

THE LEGACY

Mysteries of the future and secrets of the past
go hand in hand,

to understand one
you need to discover the other.

FTW

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CONTENTS

July 1997

Features

A Creed to Live By	7
Thoughts to Ponder	
Grandpa Anderson	11
A Story of Love and Learning	
Darius	33
The Story of one Child Growing up in the Inner City.	
Shoe Strings, Self esteem and Other Lessons	34
Things a girl learned from her Father	
School Day Memories	35
A Poem about Going to School in 1915.	
Independence Day	38
A Family Picnic, 65 Years ago	
The Reality of War	39
A Story That Will Touch Your Heart	43
Paul Revere and His Son	
A Father and Son Work Together so we can Live in Freedom	50
Please Don't Send me to Africa	
A Lesson in Learning and Appreciation	

Departments

Letter From The Editor	2
The Sandwich Generation	
For Caretakers of Parents and Children.	4
Grandparents	8
Angels and Other Visitors	15
The Nostalgia Corner	
Memories of the Past	17
Cottage & Company Cartoon	49
The Genealogy Forum	20
Trace your family tree	
Coffee Shop Conversation	27
Blank Pages	59
Write your own personal Legacy	
Thoughts to Live by	30

Letter from the Editor

July 4th, Independence Day is one of our national holidays. But, Independence Day is much more than the title to a movie or a day off work where we can watch some fireworks. It is a day we should celebrate the fact that we have the freedom to live where we want to, vote for whomever we want to vote for, and go to what ever church we want to. But, the price of our freedom did not come cheap. It was paid for with the blood, sweat, and tears of our forefathers, friends, family members, and neighbors.

For hundreds and possibly thousands of years prior to Columbus discovering the "new world" in 1492 or Ponce de Leon establishing claim to Florida in 1513, there were Native Americans on this land, risking their lives, fighting for the right to live where they wanted to and eat what they wanted to.

Over the years, people of all types, sizes and of all nationalities have continued to risk their lives, fighting for the freedom that many people today take for granted in this country. Even in my short life, I can remember friends that died in Vietnam, fighting for freedom, and college students from Kent State University in Ohio, that were killed because they were

protesting against the war in Vietnam.. I also remember a president that lost his life because of his beliefs. Yet I can not help but wonder how many of us really understand what life would be like, if we did not have the type of freedom our forefathers struggled to get.

When I read stories about someone's grandparents that came to this country from a far away land, I can not help but wonder what their life was like "in the old country."

Since we are trying to use this magazine to help preserve family traditions and legacies, I have a challenge for you.

How many of you know what country your forefathers came from and WHY they left their birth country?

How difficult it must have been for them to leave their home, family, and loved ones behind and come to a strange land. Could you imagine how you would feel if you decided to leave your home, job, friends, and most (if not all) of your worldly possessions behind, never to see them again, and go to another planet you have never seen and where the people might not even speak your language? Think about moving to another planet where you might even have to fight for your life against the elements, weather,

current natives of that planet or against the warriors from other planets. How anxious would you be to move there? I think a person would have to be very unhappy with the treatment they were receiving in their home land in order to risk their lives by traveling to a new land. So, if you want a fun project that you can work on and leave behind as a family legacy, I would like to suggest that you spend some time checking out your family tree and find out what the conditions were like in whatever country your family came from.

As you research your family and try to discover why they came to America, many of you will discover that your ancestors came to this land in search of a place where they could worship and pray to their God without being persecuted.

Do you have any idea how precious our religious freedom is? Do you realize there are still countries where you can get arrested for carrying a bible, praying to or worshipping a God other than the one that is accepted by the government of other countries?

If you would like to get a glimpse of what life is like today in a country where you can get beaten, jailed and loose your home, simply because of your religious belief, then please read the story in this issue titled, "Please Don't Send Me to

Africa!"

Another thought to consider during this 4th of July is: Why do we celebrate Independence Day on the 4th of July? What is the significance of that particular day as opposed to any other day in July or even in another month. If you do not know the answer to that question, I would like to recommend that you read another story in this issue titled: "Paul Revere's Son"

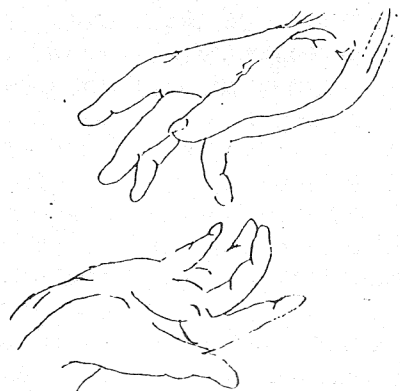
After reading this issue of The Legacy, I hope that you will view this 4th of July with a greater appreciation. I also hope that you will take some time this Independence Day and share a part of yourself with your children and grandchildren. While you are getting together for your picnic lunch, you can share some stories with each other about the things you remember about your grandparents and how the actions and choices they made affected the lives of others around them, be it neighbors, friends, or family members.

Remember, we teach our children and grandchildren more by our actions than we do with our words. If we share our time, love, and appreciation of our freedom and family with them, they will pass the teachings on to their children. Have a happy 4th.

Frank

The Sandwich Generation

By Sunshine



Sunshine

Perhaps we expect too much of our parents and children. Maybe we don't have all that much in common except blood lines. Maybe we are all just human beings with faults and foibles that we wouldn't allow our coworkers or friends to see, but care less about family seeing it, taking them for granted! Perhaps familiarity breeds contempt.

My mother treats me in a way she would never treat a friend or stranger. But I'm also a different person with her than with others. Somehow she always turns me into a mass of raging insecurities. I revert to 11 years old and she then treats me that way. With others I'm bold, funny,

creative, confident and they look to me as a leader. With her I'm sad, silly and cry easily. Perhaps I live up to, or down to, her expectations when I'm with her. Maybe she can't let go of me as her child, can't deal with me as an adult.

We all want to live up to our own image of what a good child should be and will do. But who created that image. And if we don't manage to meet our expectations, who will judge us?

BB

BB:

Oh my. You were unhappy when you wrote that, weren't

you?

Congratulations. You have managed to be older than I am. My mother thinks of me as a ten year old.

This past week she and I were at a meeting and I was asked to sign a paper. My mother, who was sitting next to me, leaned over and pointed out the place I needed to sign. This is the woman who is considered legally blind!

I turned and looked at her, and I would love to have a picture of my expression. Whatever it was, the rest of the people in the room burst out laughing. What I said was "Mothers!" (put the emphasis on that yourself), which got another laugh and a round of "you don't need to tell me, I have one also" comments. I remembered a line from a commercial of many many years ago: "But mother, I would rather do it myself."

Sound familiar? I would bet that most of the readers of this column have a similar experience - or rather several of them. What most of you will recognize is that the laughter was a sense of recognition, because everyone in the room knew what I was thinking. True, there are exceptions, but parents are parents, and that is what they will remain, regardless of our chronological ages.

I have mentioned this to lots of people during my life and I get agreement, regardless the age of the parents or the age of the children. I have known young couples whose children weren't even in school who laugh when I talk about how my mother sees me as a ten year old.

Even though their precious child hasn't even started kindergarten, the parents acknowledge they have difficulty recognizing their child is growing up. Much of the teen years are spent in adjusting to the idea that children are about to become adults. Though parents know this cognitively, they seem to have some difficulty with this in actual fact.

I have spent my adult life making decisions and doing "leadership" things. I walk in the door to the house, and somehow, miraculously, I become a ten year old. What I have had to learn is that the only way to manage this is to remain an adult and separate myself from my mother's view of me. I am the one who needs to deal with this "age change". She won't. I have decided that I don't believe she can. To her, I will always be her little girl. I can't change that, but I can change how I respond to that.

What is a good child? I don't think there is a single answer. There are too many variables. For one of us, keeping a parent

The Sandwich Generation

in the home, for another, having a parent live in a group home is the answer. The situation changes with each instance. My father had to live in a home. He was too apt to wander away and it wasn't safe for him to be here. My mother is a different person, with different needs. Am I a bad daughter to one parent, a good one to the other? If so, which is which?

"And if we don't manage to meet our expectations, who will judge us?" We will. Each and every one of us. Most of the disappointments each of us have had in our lives was based in an expectation of someone or something that didn't work out. We have to recognize that if we change our attitudes toward our expectations, we might not be as upset.

My mother gets upset when she drops things. She seems to feel that this is a result of her arthritis. She gets upset because she can't do the things she remembers doing. I remind her that she dropped

things when she was younger, I drop things now, we all drop things. That isn't the real problem. She expected a different kind of life for herself at this age. She didn't get it, and anything that goes wrong is a result of that expectation. Upon occasion, she realizes that she is being unrealistic, and her attitude changes immediately.

Mother doesn't want me "raising" her. In truth, I can think of a lot of things I would rather be doing, but I am not, and that's it. I am in this situation of my own choice and I am willing to accept what happens because of it. Good things happen to me BECAUSE I am in this position, just as they happen to all of you, but we don't see them, if we don't let ourselves recognize them.

We aren't children any more. We can control how we react to life. If we don't, well... I, for one, don't like those options.

Sunshine Ω

A man jumps from an airplane and when he pulls his parachute cord it breaks. As he's plunging to his death, he sees a man rising rapidly into the air. As they cross paths, one falling towards the earth and the other rising away from it, the skydiver yells, "Excuse me! You wouldn't happen to know anything about parachutes would you?"

"Sorry, I don't." The other man yells back. "Would you know anything about lighting gas stoves?"

A Creed To Live By

Don't undermine your worth by comparing yourself with others. It is because we are different that each of us is special.

Don't set your goals by what others deem important. Only you know what is best for you.

Don't take for granted the things closest to your heart. Cling to them as you would to your life. For without them life is meaningless.

Don't let your life slip through your fingers by living in the past or for the future. By living your life one day at a time, you will live all days of your life.

Don't give up while you still have something to give. Nothing is really over until the moment you stop trying.

Don't be afraid to admit that you are less than perfect. It is the fragile thread that binds us together.

Don't be afraid to encounter risks. It is by taking chances that we learn to be brave.

Don't shut love out of your life by saying it is impossible to find. The quickest way to receive love is to give love...

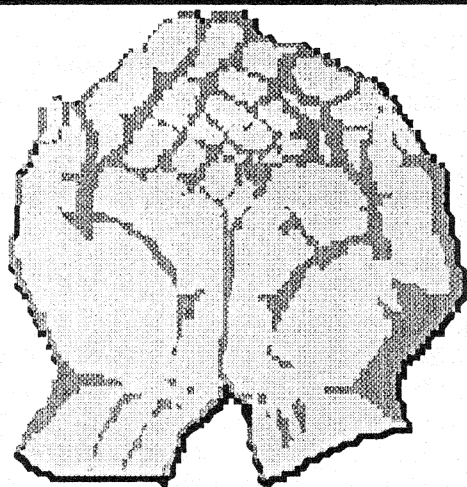
The fastest way to lose love is to hold it too tightly, And the best way to keep love is to give it wings.

Don't dismiss your dreams. To be without dreams is to be without hope. To be without hope is to be without purpose.

Don't run through life so fast that you forget Not only where you've been But also where you're going...

Life is not a race, but a journey To be savored each step of the way.

Grandparents



What a neat place to share Grandma experiences. It is nice that we finally have a place we can tell others about the simple things we do with our grandkids. The four grandchildren who live closest to me are four years, three, two, and one.

