

Mary H. Livermore Library
Pembroke State University
Pembroke, N. C. 28372

**PRESS
CARD
HERE**

A Portfolio of Stories
-by Dorothy O. Liles

A Portfolio of published writings
for CMA 455 Directed Studies
-by Dorothy O. Liles
under the direction of Mrs. Grace
Gibson

Pembroke State University
Fall, 1981
Journalism Class

Cage
AS
36
.N6
P465
1981
no.2

Index	
Dedication	4
Appreciation	5
Introduction	6
Straight News	8
Straight News Stories	10-14
The Feature	16
News Features	19-25
How-to-Features	31-34
Personality Sketches	36-43
Seasonal Features	44-49
Interpretive Feature	50-53
Profile	54-57
Human Interest	59-68
Personal Experience	70-72
Columns	74
Humorous Columns	77-84
Columns of Tribute	85-88
Seasonal Columns	90-91
Nostalgic Columns	93-94
Inspirational/thought provoking	96-98
Bibliography	99

for Daddy, who taught me to laugh
and
Mama
who left me a heritage
of
faith

in appreciation

6

for colleges like Chesterfield-Marlboro Technical College, Cheraw, S. C., and Pembroke State University, Pembroke, N.C., and for wonderful teachers like Carole Hennessee, Rick Moorman, and Arthur Coule in South Carolina, and in North Carolina Mrs. Ann Wells and Dr. Shelby Stephenson, who have encouraged me so much, and especially for Mrs. Grace Gibson who challenged me never to accept "second-best," and for Richard Vela, my first creative writing teacher.

Introduction

This portfolio contains materials published during my college years, 1976-1981. It includes news columns and features written while I was a weekly columnist for the Marlboro Herald Advocate, Bennettsville, S.C., and also while I worked as editor of a small paper, The McColl Messenger, McColl, S.C.

The features include how-to pieces, interpretive articles, personality sketches, human interest, and inspirational features.

Some were published in magazines. "Not Quite Ready," "Try This," "They That Wait," "Prayer, Practicality and Purpose," and "Only A Shepherder" appeared in Reach magazine, which is a youth magazine published monthly by the Pentecostal Holiness denomination. "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," was published in Woman's Touch, a women's magazine published every two months by the Assembly of God denomination. "What Happens When Young Girls Pray," appeared in The Challenge, a Pentecostal Holiness publication of the South Carolina Conference published quarterly. "Some Through The Fire," was in The Helping Hand, a women's magazine published monthly by the Pentecostal Holiness denomination. "I Remember How Mama Prayed," and "Our Daily Bread," was published in The Herald of Holiness, a monthly publication of the Nazarene denomination. "The Tranquilizer and the Spirit of Fear," was published by The Advocate, a weekly publication of the Pentecostal Holiness church. "The Three Generation Prayer," was published by Guideposts, a national religious magazine published monthly by Guideposts Inc.

out of New York.

Since I had published nothing before college, I attribute it all to a good college education, good teachers, and faith in God.

STRAIGHT NEWS

Straight News

Straight news is just that-news. In Fred Fedler's Reporting for the Print Media, he states that to be considered news information must be important, unusual, local, relevant to reader's lives and current.

Editors have different opinions as to what is important news, but a good reporter defines news by observing the work of his editors, and by reading the newspaper thoroughly to determine what the editor wants, because news in each city varies in importance from news in the small town. Big city newspapers have to be more selective because of the vast amount of news available and the limitations of space. In the small-town newspaper all news is important, from the brush fire to who bought the old house on the corner.

Straight news is written factually, and objectively. The reporter finds and reports the news not elaborating on the facts. Straight news is never opinionated, always timely, and written to meet a deadline. It is keeping up with a community, feeling the pulse-beat of a community, and a people. Writing straight news is being there, seeing, observing what is going on, finding out facts and relaying them in a concise manner so that the reader will know what happened, when it happened, where it happened, and sometimes why it happened. A good straight news reporter leaves no stone unturned to get the news and writes it leaving no questions unanswered about the facts.

Straight news is different in organization than the feature because straight news starts with the most important facts first and ends with the least important. This organization is called the "inverted pyramid," news is written in this manner so that if space in the newspaper is limited and the story has to be shortened, or "cut" it may be cut from the bottom, and still the most important facts will not be lost.

According to Rivers in Free-Lancer and Staff-Writer straight news isolates a small slice of life at a particular time and reports none of the surrounding facts that might provide meaning, but straight news is important, especially to the reader with limited reading time, who just wants the immediate facts.

Straight news does not leave leeway for creativity, except in organization and soundness of reporting. Straight news leaves out the "frills" of writing. It is never told with poetic phrases, or flowery eloquence, but it does require a great deal of skill and hard work.

McCull Messenger, McCull, S.C. May 2, 1977

Town seeks funds to build McCull medical clinic

The City Council of McCull has announced plans are in process for a probable medical clinic.

Earlier this year Dr. Joe Moore met with the mayor, James Rodgers and the city council to discuss the possibility of a medical clinic here to help alleviate the overflow of patients in this area.

McCull has a population of 3,600 and only one Doctor. Dr. Moore treats 4,000 patients and has a potentiality of

6,000.

The city has purchased the lot at the corner of McLaurin and Main St. for this purpose.

Dr. Moore is a member of the National Health Services Corp. and it is through this service that, hopefully, another doctor will be assigned to this vicinity.

The city has applied to the FHA for a possible loan for a building and has been in touch with an architect to draw up plans.

The town of McCull must provide a building before the National Health Service will send in another doctor.

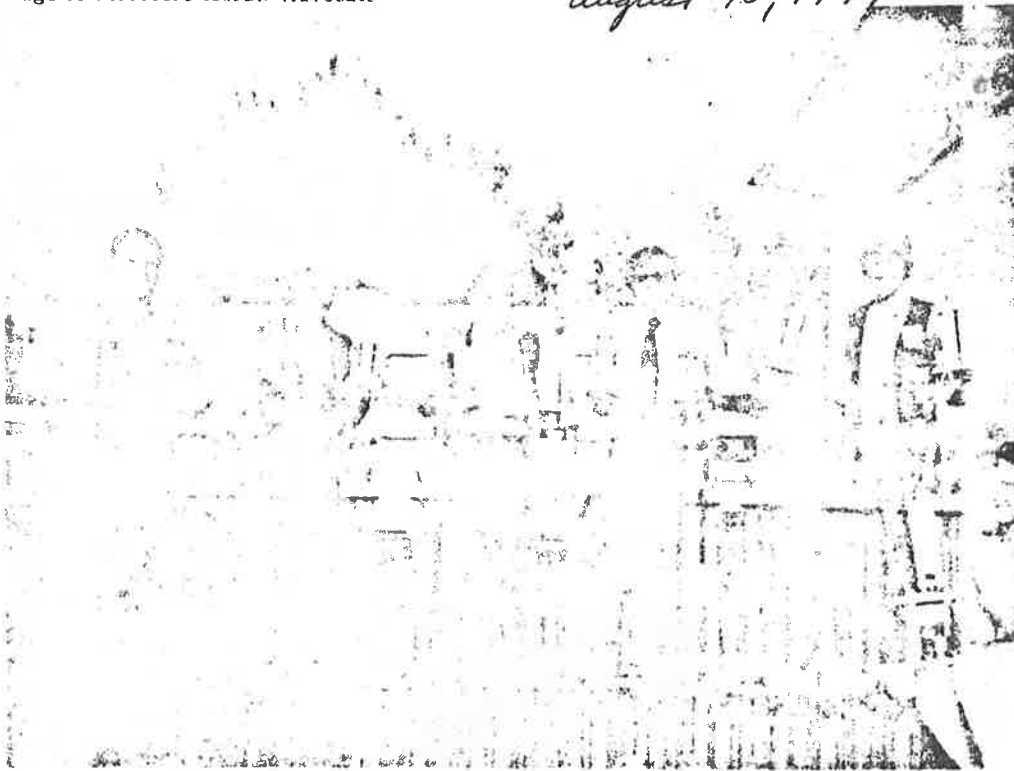
Anyone who has ever had to wait in a doctor's waiting room will understand the great need of another doctor in McCull. It will not only help take some of the pressure off the shoulders of the doctor but it will keep people in town and conducting their affairs in town.

It will also help to alleviate a lot of

suffering when a doctor is needed and one man only to look to.

The mayor and the city would like to know your opinions on this. Do you think McCull needs another doctor? Would it save money, and time for the patients in this town that are having to go out of the city for medical help? Would you support this clinic and the building of it? Would you also, at a later date be willing to support it with your financial backing?

August 10, 1977



Trophies galore

Over \$2,000 worth of trophies await CB'ers attending the Palmetto CB Club Jamboree to be held in Bennettsville June 4 and 5. One trophy, a traveling commemorative, stands six feet tall. Shown above from left are Palmetto CB'ers

Linda McDaniel (Lady Technician), Allen McDaniel (Technician), James Grant (Handyman), Haynes Odom (Turkey Farmer), Mack Killingsworth (Big Mac), Keith Grant (Bingo), and Diane Grant (Handy Lady).

Palmetto CB Club plans giant jamboree here

By Olivia Liles

The Palmetto C. B. Club enjoyed a supper and fellowship at the Firestone recreation building Saturday night. Fifty-five of the 65 members were present.

Roger Steen ("Roger-Dodger"), the president stated a meeting is held once a month for business and social activities.

The club has been awarded four trophies this year, one for the "biggest fish story" one for the "farthest traveled" from a Greenwood club and two complimentary trophies.

"The club is a hard working club," said Patsy Killingsworth, one of the members, "This year alone we have helped Duncan

McIntyre and little Scotty DuBose."

"I really enjoy the club," said Bruce Jordan, "I like to help people and that's what our club is all about."

Diane Grant expressed her appreciation for her fellow-CB'ers, "I enjoy people and seeing people pull together for the town and the county," she said.

Haynes Odom expressed with one word what he liked best about the club.

"Eating", he said.

"We are making big plans now," said the president, "for the Palmetto C. B. Jamboree June 4 and 5 at the National Guard Armory. It's going to be a big affair."

The Club is expecting 10,000 people to "invade" Bennettsville for this gigantic festivity.

"A six-foot trophy will be given to a club during that time," Steen said.

The Jamboree will begin at 12 noon and end at 12 midnight on Saturday, June 4 with a dance. It will start again on Sunday morning with a 9 a.m. gospel sing and end at 5 p.m. with the grand prize.

During the two days other trophies will be awarded and various displays of interesting items will be sold.

All CB'ers, Sidebanders, ham operators and the general public are invited.

September 19, 1977 Bennettsville, S. C. 29512

'Eve' will be speaker at mental health banquet

"Author of the Year" Chris Costner Sizemore will be the guest speaker at the Marlboro County Mental Health Association annual banquet. Doubleday Publishing Company of New York has selected Ms. Sizemore 1977 Author of the Year for her recently published book "I'm Eve".

Chris Sizemore is the real EVE in the book and movie "The Three Faces of Eve". Everyone interested in mental health is aware of Ms. Sizemore's triumphant bout with mental health problems through the courageous story of "Three Faces of Eve." But the third face was not the end. Her personality continued to fragment until there were more than twenty separate "beings" in her body. In her new book "I'm Eve" she has told the full story of her most extraordinary past.

This year's banquet will be held at Bennettsville Primary School on October 27 at 7:30

p.m. Tickets will be \$4.00 per person and reservations must be made by October 14. Members of the Association who are interested in attending should make reservations as early as possible in

order to allow as many ticket sales to the general public as possible.

Ticket information can be obtained by calling Maxine Townsend at 479-3901 or Louise Lee at 479-9361.



Chris Costner Sizemore

Spoletto-fantastic!

By Olivia Liles

(Editor's note: Olivia Liles of Bennettsville recently enjoyed an afternoon at the Spoletto Art Festival in Charleston. An account of the day's activities and her impressions follows.)

The Spoletto Art Festival in Charleston exceeded everyone's wildest expectations.

In this historical Southern port city people flocked from all across the nation to see the best in the performing arts.

Some of the greatest musicians in America assembled for the 12-day festival.

This was the first time Spoletto came to America and was such a tremendous success plans have already been made for a return to Charleston next year from May 27 to June 10.

The festival, which was born in the heart of Gian Carlo Menotti, has received rave reviews from such national news media as The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Chicago Tribune, Time and Newsweek.

"The Holy City," as Charleston is called locally, is an art form within itself. It breathes art, culture and history, and one can feel the excitement of its dramatic past, present and future. Spoletto put the topping on the art cake there.

"Unbelievable!" "Out of this world!" "Fantastic!" These were some of the exclamations heard.

On June 5 over 6,000 people gathered at the famed Middleton Gardens for the grand finale of the festival.

On the green slopes bordering the Ashley River people of all ages and in every array of dress sat and listened to Negro spirituals, gospel and blues singers.

The sensational Traveling Echoes, a gospel group from Johns Island, captivated the crowd with such songs as "The World Can't Give It and the World Can't Take It Away."

People were moved by one singing "Take My Hand" and "Amazing Grace."

A group on one side were shouting "Hallelujah" and "Praise the Lord" in contrast to a young couple on the other side who rose from the spectators and rendered an impromptu sensual dance of "The Bump."

The Moving Star Hall, also residents of Johns Island, held the audience spellbound with



Spoletto's spell

The recent Spoletto Art Festival in Charleston cast a happy spell on all those who attended from across the U. S. So happy, in fact, that a return engagement is planned for next spring. Shown above is one of the giant puppet-like figures that mingled with the crowds at Middleton Gardens.

praise houses, predecessors of the more conventional denominational churches.

Giant, colorful puppets thrilled wide-eyed children, and lemonade stands were frequented.

Bartenders, dressed in the traditional black and white complete with black bow tie, mingled among the people pushing portable bars and selling tall glasses of wine and other drinks.

"We're having a great time," one said, "and everybody else is too who

needs our services."

Enraptured people strolled on this beautiful old plantation of a bygone year that had been carved out of the earth by the sweat, blood, toil and tears of a thousand slaves and listened to "Summertime" ring out across the lazy river, sung by a young Negro blues singer.

They listened and remembered.

The coordinator of the day's activities, R. Alan Powell, summed it up this way: "All in all, it's been great."

The Moving Star Hall, also residents of Johns Island, held the audience spellbound with their special performance. They are "shout spirituals" who perform in the island's

MAY 25, 1978

Stevens Memorial

Stevens Memorial Pentecostal Holiness Church

Rev. David McKenzie, Superintendent of the South Carolina Conference of Pentecostal Holiness Churches presided over the dedication of the new Stevens Memorial Church, Sunday, May 21.

The sanctuary is on the Hamlet Highway and the pastor is Rev. W. F. Williams, who organized the church two years ago.

Rev. McKenzie, in his dedicatory address, likened the various parts of the church to aspects of the Bible. The one front door, symbolizing the One Way which is Jesus, the three side doors, to the Trinity, the blue in the stained-glass windows to, sanctification, the white of the steeple, to purity. Looking up to the deep, cross-shaped window at the front he proclaimed, "The cross is the same anyway you look at it. It is deep enough, wide enough, to encompass everyone!"

