put up the new ones, I could not help but wonder why we have 31 days in certain months while others only have 30 days. Then there is the question of February, where we only have 28 days -- unless it is a leap year. This all seems a little confusing to me at times, and I've wondered why we couldn't simply have the same number of days in each month.

As I was wondering about the number of days in a month, I also wondered who decided on the names we use for the various months and days, so I decided to do a little research and get some answers. I expected to find out that some Joe Blow in Washington picked some names out of a hat, but I was actually quite surprised at the answers I found.

Somewhere in the back of my

mind, I knew the Chinese had a different calendar, but I never knew there are actually around 40 different calendars used in the world today.

It seems the origin of the calendar started back in ancient times, when the farmers needed to keep track of the seasons in order to know when it was time to plant their crops. Therefore, some calendars are based on the various seasons of the years, while others are based on astronomy.

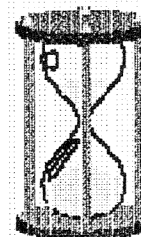
The legal code of the United States does not actually specify an official national calendar. The fact that we use the Gregorian calendar in the United States stems from an Act of Parliament of the United Kingdom in 1751, which specified the use of the Gregorian calendar in England and its colonies.

The Day

One day, as we know it, is based on the rotation of the Earth on its axis.

Days were originally kept track of by observing the sun. Early days were counted as starting at sundown; the Jewish days still are. One cycle of dark followed by light was called a day. The Babylonians used a 12 digit numbering system because it could be divided equally by 2, 3, 4 or 6. So, by using their system of time keeping, there were 12 "hours" of night followed by 12 "hours" of light, but their hours consisted of an unequal length of time. In the summer, each light "hour" could have been 75 minutes by our measurement, while the night hours could have been 45 minutes in length by our standards. In the winter it would have been the opposite. So, their 11th hour of daylight would be the same as our 8 PM in summer and 5 PM in winter.

Noon was the easiest to determine; the shadow on a sundial would be in a line going north and south. However, once we had clocks, they switched to equal hours so that clock speed would not have to be changed



twice a day and so they wouldn't need various lengths of candles to determine the time at night.

They didn't want to start a new day in the middle of the work period, so they used the opposite time of midnight. When we changed so that the days started at midnight, the evening (from sundown to midnight) was referred to as the eve of the day that arrives at midnight. This is where we get Christmas Eve, New Years Eve, etc.

Week Day Names

The Greeks called all of the lights in the sky that wandered or moved 'Planetes.' Today, we translate that as Planets. Therefore, the Roman calendar had its days of the week named after all of the moving lights - or planets - which they considered to be gods. The Romans considered the sun and moon as planets because they also wandered the sky, so we have:

Sunday (the Sun's day),

Monday (Moon's day),

Tuesday (Tiw's day - Old Norse's equivalent of planet and god of Mars),

Wednesday (Woden's day - Old Norse's equivalent of Mercury),

Thursday (Thor's day - Old Norse's equivalent of Jupiter),

Friday (Frigg's day - Old Norse's equivalent of Venus),

Saturday (Saturn's day).

So, we still have the days of the week named after the 7 "planets" that were known in ancient times.

The History of Calendars Weeks

Our English word "week" comes from the Teutonic word for "change" -- indicating the change of the phases of the moon.

In Babylonian times (600 BC), they worshiped the moon. As a celebration of every full moon, the start of the month (moon-th), they would have a worship service and everybody got off work that day and went to worship service where there was eating, drinking and dancing. They called this Sappatu and the name came to English as the Sabbath.

Work productivity actually went up when they started this, so they started another worship service at the new moon (in the middle of the month). This gave two days a month off. After awhile, production still went up, so they tried a day off at the quarter moons also.

The people really enjoyed having 4 days off each month, but they did have a complaint: their months were either 29 or 30 days long, based on their observation of the first crescent. Therefore, some of the time it was 7 days from one day off to the next while at other times it was 8 days. It became a little confusing, so they stopped having the Sabbath (as the 4 days off in month were called) based on the moon, and had it every 7 days instead.

The Babylonians chose every seventh day because they liked the number 7. It was magic

because if you took a circle (such as a coin), you could put 6 other same-size circles (coins) around it and they would all touch the center and their neighbors.

That was also the number of planets they knew of and the planets were gods and the days of the weeks were named after the gods.

The Jewish people who were captives (slaves) of the Babylonians got every 7th day off so they could worship. So even when they escaped, they kept worshipping on the Sabbath. To this day, they still use a modified version of calendar the Babylonians developed thousands of years ago.

Early Christians observed the Sabbath (Jewish worship), and the day after the Sabbath (now considered the first day of the week) as the day they worshipped Christ. When the Roman empire converted to Christianity, they took the first day of the week as the day of worship and a day off and the 7 days per week became official.

The second day off did not come about until after 1945 (after World War II), because there were too many workers. It was the Sabbath (our Saturday, the 7th day of the week) out of consideration of the Jews who had suffered greatly during the war.

Months

One month is based on the time it takes for one revolution of the Moon around the Earth.

Month Names

The names we use for various months, came from the Roman calendar:

March was the first month of the year. It was named after Mars -- the god of war.

April came from the word meaning 'after' or 'second.'