I have a little plastic table and chairs just their size, and when they come for dinner they like to sit at their little table next to ours, in the kitchen.

I recently found a stack of children's books--the ones I used to read to my kids--and put them on the bookshelf, ready for reading out loud to them. The 3-year-old runs to me with a book and says "Read it!"

What kinds of things do you do when your grandkids come

to visit?
Sally

When my daughter had her daughter, it was one of the most wonderful experiences of my life. I was right in the delivery room and was the one to tell her it was a girl.

Well, as my granddaughter, Haley, grew we began encouraging her to talk and help her recognize who was who. Mom and daddy were easy. She called her paternal grandfather Grampa, and her paternal grandmother Nanny. My husband was Papa. Before long she was calling them all by name except for me, even though we tried hard to get her to say Grandma. Every time we tried to get her to say Grandma,

she would just smile and say nothing. Then one day she called to me -- Ma. My heart nearly burst. She had heard my daughter call me Ma on several occasions and had decided for herself that was who I was. Now all my grandchildren call me Ma.

This has significant meaning to me. My father was just seven when his mother died of TB. His father remarried and had four more children. My dad was especially close to his grandmother, it was she who cared for him most of the time. I can remember visiting her every Sunday and he also visited alone during the week on his way home from work. Anyway, he called her Ma, so it always seemed a special term of endearment. And now I am MA and I feel most specially blessed indeed.
Susan

Hello Fellow Grandparents

For a while my daughter and granddaughter lived with us. Both of our grown children have "come home" at one time or another, but they are terrific parents and are doing a great job of raising their little ones.

I've noticed a pattern in this country of more and more grandparents raising their children's children. In the long run, I think this is what is going to save that new generation. Children need a feeling of

strong and secure family. If they aren't getting it from their parents then I'm afraid we grandparents need to do what we can.

Fortunately, my generation had our children young, so we still have the energy to enjoy the little ones. It makes me wonder about those folks who put their careers first and started their families in their mid-to-late thirties; they might not be able to back-up their children in the raising of the next generation.
Betty

My daughter is the mother of a 6 year-old and has a will that designates me as guardian if she should die. She feels I would give her daughter a good home life, and I agree.

I would never turn down children returning home--or even grandchildren. This country needs to remain family-oriented. I can't imagine how difficult it must be for those of you who are raising grandchildren full time. These are the years you looked forward to for the two of you, looking toward retirement and getting to do fun things for yourself. I can see how some people could be resentful toward the children they raised the best they could who can't seem to parent their own children. But the sacrifice is worth it, I think. You all must feel strongly about

Grandparents

that or you would have put those grand babies in foster homes or had them adopted out.

Casey

The Lord blessed me with two beautiful granddaughters, age 18 months and 5 years. After raising two sons and longing for a daughter, I finally accepted that I would never have a daughter. However, after 28 years our first son and his wife were expecting their first child and I was delighted. I never even allowed myself to wish for a granddaughter. My son wanted a son so bad, he loves fishing and hunting and sports. But the night that baby was born and Dave came and showed me my first granddaughter, I was in sheer delight. I have totally enjoyed her and loved her as my very own. The best part is always being able to send her home with mom and dad so I can get rested up after our time together.

Then 18 months ago, I was blessed again with another beautiful granddaughter who looks like her daddy and is so sweet and soft spoken and so different from my first granddaughter even though they are sisters.

Luckily I have a son who knows my love for those little girls and how much I enjoy them and having them around our home. They call me

Grandma and sometimes mommy. Grandpa is always called Papa. I have taught the oldest to ride a bike, skate, and do crafts--all the things I've saved for a little girl. We learn prayers together and songs together and share a lot of laughter.

Their mommy is a nurse and daddy is in the medical field, too, when they are too busy working or need a break, I get to share and enjoy my two little blessings. At present my job just ended two months again and my son ask me to baby sit the baby and we are having a blast of fun and love and laughter and lots of hugging.

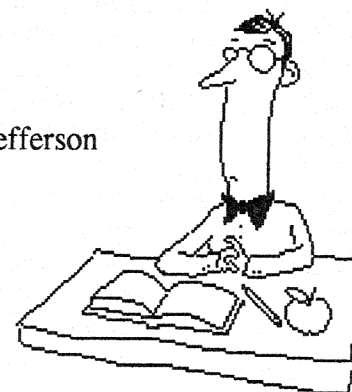
I had fun teaching my oldest granddaughter computer math and a lot of preschool games. It's our down time or quiet time together--our time to learn and grow and share special moments. I am now teaching the baby, who is 18 months old, the same computer games and she is catching on so quickly.

I have another son who is single and is in the music field in Minnesota. Maybe someday he will find someone to marry and have a family. He always tell me that he hopes I am close by to enjoy his children someday. We live 350 miles apart--so maybe God will have plans for him so he will be closer to home someday.

Betty Ω

Grandpa Anderson

by Charles J. Jefferson
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Growing up, I was well aware that my Dad had only one leg. I suppose that made it easier to accept without questioning the fact that Grandpa Anderson (my Mother's Dad) was almost completely paralyzed. When we knew our grandparents were coming for a visit, we'd lurk around their likely avenues of approach, hoping to be the first to spot their car. Grandma would be driving, as always, with Grandpa in the passenger seat. Once they had pulled up and exchanged greetings with everyone, Grandma would get Grandpa's "travel chair" out of the trunk and maneuver him into it. Somehow, he would get into the house. From then on, he was just another grown up. He could really talk up a storm, and if he wanted to emphasize something he'd gesture with his entire arm. Just that few inches

of motion by his rheumatoid hand with its fingers all frozen together was all he needed to make his point -- especially if he sort of jabbed it at you!

As I got older, especially after my parents got divorced, I often went to San Diego stay with my grandparents for the summer. I knew, but never thought much about it, that my Grandfather lived a life of absolute routine. He got up at the same time, went to bed at the same time, and he drank the same thing at the same time every day. It could hardly have been otherwise, in his circumstances--especially as he and Grandma got older. He never used a conventional wheel chair at home. Rather, he used his old office chair with four casters, literally inching his way around the house by moving his legs ever so slightly. On his desk (also from his office, I

Grandpa Anderson

believe) there was a sign, "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Before he stopped going out, he would go with Grandma and me to the beach at La Jolla, staying in the car for several hours while we swam (Grandma) and played (me). For him to come along, Grandma (with me helping) would lay a ramp down the back steps, slowly let Grandpa down the ramp in his chair using a pulley, then hoist him off his chair and into the car using another pulley arrangement in the garage.

At home, he read voluminously, turning the pages slowly with his frozen fingers. National Geographic and Arizona Highways were among his favorites. He also corresponded with old friends and various relatives. Using the edge of his hand to move a pen to an advantageous location, he would grasp it with his mouth and then stick it through his frozen fingers, moving his entire arm to painstakingly form the characters. When Grandma went shopping, he would go over the cash register tape with her afterward and record everything in his ledger. In the early evening, he listened to the radio.

More important to me,

though, was the fact that whenever I would sit still in his office for a while, he'd tell me things. He told stories of his life and provided explanations of how and why about almost any topic under the sun. Sitting across from my Grandfather, I heard many things a barefoot young lad in shorts and a Tee-shirt doesn't often get to hear from someone nearly seventy years older than himself.

As the first child of his Swedish parents born in this country, he had spoken Swedish at home and German with the neighbor kids outside Cheriton, Iowa. English, he learned at school. As the family's English speaker and the youngster -- not so needed around the farm as his brothers and sisters -- he often went to town to do the shopping. On one such occasion, he bought a chance to win a bicycle -- and did! It was that bike that gave him the means to run away from home at 14 when his family wanted him (again, as the English speaker) to go off to Lutheran seminary to become a minister. Instead, he made his way to Lake O' the Woods in Canada and became a lumber jack (like my sons and I, he had gotten his growth early and was fully grown at 14).

Later, he took the opportunity presented by a price

war between the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads to go out to Seattle. There, he was turned down as too young to volunteer for the Spanish-American War without parental permission.

Getting together with some other young men and taking advantage of a farm depression, he bought part of a farm in Idaho where they raised horses and shipped them to the breweries in Chicago. Becoming bored with this life after a while and hearing that a new college was to be established in the region, he sold his share of the ranch and went to Spokane to apply.

Without a high school diploma, he first had to pass muster at Washington State's Academy. He did well, and went on to be admitted to the college civil engineering program. State was of course a Land Grant institution, so the students were required to take ROTC. Grandpa hadn't liked this, he told me, and argued (ultimately successfully) that students who wanted to should be able instead to operate a volunteer fire department for the campus. While taking Chemistry, he recalled, he was told with great conviction that it was totally impossible to split the atom. He graduated with an "A" average in 1908. Under his grim-faced visage in the year

book photo he is quoted as saying, I am not a Norwegian.

Grandpa then joined the US Geological Survey and helped chart the West. A story of those days he once told at the dinner table went as follows: My crew and I stopped at an isolated farm for the night and were invited to share dinner. The food was all good, but the biscuits were particularly excellent. The basket on the table was quickly emptied, and I asked if there were more. The mother immediately said, of course, there are plenty more in the kitchen, and began to get up. Almost that fast, however, the kitchen door opened just a peep and a small voice yelled out, there's only a few left and we haven't eaten yet. (At that time and place, the children ate after the adults, and were to be seen and not heard.)

While working for the USGS, he met and married Emma Ware Dunkel, the daughter of a German immigrant and a DAR member who traced her roots back to Dedham, Massachusetts in 1648. Grandmother's Dad had built much of Butte, Montana (the one that late burned down), and could afford to send her to a finishing school. That's where she met Mr. Andrew Peter Anderson of the USGS.

Grandpa's growing problems

Grandpa Anderson

with rheumatoid arthritis forced him out of the field and into USGS headquarters in Washington, DC, not too long after that. At some point, he switched from the Geological Survey to the Bureau of Roads and Highways.

He and Grandma lived next door to the White House, where the main Treasury building is now. There are pictures of her learning to drive on the Ellipse. They often took long road trips, including cross-country to San Diego where her parents had retired (visiting the Grand Canyon on the way). My mother, a late and only child, was born in 1927 while they still lived near the White House. I've seen a yellowed clipping showing she was selected "the most beautiful baby" born in the city that year.

Grandma told me often of what a small town Washington had been then. She had gone to tea at the White House with the President's wife, and had been active in the DAR and the Women's Literary Society. That was pretty much it before the Depression and World War II changed the face of the capital.

They moved to Alexandria when the decision was made to replace the residential neighborhood around the White House with government buildings.

I don't know too much about the details of Grandpa's career with Roads and Highways. He told me he had frequently urged (this was long before the Eisenhower Interstate Highway System) the states to build larger roads, saying they were greatly underestimating future traffic. He also told me of having done some work in Georgia and being reproached by the local authorities for paying the black laborers \$1 a day (the "white" wage) instead of the going 50 cents. "They're men and they're doing a man's work and they'll get a man's wage," he quoted himself as responding.

I know from my mother that in his later years he went to work on crutches. He had intended to retire, but stayed on during WWII and retired in 1947 as chief engineer of the Bureau of Roads and Highways.