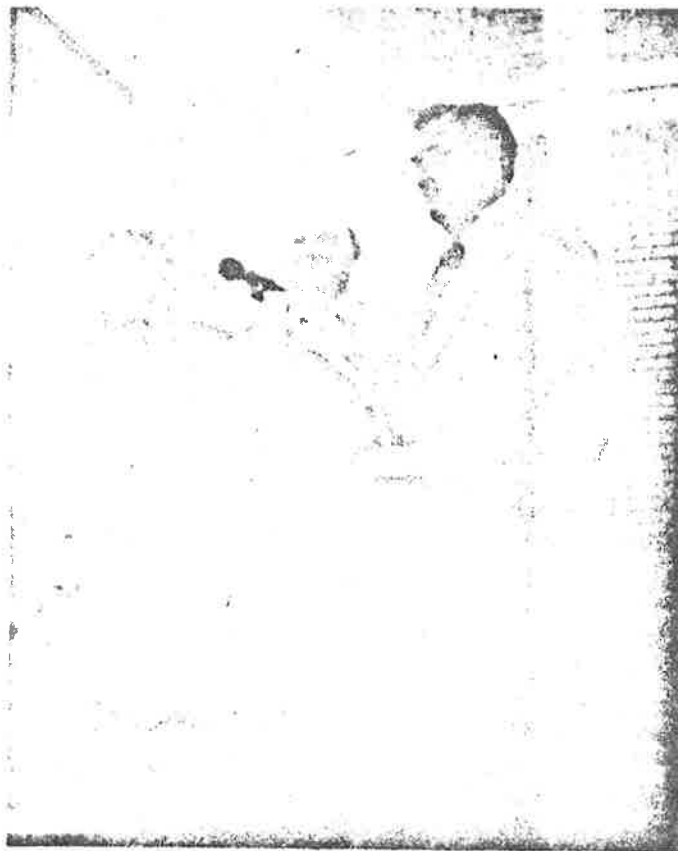
Rev. N. B. Stevens whom the church was named after, was honor guest.

Jerry Leviner who has been Financial Advisor of the building of the church and Prentess Pruitt who has supervised all construction, were presented Bibles with their names engraved on them.

Other deacons of the church are, Lewis Quick, Ronny Woodham, Larry Baldwin.

After the service a luncheon was enjoyed by all, and a Singpiration was held. "The Proclaimers", gospel group of the church, were featured singers at the afternoon sing. Others were Frank Leviner, Music Director of the church, and his Marlboro Country Boys, The Traveltones of Bennettsville, Rev. R. J. Hammond and his group from Wadesboro.

The services this coming Sunday and week will be held as usual.



Church dedicated

The new Stevens Memorial Pentecostal Holiness Church was dedicated Sunday, May 21. The Reverend David McKenzie, right, superintendent of the South Carolina Conference of Pentecostal Holiness Churches presided over the dedication of the new church on the Hamlet Highway. After the service, a luncheon and Singpiration was enjoyed by everyone who attended the special services. The Reverend N. B. Stevens left for whom the church was named, was honor guest. The Reverend W. F. Williams, center, pastor who organized the church two years ago participated in the service.

Features

The Feature

Feature writing is creative, and the writer can project his own thoughts, values and imagination in the feature. Thus, features are different from the straight news story. Feature writing does describe the surroundings, and does describe in detail. The feature is factual but elaborates on the facts. The feature story has visual imagery, and sometimes emotional content.

Fred Felder in Reporting for the Print Media says feature stories need only interest and entertain the reader, and may describe a person, place or idea rather than an event. They can be old or new and not necessarily local.

The writing of a feature requires research, interviews, and hard work but the writing is more informal and relaxed, and objectivity is no hindrance.

Ideas for the feature can come from many places, and are "like money in the bank." Ideas can come from straight news stories in the newspaper, the yellow pages of the telephone directory, and observations, from almost any segment of life. Hayes B. Jacobs in Writing and Selling Non-Fiction related how he thought of compiling all the profanity of servicemen that he had heard during his service years, and the result became a successful book entitled, Unhappy Language. He says a feature writer does a lot of **daydreaming, and this is good**, for when he is daydreaming he is discovering new things, remembering old, and rearranging and shaping his thoughts to communicate those thoughts to others.

The feature writer must organize well, but his organization is different than the straight news story. In the feature story the facts are just as important at the end, or through the middle, as they are at the beginning, and can build through the story.

In Effective Feature Writing, Clarence A. Schoenfeld suggests the writer compile his ideas, information, start writing and then develop his own style."

"Style is YOU," he says, "It is the flavor of your writing that is unique, that not another person has. It is the quality and the spirit. It is not the clothes that you wear, or the way that you comb your hair. It is that something that emerges from within. It begins with the way you choose and arrange your words. It is shaped by your own environment, and how you relate to it. It continues with the comparisons and figures of speech, and ends with a particular rhythm. Style is the evidence of things not seen; the ability to inject into a piece of writing the right touch or association."

News Feature

News Features

The news feature is a story written to supplement a straight news story. The same facts are in the news feature that are in the straight news story, but the difference is in the way it is told.

In the news feature, the story is told with a descriptive, creative flair. The news feature writer has to remember his position, and focus should be halfway between the news and the feature. The news feature must be clear and in language that even the casual reader will understand. The news feature must be factual, and not chatty or primly formal.

The news feature that I have written entitled, "Baptism: 'Like Being on Holy ground'" was a news account of a baptism ceremony that was newsworthy especially to the black religious community, and it gave me experience as a newspaper reporter in writing church news. It was especially interesting because I was the only white person there and it gave me an opportunity to fellowship in that early morning setting of a black worship. I received something I would not have received by obtaining that information over the phone. Being there made the difference in my writing.

"Old Ads Were Warm, Descriptive" was interesting because I learned about a bygone year, some history, and got the feel of how things were then on Main Street in our town. I got experience in research as I scanned old newspapers in the newspaper "morgue," and as I delved into files and accounts at the

library.

The two other news features included in this portfolio gave me an opportunity to interview two women, one about her work, and her retirement, and the other about her service on the mission field. I was able to utilize personal experience in both cases, from my own employment, and from my own work in the church.

Old ads were warm, descriptive

by Olive Liles

Shoestrings, or a penny. Caskets for three-hundred dollars. Groceries delivered in a horse-drawn wagon.

Such was advertising in Ben-nettsville at the turn of the century. With a population of only 3,000, merchants could afford to be personal, wordy and descriptive in plying their trade.

One buggy ad taken from a resource book, "Mirror of Bennettsville," published in 1913, reads:

"Did you ever see a great, big, round-shouldered man, who was not a jolly, genial, good natured, laughing fellow? Well, when you strike James O. Breeden, you will certainly find a laughing, whistling buggy and harness dealer. He will sell you a vehicle, throw a whip in and talk religion at the same time."

Mercantile dealers surely must have sparked interest in their wares with ads like this one:

"J. F. David is the old reliable" and one of the original "Stand Patlers" in this good, little city. He has an attractive, general mercantile business on Broad Street, and it is said when you fail everywhere else to get what you want, go to Jim David's and you can be supplied. He is a jolly, clever, good fellow and is making money."

A lot could be told about a businessmen of those days with just their ads.

"For electrical appliances of every design and character be sure to call E. C. Morrison, the practical city-electrician. What he don't know is not worth knowing."

Through the advertisements of that day one can see the friendliness and congeniality of the town.

Probably many a citizen rushed out to buy something cool to drink after this one:

"When you are real thirsty for high grade ginger ale, manufactured from the pure imported ginger root, be

sure to call for the Acme brand manufactured by C. H. Butler. The Acme stands at the top, and everything in the soft-drink catalogue is made in this factory. When you drink anybody's health be sure you drink your own. You'll be doing that all right when you drink a glass of ours. Lemon Soda, Ginger Ale, and Sarsaparilla."

Why wouldn't anyone want to buy insurance from a LIVE insurance salesman?

"Mr. J. W. Tyson is a LIVE, honorable and conscientious insurance man if you need insurance."

Ever wonder what the movies were like? "Lovers of music and first-class shows every night are seen en route to the "Red Moon" moving picture show which has an enviable reputation all over this country for high class scenes and interesting pictures. The young gentlemen Messrs. John B. McLaurin and Kirksey Meekins are Bennettsville boys and deserve the highest measure of success.

Vanity was a thing of that day too and the ladies were not forgotten:

"Ladies, send your girls to Wilson's barber shop if you want the best in Buster Brown."

In a day when men are having their hair styled at ladies' beauty shops it's nice to know there was a day when the fine ladies of this city went to the barber shops to have their hair done in the latest hair style.

Gossip in 1902 probably wasn't too big a problem. There were only 153 telephones.

Last but not least the funeral director of 1902 was a colorful character.

"R. T. Barfield, funeral director. Been in business 30 years. Fine stock of caskets from \$300.00 down. My hearse cost me \$800.00. Orders promptly attended."

Another ad on the same business: "R. T. Barfield has the reputation of being the best undertaker in the state. Fine looking, active, dresses well and with his \$800.00 hearse he handles the dead in great style. Also furnishes burial robes."

So much for advertising and a glimpse into our community of 1902.

Marlowe Herald Advocate - 21-
May 16, 1978

Members baptized

Approximately 300 members of 10 area churches gathered at Lake Wallace Sunday morning for a baptismal service. About 175 persons were baptized.

Baptism: 'Like being on Holy Ground'

by Olivia Liles

The early morning sun warmed the backs of 300 people who gathered on the banks of Lake Wallace Sunday.

Ten area Baptist Churches and one Holiness Church joined together to conduct an annual baptismal service reminiscent of earlier years.

Black-robed ministers and deacons ushered nearly 175 persons dressed in white into the water to be immersed.

Men, women and children swayed on the edge of the lake to softly sung spirituals.

"This is a tradition with us," said the Rev. N. T. Robinson, pastor of St. James Baptist Church. "We have been joining together like this for the 12 years I have been here."

There was a happy spirit of rejoicing among the gathering. A spirit of oneness and freedom.

The baptized were gently led out of the water, smiling with verbal acclaims of devotion. Children watched with expressions of delight and wonder.

Women embraced each other happily. There was much shaking of hands and animated conversation afterwards.

Those who were there agreed it was good to be by the water's edge on a Sabbath morning. "Kinda like being on holy ground," one said.

Churches participating were St. Luke Fire Baptist Church, pastor, the Rev. J. D. Hodge; St. James Baptist, the Rev. N. T. Robinson; St. Beulah Baptist, the Rev. Less

Betha; St. Paul Baptist, the Rev. E. M. Williams; St.

The Latest News!

Money I want and
money I must have
to meet my de-
mands.

A combination
of circumstances
have compelled me
to sell out my
present line of
Goods.



You can Buy
surprisingly low
at my Store.

I have still a
good assortment
of those solid all-
leather shoes
which the peo-
ple have been
buying in such
quantities.

Later News.

After this week I will move my stock of General Merchandise up stairs to make room for my large Christmas Stock, and if you want the benefit of these low prices, COME AT ONCE before the goods are laid aside for the holiday trade.

So you can be supplied at WHOLESALE PRICES even in buying small quantities. I have ONLY TWO WEEKS TO CLOSE OUT, so I will have room to open up my elegant and large assortment of Holiday Goods. Everything in my present line must go, if LOW PRICES will sell them.

WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN

BRING along a few Bales of COTTON, get the highest prices for it, and lay in a supply of MERCHANDISE at prices you will not be able to duplicate soon. I have just received a FRESH INVOICE OF COFFEE which you can buy at 24 cents per lb.

G. W. WADDILL.

November 30th, 1887.

Ads were folksy

Though the actual newspapers from which the ads in the accompanying story were taken were not available, this ad from the December 7, 1887, Marlboro Democrat illustrates the same style as advertisements 15 years later.

MAY 6, 1979

Mailbox Herald Advocate,

Mrs. Mackey retires at Southern Bell



MRS. MARJORIE MACKEY

by Olivia Liles

Mrs. Marjorie Mackey of McKellar St. retired from Southern Bell Telephone Co. in Laurinburg, N. C., Friday with 27 active years' service.

Mrs. Mackey has seen many changes with the company over the years.

She worked in Bennettsville for nine years before the telephone company converted to the dial system. The office was up over the old Bair's Drug Store which is now Kenwins.

"When the current would go off," she said, "We had to crank it manually with a big turn-crank at the end of the switchboard."

In those days, she said, everyone knew everyone. All calls, even local, had to go through the operator.

"We didn't have to go to information very often", Mrs. Mackey said, "We knew everybody's number and knew the numbers of those they called."

She explained how nice it was to know everyone you picked up on the circuit and that you weren't rushed and could chat a while with each one."

"Not like it is today when you have only 30 seconds to answer a call. The day of personalized service is gone."

She told about Pearl Harbor.

"We were caught totally unprepared. We didn't have the equipment to handle all the calls. Some operators would record the calls on tickets while others worked on them and there was a back-log for a long time. "We were also very busy, when Palmer Air Field opened and we had all the cadets there."

Mrs. Mackey remembers when the second world war started and all the telephone operators had to be fingerprinted.

"They had to be sure we weren't spies or anything because of the positions we held in communications. We also had to produce our birth certificates to prove we were American citizens."

Mrs. Mackey has made many friends throughout the telephone company and will be missed.

A farewell party was given her in Laurinburg on Friday afternoon and she received many lovely gifts. One, a watch, was presented her by her chief operator, Mrs. Maxine Farmer.

Mrs. Mackey has no definite plans now that she has retired, but she states she has joined a garden club, a missionary circle and plans to be more active in her church, Thomas Memorial.

"And just enjoy my grandchildren," she said.

July 29, 1978

Pat Stubbs returns from missionary work in Israel's Gaza strip

by Olivia Liles

Miss Pat Stubbs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Byron Stubbs of Gibson, N. C. returned this week from the Gaza Strip where she has served for three months as a summer volunteer, medical missionary.

Miss Stubbs is a graduate of McColl High School and has completed her Junior year at USC in Columbia. She is working towards a B.S.N. in nursing.

Miss Stubbs was the only youth from South Carolina to be accepted for participation in the summer program for overseas work. Sponsored by the Baptist Student Union she served as a nurse in the Women's ward of the Gaza Baptist Hospital. Other duties consisted of conducting chapel services, co-ordinating recreational activities, and assisting with the music as pianist.

Miss Stubbs related the Palistinian people were friendly and though there was a language barrier most nurses could speak English and served as interpreters.

All of the children in the camps were friendly and curious. Most of them knew how to say "Hello, how are you" in crippled English. Miss Stubbs visited the camps which are very poverty ridden, to further the good relationships between the visiting Americans and the nationals. The camps, she said were very much like ghettos.

Miss Stubbs related the people were very beautiful people, and kind. "The scenery was lovely," she said, and she really enjoyed visiting all the places she had studied about in the Bible. She especially enjoyed the Sea of Galilee and walking where Jesus walked. The compound where she stayed was only ten minutes from the Mediterranean Sea. While there she visited Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and the tomb and other Biblical scenes.

In Gaza the religion is

is makes it very difficult influence anyone towards Christianity," Miss Stubbs said, "They believe in Allah. They believe in one God but they believe Jesus was just a great prophet and that he did not die on a cross and did not rise again."

The Moslems are very

They believe Mohammed was the greatest of the prophets.

"It is hard to win them, also," Miss Stubbs said, because of the Greek Orthodox. They believe the Moslems can not be saved. It makes it doubly hard for Christians to help them."

The Palistinians are a family-oriented people. Extended families live in the same house and they respect and honor the old.

Miss Stubbs stated the food was very good. They ate great quantities of rice, but it was prepared in a very, delectable

way. She liked it better than the American way of preparing it. The Arabic bread was especially good. "I didn't like the water," she said. "It was flat."

"But they had Pepsis and Cokes, so that was all right." Miss Stubbs told of one experience she will never forget and that she was touched by. She was invited to the home of some Arab student nurses. They were eating together, but before they did, one of the nurses asked her to pray. For a Moslem to respect a Christian in this way was a



MISS PAT STUBBS

HOW-TO FEATURES

How-to Features

The "how-to" feature is informative. It tells how to do something. It can be about how to build a greenhouse, or how to do macrame. The how-to feature can inform how to improve personality, whether from good manners to exercise, but the how-to feature must do more than entertain.

The how-to article requires much research, and interviewing. The writer must be selective, and must interest the reader. The how-to feature must be factual and accurate. It is always best to write the how-to feature about some subject you are an authority on, but if that is not probably, or possible, learn well about the subject you do write on.

The how-to feature offers solutions, and advice, and does not resort to metaphor, alliteration, and anecdote.