May was name for the goddess Miai, the goddess of increase.

June was named for the goddess Juno, the queen of the gods and the goddess of marriage (I guess that even in Roman times there were a lot of June brides).

July was originally called Quintillis (Latin for 5), but it was renamed for Julius Caesar and became July.

August was originally Sextillia (Latin for six), but it was renamed for Caesar Augustus and became August.

September came from the word seven (septem),

October from eight (octo),

November from nine (novem),

December from ten (decem).

February was the last month of the year and it was named after Februaria, the ritual for atonement.

January: In 154 B.C., the Roman senate started meeting at the start of the month after

December, which was named

January after the god Janus, a temple god who could look forward and backward at the same time. They started calling January 1 the start of new year.

Month length

Early Calendars followed the

moon -- where we get our word for month. They had 29 to 30 days in a month. Alternating between 29 and 30 days would keep the calendar in step with the moon phase. The actual average days in a month is 29.530588.

Food-raising cultures had to keep track of the seasons and wanted their calendars to do it for them, but a pure lunar calendar was 11.2422 days too short. So, they added an extra month to the year about every three years to get the calendar back in step with the seasons. So on the average, the year would come out about right and this is called a lunar-solar calendar. Most cultures with lunar calendars used this method. The Hebrew and Chinese calendars still use this method.

The early Roman calendar also added an extra month and it was controlled by the senate. They would keep adding the extra month in a year so their term would run longer (you know how some politicians are). In 45 B.C., the calendar was so far off that Julius Caesar reformed the calendar and took it off the lunar cycle and put it on the solar cycle.

Leap Year

The year -45 has been called the "year of confusion" because in that year Julius Caesar inserted 90 days to bring the months of the Roman calendar back to their traditional place with respect to the seasons. This was Caesar's first step in their

The History of Calendars

replacing a calendar that had gone awry.

Although the pre-Julian calendar was lunar-solar in inspiration, its months no longer followed the lunar phases and its year had lost step with the cycle of seasons. Following the advice of Sosigenes, an Alexandrine astronomer, Caesar created a solar calendar with twelve months of fixed lengths and a provision for an extra day to be added every fourth year. As a result, the average length of the Julian calendar year was 365.25 days. This was fairly consistent with the length of the tropical year as it was known at the time.

It started out as 5 months with 30 days and 6 months of 31 days with one month (February) having 29 and becoming 30 for leap year. The beginning of each third month was the start of another season.

Following Caesar's death, the Roman authorities misapplied the leap year rule, with the result that every third - rather than every fourth - year had an extra day added. Although detailed evidence is lacking, it is generally believed that Emperor Augustus corrected the situation by changing the days that had been previously entered during the Julian years -8 through +4. After this, the Julian calendar finally began to function as planned. But Augustus Caesar wanted a month named for him since he had fixed the calendar.

The only month that didn't have a holiday already assigned

was the month after the one given to Julius (July), but it only had 30 days in it. So, to not be outdone by Julius, he stole a day from February.

How Long is the Calendar?

If you think the calendar is 365 days long, think again. The solar year is actually 365.2421896698 days. The calendar is not the same as the solar year. It is, however, an attempt to combine days, weeks and months into a regular pattern to match a sequence of solar years.

Think of it this way: a 365 day calendar is actually shorter than a solar year, and a 366 day calendar is too long, but the combination of three regular calendar years ("common years") plus a leap year comes very close to matching a sequence of four solar years.

Julius Caesar thought the match was close enough when he instituted the Julian Calendar. By combining three common years with a leap year, they got a calendar year which is 365.25 days long. But this means the Julian Calendar was, in reality, a little bit too long.

This caused the calendar to have about 1/4 extra days every century, and the seasons were getting latter in the calendar all the time. So, Pope Gregory adopted a new calendar (in 1582) that corrected it by 1/4 days per century. His calendar would not have a leap year on the years ending in 00, such as 1700, 1800, 1900, etc. unless the

year was divisible by 400, such as 1600, 2000, 2400, etc. This gives 365.2425 days on the average.

To adjust the calendar so that Easter occurred closer to spring as it was in the olden days (325 C.E.), he had 10 days deleted from the calendar so the day after October 4, 1582, would be October 15, 1582. The whole purpose was to have the spring occur on March 21, or as close as possible.

The countries that were predominately Catholic adopted the calendar; the protestant countries adopted it later. England (and the United States of America as her colony) adopted the calendar in 1752, and to get the calendars to agree, September 2, 1752, was followed by September 14, 1752 (missing 11 days).

This is the calendar we use today --called the Gregorian calendar. The Gregorian calendar still accumulates an error of one day about every

2500 years. Although various adjustments to the leap year system have been proposed, none have been instituted.

Trivia

Sometimes there are two moons in a month and there is a special name for the second moon, the Blue Moon. This occurs because the lunar cycle is about 29.5 days and there are 30 or 31 days in a month except February. It is possible that February does not have a moon in it at all then January or March could have two moons.

The Blue moon occurs on the average of once every 2.7 years. This is where the expression "once in a Blue Moon" comes from, indicating something that occurs infrequently.