I knew my Grandfather Anderson for about 15 years, from the first time I can remember him visiting us to his death at age 87 during my sophomore year in college. I think of him often, with a respect and admiration that grows each day. I also remember that what he was and what he was able to achieve was a product not only of his keen intellect and fierce determination but also the strength lent him by a loving and devoted wife. Ω

Angels



Guardian angels have been kept quite active protecting me and my family over the years. The following stories will show you just a few of the many times I have seen the results of divine intervention:

In 1924, a horse fell on top of my father. He was rushed to the Hospital in Woodward, Oklahoma, where X-rays were taken which showed that the bones below the knee were no longer joined. He was told that an operation would need to be performed.

My father prayed, "Your will be done, Lord." Since he was a preacher, he said this prayer often.

That night, he dreamed that my brother Fred came into the room with an open pocket-knife in his hand. He said, "Mr Knife, I'm going to shut you up in your handle," then he tossed it under the bed.

My father jumped and felt the

bones coming together. When another set of x-rays was taken, they showed that his bones were back together.

In the fall of 1933, when I was around 14 years old, our family lived in a cabin owned by the Cordova Ranch. Doris Cordova came by and asked me to ride out with her to find some cattle.

My brother Levi had a bronc that he'd caught and broken. I asked him if I could ride his horse.

Levi said, "Okay, but he likes to grab the curb and run. If he does, give him the quirt (whip), and jerk the curb loose."

Doris and I had ridden about two miles when my bronc started acting up. He reared up, grabbed the curb and ran. I used the quirt and jerked the bit just as Fred had told me to do, but the bronc only reared higher and higher.

Then he went over backward with me! On the way down, I

Angels

prayed, "Oh God, save me." We struck the ground. I had been deposited in a crack in the earth. The horse fell over on his back and the old army saddle I had been in was broken in three places. If I had not been thrown off the saddle and into the crevice, I would have been crushed.

Doris saw what was happening, and when she came over her face was as white as a sheet.

I got up, trembling, and we held each other for a long time.

The bronc stood up, unhurt but shaking. All of the fight was gone from him. I swung up behind Doris and led the bronc back home.

In 1975, my husband and I lived in Palm Beach, Florida. One night while I was working the 3pm to 11pm shift as a nurse, my husband decided to visit with his sister until I got off work.

Just as they were finishing dinner, a thunder storm came up. My husband went into the bathroom and washed his hands, then laid down on the sofa in the front room.

My sister-in-law was in the kitchen feeding her dogs when a fire ball hit the clock that was sitting on top of the T.V. The impact proceeded to burn out the T.V., then traveled into the bathroom and broke the plumbing at the sink. The

guardian angels did a great job of protecting my family that night, because no one was hurt.
Mary Smith Lewis

Last month I lost control of my car on a dark, curvy country road. The road, although rural, is normally very well traveled. When I lost control of the car, I felt my heart leap as I came within inches of trees and a mailbox. The car left the right side of the road, over-corrected and crossed the oncoming lane, then left the right side of the road.

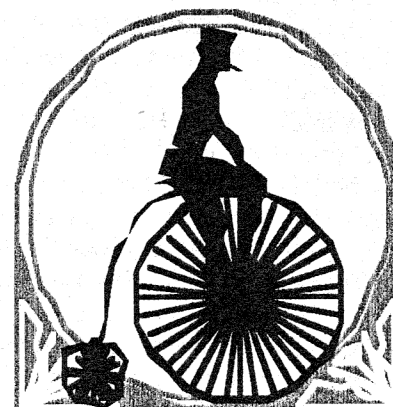
I braced for the trees in my path. Just as I neared the trees, the back of the car swung around and I slid back onto the road and stopped in the lane I had originally been in, but going in the opposite direction.

I took a breath and pulled into a driveway, where I told my kids to bow their heads while I thanked God for taking care of us. The next day, when I pulled my sun visor down, I noticed the angel pin that a co-worker had given me. It was an "instant message" that angels are among us.

I believe my mother and brother are my guardian angels. I know my mom believed in angels; that's where I got my name.....Angel(a).

Ω

The Nostalgia Corner



We had a potato bin in the cellar (we didn't call them basements then). It was in the "middle" cellar room under the stairs. The coal bin was in the front room of the cellar where the furnace was. That room also contained the shelves of jars of canned foods and fruits. In the back cellar room were the tubs, spigot, and wringer-type washer.

When we got the oil-burner, the coal bin was replaced with an oil tank. By the time the automatic washing machines came along, I took the laundry to the Automat !!
S.D.

Coal was delivered to my house when I was a kid. The delivery men opened the little door on the alley side and dumped the coal down the shoot into the bin. If you had forgotten to put back the board at the bottom of the bin, the coal

just went all over the dirt floor in the shed, and it had to be raked up and shoveled back into the bin.

When it became my responsibility to get coal at night, I hated it. I had to go all the way through that nasty, dark shed, hearing things running, seeing those little bright eyes as they darted away, and I had to break the frozen coal pieces away from each other. If the delivery man hadn't closed the little door, I would have to shovel the snow off of the coal.

I had to bring two buckets full of coal into the house before bedtime, put them in the stove, and take the buckets back outside. We didn't have electric lighting in the shed, and no matter what kind of flashlight I used, it always seem to fail when I needed it most.
C.G.

The Nostalgia Corner

I recall those hot days when the ice truck showed up....if we mooched right we got a free chunk of ice to lick on for a time. We had an ice box and Mom would use the melted ice water for washing her hair.....

The milk man made deliveries. He'd come into the house (nobody locked a door even in big cities) and put things in the ice box. She paid him every Monday. Milk men used to love to tell about the condition they found the various wives in when they just walked in... and what the women's reaction was.

Living by the railroad tracks, we met many hobos. They would knock on the door and if you fed them, they would mark your door or fence to tell others. I still remember those marks and wondered what they all meant. The hobos were always polite and would offer to do work in exchange for being fed.

In the fall we were warned about the Gypsies. We were told if we were out too late they would kidnap us and take us away. We'd see them come into town and the women had such colorful clothing. They didn't stay long and moved on.

Next door to our school was the Town Hall where dances were held almost every Saturday night. I still remember the waltzes, polkas, and whatever. No good wedding dance went without a fight

between a couple of drunken farmers and when they rolled around on the ground, some pocket change would fall out. On Monday mornings, we would find this change laying on the ground and then we'd go over to the candy store to buy some of our favorite treats. We really thought we were in seventh heaven if we managed to find a quarter or even half dollars sometimes!!

H.J.

We had no money to buy toys, so the only playthings we had were what we were given or could fashion with our hands.

One day while bumming around the neighborhood, I ran across this discarded baby buggy that someone had tossed into a ravine not too far from our house. It wasn't much good but it did have a nice set of wheels. I removed the damaged body of the buggy from the wheels and springs and I nailed the wheels and springs to one of the old style wooden beer boxes and made my little brother his own original go-cart powered by yours truly!! With him laughing and me pushing him all over the neighborhood, we had a ball with that thing.

L.I.

We didn't have inside plumbing and had to use a two-

holer outside the house. I will never forget the smell even in the fall weather. The look down inside of it was revolting. I soon learned the value of a Sears catalog and when you got to the automotive department it was time to get another one. In the winter the "droppings" would freeze and keeping inching upwards....each day closer and closer....I got concerned until one day I went in and it had "fallen" over....whew!

The building was poorly made and had plenty of ventilation. In warm weather there was always a resident spider up in the corner that a child could think of as a menace and it made you nervous. Have you ever noticed that the spider webs in outhouses ALWAYS seem to be right across the entry so that you spend the next 10 minutes trying to get spider webs out of your face and hair? In the spring and summer, going outside to go potty was bad enough in the rain but going potty on those below zero days was a feeling you never forget. The winter was REALLY cold. Everything froze. We used chamber pots in the inclement weather. I was required to dump and clean it every morning, so I was very careful about how I used it. Planning ahead or being cold at night from the trip outside was

better than the job of dealing with the results of using it. I recall as a kid getting up at night and finding the water in the potty frozen.

Keeping the old stove fueled during cold spells wasn't easy. If you woke up at night and the fire was out everyone was cold. You had to have someone get up at least every TWO hours. We also heated Sears catalogs and put them at our feet. Two, three, or more kids in a bed wasn't a bad idea because it helped to keep us warm.

Mom even had a wood burning stove and oven to cook on and in. She had to open and close the door to monitor the temperature. When we got up, we walked along the railroad tracks and collected the coal that fell from the trains to burn at home.

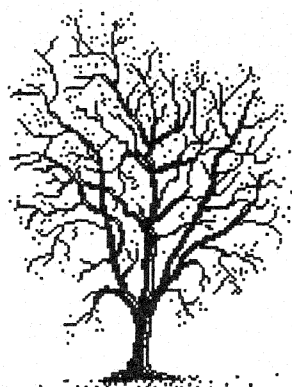
We'd put on two pair of pants at times, and always wore a scarf. We loved our rubber black overshoes with buckles...but we never buckled them, because that wasn't cool.

When we went skating down on the pond, we used to burn old tires in the middle of the pond to get warm and also to light the pond. The ice was so thick that the fire never melted through the ice. My father would have to chop a hole in the ice with a chopping ax for the cows to get a drink.

S.T. Ω

The Genealogy Forum

July 1997



"Genealogy: the science or study of family descent."

By Linnea Travis Miller

Happy 221st Birthday, America!!

Wow, that's a long time for one country to be under the same form of government! And many of us can thank our immigrant ancestors for their part in its founding. All had some part in making this country strong, whether it be in actually taking part in the quest for liberty by enlisting as a "citizen soldier" or continuing to make this country great by staying on the land to farm or help produce goods and services for the

troops and the home-front!

As one walks through the cemeteries, especially since Memorial Day, you note the many, many flags at the graves of the patriots who helped the quest for liberty and peace throughout America's history.

It's really awesome when you find one of these honored veterans to be your ancestor!

In beginning your research for military service of your

ancestor, you should look in the state he lived at that time. Most states in their archives do have a surname index to all records in their charge. This index will point you to a record group (these days on microfilm) where you can view something about your ancestor. In Pennsylvania, these records are found in various departments of the Commonwealth. Primarily they consist of muster rolls, military returns, clemency petitions, bonus files, pension records, commissions and military accounts. The pension records usually are of most value to the genealogist, since they may state current residence and beneficiaries! If you are not in easy access of the State Archives, most have a form which you can request them to do a look-up and forward you copies of the records found for a fee. Check your State Archives for that information.

The National Archives, or their many branches, also hold Military Service Records on the Federal level. The military service records here are fragmentary since many of the original records were lost in a fire in 1800 in the offices the Secretary of War occupied. Other records were lost or destroyed in 1814 when government buildings in Washington were ransacked

and burned by the British army. If nothing is found at the Federal level, then definitely look at the state!

These Federal records include information for each individual in abstract form, such as rank, military organization, term of service and sometimes age, place of enlistment and place of birth. These records are of great value for proving military service, but usually contain little genealogical information.

Since the Revolutionary War, pensions were granted to all servicemen who were called into Federal Service. Again, early records are fragmentary due to the above noted fire and action of the British Army. A typical pension file will contain the application, verifying documents and a record of action taken on the claim.

The Bounty Land Warrant Applications are another record group to be searched. In 1776 and later, the Continental Congress provided for granting public land to those who remained in the armed forces until the end of the war or until discharged by Congress and to the dependents of those killed. These warrants were issued for the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, Indian Wars and the war with Mexico (between 1775 and early 1855.) The

The Genealogy Forum

information contained here is similar to the Pension Files.