The two "how-to" features that I have included were written on assignment by Reach magazine. The first, "Try This" was written for youth recreation. I learned these ideas from past experience and from working among the Navajo Indians. I remembered the peanut boiling from living on a farm for a short time with my aunt's family, when I was 16 years old. "Prayer, Practicality, Purpose and Patience" is more of a devotional feature written for the youth and their encouragement in the church. The second one was written right after "Roots" was shown on television and so many people had become interested in their roots.

CRUICKIAS

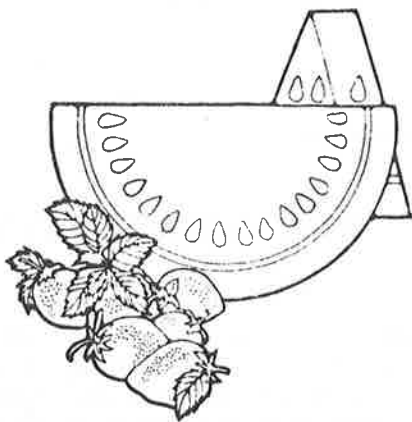


By Olivia Liles

AUGUST—

This month is a good time in some parts of the country to have a "watermelon" slicing. Be sure and have plenty of watermelons and plenty of room for lively play. Dress casually. Give a prize for the one who can eat the most watermelon. Play several active, outdoor games and after eating all the watermelons have a watermelon "fight." You have the boys against the girls.

12



SEPTEMBER—

This month you can have an "Old-Fashioned Peanut Boiling." Solicit the aid of a local farmer/or farmers to donate the peanuts in exchange for your harvesting the crop for him. For the party have the peanuts already boiled in an old iron wash pot, if possible. Have party outside, dress casually, so that the kids can sit on the ground. You could

also have large tubs filled with lemonade. Before eating, sing some lively songs, give a short devotion on "You Are Unique," using the peanut as an example. Buy bags before time, and all peanuts left over, package and sell.

OCTOBER—

Have an "Indian Pow-Wow." Build a big bonfire, dress in Indian costumes, representing different Indian tribes. You could have Indian food, play Indian games, and sing Indian songs. Bring small rugs for sitting on the ground around the fire. Have Missions Director or Lifeliners Director give devotion and program on our Indian work in the States and how we can help. Join hands and pray for our Indian work and our missionaries.



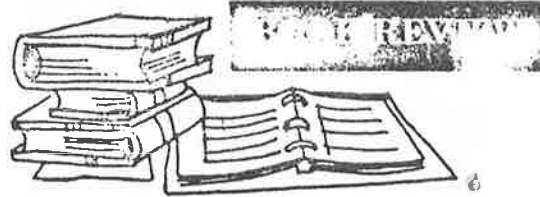
Fund-Raising Ideas—

Have a “pancake breakfast.” Sell tickets ahead of time so you will know how much to prepare. Have bacon and sausage, too, but charge extra for it. Have a table with Lifeliners Display acquainting everyone with what Lifeliners is doing, locally, conference, and nationally.

Have a “Gong Show.” The East Laurinburg Pentecostal Holiness Church held one during Youth Week, only this “Gong Show” was different. The older people and the senior citizens performed the talent and the kids decorated, provided the “gong” and were the judges. Prizes or homemade ribbons and trophies may be given. Sell tickets and give it plenty of good advertisement. Plan some really bad talent for the participants to perform and pre-arrange with “gong” panel that some will be gonged.

“Sell-a-Service”—Make a ticket to sell-a-service. For example, Hours of House-cleaning—\$5.00, Three hours of baby-sitting—\$5.00. Each one participating can make up their own services to be sold. A prize can be given for the one selling the most tickets. Be sure when the ticket is sold to make arrangements with the purchaser what time you will perform the service at both's convenience. Suggest that people buy tickets for Sunshine Pals, Mother's Day, birthdays, and anniversaries to give away.

A few suggestions: mow lawns, cook breakfast, cook lunch, water flowers, wash dishes, walk the dog, paint, take someone shopping, vacuum, read to a shut-in, run errands.



Answers To Tough Questions Skeptics Ask About the Christian Faith

By Josh McDowell and Don Stewart
Here's Life Publishers
P. O. Box 1576
San Bernadino, California 92402
available in paperback for \$4.95

“Dow do you know God exists?”

“How can you believe a Bible that is full of contradictions?”

“Why does a good God allow evil to continue?”

“Is Jesus the only way?”

Skeptics can ask some tough questions. And Josh McDowell has heard—and answered—them all. As a traveling representative of Campus Crusade for Christ International, “Josh,” as everyone calls him, has spoken to more than five million students and faculty at 580 universities in 57 countries. His subject: Jesus Christ, the Bible, and living the Christian life.

Josh's others books include *More Evidence That Demands a Verdict*, *More Than a Carpenter*, *Daniel in the Critic's Den* and *Givers, Takers, and Other Kinds of Lovers*, *Evidence That Demands a Verdict* dominated the best-seller's charts for months and is still selling strong.

13

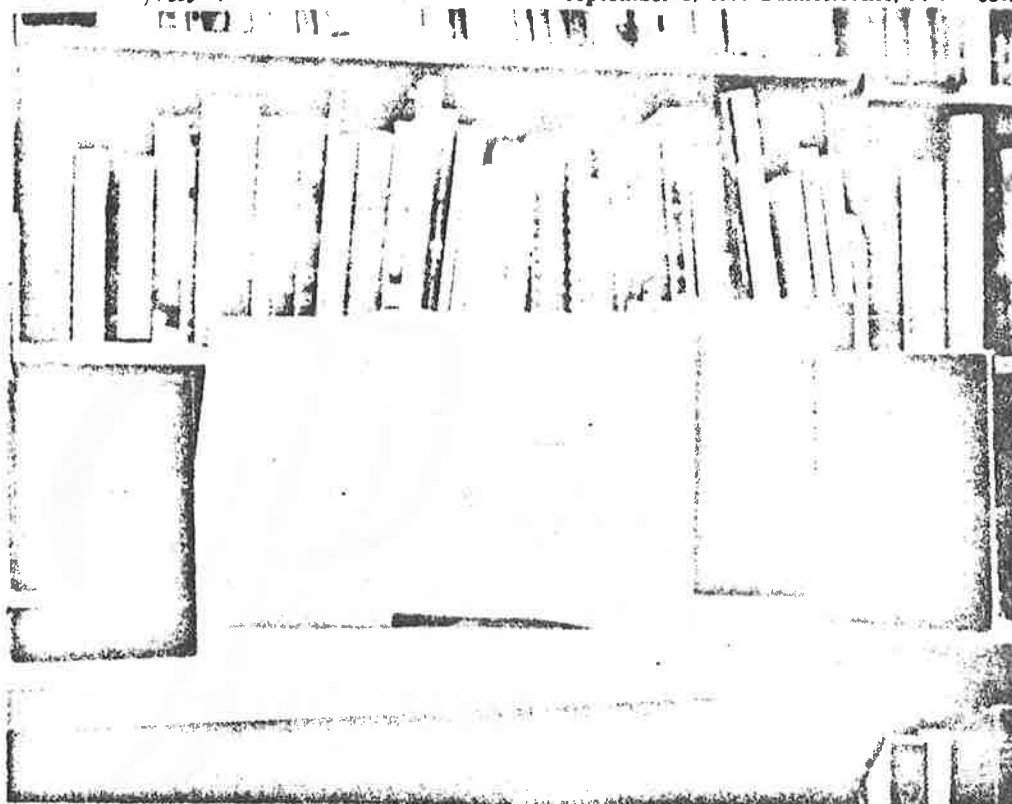
OPPORTUNITIES FOR GIVING

We welcome any contributions to be applied on a P. A. Set to be used for the All-Star Caravan and National Talent Competition! For those of you who have already responded, THANKS! But, we still need more assistance.



How to

September 8, 1977 Bennettsville, S. C. 29512



Starting point

A good starting place for a genealogical search is the South Carolina Room of the Marlborough County Public Library. Such titles as "A History of Marlboro County," "Heads of Families at the First Census of the United

States Take in the Year 1790," "Wills (Abstracts)," and "Kinfolks, a Genealogical and Biographical Record," are all fertile fields for digging up family roots.

Local library has key to families' past

by Olivia Liles

Who am I? Where did I come from? What kind of people were my forefathers? What did they do? What were their contributions?

These questions and more are in many minds of persons today.

More people than ever before are interested in their past and how it all came to be. More people are out searching for their "roots" than ever before.

Housewives are spending afternoons in local libraries and vacationers are planning their vacations around visiting old-home places and leafing through old records. At Marlborough County

Public library in Bennettsville there has been a 60 percent increase over last year of folks tracing their genealogy.

Mrs. Jean James, librarian, says it's remarkable. "We have people from everywhere," she said. People have visited the library this summer in search of their roots from Florida, Mississippi, Georgia, Virginia, West Virginia, Alabama, Tennessee and North and South Carolina.

Mrs. James thinks probably the "Roots" television series has triggered a greater interest this year.

Many people are interested but don't know how to start. There are books in your local

library on the "how-tos". Also Mrs. James and her assistants will be glad to give you invaluable help.

This past summer a young black family visited the library in search of their past. The elderly grandmother with them could remember her family being slaves and belonging to a local family.

Through histories, census, cemetery records, church records, land records, marriage, birth and death records, you can begin your interesting, informative, sometimes shocking probe into your past.

It can all start at your local library.

184874

P

Prayer
Practicality
Purpose
Patience

6

by Olivia Liles

Do you need help

finding God's will

for your life?

Young people are asking many questions. Does God hear when I pray? Does God talk my language? Does God lead teenagers today? Does God have answers for me?

One of the most asked questions is: HOW CAN I FIND GOD'S WILL FOR MY LIFE?

A noted sociologist once stated that the best way to find an answer to a question is to ask the right questions, so ask yourself some questions. Will this bring future rewards or hurt? Will this make me a lesser person or a better person? What would Jesus do? Is this right? Sometimes you may find yourself answering this last question with, "I don't know." There is a way to know and there is a way to find out.

Now, let's analyze yourself with these pertinent questions. In trying to find God's purpose for a future channel of service ask: What are my talents? (After all God gave you those talents to use for HIS glory. If you think you don't have any talents think of the one thing that you do better than anything else. That could be your talent.) And, how can I best use these talents for the Lord? Now put the four P's to work for you.

“If you want favor with both God and man, and a reputation for good judgment and common sense, then trust the Lord completely; don’t ever trust yourself. In everything you do, put God first, and he will direct you and crown your efforts with success” (Proverbs 3:4-6 LB).

PRAYER

Saturate your request with prayer. Nothing is ever any real value that has not been preceded with prayer. Talk earnestly to God about it, in your own words, as you would to your dearest friend. Remember, nothing is too small to talk to the Lord about. If it is big enough for you to be concerned about it, God is also concerned about it.

In talking to God, don’t do ALL the talking. Sit, kneel, or walk quietly with your mind upon Him and let Him speak to your heart. Take time to listen.

PRACTICALITY

Be practical. If you feel God is leading you to be a missionary and you’re in the ninth grade, don’t go “hopping” the first boat to China. Use good judgment. God does everything in perfect order. Finish school. Go to college. Prepare for your future ministry and qualify yourself spiritually and educationally. God’s work is the most important work in the world. It is worth putting everything you have into it. It is worth doing right. It is worth doing the very best that you can.

PURPOSE

Now that you know what God wants you to do, go forward with purpose. Draw a straight line to the goal. Don’t waver, but press on to the mark. God will help you and will give you power in His name.

PATIENCE

God has His time. Be patient. He has assured you that He will always be with you and go with you to the ends of the earth. He is saying to you, “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find . . .” (Matthew

concern is on a lesser scale than something in the seemingly, far distant future. Maybe you’re not worried right now about long-range goals. Maybe your questions go like this — should I date this boy/girl? should I go to this party? should I chum with this friend? should I choose this curriculum?

Be sure to ask the right questions and answer them honestly. Does this boy/girl have the values I am looking for? Would I like to be found at this party if Jesus should come? Is this friend compatible? Do we believe in the same basic principles? Will this curriculum help me reach my long-term goal?

Most important, allow God to speak to you through His Word. Here is where the search ends. “Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me” (John 5:39).

Does God hear when you pray? Sure He does! 1 Peter 3:12 tells us so: “. . . his ears are open unto their prayers . . .”

Does God talk your language? Sure He does! Psalm 119:105 tells us so: “Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.”

Does God have an answer for you? Sure He does! Isaiah 58:9 tells us so: “Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer . . .”

HOW CAN YOU KNOW GOD’S WILL FOR YOUR LIFE?

By walking in the light as He is the light. (See John 1:17.)

By trusting in the Lord and leaning not unto thine own understanding. (See Proverbs 3:5.)

By acknowledging Him in all your ways. (See Proverbs 3:6.)

And then you know what He will do? He will direct your path! (See Proverbs 3:6.)

7

use, however, that your immediate

PERSONALITY SKETCHES

Personality Sketches

Personality sketches offer the writer considerable freedom of style and content, and challenges the writer to tell the story in the allotted space.

The personality sketch must tell all about the subject. It must tell how the subject walks, talks, dresses, and the surroundings. It must tell what people say about the person, and how they feel about the person. The personality sketch requires observation of every detail. It may require hours of interviews, phone calls, and compiling of facts.

The personality sketch writer uses imagery to depict moods, and many quotes to express thoughts, and anecdotes to round out the personality sketch.

The writer of personality sketches tries to think as the person is thinking. He tries to feel how the person he is interviewing feels. The writer "gets into" the other's character so that he can see, feel and understand.

The writer of personality sketches observes the "little things" about the person he is writing about; the things on the wall of an office, the decor in a home, the mannerisms, the "body language," all of which tells a story, rounds a character, creates a scene, and paints a picture in words.

The Du Josh Zimmerman knows a

INFANT BAPTIZED

Emily Teresa O'Tuel, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Michael O'Tuel, III was baptized Sunday, November 27 at the First United Methodist Church.

The Reverend Paul E. Smith officiated the service during the morning worship hour.

Afterwards a family dinner was held at their home on Lakeshore Drive.

Out of town guests included Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Jordon and children of Greensboro, uncle and aunt of Emily Teresa.

FORMAL CHRISTMAS DANCE

The Sans Souci Club held its annual Christmas formal dance on Saturday night at the Marlboro Country Club. The club was decorated for Christmas with the dance music provided by Lloyd Hinson orchestra of North Carolina between nine and one o'clock.

Prudger Hodges, chairman of the committee, was assisted by Mrs. Jamie

by Olivia Liles

For an evening of gracious hospitality and conversation a la defensible, one should visit Josh Zimmerman of 408 King St.

Josh knows a little bit about a lot of things and he has been to a lot of places.

He has been through a war and with dignity. He has served his country well. He has traveled on two world cruises. Josh has seen many things.

He spent 20 years in the Navy and was discharged at Charleston in 1906, honorably.

While in service Josh had a unique job, special aid to the Rear Admirals. He held the responsible position of handling all the personal paraphernalia of the admiral. He did his job so well his services were in great demand and officers of high rank vied for them.

Josh was and is a superb chef. On ship he planned menus, prepared food and was responsible for the buying of all food when the ship docked.

Asked if he learned all the protocol that was necessary for him to know in the service, he said "They sent me to

THE OFFICE STAFF AND PERSONNEL

The office staff and per-



Josh Zimmerman now

school, but I already knew all that before I went in the service. I worked for the Kinneys."

Josh worked for the Kinneys from the time he was a little boy. "I was so small sometimes they'd have to send me back twice to see if the milk bottles were on the front porch."

Thomas and Mrs. Hinson.

A turkey dinner was served, with each family represented

He was there when the elder doctor died and he was there when Dr. P. M. Kinney, the

Be Careful

Avoid purchasing foods that are packed as individual servings. Generally speaking, the extra packaging boosts the price.

younger, went to service. "He left me in charge of the house while he was gone," said Josh.

The Kinneys are his friends and kept in touch with him while he also was in service. Josh still works for them and also for the Marlboro County library and the health department.

While in service Josh sailed on several important ships, the President Jackson, the President Hays, the President Anderson, a G. C. 17 command ship, a transport and a 176 1st. landing craft.