Trivia

Many holidays, (Holy Days -- days special to the gods) are based upon the start of seasons or the middle of the season, i.e. mid Winter, mid Summer, etc.

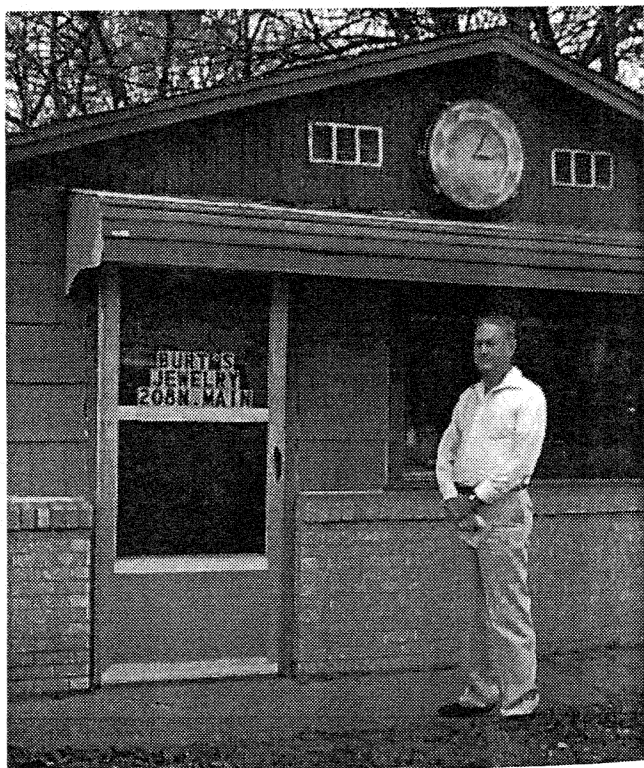
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Time Moves On

By Frank Wike

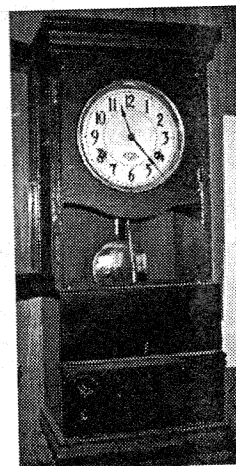
As we prepare to begin the new year, I cannot think of a better way to start than to share a story with you about combining the quality of craftsmanship and family togetherness from the past with the best that modern technology has to offer.

About an hour's drive from Oklahoma City there is a little town that is small enough to use a 4-way stop sign in the center of town instead of a traffic light. On Main Street, about 1 1/2 blocks north of the stop sign, is

a little watch repair shop. There are no signs on the building advertising the fact that it is a business of any type or that it is even open for business. (The name on the door was placed there after I wrote this.) And if you show up at the shop around 2:00 pm in the afternoon, you will not find anyone there because the owner will be down at the local coffee shop for his afternoon break. That coffee shop is where I first met Burton Coate, the owner of that shop.

Burton is a very very quiet man. He does not speak much unless he has something to say and even then he will speak his peace, then fall silent again. However, I soon found out that he can fill volumes of books with his actions. Burton is one of the most respected people in his town. I learned more about his kindness and helpful attitude from others than I did from speaking with him directly.

As I walked into Burton's shop, one of the first things I noticed was a manual, gear operated time clock with a chrome pendulum that was made by International Time Recording Company in 1924. That clock is still working and keeps perfect time. I stood there in awe as Burton pulled a key out of the cabinet and wound the clock up for another day of keeping perfect time.



Then I noticed an old National Cash Register that he bought from an old grocery store when they went out of business. It is a manual cash register that only reads up to \$59.99. It has a black crackle metal finish with a chrome top and it has a bell on it that rings every time the drawer opens.



He also has a real old RCA Victor portable radio that runs on tubes and took 2 flashlight batteries. He bought it in 1946; it was a couple of years old even then.

I found it very enlightening to discover that this gentle and quiet man was so interested in preserving these quality instruments from the past. Yet as we walked into his back room I received an even bigger surprise. Right in the middle of all these antiques was a brand new computer. It was definitely an unexpected combination, finding a 72 year-old man that spends part of his time repairing clocks that were made before he was born and the rest of his time communicating with people

It's About Time

from all over the world by using the Internet.

This is the story of that versatile gentleman called Burton:

"I Burton Richard Coate, was born August 21, 1924, in Murrayville, IL. I have a copy of my family tree as far back as my great-great-great grandfather, Marmaduke Coate, who was born in 1738 in Newberry County, S.C.

"My Grandfather, William Coate was born April 11, 1835, in Bloomingdale, IN. My grandfather and two of his brothers were shoemakers. There was something physically wrong with all of them. One of them got hurt in the Civil War, I forgot what was wrong with the other one and my grandfather had club feet. My grandfather moved from Indiana, where he was born, to Eudora Kansas, just west of Kansas City, where he and his two brothers opened a shoe repair shop called 'The Cripple Shoe Shop.'

"I never met my grandfather, because he died before I was born, but my family has passed several legacies down from generation to generation. I still have a box of old hand tools that my grandfather used in the shoemaking trade. I also have the old wooden shoe bench that my grandfather used. His brothers made it for him. My father used it for a long time too when he learned the shoemaking trade from his father. There are still nails in

that shoe bench that I pounded in when I was a little kid, but as far as I am concerned, that just adds to the value of it in terms of the family history it holds. We use it as a coffee table at the house now and one day I will pass it on to my children.