For requesting information from the National Archives on Military Service and Pension Records, you will need to request Form 80 (Military service and pension records prior to World War I, including the Revolutionary War, War of 1812, Civil War, and Spanish-American War). Write to: National Archives and Records Administration, 8th and Pennsylvania Avenue NW, Washington, DC 20408.

If you are seeking membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution or a similar organization, you will need this type of documentation (plus much more) to verify the lineage to the serviceman. It is also valuable from the standpoint of finding out more about your ancestor than just names and dates!

For more recent ancestors, check with your local county Veteran's Affairs Office. I had found out that my husband's great-grandfather was killed in the Civil War. I wanted to know if he was returned to this county for burial. After calling my Veteran's Affairs Office, I was able to get his military service record as well as the location of his burial!! You may also want to try the local American Legion

or Veteran's of Foreign Wars posts. Normally they place flags at the graves of servicemen for Memorial Day. If they do this, they certainly will have a listing of the name and location of the grave! So these are definitely resources not to be overlooked!!

Well, happy hunting and see you next month!

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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 "July 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 researching the CUMMINS/CUMMINGS family from Bradford County, PA. JOHN CUMMINS and his wife SALLY COVELL CUMMINS moved to Bradford

County, PA around 1800 from New York State--probably from Washington County, NY, but they may have been in Otsego County, NY before moving to PA.

I would love to exchange information with anyone researching this or allied families.

M.O.

=====

I am interested in MOLL families who were in Northampton Co PA (Allentown and Hellertown) and were gunsmiths.

John MOLL (son of William) m. 28 April 1772 Northampton Co. PA to Lydia RINKER: sons Peter; John b. 13 May 1773 m. Elizabeth NEWHARD had sons Peter b. 1799 m. Mary "Polly" SHAFER, John b. 1796 m. Elizabeth UEBERROTH.

My ancestor Nathan MOLL b. 2 July 1814 PA (lived in Northampton Co in 1838 and Bucks Co Pa in 1850) m. Rosanna LEE (brother George, was also a gunsmith).

Nathan MOLL d. 1892 Iowa. What is the relationship of Nathan to the other gunsmiths? Thanks in advance for any help!

D.C.

I am trying to help a friend find info on her gg grandfather and she has very little info. JOHN THOMAS CASTEEL of SE Tennessee. Was a Confederate soldier. Probably married to an Indian woman by the name of Mary. Later moved to SW Missouri. Thanks for any leads!!

L.D.

=====

I am researching my ancestry and have traced my lineage back to 1737. I have relatives who have lived in Lancaster County continuously since 1737 but finding them has been a chore.

I believe that in early Lancaster County there appears to be two HILTON families. A moderately wealthy one and mine.

The 1737 comes from a land warrant for 400 acres for Edward HILTON dated 28 December 1737 for "Erle" (Earl) Township between the lands of Hand WHITMORE and Jenkin DAVIES.

The actual survey dated 28 September 1751, shows adjacent land owners as Adam KLEAS, Jonothan LESAN, Peter RAPP, David BURKETT.

He appears to have sold the land in 1770 to Christian and

The Genealogy Forum

Henry ROOT. His will in 1772 lists a daughter, Agnes WISHET and grandson Edward HILTON. His residence in the Will and in the Deed to the ROOTS was Warwick and as near as I can tell the only possibility for a son is a David HILTON who married Elisabeth EIB (See Moravian Church Records, Lititz PA). According to these church records he did have a son named Edward David HILTON.

I am interested in determining the wife of Edward HILTON, and where Edward HILTON came from prior to 1737. Neighboring counties hold no clue that I could find. There were some HILTONs in Philadelphia County but I can make no connection.

Any clues or help would be appreciated.

C.H.

=====

My 4th great grandfather was Peter WEBER, b.c. January 1787 in Berks Co. He died in June 1828 and was buried at Christ Lutheran Church, Upper Bern Twp., PA on June 25, 1828. His burial records indicate that he was at that time 41 years 5 months and 13 days. Peter's wife was Anna Maria "Polly" GREIM, daughter of

Abraham and Christina (GEISS) GREIM. Peter and Polly had Sarah, b. 11/28/1820 (my 3rd great grandmother), Elizabeth, b. 9/14/1823, and John Weber, who was born posthumously. I have plenty of information on the GREIM family.

I have a newspaper article (newspaper unknown) from August 1912 about a WEBER family reunion held that year in Bern Twp. The immigrant ancestor was Johann Heinrich WEBER, born in Hochstadt, German May 28, 1735 and died April 10, 1815, buried at Host Church cemetery, Tulpehocken Twp., Berks Co. His wife was Anna Elizabeth FILBERT, d/o Samuel and Maria Susanna FILBERT, born Dec. 7, 1742. They were married May 16, 1763. John Henry and Anna Elizabeth's children were: Johann Heinrich WEBER, b. 1769, m. Margaret MEYER d/o Valentine Meyer; Philip WEBER, no information; Elizabeth WEBER, m. _____ SCHRAVER; Johanna Jacob WEBER, b. 1775, Catharina WEBER, no information; and Johann Peter WEBER, m. Susanna REBER.

According to the newspaper article Johann Heinrich WEBER (also known as John Henry WEBER) "was a captain of the

6th Co., 6th Battalion, Berks Co. Militia, Revolutionary Army, serving under Col. Henry SPYKER, no doubt at White Marsh, near Philadelphia in the winter of 1777-78." In 1909 the Federal government erected "a substantial granite marker" at Host Church.

My 3rd great grandmother Sarah (WEBER) ZIEBACH was the oldest descendant at this reunion at the age of 92. Many of the 100+ people listed in the article are relatives known to me. Clearly, there is a connection between my 4th great grandfather Peter WEBER and Johann Heinrich or John Henry

WEBER, but that connection remains elusive.

Does anyone have any information on this WEBER family or any idea to which one of John Henry's children Peter WEBER belongs?

K.M.

=====

Please send queries and/or family histories to: The Legacy, P.O. Box 99, Perkins, OK 74059, e-mail Legacy Mag @aol.com or lebco@aol.com.

Good luck on your searching and see you next month!

If you need or have any information on any of the names listed below, please contact The Legacy Magazine at P.O. Box 99, Perkins, Oklahoma 74059 or Legacy Mag @ aol. com.

Ahlquist
Akins
Alford
Allen
Angst
Arnold
Aungst
Baer
Beck
Beckett
Bethea
Black
Blair
Blaylock
Bollender
Bostick

Bower
Bradley
Brazeal
Braziel
Brixey
Brock
Bryan
Burkholder
Burnes
Burnett
Butler
Buxton
Caldwell
Carman
Carr
Child

Coate
Coates
Coe
Coffin
Corbin
Couch
Cramer
Creel
Cromer
Cruson
Davis
Dees
Dreese
DuSauchoy
Earl(e)
Earp

The Genealogy Forum

Edmonson	Kerr	Prothro
Enochs	Kimmel	Prudden
Fegan	King	Ramsdale
Ferrell	Koehler	Rea
Fink	Kraft	Register
Fiese	Lawton	Roelofse
Flick	Lange	Rossignol
Forney	Leedom	Sand
Fouty	Lewis	Seay
Franklin	Licata	Severs
Glass	Lock	Shurley
Gochenour	Long	Smith
Gornto	Longerneck	Snyder
Goss	Lovett	Specht
Graham	Lynch	Speer
Gray	Lyon	Spillers
Green	Manship	Stauffer
Gregory	Matzen	Stouffer
Grosbeck	Mayfield	Steele
Gully(e)	Mayor	Stetler
Guerin	McConnell	Stewart
Haas	McCune	Stoberats
Hall	McGinley	Stroeher
Hardin	McMillan	Swartz
Hatchett	McRill	Taylor
Headley	McTiggriett	Tiffle
Heimbach	Mertins	Toms
Holgate	Metcalf	Trousch
Holtzclaw	Miller	Tucker
Hostetter	Neate	Van Vlecker
Houser	Olson	Van
Howard	Olsen	Vleckeren
Hughs	Otterbach	Walker
Hunsaker	Owens	Walter
Jackson	Parks	Walters
Jaggar	Paetsch	Warner
Jarrott	Peak	Weick
Johnson	Peck	Wells
Jones	Peterson	Westcott
Joyce	Pike	Wike
Kauffman	Poorman	Winter
		Young

Be sure to contact us if you are looking for information on any of the names listed above.

Coffee Shop Conversation



George:

Hey Larry, are you going to the school tonight for the catfish dinner fund raiser?

Larry:

No! I refuse to eat catfish. I haven't had anything to do with catfish in over 40 years.

George:

Why? What's wrong with catfish?

Larry:

I was up in Kansas back in the 50s, helping some farmers harvest their wheat. It started to rain one afternoon, and we had to quit working until the rain stopped and the field dried out. Well, these guys I was working with talked me into going noodling for catfish.

I had never been noodling

before and really didn't know anything about it, so these guys told me what to do. They said that catfish like to hide in the holes and dams built by beavers along the edge of the river, and that all I had to do was to run my hand along the riverbank. Every time I found a hole, I was supposed to stick my hand into it and feel around for a catfish. If I found one, I was supposed to put my fingers in his mouth and pull him out.

I was a bit reluctant, but decided to give it a try. I laid down on the bank and proceeded to feel around in several holes until I found something.

I grabbed a catfish and started to pull him out, but there was something they forgot to tell me.

Coffee Shop Conversation

When a catfish goes into a hole, he sucks his breath in and makes his body real narrow to get through the hole. But once he's inside he expands back to his normal size. This particular catfish was a pretty good size fish, and the opening to the hole was real small. I tugged and tugged on him, but couldn't get him through the hole.

I decided to let him go, but he had a hold of my hand and he wouldn't let go of me. Then he started rolling around in the water and the pressure he had on my hand was pulling me under the water. I was beginning to think that he was going to try to drown me.

I remembered someone telling me that when fish are in the water they have the strength and weight equivalent to 10 times that of a man on the shore, so a 20-pound catfish underwater would have the strength equal to a 200-pound man above water.

To say the least, I was beginning to get a bit concerned about my situation. Finally, the guys saw that I was in trouble and they got a hold of my legs and started to pull me out. It took four guys pulling on me to finally pull that fish out of the hole.

Ever since that day, I swore that I would never even look at other catfish.

George:

You've got more guts than I do. I would never stick my hand into a blind hole without knowing what was in there. Besides that, don't catfish sting?

Joe:

Yes they do, but an old timer once told me that if you are so unfortunate as to be "stung" by a catfish (which happened to us all too often), you could prevent infection by rubbing the anus of the offending catfish over the puncture wound. I wouldn't believe such an old wive's tale, of course, but I sure had to try it. And it worked every time, over several years of catching and mishandling hundreds of the little devils.

Pete:

Oh, I've been noodling many times and it isn't so bad as long as you don't grab a hold of anything real slimy, like a snake. You learn to let go of the slimy things real real quick.

But I figure noodling is fun and adds a bit of excitement over just regular fishing. Besides, I love the taste of catfish. At one time I had 36 smoked catfish in my refrigerator.

Brad:

Sometimes you don't have the chance to let go in time. Carl went noodling one time, and when he reached into

this one hole, something got a hold of him and wouldn't let go. It was a beaver and he took of the entire tip of his finger, up to the first joint.

Sam:

Barry met a worse fate than that. He was noodling in a channel one time. He used to go into the deep water and dive under water to check out the holes. He used a rope with a loop on the one end and the other end was tied around his wrist. One day he got his hands on this one real big Catfish, and it took him out into the strong current and drowned him. Since he had that rope tied around him, he couldn't get loose.