Once his ship was responsible for transporting 1300 dead from Japan and the Russell Island; back to the states.

He was on his way home when the Korean war broke out and they turned the ship around and went back.

"That was a big disappointment," he said, "to get so near home and have to go back."

Something happened while Josh was in service that he will always be remembered for by many people. Showing great efficiency, he rated the Backwell Hall at the Naval Amphibious Base at Little Creek, Norfolk, Va for the Tramid Dance. He worked day and night for three weeks

June 1977

MARLBORO Herald Advocate
Bennettsville, S.C.

Zimmerman knows a little bit about a lot



Josh Zimmerman now

school, but I already knew all that before I went in the service. I worked for the Kinneys."

Josh worked for the Kinneys from the time he was a little boy. "I was so small sometimes they'd have to send me back twice to see if the milk bottles were on the front porch."

He was there when the elder doctor died and he was there when Dr. P. M. Kinney, the

Be Careful

Avoid purchasing foods that are packed as individual servings. Generally speaking, the extra packaging boosts the price.

younger, went to service. "He left me in charge of the house while he was gone," said Josh.

The Kinneys are his friends and kept in touch with him while he also was in service. Josh still works for them and also for the Marlboro County library and the health department.

While in service, Josh sailed on several important ships, the President Jackson, the Anderson, a G.C. 17 command ship, a transport and a 176 1st landing craft.

Once his ship was responsible for transporting 1500 dead from Japan and the Russell Islands back to the states.

He was on his way home when the Korean war broke out and they turned the ship around and went back.

"That was a big disappointment," he said, "to get so near home and have to go back."

Something happened while Josh was in service that he will always be remembered for by many people. Showing great creativity, he decorated the Rockwell Hall at the Naval Amphibious Base at Little Creek, Norfolk, Va. for the Tramid Dance. He worked day and night for three weeks

hanging multi-colored, inflated parachutes from the great ceiling and thousands of streamers. He worked hard with nights to get just the right lighting effect. When it was completed, it was pronounced "spectacular" by celebrities and dignitaries.

Ed Sullivan was there that night for his first Southern show. For this one talented feat, Josh received letters from men of great importance.

Rear Admiral A. H. Taylor, in a letter, with glowing words of praise thanked him "for working overtime when you could have engaged in liberty, in recreation or going ashore."

Rear Admiral R. E. Rose stated that Josh's decorating abilities had far surpassed any ever used before in the hall and he thanked him for "an outstanding contribution to the 1954 Navy Relief Ball."

Asked if he misses all the excitement of those days he said, "I sure do."

Considering the fact that Josh owns a carpet cleaning business in the sparkling, exciting city of New York and makes two trips a month up there, it's very probable that the debonair ex-sailor is not missing much.

Josh Zimmerman then

Know your policemen

Aubrey L. Price has been chief of police in McColl for five months. He has been in law enforcement for three and a half years. He is married to the former Sandra Garner and they have three children, Lee, 14, Tina, 10, and Vincent, 6. They reside at 204 Walters Street.

Price stated that he likes his job and if he had to choose all over again he would still choose law enforcement. "It is an exciting job," he said. "I would encourage any young man after graduation from high school to be a policeman.

Price likes to play golf and enjoys sports of all kinds. His hobby is carpentry and he built his own home. He is a happy person and enjoys meeting people and helping people. He makes friends easily.

Asked about his goals in life, Price said, "I have everything I want. I'm happy just like I am."

Asked about police work he recalls that the tragedy that he remembers the most was when he was called to a house where a man had murdered his

wife. "I'll never forget that," he said. McColl is a small town with a population of 2,500. It is usually a quiet town.

"The night of the murder was quiet," Price said, "and cold. I was about to go home when the call came. When I got there no one was home. I knocked on the door. No one answered. Then I saw a large puddle of blood on the porch." He found the woman's body inside the back door.

"I'll never forget what she had on," he said. "She was dressed in lavender night clothes."

There are things that happen in the life of a policeman that are frightening and things they don't forget easily. Sometimes it's hard to sleep. Some things they don't and can't talk about.

It takes a special kind of person to be a policeman. A person who is mindful of his community & cares. It takes a person who knows his community and understands it. It takes a person who can be firm and just. Aubrey Price is that kind of special person.



CHIEF PRICE

Marks stops here on his ride for nature

By Olivia Liles

Anbling long highway 15 Sunday morning was a tall, bearded fellow riding atop a quarter horse alongside another heavily laden pack horse.

Billy Marks stopped near the Bennettsville city limits for an interview in which he talked about his Ride for Nature.

Dressed much like the itinerant preacher of the fictitious "The Hunter," he made quite a colorful picture against the backdrop of freshly plowed fields.

Heading from Towaco, N. J., Marks started out on his ride from San Diego, Cal., in January 1976. The undertaking is sponsored by several organizations.

He has traveled 5,000 miles and his destination is Maine. He hopes to arrive there in September.

A jovial, 28-year-old beekeeper, Marks talked of how he had come through the drought of the Southwest and up through the North Midwestern states, where the cold drove him to Florida. He was hit by frost there and now faces the drought here.

"It's been nice, though," he said. "I've had no real trouble. No one has nugged me. No one appears to want to bother me."

The horse that he rides named Bishop has been with him all the way. Jim Dandy,

though, is the one who "carries the load". Marks buys grain along the way and carries his own food, very seldom eating in a restaurant.

He usually spends the night on a farm or ranch and has spent only one night in a motel—last year in Americus, Ga., while he was visiting President Carter's press

secretary Jody Powell, in Plains. Marks spent Saturday night in Bennettsville with Mr. and Mrs. LeGrande Bennett. The night before he slept in Hartsville.

Traveling an average of about 20 to 25 miles per day, Marks tries to take the least-traveled routes. A graduate of the largest private school in New Jersey, Fairleigh-Dickinson University, Marks holds degrees in business management and science. He is an environmental analyst and is writing an environmental paper. Segments of his book will be published in magazines.

As he has traveled across the U. S., Marks has appeared on several TV talk shows and has lectured at several universities. Marks was presented a basket of fresh fruit by Mrs. Joy Liles as a gift and friendly gesture of the "sincere friendliness of a Great Little Town." He said he would surely stop off when and if he ever turns this way again.



Riding for nature

Billy Marks passed this way over the weekend on his cross-country Ride for Nature. He is shown above riding his horse Bishop and accompanied by his pack horse, Jim Dandy.

Times change, but Cook's *Personality* smile doesn't

June 1977

-41-

by Olivia Liles

(Editor's note: Lorenza Cook is 78 years old and lives on Kinney Street. He has six living children. His wife died two years ago. He has worked for the ice plant here for 58 years and is still there.)

He remembers hauling ice in a horse-drawn wagon with a canvas over the ice. A truck ran into the wagon once causing him to still have trouble with one leg.

He is a member of Saint Michael's Church on Cheraw Street.)

There are not many people like him. The world needs more. I remember him from long ago. We children knew him only as "Cook".

The thirties were hard years. The Depression was at its "peak". Many people were committing suicide. Most folks were poverty-ridden and millions were out of work. Lots of children were hungry. Few people found anything to smile about.

"Cook" was one of the people who did. We knew the lays that the old ice truck would come down the "wash-board" dirt road towards our house and we would watch for it, my friend Sally and I.

We didn't have "frigidaires" in our houses and we knew no one who did. We kept our ice in big chunks in a tin tub on our dilapidated back porch. It would be used up or melted before time for "Cook" to come again but for a day or so we'd have iced tea. How we did love iced tea! Pepsis were something we could ill afford.

On the days "Cook" came we would sit on the banisters of the front porch so we could see all the way down the road. We'd see the truck as it rounded the curve by the plum bushes and we'd start running down the road to meet him.

"The ice man is comin'! The ice man is comin'!" we'd chant and jump up on the running board before the truck ever came to a complete stop.

We thought "Cook" was a big man. I know now it was because "Cook" stood tall. When other men were stooping beneath the weight of many burdens, "Cook" was a man among men.

He would start smiling and we would see that big smile a

long way off. He'd bounce out of the truck, all the time laughing and joking and telling us funny stories. He knew what children liked to hear. I think now he had wisdom. He must have known how hard it was behind our doors and that sometimes there was not quite enough to eat and that sometimes we were afraid. He knew children of the Depression desperately needed something to laugh about.

He'd go to the back of the truck and there would be great heaps of ice piled high. It was a sight to see for two poor children who didn't go to a lot of places or see a lot of things.

"Cook" would give us small pieces of ice and sometimes chewing gum, and sometimes a bit of candy. We looked forward to seeing him come as much as we did for Santa Claus. He took time for us. He made us feel that we were people too. Most of all he smiled. We looked for the smile as much as we looked for the ice.

It was a time in our lives that we've never forgotten.

Years went by and things changed as is the nature of things and we lost track of our friend.

Sally moved away a long time ago and we are no longer wide-eyed children. We are grandmothers.

One day recently I stopped by the City Ice Plant. A little, slightly stooped, slightly crippled man came out to help me.

The smile was still there though there were no longer the shining, white teeth. I thought before that teeth made a smile. But in that moment I knew. A smile is not just a facial expression. It is a thing of the heart. It comes from deep within. There stood "Cook", the friend of our childhood. "Cook", who was a friend to all children.

I look at my own children and grandchildren and think how wonderfully blessed they are to have so much. But sometimes I secretly wish, just for a while, they could "Scuff" their toes in a sandy road and watch for an old ice truck and a big smile and know the magic of that moment and appreciate kind, little things.

Page 17 Marlboro Herald-Advocate



The iceman

Lorenza Cook is shown above where people expect to see him, at City Ice Plant. He's been an employee there for 58 years and recalls delivering ice to Bennettsville residents in a horse-drawn wagon.

-42
Marlboro Herald
Advocate
April 16, 1976



James E. Ironson

Around Town : Jimmy Ironson

by Olivia Liles

James E. Ironson has owned and operated the Lafayette restaurant on Main Street in Bennettsville for 44 years. He was born in Corinth, Greece on July 7, 1897, the son of a shoe manufacturer.

During the German occupation his father's factory was confiscated by the Germans and his father was forced to make shoes for the German army. One day he received a message from guerilla forces in Alexandria informing him that they were going to blow up the factory, thereby giving him and his employees an opportunity to escape first to safety, which they did.

MR. IRONSON, on a visit to his home many years later saw the tremendous chasm where the factory had been bombed.

Mr. Ironson (or 'Jimmy' as he is known to his friends here) was educated in the University of Athens, Greece and came to America in 1919 right after the world war. He came as a Greek Orthodox minister and was assigned to the church in Savannah, Georgia and served there 1 1/2 years. He had many interesting experiences while a minister. He was paid \$20 per month, two eggs and a watermelon a week for his salary.

He didn't know at first that the watermelons were stolen. When he did find out he knew it would not be right for the Father James Ironson to eat a

illiterate, Georgia 'cracker' who had obtained a 'preacher's license' from somewhere and we went across the country with a tent holding revivals", he said "He did the preaching and collecting the money and I did the singing. The folks had to bring umbrellas to sit under the tent when it rained. I quit him", he continued, "When I found out he was cheating me out of my part of the money. This reporter asked Mr. Ironson if he still sings and he replied that very seldom but after some persuasion he sang a hymn, 'I Come to the Garden Alone' there in the restaurant while several customers drank coffee, smiled and listened intently.

Asked how he had enjoyed the restaurant business and being a businessman in America he replied, "There are no regrets. I've had a good life. Bennettsville is the most wonderful place in the world. The people who kick the administration, the Government and the mayor ought to travel some. This is the best country anywhere".

MR. IRONSON related that once in Greece he'd tried to get the Dentist to extract a tooth for his niece but the dentist had no anesthetic and told him to go down to the harbor and get three fishermen to come and hold her down while he extracted the tooth.

Asked if there were any advantages he could remember and he related it

the coffin and just before burial it is lifted out and placed in the ground and the coffin returned to the church to be used again.

YOU CAN ALSO enjoy wonderful climate in Greece and with no pollution and there is always delicious, fresh seafood from the Aegean sea.

Mr. Ironson would not, however, trade places with anyone else in the world. He has made many friends in Bennettsville. "My relationships are good with the people. We have a good town and a fine law enforcement", he said, "The old-timers still stop by for coffee. Of course there's not many of us left." A lot of children patronize the restaurant also. "I give away more cookies than I sell", he said, "I've watched many children grow up. Often they stop by to say 'hello'."

HE RELATED that he had been in the hospital recently and had received 144 'Get-Well' cards. That's a glimpse into the Lafayette restaurant. An integral part of our town. On our Main Street.

Wave Good-bye

If someone asks you what the ocean says to the sand, it's easy. Say good-bye and tell your friend the ocean doesn't say anything to the sand, it just waves. Or, you could ask them what the pillow says to the bed. It says, "You've got the body, I've got the head."

ENJOY



May 14, 1979

43

Morris Herald
Advocate
Bennettsville, S.C.

The Flower Lady

Margarite Polston brightens the lives of many friends through her beautiful flowers. She finds time to bring cheer to many people and is making Bennettsville a nice place to live. (Liles photo)

Mrs. E.L. Polston brightens each corner with charity

by Olivia Liles
The Flower Lady

She has been called, "The Flower Lady", and "The Good Samaritan". Many beautiful adjectives have been attributed to her but the hymn, "Others" best describes her, for Mrs. E. L. Polston, (Margarite) of Cheraw highway, truly lives for others.

The mother of three, and a housewife, Mrs. Polston tends her yearly vegetable garden, cans, preserves, makes her own clothes, paints her two-story house inside and out when it's needed and still finds time to "do unto others".

Her favorite activity is taking care of her flower garden in her back yard and giving them away. Many a sick room has been cheered with her beautifully arranged bouquets. Many a discouraged or bereaved has been lifted by her gift of flowers.

Lately, brides have been

overjoyed with her creativity. Anyone that has a need, Mrs. Polston is there, her hands full of flowers, and a big smile.

Mrs. Polston credits Mrs. Dora Liles of 101 State Street with instilling in her a love for flowers. "She started me off," Mrs. Polston said, "She gave me my first bulbs to plant, years ago. They were dahlias."

Now, Mrs. Polston's yard is a mass of beauty in the warm months, and she is busy "spreading cheer" everywhere. That is not all. Mrs. Polston celebrated her 30th year with Southern Bell Telephone Company last week. She is a Directory Assistance operator in Laurinburg, N. C. and is an active Pioneer. With dahlias, or glads, roses or petunias, Margarite Polston is "brightening the corner where she is" and making Bennettsville a nicer place to live.