"I also had a pistol that my dad's Uncle John carried in the Civil War."

"The pistol was an old cylinder type 22 caliber with no trigger guard. It was made so that it would break in half, allowing the barrel and cylinders to swing down on a hinge and separate from the rest of the gun so you could load the shells in it, but it was worn so bad that someone had soldered it closed. It had a notch filed in the side where you could load it. I never did fire it; it was just a keepsake. The cylinder had engravings of cowboys and Indians all around the cylinder. It would hold 6 bullets. He had scratched the words: John Coate 437th Indiana infantry on the side of it. Then, a couple of years ago, my place was broken into and someone took it and a 14" double-edge knife that my uncle brought back from the Philippines. I wouldn't have taken a fortune for either one of those items because they were irreplaceable in terms of family history.

"At one time in the 1930's, my uncle Will was the champion pistol shot of the Army. One of

his things was, he would have his pistol in its holster and his left hand in his pocket, take a tin can, throw it into the air, empty the gun into the can and keep the can in the air, put the gun back in its holster and catch the can. I still have some of his targets and his 45 with his name engraved on it.

"My dad, Omer V. Coate, was born April 8, 1883, in Eudora, KS. When Dad was young he got a job working on a farm. While he was running a threshing machine that was powered by a steam engine, it exploded and burnt his legs real bad.

"I was five years old when we moved to Oklahoma back in 1929. We had a Moon Car and my sister used to make Dad so mad because whenever there was any sort of trouble with the car and he would crawl under the car to do something to it, my sister would sing an old song to aggravate him called 'Get Out and Get Under the Moon.'

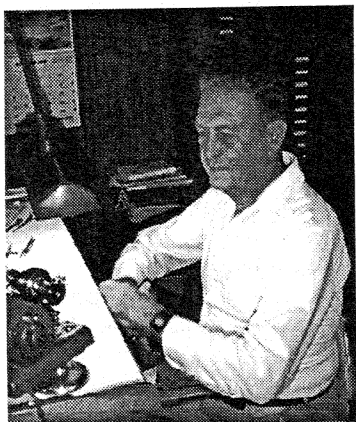
"Dad worked at making shoes for a long time but he was really interested in watches because he had learned to fix them when he was younger. So he ended up opening up his own Watch Repair Shop in Guthrie, Ok.

"The first bicycle I had, Dad paid \$3 for. It didn't have any pedals. There was a spindle sticking out on the right side and I put a bolt through the left side so that I would have a place to put my foot. When we moved, I sold that bike to a guy for \$3.50. Then I bought two old bicycles and combined them to make one

bicycle. I sold that bicycle for \$6 or \$7. Then around 1938, I went to Oklahoma City with Dad where he stopped by Harry's Bicycle Shop, and there was my dream bicycle right there in his shop. It was a rebuilt Western Flyer bicycle that looked like new. It had 26 inch wheels, balloon tires, a basket on the front of it and a little tank mounted between the handlebars and the seat that looked like a small gas tank that you would find on a motorcycle. That tank had a little door that opened up so you could keep your tools in it. They wanted \$14.95 and I had only saved up fourteen dollars and a half. But they let me have that bicycle for \$14.50 and I kept it until I went into the service.

"I went into the Air Force and while I was in the service, I went through mechanic school first, then through gunnery training. I was an engineer on a B24. That means that I was a flying mechanic. I took care of checking the flaps, landing gear, generators, etc. I also manned the top turret guns when we were out on combat. Then later, I retrained on B29's.

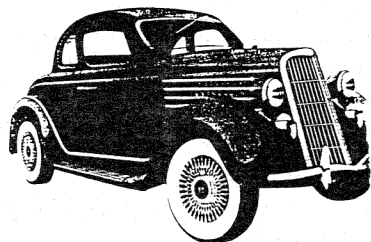
"I had just finished my training on the B29's and my ground crew was four days at sea when they dropped the bomb at Hiroshima, so we turned around and came back home."



"I got out of the Air Force in February of 1946 and went to work in the shop with my dad, learning the watchmaking trade.

"When I got out of the service, I had enough money from my service pay to buy my first car.

"It was a 1940 Ford, three-speed standard shift on the column and a starter button on the dash. I paid \$1,000 cash for it.



"That was a bunch of money back in 1946. I got that car and had it pretty well worn out when a guy from Oklahoma City happened to see it. It was a slick looking car. Well, he had a '39 Plymouth that was in real good shape and he wanted to know if I would trade. I told him I would take \$50 and his Plymouth in trade. He liked the idea so we traded. I kept that '39 Plymouth until I got married and had my second child.

"A year after getting out of the service, I went to watch repair school at Southwestern Institute of Technology in Weatherford, Oklahoma."

Editor's note:

I found out that while Burton was going to school, he would go to a swimming pool and when he would get up on the high dive board, he would take his watch off and throw it into the pool then dive in after it. Since some of the people that were watching him, were not familiar with the concept of "waterproof watches," they were not quite sure what to think of him. One of the people watching him was a seventeen year-old girl named Margaret Ann Henderson who lived across the street from the pool.