John:

When I was a lad of about 10, my Dad had friends in who went noodling. Three or four men showed up at our house one evening with three big gunny sacks. Judging by the motion that was going on in the sacks there seemed to be something living inside them.

Watch Out For That Sucker!

My five-year-old nephew was a devoted thumb-sucker. His mother had done everything she could think of to stop his habit. Finally, she came up with a threat, "If you keep sucking that thumb, someday you will blow up and burst."

She was pleased with the effectiveness of her white lie until the day she and her son were waiting at a street corner for a light to change. A very pregnant woman was standing beside them. My nephew looked at the stranger curiously. He walked around one side to get a better glimpse, then glanced up at her shyly and said, "I know what you've been doing!"

We all went down to our basement and the men proceeded to open the sacks and pour, "POUR" these giant snapping turtles out onto the floor. As I recall, there were maybe 25 or 30 of them.

They told me how this was a bumper crop that had been gleaned by wading along the edges of the creeks and reaching into the burrow holes of the critters, in the side walls of the waterway, and pulling them out. They demonstrated the dangers of such actions by offering a stick to a turtle and then trying to retrieve the stick without cutting off the creatures head. There were a few times that even by cutting the head off, you wouldn't be able to get the stick out of its mouth for a few minutes.

The turtle soup we ended up with was great, but not worth the danger involved in trying to obtain the turtles. I think I'll stick with chicken soup. Its much safer.

Ω

TODAY

By Franklin T. Wike

It is OK to remember the past,
but don't live in it,
learn from it.

It is OK to dream of the future,
but don't live in a dream world,
work at making your dreams come true.

Make the most of what
you have learned from the past
and what you want for your future,
but EXPERIENCE the reality of TODAY
and make the most of it.

For TODAY is TOMORROW'S MEMORIES
and YESTERDAY'S DREAM

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The Master's Touch



A mother wishing to encourage her young son's progress at the piano bought tickets to a Paderewski performance. When the evening arrived, they found their seats near the front of the concert hall and eyed the majestic Steinway waiting on stage.

Soon the mother found a friend to talk to, and the boy slipped away.

At eight o'clock, the lights in the auditorium began to dim, the spotlights came on, and only then did they notice the boy, ...up on the bench, innocently picking out "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star".

His mother gasped,but before she could retrieve her son, the master appeared on the stage and quickly moved to the keyboard.

He whispered to the boy: "Don't quit--keep playing."

Leaning over, Paderewski reached down with his left hand and began filling in the bass part. Soon his right arm reached around the other side, improvised a delightful obligato.

Together, the old master and the young novice held the crowd mesmerized.

In our lives, unpolished though they may be, it is The Master who surrounds us and whispers in our ear time and again:

"Don't quit -- keep playing".

And, as we do, he augments and supplements until work of amazing beauty is created.

Ω Ω Ω

DARIUS - A CHILD

His hair is cut short. One long braid trails down his back. His clothes are not worn, but unclean. He sits on the bench, one arm slung over the back, staring at the teeming masses of students eating their lunches.

He eyes up the women and girls from ankle to chest. Such an ancient male ritual for one so young. He surveys the boys as if sizing them up. Could he take them if he had to? His expression convinces you he would try. He would try very hard.

His classmates chatter and squirm. He sits, still, watching, drinking slowly from his carton of milk. Slow studied movements. Always watching.

If he speaks to a classmate it is in a conspiratorial whisper, hand held up to conceal his words from prying onlookers. His stare shifts around like radar, to zero in on any nearby adults.

His wrist suddenly gives an imperceptible snap and the food flies over the bench, striking a classmate. I walk over to reprimand him and his arm juts out in an accusatory point at the smallest boy in the class. His table companions become very still. He was identified by them long ago, and they know the moves, the dialogue, but are not always certain of the outcome.

They wait, eyes wide, hands frozen, food forgotten.

He looks up at me with a bright, toothy smile, but those narrow, cold, eyes betray him. The grin is false, his protests of innocence hollow. He is reprimanded. The transformation of his young features is lightning quick. His face turns into an ugly, hateful scowl, his mouth screams protests, his thin arms lash the air.

The attempt is futile and he slouches down to sulk, anger bubbling out in palatable waves. The table is silent. Unnatural behavior for such young children. Necessary behavior for survival.

He slinks into the line of departing students to return to his class. The others wave goodbye, stumbling, pushing and tumbling along. He saunters behind, the strut of the street, cocky, perfectly imitated from an older brother perhaps. No horseplay for him, just business, just cool, stone cool, bad cool, business.

As I watch him strut away, I say a little prayer for the next school year. God help his first grade teacher and all the ones to follow.

MB Ω

Shoe Strings, Self-esteem and Other Lessons from Dad

by Laurie Orr



One of my very first memories is sitting in my dad's lap learning how to tie my shoes. I sat in his lap several years learning all kinds of things -- Bible stories, memory verses, songs, and silly faces. Our family would play "make me laugh," seeing who could last the longest without laughing at the one acting silly. Dad's funny faces always got the better of me. How peaceful life was sitting in my dad's lap. I felt secure, happy, and very loved.

Then I grew up, and it wasn't cool to sit in my dad's lap. Instead, I sat beside him through jr. high and high school and continued to learn about life. I had gotten the shoe-tying thing down pretty well, so it was on to fun things like self-esteem and the joys of adolescence.

Growing up, I was not thrilled with my physical appearance. I knew, however, that I had the

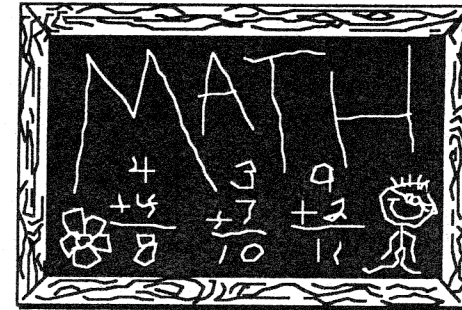
approval of the one whose opinion mattered most to me -- my dad's. I could never begin to count the number of times he told me I was pretty. Also not a day went by that he didn't tell me at least twice that he loved me. In the craziness of those years trying to establish my identity, my dad laid a solid foundation on which I built my self-esteem and determined my self-worth.

When I grew up some more and found myself as a single adult away from home, I found that my Heavenly Father has a nice big lap too. I sit there often and am reminded that I am secure, happy, very valuable, and very loved by Him.

When I go to my parents' home now, my favorite place to sit is next to my dad. And I must admit, on occasion I still sit in his lap.

I love you Dad.

School Day Memories from 1915



A poem by
Ella G Henry

When I went to School

In retrospect, I go back to beginning my education in a one room, one teacher school.

In those days at school the common denominator for order and obedience was the hickory stick and the golden rule.

The wooden building, comparatively speaking, was very small.

However the enrollment from beginners through teenagers added up to a small total; therefore it was adequate for all.

As we marched up the steps and entered the school house, we faced the teacher's desk on which was the school bell and a bible containing the golden rule.

Over in the corner was the highly respected, but dreaded instrument of discipline sometimes necessary to correct misbehavior in school.

School Days

On one wall was a rack
for hanging coats, hats, and caps.

On another wall hanging where all could see
was a blackboard and several maps.

Centered, for the comfort of all,
was a wood burning heater.

To keep us warm, students added wood as needed. At
that time we had never heard of a thermostat or meter.

On a small table was a bucket of water;
attached was a dipper from which everyone drank.

Unaware and unconcerned of contagion and sanitation,
when thirsty, no one hesitated to fill his tank.

Our school opened with a bible reading and prayer;
the teacher read a passage of scripture
and led us in praying The Lord's Prayer.

And we were led in singing, (without music),
one sacred and one patriotic song;
this took place every morning of the school year.

We were required to memorize many passages
of scripture and these have grown dearer.

Now that we who went to school in those days are
facing life's sunset and every day it draws nearer.

After classes began, I recall that every student
had a slate and a pencil with which to write.

From beginners writing ABC'S and 123's while
older students wrote some lines to recite.

Writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography,
history, and reading.

To get some education,
surely every boy and girl was proceeding.

We loved and respected our teacher;
Surely her word was our command.

She expressed a personal interest, patience and
consideration in each student whatever the demand.

We walked to school;
one hand carried books in a sack.

The other hand carried a little tin bucket
containing our dinner time snack.

Our snack was composed of left overs from breakfast,
such as ham or sausage biscuit and gravy and grits.

Sometimes a baked sweet potato and batter cake
soaked in syrup and sprinkled with bacon bits.

Occasionally we opened our bucket on Monday
and found chicken and pie left from company dinner
on Sunday.

Recess was truly a social hour for all.

Sitting on school house steps, the ground or a nearby
log, we ate together then played games until our fun
ended by the school bell's call.

This is how it was at school in 1915.

Ella G Henry

© 1992

A first-grader comes home and announces that he and a girl from his class want to get married. His bemused parents decide to string him along."Where will you live after you get married?"

"Well, we thought we would stay one week here, and one week with her parents, then back here."

"And what will you do for money?"

"I get three dollars a week, and she gets two-fifty, that ought to be enough for us."

Well, well, they've thought this out, the parents think to themselves. "But when you get married, you usually have a baby. What will you do if you have a baby?"

"Well," says the boy, "So far we've been lucky."

Independence Day

65 years ago

by Mack Braziel Jr.



It gets hot and dry during July in Oklahoma, so we looked forward to the fourth of July for several days before its arrival because we knew that it meant we would get into the our 33 Chevrolet and head for the old Deep Fork River where we could cool off and have some good old fashion fun.

We made sure that we had our case of pop that usually consisted of a mixture of orange, strawberry, grape, cream soda, root beer and Coca cola.

We needed to ice the pop down, so we would stop by the ice house and pick up a 50 pound block of ice, then chip it up and place it, along with the pop into the Galvanized tub that we used to take our baths in.

When we got to the river, we would spend our day fishing and swimming.

We didn't have bathing suits

to wear into the river, so the boys would wear our cut off jeans and mother wore an old dress.

When we got done with our activities, we would eat the picnic lunch consisting of fried chicken and potato salad, that mom had fixed the night before.

We made sure we would leave the river in time so that we could get home before night fall. When we arrived back home, we would shoot off our firecrackers, sparklers and Roman candles.

It was a fun filled day spent sharing our time, laughter and love together as a family. We were not wealthy people according to the worlds standards involving money, but we were very very rich when it came to having the important things in life. We had each other and plenty of love.

Ω

The Reality of War



I found out about Pearl Harbor when I was 14 years old, coming out of religious school (Reform Temple) for the day. My dad was driving the car pool, and he came over to me as I was leaving school and said "The Japs just bombed Pearl Harbor."

I said "What and where is Pearl Harbor?"

"I don't know, but it means we are at war," he answered.

My first reaction, frankly, was that I was kind of excited. I know it may seem strange, but I

was only 14.

When we got home, my 17 year-old brother said he wanted to enlist.

My mom started to cry and my dad told him not to, but within a couple of months my brother-in-law was drafted into the Infantry and my brother enlisted in the Air Corp.

The war went on and on. I got older, and pretty soon I had friends who'd either enlisted or been drafted. When they came around with their uniforms on

The Reality of War

they really got the attention. Wow! The girls loved the uniforms.