Seasonal Features

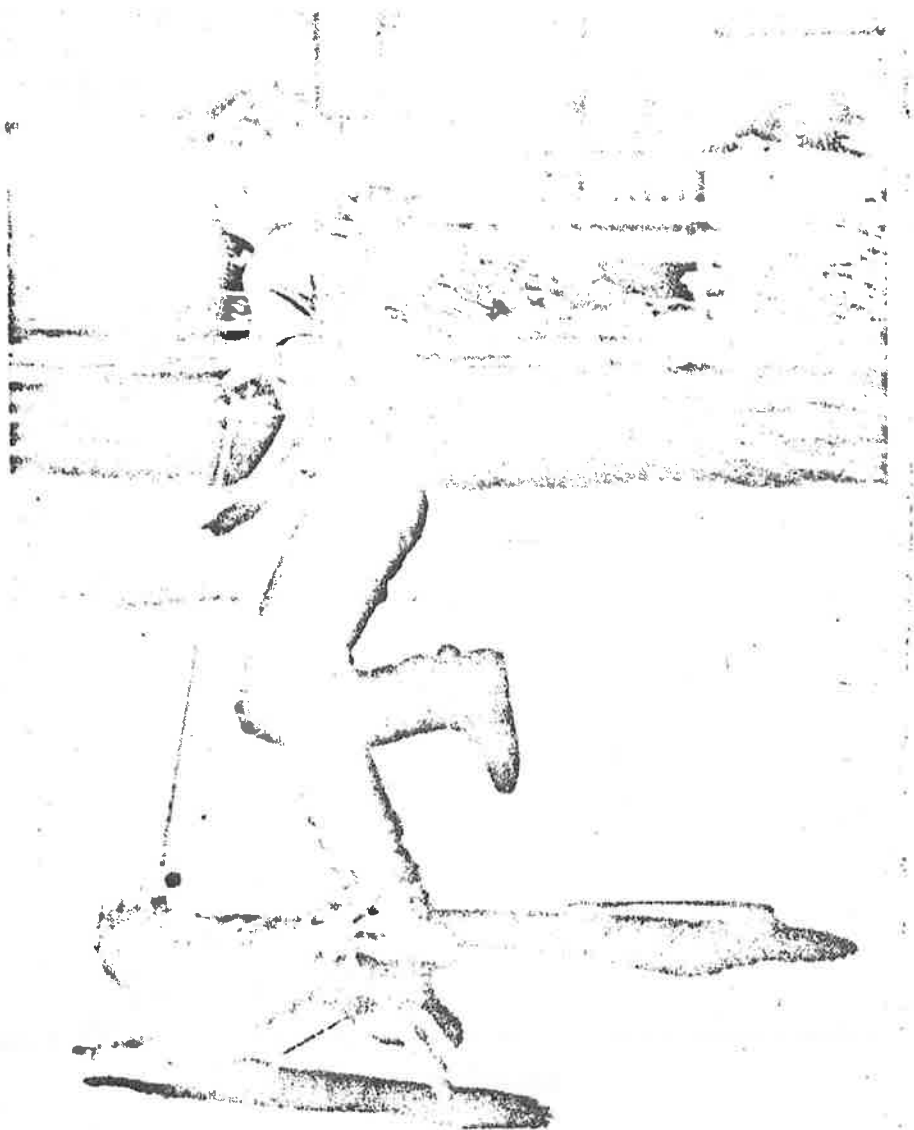
Seasonal Features

The seasonal feature is written to enhance interest in a particular season, or something that is happening of importance during the season. The seasonal feature is written to help that season "come alive" in the eyes of the reader. The seasonal feature is always a colorful story.

The first three that I have included are photo-stories where I have relied on the photography to help tell the story. In the fourth I chose a local story along with factual accounts, and a Halloween photo. The last was written about a true, love story of a local, well-known couple to focus attention on Valentine's Day.

Seasonal features can be very interesting because there are so many avenues to take. The writer can delve into history, local or otherwise, for interesting aspects, or unusual points, or angles. The writer can look for something from a local point of view and show how the past can relate to the present and the future.

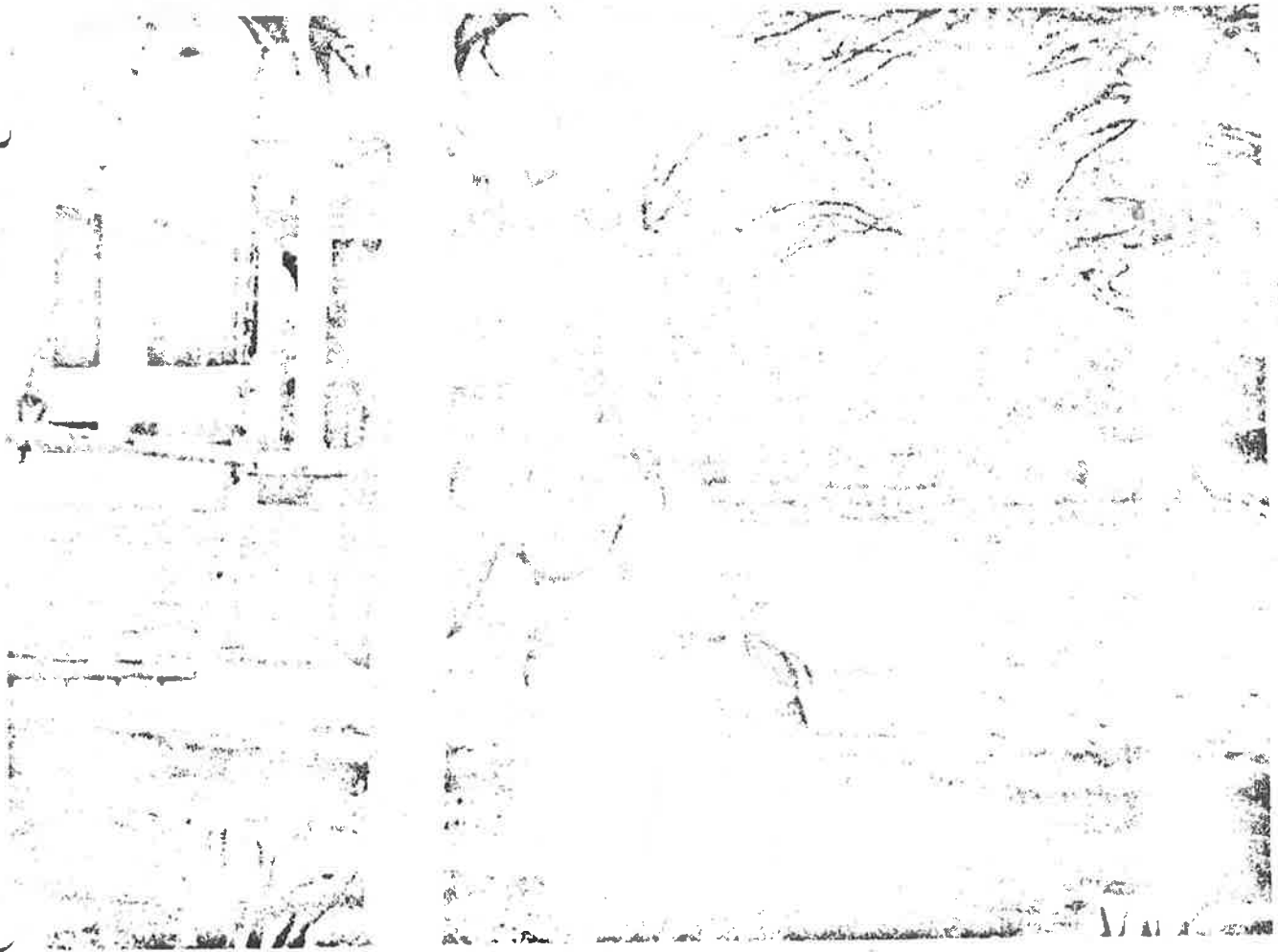
The sources for writing the seasonal story are limitless.



Jogging pals

Martha Grant of Newton Street and her dog, Jared, jog daily through her neighborhood. Jared is a rust and brown Pekingese terrier who was found deserted on the courthouse square. He sleeps in the window and with Martha. "I never worry about anyone bothering me when Jared and I are out jogging," Martha said. "He's little, but he's mean. He protects me." Martha is the 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Grant and is in the eighth grade. (Photo by Olivia Liles)

Mailbox Herald Advocate, April 2, 1977

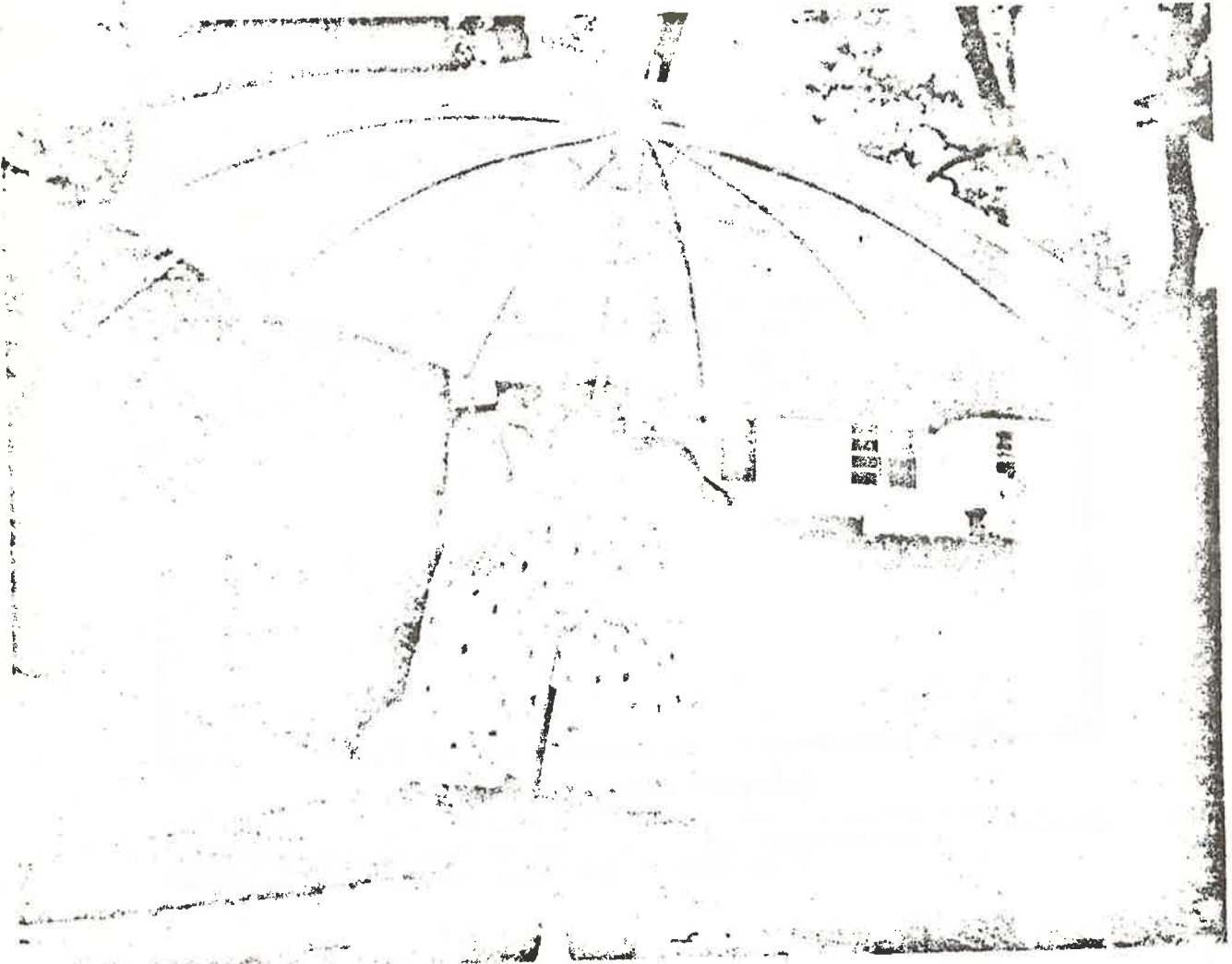


Spring fever

Spring is here and children are enjoying the warm sunshine. Gabrielle Jeffreys who is three years old has her

own way of expressing her delight with the weather.

The Coel Messenger, Mc Coel, S. C., April 22, 1977



Keepin' dry

What do little girls do on moving day? Little "Christy" Exum made her own entertainment with Mommie's big umbrella while her parents were moving to town Thursday. Rainy days are no problem to this little two-year old. "Christy" is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank

Exum and the great-granddaughter of Mrs. C. E. Exum. She and her parents have moved on Cook Street from Raleigh, N. C. Exum is employed with McColl Gin. (Photo by Olivia Liles)

October 20, 1978



Halloween Heyday

The yard of Mr. and Mrs. Danny Sheppard on Salem Road is all decked out for Halloween. The decorations are similar to many appearing all

over town in anticipation of the night scary trick-or-treaters will walk the streets of their neighborhoods.

Halloween is a time for fun for all ages

by Olivia Liles

Pumpkins adorn many porches. Weird witches stare from windows. Homemade scarecrows decorate front lawns.

It's beginning to look like Halloween all across town.

Mothers are busy sewing original costumes for school plays and church parties.

Children are merrily shopping for just the right mask, diligently searching local stores for the most horrible, the ugliest, the most shocking.

It is a time of play, carnivals, parties, and bobbing apples.

It is a time when the young can be anything they choose to be. They can shock and play pranks and they are forgiven.

It is a time of merriment and carving pumpkins to make jack-o'-lanterns.

It is a time for haunted houses, ghost stories and a night's round of "trick-or-treating".

It is a time of fantasy. It is Halloween.

It was not always so. Once upon a time it was a religious holiday.

In the seventh century it was called "All Saints Day" and was observed by the Roman Catholic and the Angelican church as a sacred day to honor God.

Before this it was a time of terror.

Two thousand years ago people were steeped in superstition and ignorance and believed Halloween was the day for Samhein, the Lord of the dead. They believed it was a time for evil spirits to roam the earth.

The priests held cruel fire

rites and human and animal sacrifices were made to appease the evil spirits.

Later it became the "witch's Sabbath" and was a time of burning many at the stake during the famous witch hunts.

By the nineteenth century only a few people took Halloween seriously anymore and to this nation it became a holiday of play.

In the last ten years with legalized witchcraft in England and accepted churches of Satan and practicing witches in the U. S., it is fast becoming a time of terror again. Animals have been slaughtered, and their bodies drained of blood for witches rites.

But for October 31, 1977, here, in our little town it is still a time of fun and frivolity.

Some lucky valentines are forever...

by Olivia Liles

The card was large, beautifully designed with the traditional red heart in the middle. "Baby Valentine," it stated on one outside and on the inside was a long, impressive verse.

Each year he finds her just the right one, the best one. He never forgets.

He added his own special sentiment at the end, a loving little post-script, "Baby, I love you. You are the only one."

The kind of softly spoken words that thrills the heart of a woman.

And she knows. She basks in

the assurance of his love. She knows she is the only one. She always has been, for him and he for her. It is that kind of love. An enduring love.

People said it wouldn't work. "Just kids," they said. But it has worked and endured through a depression, two wars and much sickness.

He met her at a church Christmas party. He had arrived at the party from his home at Pageland. He was with someone else. He walked through the door of her parents' home and he saw her. She was little, just eighty-six

pounds, and lovely with languid, soft eyes. From that moment there was never anyone else.

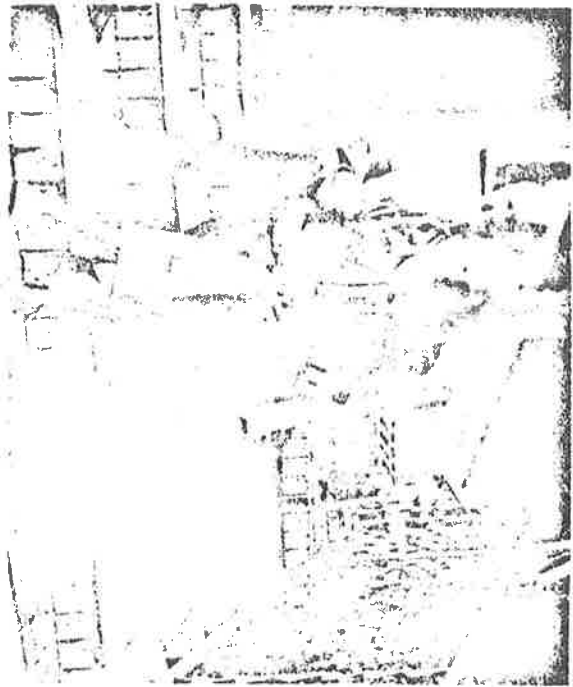
They were both in high school. He was a "soda-jerk" in the afternoon after school. But they knew it was real.

Five weeks later they eloped. "I stole her," he laughed and he looked at her and across the years they remembered. He touched her gently and they giggled and for a moment they were young again. The eyes sparkled and they smiled as if they shared many secrets of the heart, too precious, too intimate, to share with anyone else. No need for words. "We've been on a forty-year honeymoon," he said.