On Sept. 5, 1948, the first day of school for the some of the students, two girls were leaving campus to go downtown for lunch. One of the girls knew Burton and when she saw him

going to his car, she asked him if she and her girlfriend, Margaret, could ride to town with him. He said they could and that is when Burton and the girl named Margaret, who saw him in the swimming pool, actually met for the first time. That evening Burton called Margaret, then he went over to her grandparents' house to see her. They went for a ride to get some ice cream and ended up seeing a movie called "Johnny O'clock."

After that, Burton went to Margaret's home every morning to take her to class. Every day he would take her to lunch and then take her home after school. He also took her for a ride every evening in his '39 Plymouth.

When Burton was about ready to finish his watch repair schooling he asked Margaret to marry him. Because being with him felt so right, she agreed.

For her 18th birthday, he gave her an engagement ring and they were married on November 10, 1948, eleven days after her birthday.

Their marriage ended her college career but it also started the most important career she wanted --that of being a wife and a mother. Margaret did further her education years later, taking a secretarial course and a word processing class, and she is now enrolled in a computer

class at Oklahoma State University.

Burton and Margaret lived with his parents for a month before moving to Perkins, Oklahoma and getting their own place on Dec. 11, 1948. They attended the First Christian Church where Nelson "Steve" Stevens was the pastor. Steve was also the Boy Scout leader and Mack Braziel was his assistant. Steve visited Burton's home many times and he eventually asked Burton to help him with the Scouts, and that is how Burton met the Braziel family.

While living in Perkins, Burton ended up building two additional rooms onto the little house that he bought. He later built the building that he currently uses as a shop for his business. Several men from town helped him with the floors; however, he built most of the rest of the shop himself or with the help of one special friend. I also found out that he is a very talented mathematician which helped him considerably in calculating the material needed for his building, and for cabinets that he has made.

While working at his craft of repairing watches and clocks, Burton is always ready to show people what his work entails and he will take as much time as is needed to explain how the different parts of a clock or watch work.

On one wall in Burton's shop is a poem written in Calligraphy by his daughter Rita.

Our Daddy

*You sprinkled magic on my days
And helped me grow in many ways.
From baby shoes to roller skates,
Summer camps and shy first dates.
You held my hand to ease a fear
Or hugged me close to wipe a tear.
And even though the years have passed,
I know our bond will always last.
A special man, so wise and strong,
I'll love you, Dad, all life long.
Your Daughter, Rita*

Tribute from a friend, Mack Braziel.

It is always great to reflect back on the years I have spent with Burton Coate and his family. I am the second person Burton met when he moved to Perkins, Oklahoma, 48 years ago. Since Burton was a second generation watchmaker, he bought a house on Main Street and used the front room of the house as his shop. When Burton and his wife Margaret were expecting their first child, I helped Burton build a bedroom onto his house in order to accommodate his growing family. Several years later I helped Burton build a separate building next door to his house and he moved his watch repair business into the new building.

To this day, he still uses that same building as his watch

repair shop.

Burton was always real economical and he liked vehicles that got good gas mileage. Back in the 50's he used to own an English car that was called a "Hillman." They don't make that vehicle anymore but it used to get real good gas mileage.

One thing I have always admired about Burton is that in all of the years that I have known him, I have never seen him get angry, swear, raise his voice or say anything bad about anyone. It has been great having Burton and his family as friends all of these years.

Burt, your would be a hard act to follow. May God continue to bless you and your family in the years to come.

As ever, your old friend, Mack Braziel.

Comments from Burton's Wife, Margaret Coate:

The most amazing thing about Burton is that he was so happy earning a living for us. His dad and my dad did the same thing-- but I guess you just expect your parents to provide. It is more that Burton seemed so happy to do for us than it is that he did it just because he had to.

I am also so amazed that he can get his point across without ever using a bad word. I was raised with menfolk who let their feelings be known by what they said--but in the nearly 50 years I have known Burton, I have not heard him say one bad word or what they used to call by-words (meaning gosh, darn, or anything like that). I remember the first time we had a flat. We were north of Cushing going to Yale, where his parents lived. He stopped to see what was wrong with our car and of course it was a flat. I cringed in my seat thinking I'd hear all kinds of words and see him kick the car --but no, he just got out like he was so glad that flat happened and fixed it like it was his favorite thing to do. I continue to be amazed at him for his calmness and quietness. And I appreciate that more than anyone can know. He learned this from his father.

Comments from Burton's daughter, Patricia McKay:

We would see our grandparents almost every weekend. They

would either come to visit us or we would go to Guthrie to visit them. When we went into their house, everything was spotless and in it's place. Then at twelve noon, if you couldn't stand the noise, you would have to cover your ears because all of the clocks would start chiming. It was wonderful, and to this day I hope to someday have a house full of clocks that chime on the hour and half hour because it reminds me of my Granddad.

We would take two vacations every summer. We either went to Arkansas to see some of our relatives or we went camping in Colorado. I remember one time when we went to Colorado and the ground was frozen and we couldn't drive the tent stakes into the ground, so we had to get a motel room. That was my first time in a motel room and even though we had all five kids and our parents in one room, it was still fun.