Before I knew it, I myself was out of high school and drafted. I remember my mom and dad driving me to the draft board where the bus was to pick all the draftees up. My mom never stopped crying. When we arrived Mom hugged me so tight I thought she would never let go. My Dad and I shook hands, because real men didn't kiss or hug, did they?

I was sent to Camp Roberts, California. I spent six days riding a coach, sitting up! Before I knew it, I had a rifle. I had never even seen a gun in my life. In fact, coming from a middle class Jewish family, I had never even been to camp. Well, in those days no one had been around, no traveling, etc., and I met some guys that thought Jews had horns. I had to prove myself more than once.

Then the training started. After drilling up and down mountains and going on desert maneuvers, pretty soon I was thinking "What the heck is a nice Jewish kid like me doing here?" I remember going through the obstacle course, crawling through a field as real shells and bullets went right over my head while mines were exploding. My God, a few friends of mine

got killed. I remember thinking "Is the Army crazy, using live stuff to make us feel that we're really in combat?"

Next I was sent to Ft. Benning, Georgia. I was in the artillery, and Paratroopers did not like us wearing boots that looked at all like theirs. So, believe it or not, the Paratroopers and regular GI's were killing, yes killing each other.

A good Catholic friend and I went to Columbus, Ga., and I vividly remember a handwritten sign on a diner door that read: "NO DOGS-NO NIGGERS-NO JEWS-NO CATHOLICS-NO SOLDIERS." Now, that is really something to see; makes you ready to "fight for your country" right before going overseas.

I went overseas on a captured Italian liner, "The Monticello". It was December and took nearly four weeks to cross the North Atlantic. The Navy told us the survival time in the water that time of year is about 60 seconds. There were enemy subs following us part of the way. They fired some torpedoes that just missed us and the Navy responded by dumping ASH CANS every now and then. It was just like in the movies.

Thank goodness I arrived in

Normandy a couple months after D-Day. I joined Patton and fought every major battle of the war. As a kid I never saw a dead body; now every day I saw blood, gore and death. GI's, Germans and civilians were all dying. Battle after battle, I never even remember sleeping. I guess I must have, but I sure don't remember it. If you fell asleep on the ground, you would freeze to death by morning or have frost bitten feet or legs that had to be amputated. How sad it was to see guys 18, 19, 20 years old, that you were buddies with, getting killed or wounded in a way that they would never live a regular life.

I remember the first time I aimed my rifle at a German. I couldn't pull the trigger and kill him. HE WAS A HUMAN BEING. But pretty soon THEY ARE shooting and shelling you, so that makes you a veteran; so you can kill, and then it becomes pretty easy. Either by rifle or artillery shell, killing becomes pretty easy.

What happened to the middle class Jewish kid who had never been to camp? How sad, how sad. Sixty days after D-DAY the Germans lost the war. They could have surrendered but they didn't. We moved further and further. Bigger and harder battles took place in France. Then there was the "Crossing

of the Rhine." They used smoke screens, German planes, and German artillery, but we made it across. The fighting never let up.

We were deeper into Germany and liberated one GI camp after another, moving close to Munich. There were 12 and 14 year-old kids with rifles, shooting at me. I fired in front of them but they were shooting too, and almost killed me. What did I have to do, SHOOT and kill them before they killed me? They were just a couple of years older than I was when my dad picked me up at school after Pearl Harbor was attacked. The damn war should have ended. The Germans had lost. I didn't want to kill anymore. I didn't want to see dead bodies anymore. I didn't want to see my buddies still being killed or wounded.

One day in April, four other guys and myself got lost in a forest (not unusual during combat). We spotted this encampment and thought it was another POW camp. We stayed in the forest for a couple of hours, watching. There was no movement in the camp, so one guy radioed back and reported what we'd come up on. The five of us decided to go in.

MY GOD IN HEAVEN, the smell, the sights we encountered were unbelievable. There were

The Reality of War

no Germans. Just bits of bodies, skeletons, barely moving. We were drawn to a noise. We followed and saw giant ovens with bodies -- people, human beings -- or what was left of them. Those sights and smells are still with me, every day of my life.

We wanted to see Germans. We wanted them; we wanted to KILL them. We were five "kids," all crying. We all had seen death of every imaginable kind, but nothing like this. We looked around further and found skeletons that were still moving, still alive.

They were starved. What do you do for starving people? You feed them, but all we had were K-Rations, a highly concentrated, "chocolate" food. We handed it to them and helped to put it in their mouths. They died almost instantly. We didn't know that you cannot give barely living starved people a highly concentrated food.

**BUCHENWALD.
MAN'S INHUMANITY TO
MAN IS BEYOND
COMPREHENSION.**

After a long while our guys started to move in with a couple of doctors. The stench was beyond belief. I don't recall seeing a GI with a dry eye. All

the death we had seen before, all the blood, was NOTHING compared to what we encountered at that camp.

How could this have happened? I still ask myself that. If you have not been to the Holocaust Memorial in Washington, you must go. You must see what the Germans did to the Jews.

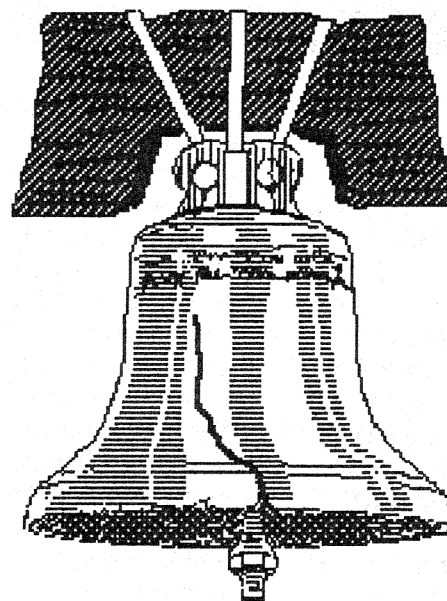
SIX MILLION JEWS, DEAD. The population of metropolitan Chicago is six million. Can you imagine all those people killed, and for what reason?

I now donate to many organizations. The **SOUTHERN POVERTY LAW CENTER** is an organization that fights all "anti groups: anti militias, the anti so-called Patriot movement, skinheads and neo-Nazis. There are plenty of these groups in this country.

**COULD WHAT HAPPENED
IN GERMANY HAPPEN
HERE?** In my opinion, a definite "Yes." I go to schools -- fifth grades and up -- and talk about the horrors of war, man's inhumanity to man and the threat of all these anti groups.

I was 14 years old when it started, and when I was told we were at war, I was kind of excited. The excitement died. Don

Paul Revere and his Son



The Revolutionary War started on April 19, 1775 in Lexington, Mass, (the day after Paul Revere made his famous ride), and did not officially end until September 3, 1783. So, why do we celebrate Independence day on the 4th of July? The following article, will help explain what we are celebrating and why.

On a beautiful spring morning, in 1607, three storm-beaten ships, under the control of Captain Christopher Newport, anchored near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay in what is now known as Virginia. These ships were filled with men who were prepared to build

the first settlement in this new land.

One of the men that came ashore from those ships was George Percy, the active and handsome son of the earl of Northumberland. Percy wrote down several observations pertaining to this new land. He

Paul Revere and Son

described "noble forests, the ground carpeted with flowers, fine strawberries that were four times bigger than the ones found in England, oysters, plenty of small game, stores of turkey nests with many eggs and an Indian town where the savages brought them corn bread and tobacco smoked in clay pots."

These men laid out the settlement of Jamestown with a fort, a church, storehouse, and a row of little huts. This settlement consisted of male farmers that were employees of The London Company who owned the land and everything the settlers grew (except what they needed to eat for survival reasons), went into a company storehouse and was sent to England to be sold. At the end of seven years, the profits were supposed to be divided up equally between the settlers but some colonists worked harder than others and many of them did not think this was fair. In 1614, Sir Thomas Dale, the manager for the company, gave some of the men three acres of land for their own use and discovered that by owning his own land, one man would work as hard as 10 men would before. As a result of this, the company changed its policy and allowed all the men to have their own land.

By 1619, Virginia had no more than 2,000 people and most of them were men, but that

was about to change. A ship arrived from England with 90 young maidens who were to be given as wives to those settlers who would pay a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco for their transportation.

In 1629, five ships carrying 400 passengers, 140 head of cattle and 40 goats left London and arrived in Salem Mass. The people aboard these ships were puritans. They were members of the church of England who at first wished to reform or purify its doctrines.

From 1628 to 1640, the puritans in England were suffering persecution and were in a state of depression and apprehension. The royal authorities were committed to a revival in the church and determined to make it completely dependent on the crown and the archbishops. The king dissolved the Parliament and ran the country by himself for 10 years. He even imprisoned his chief opponents. Many puritans believed the best course was to leave England and build new lives and homes in America. In the general emigration of 1628 to 1640, some 20,000 of the the sturdiest people left England for America. Over 1200 ships made the voyage across the ocean with settlers, livestock, and furniture. Many puritans did not come as individuals or families,

but as entire villages. Certain English towns were half depopulated. New England became a microcosm of old England.

April 18, 1775

It was almost 10 pm in the evening. Since the top story of Paul Revere's house extended quite a ways over the bottom story, it caused shadows to fall, making the doorway even darker than the street was. Paul Revere Jr. was happy to have this extra darkness because he had stolen something from his parents' house and was trying to hide in the darkness of the doorway.

Since he had become a teenager Paul Junior was not so little anymore, but his mother, Deborah Revere, still called him Little Paul. Little Paul's family was quite well known in the Boston area. His grandfather, Apollos de Rivoire, was a Huguenot refugee who had come to Boston as a boy and learned the silversmith trade. In 1735, Paul Revere Sr. was born and learned the silversmith trade from his father, the same way that Paul Jr. was learning it from his father.

The silversmith trade was not the only thing Paul Jr. was learning from his father. Paul Jr. admired his father and wanted to be just like him some day. His father not only had a great talent working with silver

and copper, but he was also a war hero, a great horseman and a devout patriot

Paul Jr. remembers his dad telling him about the 200,000 acres of land in the Ohio valley that was granted to a group of Virginians in 1749. The French did not like this and built two forts on the Ohio River to keep the Virginians out. In 1753, a 21 year old militia officer and surveyor named Maj. George Washington was sent to talk with the French but was informed that he was trespassing on French territory. Several skirmishes broke out between the French and the Virginians and by 1755 it turned into a full scale war. In 1756, at the age of 21, Paul Sr. went off to fight in that French Indian war. The British and Americans won the war in 1763 but when it was over, England passed a proclamation preventing the colonists from building settlements west of the Appalachians. The land east of the Appalachians was getting crowded and since the colonists had just risked their lives in eight years of war over this land, they were not pleased at being told they could not use the land. After the war was over, Paul Sr. used his skill as a copper engraver to make cartoons and other political propaganda protesting England's proclamation.

Paul Jr. was too young to

Paul Revere and Son

remember all of the activities his father was involved in, but he never got tired of hearing his father tell him about his war adventures. It seemed like every year his father would get more upset with England and would fight them by using his skill as an engraver to make more plates for printing pamphlets.

Paul Jr. heard that England proceeded to pass some new laws and taxes governing America; however, these laws and taxes were being passed without letting the Americans have an elected representative in Parliament to represent them. It was the aspect of being taxed by England without having any representation in Parliament that seemed to bother Paul's father and his friends.

Paul Sr. used his skill as a copper engraver to make cartoons and other political propaganda, then in 1773, he helped to organize the Boston Tea Party.