When they were married it was during one of the hardest times in the history of this country. No time or money for honeymoons. Very few folks went on honeymoons in those days. It has not mattered. They have no regrets. They wouldn't do anything any

and saw the tall, handsome young man with the dazzling smile and the tousled, curly hair, her life has been com-

From the first time she looked across that crowded room on December 13, 1937,



Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Kennington

and saw the tall, handsome young man with the dazzling smile and the tousled, curly hair, her life has been com-

From the first time she looked across that crowded room on December 13, 1937,

He sought her roses. Always on her birthday. He joyed about the years and the roses getting higher every year. With a joyful twinkling eye he said, "I don't k about this year."

She knows. Come birth the roses will be there. An the card, "Baby, I love you (Editor's note: Mr. Mrs. Floyd Kennington live Henrietta St. He has been manager of B. C. Moore Co. for 26 years. The h been married 40 years have three children and grandchildren.)

INTERPRETATIVE

Interpretive

The interpretive feature can be most difficult, but can become the most worthy. To write the interpretive feature the writer must know the subject he is going to write about. He must do much research, learning everything he can about what he is to write about, then compiling it, deciding on a focal point, and staying within the guidelines he has already lined out for his story.

The interpretive story tells about a problem, compares the problem to other similar ones, and may offer a solution to a problem. The interpretive story usually has many facts, and always gives attribution to other writers.

The one I have included in this portfolio is the first one I ever wrote, and I wrote it for the Newspaper Writing and Reporting class in 1976, under Mrs. Grace Gibson's direction. After much revision, it was the first article to be accepted for publication.

With the Editor

The *Advocate*. Our official journal. The voice of the Pentecostal Holiness Church. The printed page that shares with our people around the world what God is doing in our churches. And the Holy Spirit is working mightily among our people!

Will you help to expand the ministry of the *Advocate*? The month of May is "Advocate Subscription Month" in our church. Packets have already been mailed to all of our pastors. I believe you'll want to cooperate.

Our official journal is 60 years old now and is continuing to grow. You can help as you cooperate in the May campaign. On pages 11-14 of this issue, we're sharing the program with you. Talk to your pastor and become involved. Thank you from the bottom of my heart for your help. You'll bless many people in the coming year as you do so, and you'll receive a good commission for your church.

I'm in my fourth year now as your editor in chief and serving you has been a beautiful experience. I deeply appreciate your ongoing confidence, for trust, to me, is a sacred treasure. I love you, in Christ.

Frank D. Jewell

Contents

The Tranquilizer and the Spirit of Fear	2-3
Eat and Live	4-5
Is Sunday School Just For Children?	6-7
"You'll Never Preach Again"	8-9
How To Lose Faith in God	10
Every Church Is a Winner	11
My Castle of Faith	15
We Were Hewn From the Rock	16-17
Religion in the News	18-19
The Family Budget and Tithing	20-21
Advocate Bible School	22
The Editor Speaks	24

APRIL 24, 1977 • Vol. 61, No. 1.
 The International Pentecostal Holiness *Advocate* is the official organ of the International Pentecostal Holiness Church, IRS identification #58-0904463. Published semi-monthly. Subscription in U. S. and Canada: \$3.50 a year. Address all editorial communication to *The Advocate*, P. O. Box 12609, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. Subscriptions, changes of address, and other business communications should be mailed direct to The Advocate Press, P. O. Box 98, Franklin Springs, GA 30639. Second-class postage at Franklin Springs, GA 30639. Printed in U.S.A. MCMLXXVII.

The Tranquilizer and



Photo by Edgar Beltran

"The Spirit of Fear"

by Olivia Liles

2 Timothy 1:7 — For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

A young, working mother has a program to prepare for 15 girls, a weekend retreat to get ready for, a small son to discipline, and housework to do. She reaches for a bottle on the shelf in the medicine cabinet and takes out a pill. Then reconsidering, she takes out two.

"Two ought to do it," she thinks. "This will surely tide me over."

Sound familiar? An addict in Harlem or the average American housewife? Neither. This is a true account of a local Girl's Auxiliary sponsor in a local church — getting a "tranquilizer high."

One in every seven Americans regularly uses tranquilizers. More prescriptions are being written for psychoactive drugs than there are people in the country. The wonder drug that came to prominence during the early 50's has accel-

"She reaches for a bottle on the shelf . . . and takes out a pill."

Tranquilizers attack the central nervous system, reducing anxiety. But Jesus tells us "not to be anxious." He alone can induce perfect peace if we keep our minds stayed on Him.

A Christian lady confided in her Christian friend concerning a particular trial she was going through. Immediately her friend reached into her purse and offered her a tranquilizer.

"Doctors are pushing psychoactive pills, whose consequences are not fully understood, into patients, whose problems require human, not chemical solutions," said Dr. J. Maurice Rogers, Director of Research at the San Francisco

A Christian leader was apprehensive over a speech she was about to make. She voiced this to another Christian leader who urged her to take a tranquilizer.

A young girl made a moral error and came home tearfully ashamed

erated to a billion-dollar business. Their use, and misuse, has increased to outstanding proportions.

"Our people are 'cop-outs,' " said a young teenager. . . . we sit on the back seats 'spaced-out.' But what's the difference when the mothers' cabinets are full of the stuff."

"I would say that the use of tranquilizers has increased 100% in the last 15 years and is constantly going up," said Dr. P. M. Rinney, a physician for over 54 years. Shaking his head sadly, he continued. "People can't stand the pressures of today." The doctor also stated that more women than men use them — Christians as well as the unchurched. Women outnumber men 25 to 1 in the use of tranquilizers. Some recent statistics on the regular use of tranquilizers among housewives was:

Community Mental Health Services. "Sedatives, sleeping pills, tranquilizers, energizers and mood-altering drugs are being prescribed for 'weepy' women, children who are anxious about going to the dentist, people who must make a speech, a child afraid of the dark, an individual facing a new job."

and confided in her Christian mother. "Do you know what Mother did?" the girl later reported. "She gave me a tranquilizer, put me to bed and told me not to worry about it; that it would be all right."

Ages	Percentage of Use
18-24	9%
25-34	17%
35-49	13%
50-up	14%

"Our people are 'cop-outs,'" said a young teenager. "They're sitting on the front pews shouting, while we sit on the back seats 'spaced-out.' But what's the difference when the mothers' cabinets are full of the stuff."

Many seek prescriptions, he stated, because they are lonely, anxious, dissatisfied or unhappy; because they are not as popular, or thin, or vigorous, interesting or beautiful as they have been led to believe they should be. Tranquilizers create a feeling of well-being and confidence.

The *Science News* stated that people are stockpiling their medicine cabinets like there was no tomorrow, and pill swapping with friends and relatives as if it were all a game.

Of the 215,000,000 prescriptions filled in pharmacies for psychotherapeutic drugs in a recent year, 44% were for minor tranquilizers. Librium and Valium are the two "minors" that are most often prescribed and the ones most often abused. (Doctors consider it to be drug abuse when a patient disregards the prescribed method or dosage, or when the doctor has not been alerted of other medications being taken.) Four million prescriptions per year are now being used for Valium, which comprises 500 billion tablets. Librium makes up 80% of the tranquilizer market.

What better way for Satan to wrap us in a false "security blanket" of lethargy, or a tranquil state of counterfeit peace where we will have no real burden for the lost, or even feel conviction.

Why are we so fearful? Are we of so little faith? What is it costing our church in spiritual growth or in energetic zeal and endeavor for Jesus Christ? The enormity of the problem should bring us to our knees. Are we reaching for the pill instead of the power? Are we leaning on the chemical, instead of the Almighty? Are we covering our problems over with a "sugar-coated" pill that induces a counterfeit peace, instead of taking our problems to Jesus, the burden-bearer? Do we reach for the bottle instead of the Bible? Do we want to be tranquilized rather than transformed and revived?

Robert S. DeRopp, author of *Drugs and the Mind*, said: "It is possible to tranquilize a man to a point at which he loses not only his anxieties, but also his ambitions, ideals, creativity — everything that will distinguish him from a contented cow."

How is this affecting our church and our people? Are we actually being affected? Are we being lulled to sleep via the use of tranquilizing drugs? First Thessalonians instructs us not to "sleep as others do," but to "watch and be sober" (5:6).

J. B. de Saunders in *Control of the Mind* states: "The new drugs could throw this entire society into a painless concentration camp of the mind, in which people will have lost their liberties in the enjoyment of a dictatorship without tears." As Christians, though, we know that only God can wipe away all tears.

Tranquilizers reduce fear. But Jesus said: "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid" (John 14:27).

Profile

The Profile

The profile is one in which the person is spotlighted. It can be about some accomplishment, or something unusual in the person's life, past or present. It can be a tragedy, or the happiest moment, or some revelation, answered prayer, or miracle.

The profile has quotes, and can be opinion, and can involve more than one aspect, but generally it is about only one point of view or focal point.

The profile "puts that person on paper" in a very real, human way. It helps the reader to "know" the person, as if he had met him face-to-face.

I have included a variety of profiles in this portfolio.

MAY 25, 1977
MARLBORO Herald
Advocate



To exhibit at festival

Leonard J. Maxwell, woodcarver, will be among the artists and craftsmen who will exhibit their work at the Marlborough Arts Festival at Lake Wallace April 8. The festival, sponsored by the Marlboro Area Arts Council, will open at 10 a.m. and close at 5 p.m.

Maxwell to exhibit carvings at Festival

by Olivia Liles

He calls himself "only a stove-league whittler," but Leonard James Maxwell is more than that. He is a talented, capable craftsman.

"Cooter," as he is known to his many friends locally, is a wood carver and will exhibit his work in the Marlborough Arts Festival in Bennettsville April 8.

Maxwell was born June 19, 1903, in Kinston, North Carolina. He spent most of his life working in wood with his father in his lumber plant. He was a carpenter and cabinet maker and also made furniture.

Among some of his earliest memories are of the times when visitors came through and needed items not readily available in his community. They would most often inquire of his father and his father would turn to him. He made baseball bats for a traveling ball team and wooden soles for a tap-dancer who was appearing in a traveling show. He built a wooden cab for a truck, tool chests, cedar chests, pineapple beds, as well as houses.

Maxwell took up carving as a hobby after he retired. He has never had any formal training, but has used the "trial and error" method.

His carvings have been exhibited locally in several shows and he won honors in the arts festival held here two years ago.

His work has been shown at Chesterfield — Marlboro Technical College and the South Carolina State Fair

Samples of his work are in Oregon, Alabama, different parts of South Carolina, as well as at the National Carver's Museum in Colorado.

He has donated many pieces to churches, the Marlboro County Public Library, rescue squad and other organizations. A favorite, "The Crucifix" hangs in the Old Methodist Church.

He has carvings with intricate, meticulous designs of everything from birds to presidents. A lovely work of art is his "coat of arms". The most fascinating is an abstract design of "Waikin' John".

Maxwell is the typical "Greenwich village" looking artist with his cane, pipe, casual attire and long white beard. He is a jovial, interesting person who carves for the pleasure of carving. He does not sell his work.

"If people enjoy looking at them, I am well paid," he said.

Look for his display April 8 at the Marlborough Arts Festival at Lake Wallace, sponsored by the Marlboro Area Arts Council.

LOOKING OUT

Joan Little Interviewed

By Dorothy Liles

Joan Little, the slim, young woman whose trial attracted national attention was interviewed by two P.S.U. students at the Womens' Prison in Raleigh Monday.

After she is free she says she would like to enroll in Winston Salem State University and major in journalism. "I'd like to write about the way I feel and the things that have happened to me since my childhood and live a normal life," she said.

Miss Little has been in prison since Dec. 19 after the North Carolina Supreme Court denied her appeal. Her case is in process now of going to the Federal Court.

"It takes a lot of money to go from appeal to appeal," Miss Little said, "I'm in for seven to 10 years, as it stands now." She says her sentence was "too severe."

"I could come up for parole, though, this year as I have to serve two years of my term, and I already have over a year jail time to my credit," she explained.

"I think that second offenders should receive more severe penalties," she said. "It would help the ex-offender - I don't call anyone a 'criminal' - from coming back."

"I don't, however, believe in the death penalty. I don't believe anyone has a right to take a life," she added.

Having become such a controversial figure, she was asked how this affected her.

"I would not have had the publicity and all, but it has helped in my support," she said.

The services of her attorney, she added, were mostly volunteer.

Miss Little was asked about prison conditions, and she said: "No one likes to be in prison but it's not too bad. I've met some nice people here."

Despite the public attention she has received, she says that they treat her exactly the same as the other prisoners.

Her religious beliefs? "Well, I believe in God. I was raised in a very religious home. I think it's something you have to work out within yourself. I don't think you have to stay in church all the time."

"Is it true," she was asked, "that they are going to make a movie of your life?"

"Yes", she answered, "The script has already been written and the contract signed by Universal. They should start filming in March."

"Will you star in it?"

"No," the soft-spoken Miss Little replied, "Nor do I want to. It would be too traumatic an experience for me to re-live the past one and a half years."

Asked if this movie would make her a rich woman she replied that it would not and that much of her profit would go for

fees for her case.

Miss Little now wears her hair closely cropped.

"Have you cut your hair since the trial?" she was asked, "No", she smiled, "I had on a wig in those photos."

April 14, 1976

Dr. P.M. Kinney has delivered 10,000 babies

By Olivia L. Liles

Dr. Prentiss M. Kinney has practiced medicine in Bennettsville for 54 years. He has witnessed many changes and watched hundreds of children grow up.

Dr. Kinney doesn't have an approximate count of the thousands of patients he has treated but up until 1972 he had delivered over 10,000 babies.

Thousands of children love him. People of all ages respect and depend on him, and there are 'Grandmas' around town whom he delivered, their children and grandchildren.

DR. KINNEY was born June 30, 1899 in Bennettsville and by his own statement has known and lived it like no other place. "When I am with a patient, that patient is the only one and the most important that I have", he said, "I love them all".

The walls of his office on Market Street are lined with diplomas, plaques of honor and certificates of recognition and appreciation.

One merit award in particular reads: 'In grateful acknowledgement and sincere appreciation of outstanding services and worthy accomplishments for the protection of our constitutional Republic'. "Signed: The Daughters of the American Revolution."

"My profession is my life", Dr. Kinney said, "It's my vocation, my call, my purpose. Well, it's everything. People are different. This is me". He has no regrets about choosing the field of medicine.

"It's what I always wanted to do ever since I was a little boy. My father was a general practitioner back in the 'horse n' buggy' days. My mother knew how hard it was and tried to discourage me from studying medicine but that's all I ever wanted to do," he said.

Dr. Kinney was married in 1942 to the former Adelaide Smith of Williamsburg County. They were married in Battle Creek, Mich. while Dr. Kinney was in service. They reside at 123 South Marlboro Street in the family home that was built in 1902.

Dr. Kinney can relate many humorous experiences that have remained in his memory down through the years.

"During the depression," he said, "Folks were having it hard and they paid me many times with fodder, eggs, produce and other things. My mother told me never to refuse anything because she could always use it. Well, I met this fellow downtown and he told me he didn't have any money to pay me. That all he had to offer was a 'house full of naked children'. I went home and asked my mother if she could use that. She threw up her arms and said Lord no.

Dr. Kinney is the oldest doctor in town and is one of the few still making house calls but he reserves this for extreme emergencies.

Once he received a call during the night and was delayed. By the time he did arrive the household were sleeping soundly, even the dog, the lights left on and the back door open. Dr. Kinney cut the lights out, locked the door and left quietly without awakening the sick, or the dog.

On the other side there have been many traumatic experiences also.

HE REMEMBERS vividly the night he was called to a home just before daybreak to deliver a baby.

Labor was progressing normally when suddenly the mother died. He was able to deliver the baby but resuscitation was not effective on the mother.

Dr. Kinney graduated from the S. C. Medical College of Charleston in 1922 and has served in two world wars.

He was in the Army only a few months in 1918 when World War I ended, but in World War II he volunteered and served as a medical doctor from 1942-1946 and on the front line during the invasion at Noemanly. "This was an exciting time", he said.

HIS EYES have witnessed much suffering both home and abroad.