Dad liked to work on his cars out in the garage and Mom would always go out and hand the tools to him. That was always a special time for them. To this day, when my husband works on my car, I need to be out there handing the tools to him.

I know that Dad is 71 years old, but I do not consider him old. He never will be old to me.

Dad is the type of person that is always willing to help anyone that needs it. He would always put his family first, but then he would help others. I really love that about him.

It's About Time

Editor's note:

Burton and Margaret have been married for 48 years now and are eagerly anticipating celebrating their golden wedding anniversary in a couple more years. They worked together as a team, remaining friends and partners as well as husband and wife. Margaret would sometimes help look after the shop when Burton had to be away, and she also helped when she could with the finances by offering to sew or take in ironing for the public.

I can show you how caring this family is by telling you of my own personal experience with them: One day I was sitting in the same coffee shop where I first met Burton. I was sitting at a "community table" and talking with several other gentlemen, when I noticed Burton and his wife coming over to the table carrying a large cake dish. It turns out they had brought a large dish full of homemade apple crisp to share with all of the local gentlemen that meet at the community table each day. This was not a holiday or any special occasion, it was just a small sample of the type of caring and giving people they are. Later, when they found out that I was going to be in their area for some time and that I did not have any family of my own in the area, I was invited into their home to spend a very interesting evening visiting with them, and the evening was topped off with one of the best home cooked meals I have ever

had the pleasure of devouring. So, I can personally attest to the fact that Margaret must have spent many years perfecting her ability to cook.

Burton and Margaret have five children, seven grandchildren, three great grandchildren and are expecting another great grandchild in a few weeks.

I found out that Burton is very appreciated for his ability to take care of his family. In this day and age, it is nice to see a man that takes pride in this ability and is happy for the opportunity to care for other people.

Burton is leaving many valuable legacies for his descendants. His son Richard learned the watch repair business from Burton, then went to watch repair school to further his education and is now a partner in business with Burton.

They repair watches for many jewelry stores in a variety of towns all the way from Perkins to Oklahoma City. I find it very admirable that this family is continuing to preserve the family traditions and leaving a legacy for future generations. I can only guess how wonderful this world would be if more people cared as much about their family and helping others and Burton Coate does.

As Mack Brazier said in his tribute, Burton, you are a hard act to follow. Ω



Lillie Mae Coates

TB may have taken this young mothers life, but her Legacy of Love lives on.

Editors Note: While writing the story on Burton Coate entitled, "It's About Time," I researched the Coate surname to see if I could locate any distant relatives. The only information that I had was that Burton's great-great-great-grandfather, Marmaduke Coate, was born in 1738 in Newberry County, South Carolina. I also knew that Burton's grandfather and two of his grand uncles were shoemakers. One final piece of information Burton relayed to me was that his family was in some way related to Zebulon Pike, the individual for whom Pike's Peak was named.

While conducting my research, I received a letter from a gentleman named Ricky Todd, who has some family members who are Coats. Even though the spelling was a bit different, I have learned enough about genealogy to know that a slight variation in spelling doesn't always mean the people are not

related. When I found out that Ricky's maternal great-great-grandfather was named Henry N. Coates and that he was born in 1810, somewhere in South Carolina, my curiosity was peaked enough to ask for additional information. While looking through the very extensive genealogy file that Ricky sent to me, I found out that his great-great-grandfather's occupation was listed as shoemaker, and he was from Zebulon, Georgia, which is located in Pike County.

Zebulon is not that common a name and I wondered if the town of Zebulon in Pike County, Georgia, (where Ricky's great-great-grandfather, the shoemaker named Henry N. Coates, moved after leaving his birthplace of South Carolina), could have been named after the same Zebulon Pike that is supposedly related to Burton Coate's ancestor, Marmaduke Coate, who was born in South

Lillie Mae

Carolina.

I have not been able to tie the two families together yet, but even if they are not related, I think you will find the following stories, that were taken from the genealogy file sent to me by Ricky Todd, very interesting.

The Coates Family by Ricky Todd

My great-great-grandfather, Henry Coates, was born in 1810 in South Carolina. He later moved to Zebulon, Georgia, where he worked as a shoemaker. His son, my maternal great-grandfather, George W. Coates, was born on May 27, 1845 in Georgia. He was 17 in 1862, when the Civil War broke out, so he joined the Pike County Volunteers as a Private on March 4, 1862. George fought in the Army of Northern Virginia, Company H, 44th Regiment. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Maryland, on September 17, 1862 and was later appointed Sargeant. He was captured at Spottsylvania, Virginia, on May 10, 1864, nine days before my paternal great-great-great-grandfather, John M. Todd was killed at Spottsylvania. George ended up spending his 19th birthday as a prisoner of war. He was held prisoner for ten months and spent a cold and miserable winter at Fort Delaware, Delaware.

George was exchanged March 7, 1865. He was received at

Boulware & Cox's Wharves at James River, Virginia, three days later. Apparently his incarceration had taken its toll, and George was admitted to General Hospital #9 at Richmond, Virginia on March 11, 1865. He recovered and was free by the time he celebrated his 21st birthday.