With Paul Sr. being such an activist, it was no wonder that Little Paul was known as a mischievous lad by the other boys in the North End of Old Boston. Little Paul was always ready for any kind of excitement and he was sure that something exciting was about to happen. During the day, he had been watching his father experimenting with casting the chime for bells and making

engraving plates from copper, so that pictures could be reproduced from them for the books and news sheets that were being printed.

But at night, Paul Sr. seemed to turn into a man of mystery. He had become an express rider for Boston's Committee of Correspondence and to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. Several months ago, Paul Sr. rode to New Hampshire with the intelligence that British Gen. Thomas Gage was planning to remove weapons and ammunition from Fort William. As a result of that information being delivered, the New Hampshiremen were able to attack the fort and seize supplies that could later help to save the lives of patriots at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Paul Jr. could hear the men talking about all of the unrest with the British and he knew that a war with the mother country was not very far off. Then just two days ago, his father rode out of Boston to warn the patriots that the British planned to capture their military stores at Concord and arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

There had been many times when Paul Jr. had slipped out of the house and followed his father along the narrow streets until he would slip into a tavern

that had a valiant green dragon on the sign out front. Paul had no doubt that his father was at that very tavern right now, because that is where the Sons of Liberty met late at night.

Since his buckled shoes had a loud squeak when he walked, he decided to take them off so that he could sneak down the street silently. Just as he took his first step into the street, he saw something that made him retreat back into the shadows beside the house and hide.

A man, with his three cornered hat pulled low to cover his face and a long cloth cloak wrapped around him, was walking toward Jr. with great haste. Suddenly, the man stopped at the doorway and entered the house. It was Paul Sr. A moment later Paul Sr. returned from the house with a lantern half concealed in his cloak. Looking up toward the tower at the North Church, he walked toward the river.

Paul Jr. followed his father, making sure not to make a sound in his stocking feet. As he followed behind his father, he thought about the letter he had in his pocket that his father had written to him.

The letter said,
"My Son: It is now in your power to be serviceable to me, your mother and yourself. I beg you will keep yourself at home or where your mother sends you. Don't go away

until I send you word. When you bring any goods to the ferry, mark them with my name. Your loving Father, P.R."

Paul also thought about the words in a letter that his father had written to his mother.

"Pray tell Paul, by all means, to stay at home that he may help, when the time comes, to bring our goods to the ferry. Tell him not to leave the shop until I ask him to. Tell Paul I expect he will behave himself and attend to my business and not be out of the way in time of need."

The words in those letter gave Paul Jr. the feeling that something big was about to happen, he just wasn't sure what it was. He was hoping for some type of adventure and he figured that if he could follow his father, he just might be able to overhear some of the details. As he followed his father, he noticed the door to a house open and two men stepped outside to join his father.

As the three men continued to walk down the street in front of Paul Jr., he heard an upstairs window open in the house the two men had just come out of. A young girl that Paul Jr. knew looked out the window and said, "Paul, where are you going so late at night?" The boy put his

Paul Revere and Son

finger to his lips and motioned for her to be silent and continued on his journey.

When they got closer to the river, with Charlestown on the other side, Paul Jr. could see a boat rocking with the tide. The two men that were with his father got into the boat and looked toward the man-of-war's masts outlined against the new moon. They motioned for Paul Sr. to get into the boat also, but he hesitated.

"The oars will be heard. We cannot risk that," he said.

The sound of his father's words excited Paul Jr. He wanted to help his patriotic father, so he ran back to the house where the girl had called out to him. He picked up a small pebble and threw it at her window to get her attention. When she came to the window, he whispered, "Toss me down a bit of soft cloth in the name of the Sons of Liberty--any type of cloth--for muffling my father's oars. He is bound for Charlestown in secret, and when I give it to him, I must go home."

The little girl tossed down her red homespun petticoat and the young patriot took it to his father where it helped muffle the oars on the boat that took Paul Revere to the Charlestown side of the river, so he could mount the saddled horse which Deacon

Larkin had sent for the "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere"

The British forces left Boston that night. Their orders were to seize the rebellious leaders, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and to destroy the rebel stores of ammunition, believed to be hidden in Concord.

As a result of the ride made by Paul Revere, the Minutemen, made up of farmers and tradesmen of the colonies militia, got together and raised their arms to protect themselves against the British.

On June 10, 1776, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston were appointed to draw up a formal declaration that was intended to be an expression of the American mind. On July 4th, 1776, the final proclamation was adopted by the American Congress. Even though the war did not officially end until the Peace of Paris was signed on September 3, 1783, we celebrate our independence on July 4th. On July 4th, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was accepted by Congress.

Paul Revere Jr. went on to become a Lieutenant in the Continental Army at the age of 16. His father, Paul Sr. was the Commander of the Boston

fortress from 1778 to 1779. When the war was over, Father and son worked together in their shop to cast over 60 church bells. They also made bolts, spikes, pumps and recoppered the ship named, "Constitution" There is an old letter written about that ship.

It states, " When it was finished, the Carpenters gave nine cheers, which were answered by the Seamen and the Caulkers, because in fourteen days they had completed coppering a Ship with Copper *made in the United States*"

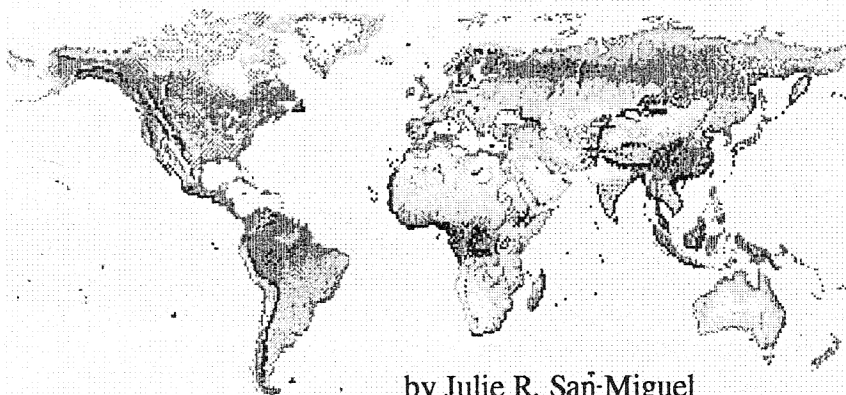
Paul Revere Sr. also designed and printed the first Continental Money.

His legacy as a great American continues. He lived to the ripe age of 83 and still dressed in his Revolutionary clothing as a reminder to himself and others of the part he played in helping a growing nation. His strength and beliefs were handed down through many generations and I am sure he was proud of his grandson for continuing the legacy when he fought in the Civil War.

"Cottage & Co." by Sam White



"God, I'll Serve You, But Please Don't Send Me to Africa!"



by Julie R. San-Miguel

I grew up attending a Baptist church in Dallas, Texas, knowing that real people were in far-off places doing God's work. A common thread running through many of the testimonies of our visiting missionaries was their concern that when they surrendered their lives to God, they were afraid He would send them to Africa! Africa was a place in the far recesses of the world, with little or no conveniences or desire for God. It would not be a place that missionaries were welcomed with open arms. "God, I'll serve you, but please don't send me to Africa" has been a phrase said and heard many times in the missionary world -- usually in a joking way after the person had resolved within his or her

heart to follow God "wherever."

The following is one day from the journal of my trip to Spain and North Africa in October of 1996. The trip was a life-changing, eye-opening experience that I would not want to change or give up for anything! Our team of three from the Southfield Christian Fellowship Church in Arlington, Texas, consisted of John Turner (our pastor), Debbie Jordan and me. We went to visit and encourage a family from our church who is in the mission field. It is very fair and safe to say that we were encouraged as much, if not more, by the trip.

I stood on the balcony at the hotel and looked out over the city of Morocco, North Africa, and said to myself, "Am I really in Africa? Am I really here?" My way of thinking had changed from, "God, I'll serve you, but please don't send me to Africa!" to "Thank you for sending me to Africa!"

As I stood there, I found myself singing "Lord, I'm Gonna Love You" out loud. I sang my heart out, totally forgetting where I was and what I was supposed to be doing. I thought I was having a moment with God until Debbie shouted from inside the room to turn up the "radio" -- she couldn't hear me very well. I didn't stop to think that I could have been arrested for my Christian outbursts. The reality of where I was had not sunk in at that time. Would it have made a difference? I'm not sure.

When John came to our room, Debbie and I nearly ducked and ran for cover as he pulled his Bible out of his bag. EEEKKK! You can't have that here; it's against the law! We prayed for the day ahead and the mission at hand, then we met Daniel (our tour guide) downstairs. It was sprinkling a little (or as one young man in Spain said, it was "spitting outside") and a bit chilly, but not too bad.

We went to breakfast and laughed, A LOT. (Don't you just hate to be around people who think being a Christian is serious work?) When I think back over breakfast that morning, I cannot remember what was so funny, just that there was more than one occasion when we were scolded for our "American" behavior.

After breakfast, we took off for the center of town, which is very different from the outskirts. It was like a picture I'd seen of Jerusalem, with very narrow cobblestone walkways that wind through shops and homes -- some of the doors opening right onto the walkway. It was very crowded and cluttered. Most of the shops were about the size of a walk-in closet, with shelves all the way to the ceiling. It was not uncommon to see the shopkeepers (sometimes very elderly men) climbing over the counters to get in and out. I only recall seeing one woman shopkeeper, and she had a silk scarf shop. I wondered if she was working for a man who owned it.

We combed the shops and covered the streets that day. Thank goodness SueAnn, the missionary from our church who we'd come to visit, and/or Daniel was always by my side. I can understand Spanish a bit and "get by" when I have to. For

Please Don't Send me to Africa

example, I ordered my own "cafe con leche", got what I wanted! -- and paid for it by myself while in Madrid, but absolutely, positively, no way, no how could I "get by" with Arabic-speaking folks.

SueAnn and Daniel were very good at bargaining and getting fair prices. The way I dealt with people on my own was to just pull out the gold card. (I'm really tough!) I got ticked at Daniel at one point when he told me to "put that thing away" because they hadn't agreed on a price yet and I was disturbing his system. He was the most excellent tour guide we could have hoped for. Daniel and his family are undercover missionaries. Christians or missionaries to do God's work and spread the word are not allowed in North Africa. Is this scary to you? I asked myself many times if I would be able to trust God enough to take care of me and my family in a country like that.

Daniel quickly suggested I buy a giant shopping bag. Turned out to be a magnificent move, because it was full to the brim and even busted a bit before we got back to Spain with it. The man I bought it from said it was an "official" Moroccan bag. (Apparently I did have "sucker" on my forehead

because later, upon further examination, I noticed the "Made in China" label! Oh well!)

We spent a lot of time in one shop in particular (and consequently a lot of dirham -- Arabic for moola). They treated us very well. In fact they served us "whiskey." We all, including the spiritual leader of this mob -- our pastor -- partook. Now, don't get excited, "whiskey" is what they call mint tea. I had a small glass of it, sipping as I sauntered. I reached up to get something and poured it all over my right shoulder and back. It was hot tea, by the way. The shopkeeper tried not to laugh, but the look on my face was too inviting. And yes, the "symbol" for crazy is the same in all languages.

The people in the streets were pretty somber for the most part. I watched them with the kids. One particular man "employed" the cutest little boy, about 5 or 6, to run up to foreigners and ask for money. Of course we gave him some, and of course he kept coming back for more. I would have loved to have taken this little boy home with me. Or at least to buy him lunch. What disturbed me about it was that the man took the money we gave the boy. And I'm sure when that darling little boy isn't

so cute and darling, he'll be replaced. It was heartbreaking.