Dr. Kinney has served his community in many capacities and has held many honored positions. There have been honors bestowed upon him from almost every organization, but no honor greater than to be 'a friend of man'. Much has been written concerning him down through the years, from the elaborate to the simple but no words can better describe him than the verse penned in a framed plaque on his wall given to him by one of his patients.

I never knew that hands could be

So gentle, kind and true

Until I watched their skill perform

The blessed tasks you do.

No artist ever plied his brush

With love of art so pure

No sculptor ever used his tools

With strokes so deft and sure.

I think God blessed your kindly hands

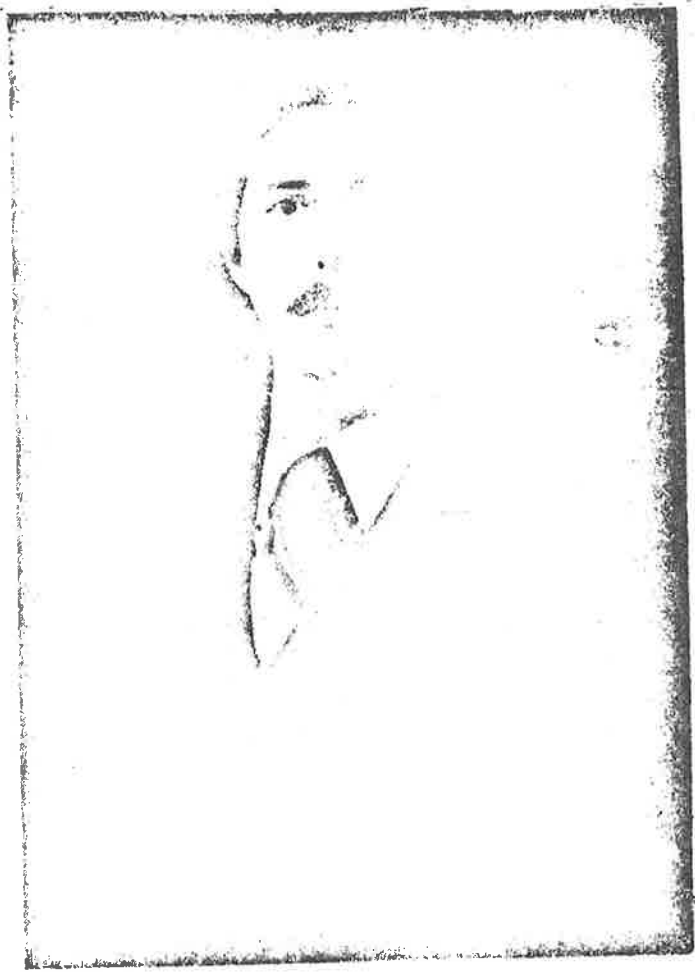
From ages past and dim

Because He loves the work you do

In partnership with Him.

Dr. Kinney was asked what his future goals were and he replied, "The Good Lord will decide that for me but I just want to go on serving until He does".

October 10, 1980



EDWARD ROBERTSON

Local boy makes good !

by Olivia Liles

Everyone loves a success story, especially when it involves someone from "our home town". Edward Robertson is just such a story. A native Bennettsvillian, and son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ball of Union St., Ed is now successful in the field of cosmetology.

"I am not JUST a cosmetologist," he said in a recent interview, "I am an artist. An artist paints a picture; I paint a face."

Ed graduated from Bennettsville High School in 1960 and college in 1964. Not only is he talented in cosmetic art, he is a well-versed orator, musician, sings and plays the accordian and piano. Ed has also had several items published and writes with great skill.

"I like what I do now," Ed said, "I am happy. I create. Every woman is a potential beauty. I help to bring out that beauty."

Ed travels over most of the west coast designing faces as a representative of the Germaine Monteil Co. and stays in one place no more than two weeks at a time, but his headquarters and home is New Orleans.

Ed has worked as creative designer among models and actresses, and only recently a "scout" from one of the movie industries went to New Orleans to view his artistry. He has been offered a position in Hollywood to assist the same creative designer that was Marilyn Monroe's make-up artist. Ed has not yet decided whether he will accept the offer.

Well dressed, immaculate, and looking much younger than his 38 years, Ed said, "I am happy here. New Orleans is an exciting place. I have made many wonderful friends here. It is like another world. It is home."

HUMAN INTEREST

Human Interest

The human interest story is one that is interesting from an very human standpoint, and that almost anyone can relate to. It can be about children, animals, flowers, or an event, but must have emotional appeal.

Human interest stories are most usually found by the observing, and listening to other people talk. Everyone has a story, but the good writer is one that can get the person to talk about his story. Stories are also written from history, and taking historical facts and writing about them from a different point of view, or weaving them into fiction.

The story on page 63 of "Only a Shepherd" was written while conducting Christian Youth Camps among the Navajo Indian at Thoreau, New Mexico in 1979. The elderly Indian had never told her story before to a white man, but we became real friends, and through an interpreter, she told her story to me, as we sat at night around an open fire and ate Indian fry-bread she had so graciously cooked for us.

"They That Wait" was written about two friends whose lives I have observed down through the years. It is a true story.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them" was written about my oldest son.

"Not Quite Ready" was written about my youngest son.

They That Wait

(A True Love Story)

By Olivia Liles

He was tall, blond and handsome. He was young. He was a Christian. He wanted to marry her. What could be more perfect?

"Isn't that enough?" the young girl asked, tearfully.

God said, "No."

She knew she had to tell him. It wasn't easy. She told him he was not part of God's plan for her life. "We'll have to part," she said to him sadly, "It is over."

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know why," she said, "I'm not trying to hurt you. I only know I have to obey the Lord."

Teenage friends rebuked her.

"He loves you," they said "You are foolish."

Sometimes when the others were away and she was home alone, with her Bible, her deep thoughts and her prayers she wondered about many things. She would pray for God's will to be done in her life, though she did not, yet, know what that will was. She did not, in her youth, always understand and when she would become discouraged the Spirit of the Lord would whisper to her.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

The young girl waited.

Later she graduated from High School and entered Holmes Theological Seminary. Her life had taken on definite direction, now, and she was happy in the Lord. She had also determined in her heart that she would not fall prey to what so many referred to as the "Holmes romances."

"I have come here to prepare for His service," she told others, "not to get a husband."

The next year, due to sickness, she was two weeks late for school.

The day of the "Feast of Ingathering" arrived. She was serving tables. Out of the corner of her eye she knew a young man was watching her but she did not look directly at him.

Rumors began to sift through the "Holmes grapevine" that the young man was interested.

He, too, had entered Holmes with full intentions of not becoming a "victim" to a Holmes romance.

"God has called me to preach," he declared, "I have come here to study to show myself approved." No other reason. I have not come here to look for a wife."

That was before he saw her. She had laid the silver. All the young men had been seated, as is the custom at Holmes.

He saw her. Her brown hair was curled softly about her face and fell loosely to her shoulders. He could not, for the life of him, take his eyes from her. There was something different about this girl. She had a radiance of face that he had never seen before. It was as if she had just had breakfast with Jesus.

The young man waited! The young girl waited. They prayed. It was the same prayer.

He prayed, "Lord, if this is not your will for my life, then take this girl off my mind."

She prayed and strived even harder in her studies. Each fasted and prayed more fervently as each time they saw each other and realized something was happening between them.

One day at dinner he was watching her. Shortly before he had been praying and had received the assurance from the Lord. He was smiling. She looked up and their eyes met. She smiled, a beautiful, warm smile. His eyes danced and he blushed. They knew. In their hearts they knew. Their eyes spoke the words they could not say.

"This is different."

It would be a long time before they would speak, or touch. It was a long, cold winter but one in which many smiles and secret messages were passed. It was a time of praying and more praying. They both wanted to be sure.

She asked the Lord.

God said, "Yes."

The day of the wedding came.

"I still must be very sure," she thought, so while friends and relatives crowded in the house and fretted over last minute details, she slipped away to her church.

She knelt before the ivy-covered altar and the floorbaskets of white mums and she prayed.

"Once more, dear Lord, is this Your will for my life? In less than an hour I will become a bride. If you say 'No' I will listen."

But God said, "Yes" again and the Spirit of the Lord filled His Holy temple. Tears streamed down the young girl's cheeks and she began to speak with other tongues as she rejoiced in the presence of God's love. "Thank You, Jesus," she whispered.

It stormed near the time of the wedding. The rain came in torrents. The wind whipped the long, flowing bridal gown about her knees and almost whisked the soft veil from her head but inside her heart there was a great and wonderful peace.

She heard the strains of the wedding march. She lifted her head and gently took the arm of her father.

Walking down the long aisle she heard again the whisper of the Spirit.

"They that wait upon the Lord. . . ."

She lifted her eyes to the young man at the altar. He smiled at her. His eyes said, "I love you."

"Thank You, Lord," she whispered, "I'm so glad I waited."

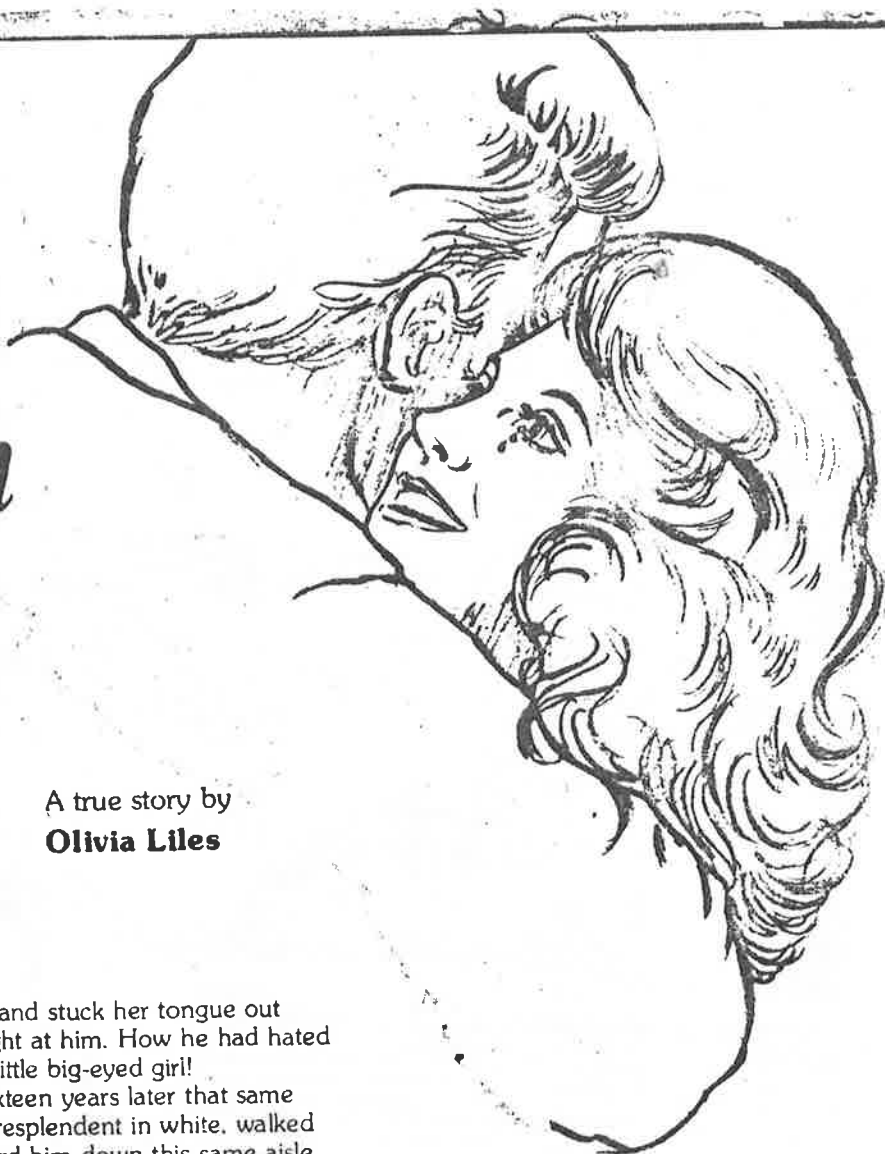
—End—

There are many heartbreaking stories of lives that have been ruined because young people did not wait for God's choices for their lives. This is the true story of two who did wait.

Rev. and Mrs. Kenneth Blease have been married for 17 years, have three children, are still very much in love and "in-tune" with God. They pastor the Northview Pentecostal Holiness Church in Laurinburg, N. C.

Young man, young woman, out there somewhere is just the right one God has JUST FOR YOU.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them



A true story by
Olivia Liles

The young man entered the little church with bowed head. It was his first time back since he and his wife had separated nearly a year before, and the people smiled their welcome.

Self-conscious, he found a seat as soon as possible. "I wish I hadn't come," he thought miserably. "I wonder why I did."

Moments later a tiny girl slid into the pew beside him. "Hello, Daddy," she said hopping upon his knee, brown eyes sparkling.

"Hey, Baby," he whispered, kissing her on the cheek.

She leaned a curly red head next to his as the congregation began to sing, *Leaning On the Everlasting Arms*. The young man still had not looked up when the pastor called on someone to pray.

"I pray for you, Daddy," said the little girl.

"I know, Baby," he said, "and Daddy loves you."

"Are you coming home?" she asked.

"No, Baby, I can't," he said. Then he cautioned his daughter, gently, to stop talking in church.

The choir members found places in the congregation. Several stopped to shake his hand. He did not know why he felt so uneasy. After all, he had grown up in this church.

His mind traveled back to the church when his family first came to church. As a five-year-old, he had trailed behind his father down this same aisle. A little, curly-haired girl with big eyes turned around at the end of the fourth

pew and stuck her tongue out straight at him. How he had hated that little big-eyed girl!

Sixteen years later that same girl, resplendent in white, walked toward him down this same aisle, and became his bride.

"Why can't you?" the four-year-old whispered again. "Why can't you come home?" How could he explain to such a little one?

Somehow he had gotten away from all of this. He had different friends—friends who laughed and drank and had great parties. . . .

"Too much restriction in this church," he thought. "I could never fit in again. I don't know why I came here today."

The little girl had slipped down quietly and gone toward the front. She whispered something to her mother. A note was sent to the minister.

"Bridgett is going to sing for us," the minister announced.

With perky little steps, the yellow folds of her frilly dress bouncing, Bridgett marched to the platform. Her clear voice rang out sweetly.

*"There's a roof up above me.
I've got a good place to sleep.
There's food on my table, and
shoes on my feet.*

*You gave me your love, Lord,
and a fine family.
Thank you, Lord, for your
blessings on me."*

The young father fought back tears. He swallowed hard against the lump in his throat, but it was no use. The tears spilled over his face, and he finally looked up. It was as if he saw an angel, a red-haired one!

"... and a fine family. . . ."

On and on Bridgett sang, in her childish way. On the second pew a dark-haired young woman turned around and looked at him, her big eyes full of tears. She stood up, oblivious of the crowd, and moved toward him. The young man stood also and they met in the aisle down which she had walked to him six years before.

Joining hands they walked together to the altar. There he repented and their hearts and home were united once again.

"Thank you, Lord," the little girl sang, "for your blessings on me." ♥



REACH

September 1979

Sketch from original photograph

14



**ONLY A
SHEEPHERDER**

by Olivia Liles

Alice looked out of the one window of their hogan. The sun was just coming up over the red mesa. She hung her sheepskin on one of the logs protruding from the mud wall and stepped out of the only door. She looked to the East. She could see the great peak of Mount Taylor. "What is across the mountain?" she wondered as she brushed the long, black hair from her young face. No one had ever told her and she dared not ask. She was extremely shy and frightened of people, especially the white man.

Alice's mother had awakened early and was baking bread in the adobe oven. Her older brothers and sisters had already left the hogan, finding other interests off the reservation. They paid no attention to Alice. Even her parents ignored her. They thought her feeble-minded because she did not talk. Her father thought her only fit to herd the sheep.

She lifted her long, turquoise skirt and started up the hill to tend the sheep. "I'm not good for anything," she thought, "just to herd the sheep. I surely must have offended the great spirit."