He married Nancy Minter, a dark-skinned girl with long, straight black hair. There is some speculation that she may have been of Indian descent. She would put oatmeal on her face to prevent wrinkles and at the time of her death, she still had smooth skin and very little gray in her hair.

George and Nancy Coates made their home in Marshall County, near Solitude, Alabama. Their first child, Henry, was born in May 1870, when George was 25 and Nancy was 23. Other children were: Mollie, born in August 1872; John, born in July 1875; Georgia, born in 1882; Maude, born in September 1886, and their youngest child, Lillie Mae, (my grandmother), born on December 29, 1889. When Lillie was born, George was 44 and Nancy was 42.

Lillie Mae Coates had black eyes and black hair. She was musically talented and could play several instruments including the organ, banjo, and French harp.

My grandfather, Lon Camp, said that he went to Lillie Mae's house once to tell her father that a tornado had blown his son's

house away. Lon said that George was sitting listening to his daughter, Lillie Mae, play the organ. Lon told George his news and said that George replied, "Well, I'll be damned!" and then just sat there listening to Lillie Mae play. Lillie Mae could also sing. Some of the songs that she sang were, "When the Roll is called up Yonder" and "Precious Memories."

When Lillie Mae's father, George, was 68, he came in the house one morning from feeding his hogs and told his wife, Nancy, that he was hurting all over. He went to his room to lay on the bed. Later, Nancy heard him make a noise and went to check on him -- he was dying when she reached him.

Nancy spent the rest of her life helping raise Lillie and Lonnie Camp's children. She lived with them for a while, but eventually moved back to her own home. She was not able to get down on a chamber pot because of her age, so she set the pot in a chair, and on one occasion lost her balance and fell, breaking her hip. This happened in October 1926. She died from pneumonia on January 4, 1926, thirteen years after her husband passed away. She was a sweet gentle woman who loved her grandchildren dearly.

From what I can piece together, when Lon Camp and Lillie Mae Coates got married she was unwavering in her faith in God. She was a Baptist, and while she lived on Sand

Mountain she attended the Solitude Baptist Church. Our family was a big part of the congregation. Reuben Camp, Lon's father led the choir. Lon and all his brothers and sisters sang, "Emmanuel" particularly well. Reuben also taught Sunday school class.

When Lillie Mae's children were small, she would make a pallet on the floor in front of the pew and let the children lie at her feet in church.

Lillie Mae had twelve children and raised eleven. She lost one child to what they called at the time, "Boiled Hives." The day the baby died, Lillie Mae gave the then three-month-old baby, Reuben Orval, a bath, nursed him and put him to bed. Lillie Mae said that as she nursed him, she noticed that his fingernails looked blue. She went to check on him later, and he had passed away. My Aunt Esther said that she thought he was a "blue baby." Esther said that she was in the other room playing with her siblings when they heard their mother screaming. All the kids started crying because their mother was crying. Esther said that Orval had a head full of jet black hair, the same color as my mother, Opal. Esther described the color as "as black as a crow."

My aunt, Thelma Camp White, told me of the time my Aunt Jessie and her husband, H.I. Miller, had stayed with Lillie Mae while Jessie was waiting to have her first baby, Dorothy Miller Anderson, who

Lillie Mae

was Lillie Mae's first grandchild. Thelma said that when Jessie went home, Lillie Mae told the girls to strip the beds and clean the house. While stripping the beds, Thelma and Esther found a box of baby clothes under the bed. They took them to their mother and told her that Jessie had forgotten her baby clothes. She said that Lillie Mae looked really embarrassed and said "No, those are for me. This one will be born in July."

Lillie Mae was 45 years old at the time and was pregnant with Wayne, her twelfth child. Thelma said that although her stomach was big, they never thought that she could be pregnant.

Esther said she remembered her mother washing clothes before they had rubbing boards.

They lived on Sand Mountain and got their water from a stream a good way from their house. Lillie Mae had to carry all the clothes to the stream to keep from having to carry water so far. She had a round block of wood, sort of like a stump, and she would wet the clothes and rub them with lie soap. Then she would put them on the wood and the girls would beat them with paddles. When this was finished, they put them in a black pot and boiled them.

Aunt Esther said that she remembered one day her mother

called her, Jessie, and Thelma into the living room to talk to them about the facts of life. She said she told them not to let boys kiss and hug them or they would think that they could do more. Aunt Esther said "Mom, if we don't kiss and hug them, how will we know we love them?" "I don't know, but we never let boys kiss and hug us," Lillie Mae answered.

My Aunt Esther said that as a rule, if they asked to do something on Sunday her mother would say, "No, there's tomorrow for that." Esther said that some of the people in Lillie Mae's family wouldn't even cook on Sunday. They cooked their food on Saturday and put it on the table with a white tablecloth over it, so that when they got home from attending church on Sunday, all they had to do was turn back the tablecloth.

Aunt Esther also said that Lillie Mae would not work on Sunday or let any of the children work. Once during a storm on Sand Mountain, they went to their grandfather, Reuben Camp's house, and went into the storm cellar, but Lillie Mae wouldn't go in the cellar. She said Lillie Mae felt that she would be running from the Lord.