I watched a young mother walk by with her baby on her back. She was dressed in a blue and white jalava and many scarves -- only her face and hands were showing. The child was in a blanket, slung over her back. The mother walked with her hands behind her back, constantly patting the baby.

It was a loving picture, really. I had to wonder, though, if this young mother ever had time to sit on the floor and play with her baby. Somehow I don't think so.

The people we came in contact with were friendly enough, they just weren't very joyful. But if you think about it, what do they really have to be joyful about? They are all very poor (which I realize in and of itself is not reason enough to be joyless) and oppressed. Seems there are only two classes of people in town, the upper class, those who hang around with the king; and the lower class. We spent our time with the latter.

Everyone works, even the little children. But the saddest thing of all was to look into their eyes. There was no light there. There was no inner happiness and very little laughter in the streets. I did manage to make one little boy laugh though -- and not intentionally, I might

add.

I had just stepped up onto the curb and realized I had a bug on my shirt. I do not like bugs of any kind. My first reaction was to scream and start slapping at it (which would really be at myself). But as I stood teetering on the curb trying to keep my balance, I decided not to scream. Neither John nor Daniel was with me and if I screamed it could cause serious alarm.

So I was brave. Well, at least I didn't scream. I did do the "get-this-bug-off-me" hand jive though and whispered my displeasure. Whew! That was awful. What kind of bug was that anyway? I looked up, after I did my jig, and saw this little boy, about 10 or 12, watching me -- laughing. Seems the word "bug" is universal because he was pointing at me, doing his best to imitate me, chanting "bug, bug." You little darling (snarl).

We came to this little shop, about the size of a bathroom or large closet, with shelves all the way up to the high ceiling on three sides. The shopkeeper had lots of dry goods (beans, peas, pastas, etc.) sitting outside the shop. He was an elderly gentleman and very gracious. I didn't understand what he said, but he had a smile as big as Texas (which is bigger than the country of Spain, by the way) and was so pleasant. He wore a

Please Don't send me to Africa

white cap ("Moroccan man's hat" for lack of a technical term), much like a yarmulke. The men wear them, and once they have completed their religious training, they trade their colored caps in for white, ornate ones.

So this man was not only respected because he was older (a practice we as Americans have unfortunately gotten away from), but also because of his training.

We wanted the tea that was on the top shelf (of course) so he scaled the wall and retrieved it for us. It was pretty neat to watch him, but somebody should tell him he is too old to do that. He was a very sweet and generous man. He insisted on treating all five of us to a coke -- on his account. We would happily have shared one among us, but he insisted on giving each of us one of our own. (This turned out to be the second most humbling moment of my trip.)

We set out to buy jalavas. They are the long cover ups that the Moroccan people wear over their clothes. Both the men and the women wear them. The women also wear scarves over their heads and some even still wear veils. For the women, the jalavas are for modesty purposes; they are fully clothed underneath.

Debbie, John and SueAnn

went to meet a Christian, who has a shop in the market place. We had the privilege of visiting with him over dinner later that night and hearing his testimony. I was overcome with the sense of God's hand on him. One of the neat things about that was that John and I both had the very distinct impression that this man would be the next pastor of the underground church there.

(Since Christianity is illegal, and can carry a penalty as harsh as death, believers gather for worship and fellowship "on the sly." Wherever they go to do this, they sneak in one or two at a time, with someone watching out for them as they go. Again I had to ask myself if I could live in a country where I had to sneak in and out of a gathering, or if I would be able to let my child sneak in and out. The fear and courage of the slaves to escape through the underground railroad system must have been like that of these Christians in Morocco -- with a common thread: God.)

During his testimony, he shared that he had been beaten up by some men who have shops near his the week before. Seems they know he's a Christian and are determined to punish him for it. We are grateful that they haven't reported him. But I believe that by turning the other cheek and

"standing and doing nothing in return" as he put it, he was more of a witness than he will ever know. Not one time did he complain or wish it had never happened! I would be "licking my wounds" and feeling sorry for myself for the rest of my life if I had to suffer like that!

We went on a carriage ride all over town, seeing things and looking at people. The mosque was interesting, very large and empty rooms, very open and light in some places. There was a "border" carved around all the rooms with words from the Koran inscribed (in Arabic, of course). The rooms did not have seats or pews like in our churches. When they pray, they kneel on the floor. Our taxi driver told John earlier that Muslims were more religious than Christians because they go to the mosque to pray seven times a day and Christians only pray on Sundays! John explained that we don't have to go church to pray, that we believe God is everywhere and sees and hears us always. The whole time during their conversation John was so careful to just point out the differences and never to put the driver on the defensive. "Even though we disagree, we can still be friends," was said more than once.

Our hour-long carriage ride

ended up at the underground prison for Christians. I did not join them when they went in to see it. I don't think I was "too moved" to go in, just too tired to move! But I think I am glad I didn't go in. I was very tired and the thought of moving one more step was more than I could bear. So I waited outside, rested and sang.

Approximately 60,000 Muslims-turned-Christian were persecuted there for their beliefs in around 600 A.D. They were chained, hands on either side of their heads, to the walls and beaten and tortured. They were given chance after chance to deny Christ and revert to Islam. Some were sold as slaves, and about 16,000 of them were killed in chains. Some were just cemented in, still alive.

What choice would I have made? To know that I would never see my child, or my husband again (on this earth); to know that someone else would raise my child; to never kiss his sweet cheeks again ... Would I be able to leave my family and never see them again because of my beliefs? Would I die for my religion? Would I stand with honor and pride and die rather than turn my back and my heart on my God, knowing I would never see my family again?

I am truly and without reservation thankful beyond

Please Don't Send me to Africa

words that I live in America and can practice my religion without fear or dread. I can lift the roof with songs to and about my God. I have no fear of authorities breaking in the door and holding me at gunpoint because there is a Bible on my coffee table. No one is going to arrest me and take me to jail because I am a Christian. I can drive down the road with that fish emblem on my car without worry that a trooper will pull me over and harass me because of it. I can carry my Bible to work and leave it out on my desk. My son can wear Christian t-shirts to school and while some people may not think he's cool, he won't be beaten, or worse, because of it. I am grateful for my freedoms and that my family is safe from persecution and oppression.

After leaving the prison grounds we walked back to a big house where we had left everything earlier. This is one place the underground church meets. The church meets in one of the rooms, which is long and narrow and has a "couch" attached to the walls on three sides. Missionaries have lived there for several decades. It is now empty. One prayer request is that God provide a couple to live in it. That way on Sunday mornings when people are seen going into the house, there will be a "reason," and not as much

suspicion. At present they have to sneak in and out -- one or two at a time. They lock their Bibles and song books up so they aren't lying about just in case the authorities "drop by."

I was so exhausted that if the place had caught on fire, I would have been hard pressed to make the decision to get up and get out. So Daniel deposited me in the church room and told me to lie down on the couch and rest. SueAnn and Debbie took off to find fresh baked bread and John went to buy jalavas for his kids.

There I was alone in this huge, empty house. It was cold and dark. Was I frightened? What do you think? Of course I was. I am the biggest chicken that ever walked the face of the earth. But I was more tired than scared. The floors of this house, with its polished cement, reminds me of Mexico. Most of the rooms are almost empty because it's vacant. This makes for a very cold and almost spooky feeling. Oh, but if those walls could talk!

The phone rang off and on the whole time they were gone. I started to answer it, but what would I say? Hola? Hello? What if the person on the other end didn't speak English? What if the person on the other line was an official? What if they were watching the place and knew I

was alone? (Did I mention that my wild imagination is not always a blessing to me?) I just let it ring, over and over and over again.

I lay there for a while, then sat up and looked around. Unable to resist the temptation to say "hello" and see if the place really echoed, I said "hello." It really did echo. I reached for my song sheet and plumped my pillows. I thought, If someone wants me, they will have to drag me out, because I am not moving from this spot voluntarily. As I lay there, now singing, I seemed to forget where I was -- almost.

We later had a meeting in the church room and Rick (the pastor of the underground church) told us the history of the house and missionaries in the city. He told us about the people in the church and the struggles and prayer needs they have. It was then that I found out that they have to sneak in and out and sing in hushed tones (oops).

From there we went to Rick's house. Ilsa, his wife, had a dinner party for us, another group from America and some of the local Christians. There were 22 in attendance. I would have died if 22 people showed up for dinner at my house. (Guess hospitality isn't my gift.) Ilsa was so gracious and seemed so calm! They have

an American dinner table where they practice American table manners, and a Moroccan dinner table where they practice Moroccan table manners.

Moroccans don't eat at the kitchen table (or on t.v. trays!). They have a round table they push up against the couch and they eat until they're so full that they simply recline (I like this). Also interesting is that everyone eats out of one dish. The hostess cuts the meat so it's easy to eat and you use bread to eat it with. Without fail, every home we were in somehow knew we would not like that and gave us plates and forks!

We had a lovely dinner complete with a yummy soup, lasagna, bread, and a very interesting cold vegetable plate. The potatoes were cooked and cubed, but cold. There were diced beets, carrots, cucumbers, potatoes, tomatoes. They were all arranged in sections around a gorgeous platter.

There was a time when Rick and Ilsa were the only American missionaries there. At any time the government can lock the doors of their homes and kick them out of the country. When Ilsa goes on furlough or leaves her home for a period of time, she puts all her pictures in a box by the door. If anything happens to them, if they are detained in any way, friends of theirs have instructions to sneak in the

Please Don't send me to Africa

house and get that box of pictures. Can you imagine living this way? Most of our possessions can be replaced, but pictures can never be.

After being in a country where Christianity is illegal and can carry a penalty as harsh as death, I have to ask myself whether or not I would be willing to live there. Would I live in a country where it would be dangerous to let my child out of my sight, or to let my husband go share his faith with others? Would I be willing or able to sneak into a meeting of Christians and sneak out again, trying all the while not to draw attention to myself? Would I be too afraid to sit and sing in

hushed tones and wait on the authorities to come and, at minimum, question me?

Where I once said, "God, I'll serve you, but please don't send me to Africa!" I can now say, "Thank you for sending me to Africa!"

I became more than aware of the freedoms and privileges I take for granted as an American. But having never lived any place else, I can now see how that could happen.

I am very proud to be an American, and am grateful and thankful to the men and women who for many generations before me have been willing to fight and even die for this great land we call home. God bless America, and God bless Africa!

A rabbi and a priest get into a car accident and it's a bad one. Both cars are totally demolished but amazingly neither of the clerics is hurt. After they crawl out of their cars, the rabbi sees the priest's collar and says, "So you're a priest. I'm a rabbi. Just look at our cars. There's nothing left, but we are unhurt. This must be a sign from God. God must have meant that we should meet and be friends and live together in peace the rest of our days."

The priest replies, "I agree with you completely. This must be a sign from God."

The rabbi continues, "And look at this. Here's another miracle. My car is completely demolished but this bottle of Morgan David wine didn't break. Surely God wants us to drink this wine and celebrate our good fortune."

Then he hands the bottle to the priest. The priest agrees, takes a few big swigs, and hands the bottle back to the rabbi. The rabbi takes the bottle, immediately puts the cap on, and hands it back to the priest. The priest asks, "Aren't you having any?"

The rabbi replies, "No...I think I'll wait for the police."

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