Aunt Esther remembered a time when the whole family had the flu except for her. She said that all the towels, washrags, and clothes were dirty. It was Sunday and she asked her mother if she could wash clothes. Lillie Mae said "Hon, you know that usually I don't let

you work on Sunday, but I guess the Ox is in the Ditch."

Lillie Mae was a good cook. One thing everyone seems to remember is her jam cakes. My mother said she had a cabinet that she stored her cakes in. She said that at Christmas she would fill it up with cakes and pies. My mother said that it was hard not to eat the cakes. Lillie Mae also cooked chicken and dumplings, eggless cakes, and cobbler pies, especially peach. The pies had dumplings inside with a crust on top. Opal said that her Mother would fry hoe-cakes that were delicious. Lillie Mae would also make tea cakes and put them in a pillow case. She would fill the pillow case full with them, and then hang it up on a nail. My mother said the tea cakes were good, but that she liked the hoe cakes better. Lillie Mae also made what my mother called egg gravy. She would beat the eggs in milk and then make gravy. Opal said the gravy would come out fluffy. She would also take regular gravy left over from breakfast and put it in her cornbread. My mother said Lillie Mae loved cheese and eggs cooked together. Sometimes she would cook them for supper.

Lillie Mae was submissive to her husband, Lon, even though he was high-strung and sometimes volatile. When he was drinking or just ill, she would walk around him and try to avoid any confrontation. However she did have the will to stand up to him when she felt it was necessary. One night when

their son, Jay, was a teenager, he came home drunk. Lon was very upset and ran him out of the house. Lillie Mae said, "Lon, you are the one that set the example by drinking before him, you go and get him!" Esther said that Lon went out and found him and brought him back.

Lillie Mae was always ready to help anyone and many times she cared for the sick. Lillie Mae and her husband took people in to live with them.

My mother told me that she remembered Lillie Mae caring for an old lady and a baby that had tuberculosis.

This may have been where she contracted the tuberculosis that eventually claimed her life.

My Aunt Thelma told me that when she had her son, Harlan, she was at her mother's house. She said that Harlan was lying in the bed with her and she was going to move him from one side of her to the other. She didn't realize that she was lying on the edge of the bed and when she let him go, he hit the floor. Aunt Thelma said that almost as soon as she heard the baby hit the floor, she heard her mother's feet hit the floor. Thelma said, "That's just the kind of person she was. She was just always there."

My mother, Opal Todd, said that shortly before Lillie Mae's death, the preacher came to visit her. My mother had been going

to the Methodist Church and Lillie Mae was concerned and asked the Baptist preacher what he thought of it. My mother said that the preacher said that he felt it would be all right.

The day Doc Griffith told Lillie Mae that she had tuberculosis, she started crying. Then all of her children started crying too. Lon was coming off a binge and he started jerking and going into DT's. They had to go and get Doc Griffith to come and see him. Momma said that this was the saddest day.

Lillie Mae would tell the kids not to eat or drink with the same dishes that she had used. She had a separate plate, glass and spoons. Momma said she was very particular with cleanliness normally, and that she was extremely cautious while she was sick.

My Aunt Esther said that a few days before Lillie Mae died she called her and my Aunt Thelma to her bedside. "Girls, I'm not gonna be here much longer and I want to ask a favor of y'all," she said, "I don't mind dying, I just don't want to leave my babies. Y'all take care of

them for me and I hope they never give you any more trouble than y'all have given me."

A few days later they got her up, gave her a bath and changed her bed. When they put her back to bed, she went to be with the Lord. She left behind Wayne - age 5, Nova - age 10, Opal - age 13, AB - age 16, Etsell - age 19, Check - age 20, Thelma - age 22, Esther - age 25, RC - age 26, Jessie - age 28, and Jay - age 29.

Thelma told me that while Lillie Mae's body was laid out, she and Esther were sitting outside by the chimney, when Thelma looked out in the field and said, "Esther look!" Esther looked, and saw a ball of light glowing. Esther said it was probably gas, but at the time they felt it was a sign from their mother. Thelma told me that once after Lillie Mae died, she awoke one night and swore that she heard her coughing. Lillie Mae's passing left a void in both Esther and Thelma's lives. They attempted to fulfill their promise to their mother. Lillie Mae was a kind, gentle and loving mother and grandmother. Ω



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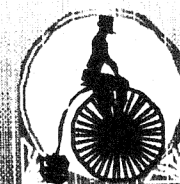
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WHY ME LORD ?

By: Franklin T. Wike

Many times I have asked that question when things were not going the way I wanted them to.

Then one day my Lord spoke to me and said, "Your time on this earth is like one teardrop falling into an ocean, but the time that you will spend by my side in Heaven is the ENTIRE OCEAN.

So, fear not, for the troubled times that you are spending now are SHORT compared to the ETERNAL happiness that will be your reward. Everything that has happened to you is happening to fulfill the PLAN that I have for your life.

I did not put you on this earth simply to exist. There is a purpose for your life, and I need for you to experience these difficult times so that you can LEARN from them. Then I want you to take the knowledge, compassion and understanding that you have obtained and HELP OTHERS.

Your purpose in life is to love and help others, just as I have loved and helped you. When you have fulfilled your purpose, I will give you your reward, but until that time, fear not, for I will never give you more burden than you can bear."

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