She sat under a penon tree and watched the sheep and prayed to the god of the wind and to the god of the mountain.

She had so many questions, but no one to ask. Sheep had been her father's livelihood for as long as she could remember. Her father sold part of the wool, and they made rugs out of the remainder. They ate most of the sheep's meat and then they dried the skins. Many things were made from the skins for use of the family, and they covered with a sheepskin in the winter when the big snows fell.

Alice Arviso was a good shepherdess. She was always gentle with the sheep. She would talk to them and they would listen.

In the evening the family usually sat around an open fire eating fry bread and listening to her father Willets Jesus Arviso*, tell many sad, but interesting stories. He told of how he as a Mexican soldier had helped Kit Carson and his soldiers subdue the Navajo Indians and herd them into a prison camp at Ft. Sumner, at Albuquerque, New Mexico, in that long ago year of 1864. He told how many Navajo's died of starvation, premature births, freezing conditions and other cruelties, and diseases.

He had helped in inflicting much suffering on these people. But something happened!

Willets Jesus Arviso fell in love with one of the beautiful, young Navajo maidens. After the Indians were freed, the soldiers left — that is all but Willets Jesus Arviso. He stayed behind to marry his Indian maiden. From that point on Willets Arviso shared in the suffering of the Navajo people.

Alice had heard the story many times — of her parents' love, of the children born, of the cold, hard winters, and of the beginning of schooling for the others. Alice desperately wanted to go to school, too, but no one asked her. She dared not express her own desires. Her father said she did not have sense enough to go to school and that good Navajo girls were to obey and honor their fathers. She decided to be content and be the best shepherdess her father ever saw.

But, she still wondered what was across the mountain. Where did the sky go?

One day while Alice was still very young, a handsome Indian came to their hogan. He had many words with her father. He did not talk to Alice, but he noticed her. Leo House noticed the quiet, sad beauty of the little Indian girl. Though she dared not look directly into his face, Leo glimpsed the sensitivity and wonder in the dark pools of her eyes. Leo House knew he wanted this girl for his wife, so he took her over the mountain. Much to the dismay of her family, Leo married Alice and carried her to live on top of another mountain. Alice's father was very angry. He had lost his shepherd.

Alice bore Leo many children. She was a good wife and a good mother. She still prayed to the gods of the wind, the sun, and the mountain. She made many sacrifices for the medicine man's blessings. She spent many days in rituals, chants, prayers and songs, because the Navajo believed in many deities. They also believed in the medicine man for healing and granting prosperity. However, the medicine man could not grant peace to a lonely, searching heart, and Alice continued to wonder. There was no one to answer the questions that worried her mind.

One of Alice's and Leo's little girls was named Ann. She was a bright, beautiful child, but she, too, was very shy. She would run and hide at the sight of strangers, sometimes finding shelter behind her mother's colorful skirts. Her brother, Ben, was a little older than Ann. He was not shy. He was good, and he was strong.

(more . . .)

15

*Not pronounced like we pronounce Jesus, and nothing to do with His Holy name, Willets Jesus Arviso's picture hangs in the National Archives.

continued from page 15

One day a white-faced stranger came to the hogan. The woman was a missionary and she invited Ann and Ben to the mission down in the valley. She told them it was Vacation Bible School and it was just for children.

Ann and Ben walked many miles down the mountain to attend. They had never been to anything like it before. Many other Navajo children were there. The missionary told them many stories. She told them about another God. She told them about a man called Jesus, and that this man loved them, and that He loved them so much He had died for them. She told them a story about a mighty warrior named Joshua. Ben talked all the way home about Joshua. He couldn't stop thinking about him. Ann had liked the singing, but Ann couldn't stop thinking about the man called Jesus.

"Mama!" she called out when they got back to the hogan, "The white lady told us about a NEW God! A God that loves us and doesn't use bad medicine!"

Over and over Ann and Ben excitedly related the stories to their mother about this new-found God. The mother listened and something new and strange began to stir within her heart.

Ben and Ann returned to the mission every day, and they continued to recount the stories at home. They became very devoted to the white-faced lady. Soon they were attending other services. One day they persuaded their mother to go with them.

Alice sat and listened and the realization of the truth penetrated the dark shadows of her mind. She opened her heart to this new God, and her life was changed. This NEW God was HER Shepherd! SHE was HIS sheep! This NEW God would watch over HER and lead HER in green pastures! This NEW God LOVED HER and she was not just a sheepherder! SHE was important! SHE was important to HIM! Oh, the joy that filled Alice's heart! No more lonely nights on a dark hill

wondering what was over the mountain! The loneliness was gone! Jesus had come into her heart! The Shepherd had found His lost sheep! He had found her and brought her safely into the fold!

Twenty years have passed since then, and God has blessed the House family. Because two small children went to Vacation Bible School at a missionary's invitation, today the entire House family are Christians. Ben is now a Pentecostal Holiness minister, and three of the other children are also ministers. Several are Sunday School teachers and all of them sing beautifully. Today "Grandma House" (as Alice is affectionately called by all that know her) no longer lives in a hogan. She doesn't live on the mountain. She owns the mountain! She lives in a nice home in the valley surrounded by mountains. She no longer prays to the gods of the mountain that could not hear her cry. She prays to Jesus. He helps her and has filled her with His sweet Spirit. Her children and grandchildren love and respect her and her husband "riseth up to call her blessed."

Long ago when a little girl sat on a mountain all confused, God knew her and eventually gave her a mountain. That mountain has recently been found to be rich in uranium. All the time when she as a little girl sat on the mountainside tending the sheep, God had a surprise treasure in the mountain waiting for her.

This past summer, "Grandma House" again looked to the mountain, but this time with vision. She gave the Anglo missionaries permission to conduct a Christian Youth Camp on it for the Navajo children. Her daughters and sons were there and several of her grandchildren. They were walking, leaping, and praising God.

"Grandma House" is still a sheepherder — a spiritual sheepherder for Jesus. God was mindful of the little Navajo Indian girl who long ago sat under a penon tree and minded the sheep.

by Olivia Liles

Mrs. Quick awoke early on that memorable morning. It was barely daybreak. She threw back the old-fashioned quilt that she had spent many a winter's evening quilting. "It's going to be another cold one," she thought as she shivered and pulled on the red-checkered, flannel robe.

She slipped quietly out so she would not awaken the girls. She walked across the connecting porch from the front of the old house to the kitchen. The house was built high off the ground and the wind whipped under it. The sun was just beginning to come up and glistened on the fields laden with ice. Icicles

four children, married and gone, three still at home.

As Mrs. Quick prepared breakfast — fried country ham and scrambled eggs — she thought of the message the preacher had preached on the Sunday before. "Fiery Trials" was his topic and he told about the three Hebrew children being cast into the fiery furnace. Little did she know, at that moment, as she set the table for her family, that her fiery trial was about to begin.

Her husband and the girls came in for breakfast — Linda, thirteen, blond and giggly; Sylvia, pretty and shy at eleven; Suzie, seven, cute and round-faced. They all bowed their heads and Mrs. Quick said the blessing.

Some Through the Fire ³

hung from the eaves of the porch like crystal chandeliers. She entered the kitchen and built a fire as she had done many times before. She baked biscuits and put on the coffee pot.

It was not always easy to be a farmer's wife. She worked hard. She quilted, sewed, picked vegetables, canned, churned butter, chopped cotton and a multiplicity of other chores. Mrs. Quick, however, never became too busy to serve others. Her table was always lined with visitors, evangelists, anyone she thought needed a little kindness and a good meal. She always took time to pray, to study God's Word, to work in the church, in the Woman's Auxiliary, and to testify to her children. There were

"I almost go to sleep when Mama says the blessing," said Suzie.

"She prays for everybody," kidded Linda, "even the President." Mrs. Quick laughed and passed the home-made apple jelly around the table.

Mr. Quick pushed his chair back after eating. "Well," he said, "I better get to the feeding."

Linda went to the front of the house and began making beds. Sylvia and Mrs. Quick washed dishes. "Suzie," Mrs. Quick said, "Get those Christmas cards out of the cupboard. We've got to get them ready to mail."

A few minutes later while sorting cards in front of the fireplace, Mrs. Quick got up to get another piece of wood from the back porch.

Suddenly, her robe caught fire! In seconds she was aflame. She panicked! Suzie and Sylvia screamed! Mrs. Quick raced frantically into the yard!

A black man, a helper on the farm, was just coming up to see Mr. Quick. Mr. Quick had heard the screams and he too was running toward her. The men saw only a ball of fire wrenching and writhing on the frozen ground. The quick-thinking men tore the burning clothes from the form. By that time Linda had run from inside with a big quilt. The flames were smothered. A blackened body, burned all over except the face, was rushed seven miles to the nearest hospital.

For three weeks, Mrs. Quick was not aware of her surroundings. The doctors stated she had third degree burns over most of her body and doubted her chances for survival.

4 The fiery trial . . .

Friends from the church, relatives, and others left her room weeping. She was little more than a piece of charred flesh. Yet, something deeper shone through. Even in a semi-conscious condition, this saint of God sang. On the way to surgery for skin grafts she sang, "When we all get to Heaven . . ."

Nurses turned away with eyes full of tears. Doctors were amazed at her determination. "It is her will to live that is holding her here," one doctor said. "It is her faith," her daughter-in-law exclaimed.

The first day one of her closest friends was allowed to see her for the first time, she was totally unprepared for what she witnessed.

Her dear friend was hardly recognizable. A canopy of sheets covered her; rails were pulled up on each side; tubes were coming from all parts of her body; the stench of burned flesh permeated the room. Tears began to flow down Mrs. Quick's face as she reached a feeble hand out to her friend. "I knew you'd come, sister," she said, "God has spared my life! God is so good to me."

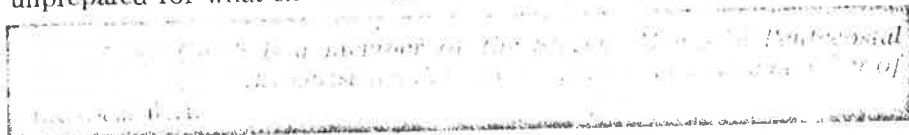
Mrs. Quick was in the hospital eight months. She lived to bring her beautiful testimony of God's amazing grace to many people. She is still faithfully serving the Lord, faithful to her God, her church, and the Woman's Auxiliary. She now sings that old hymn that she had sung many times before, but with a new faith:

"Some through the fire
Some through the flood
Some through great trial
But all through the blood."

Mrs. Quick's children know their mother's God is real. He brought her through her *fiery furnace* with a greater joy and strength than ever before.

Linda is grown now, married, with one son. She is a devout Pentecostal Holiness member and active in the church and the Woman's Auxiliary. She saw, firsthand, what God can do. Sylvia is now a fine school teacher. Suzie has grown to be a beautiful woman, singing beautifully for Jesus.

Mrs. Quick still has some hard times. She still goes through many trials, but she has learned that God's grace is sufficient -- even in the fire.



of curious nature "Bucky" wandered away from the "women-folk" down by the river and began to explore.

Early that morning the pastor's wife had a special impression from the Lord to pray for the group going swimming. She called up the G. A. advisor and prayed with her over the phone. Just before leaving the church the advisor, two other ladies and the girls prayed.

"Bucky" had wandered farther away than he realized. The girls were squealing with delight in the water's edge, and at first did not hear "Bucky" scream for help.

A water moccasin, so prevalent in the south, had bitten "Bucky" on the foot.

What do Spirit-filled women and girls do when they are five miles from the nearest hospital and a snake has sank his deadly fangs into one of their own? They pray. They pray hard. They pray, with faith.

As the group raced to the hospital, one of the ladies quoted the scripture, St. Luke 10:19.

"In the name of Jesus!" they prayed, in unison.

At the emergency room the doctor examined "Bucky." He had been bitten by a large cottonmouth.

"I can tell that he was a big one," the doctor said, "by the distance of the fang prints."

After tests, however, no sign of poison was found to be anywhere in "Bucky's" blood stream.

"Ordinarily" the doctor said, "this kind of toxin passes very quickly after injection into the blood stream."

This was no "ordinary" day. It was no "ordinary" group.

"Considering the distance that you had to come," the doctor said, "and considering the power of this serpent, I am amazed."

But God's people weren't amazed. They had prayed.

What happens when young girls pray? They can tread on serpents and nothing shall hurt them!

What happens when young girls pray? They can lay hands on the sick and they shall recover, and God makes the venomous bite of the serpent powerless to them.

That's what happens when young girls pray!

Jerry "Bucky" Jernigan, Jr. is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Jernigan of Laurinburg and they are members of Northview.

—Olivia Liles
W. A. District Director
Pee Dee District

What Happens When Young Girls PRAY

The Challenge, September 1980



It was just an ordinary day. Not at all the kind of day that most folks would expect a miracle to happen. But one did. It happened to "Bucky" but it affected the lives of many others, especially the Girl's Auxiliary at Northview Pentecostal Holiness Church of Laurinburg, North Carolina. Some of them will never be the same again. Most of them will never doubt again.

That July Saturday of 1980 dawned with temperatures rising into the 90's, humid, hot. Several of the leaders had planned to take the girls to a river's edge in the woods where they could swim privately. One of the ladies carried her young son, "Bucky."

"Bucky" is an inquisitive little "man" of seven. He likes to know things, and tear things apart to see what makes them work. With this kind

Don't call us the weaker sex!

-68-

By Olivia Liles

Woman the weaker sex? Not so with Debbie Daniels of 107 S. Cook St. Gentler, perhaps, but weaker, no.

Though Debbie isn't trying to prove anything, she has proven that a woman can do anything a man can—and sometimes better. She is painting their large, two-story ten-room house. Outside.

Cheerfully perched atop a 30-foot ladder, the dungaree-clad housewife has dipped and stroked for two weeks, changing the white to grey, trimming in white and attaching black shutters.

This is the second house Mrs. Daniels has painted, the first was in Columbia. Mr. and Mrs. Daniels moved here last June from Columbia. David Daniels is an industrial engineer with Emerson Electric Com-

pany. They have one child, a girl, Deena.

The Daniels purchased the house because they have always dreamed of restoring an old house. Bought from the Meachums, the home is in the historical section of Bennettsville and is approximately 100 years old. Though much of the history has been lost from the local files, the Daniels know the house once belonged to a Russian Jew, and the Daniels' intentions are to go to the archives in Columbia and trace the history—one day that is when Debbie stops painting. They are also in the process of renovating the inside of the house.

Young women of today are reaching out and up. In Debbie's case all the way to the top. The little auburn-haired, curly top swinging her paint

bucket from lofty heights, squinting at the sun has been a "car stopper" and an "eye catcher" and has inspired and fascinated the neighborhood.

She has saved her husband approximately \$2,000 by painting the house herself.

But for all you men in the neighborhood east of the courthouse, don't get any ideas. Before you start pulling out the pails and brushes, remember WE weren't all born under the same sign. Debbie is a Libra.



Up a ladder

Marlboro Herald Advocate
June 17, 1980

by Olivia Liles

NOT

"It's my life!" Clay told his mother, "I know what I'm doing!" Frowning, Clay brushed the blond hair from his eyes defiantly, grabbed his denim jacket, and stormed out of the house. He gunned his Malibu down the street and turned the corner with squealing tires that could be heard three blocks away.

"Times have changed!" Clay thought angrily, "I'm not a child anymore! Mama is still living back in the fifties!" He pushed a "Bee Gee's" tape into the player and skidded to an abrupt stop at the Dairy Dream. Al wheeled in behind him on his Harley.

"What's up, Clay?" he asked as he leaned back on the sissy bar.

"Aw, the old lady is having a fit about me quitting school." Clay said, "I'm almost eighteen years old and the day I am, I'm gonna leave home! I'm sick of Mama giving me this jazz about how the senior year is the best year and how I'm going to regret it!"

"Yeah," said Al, I know what cha' mean."

"I couldn't cut it anymore, man," continued Clay as he turned his class ring around and around on his finger. "School is a real drag."

"What cha' gonna do now?" asked Al.

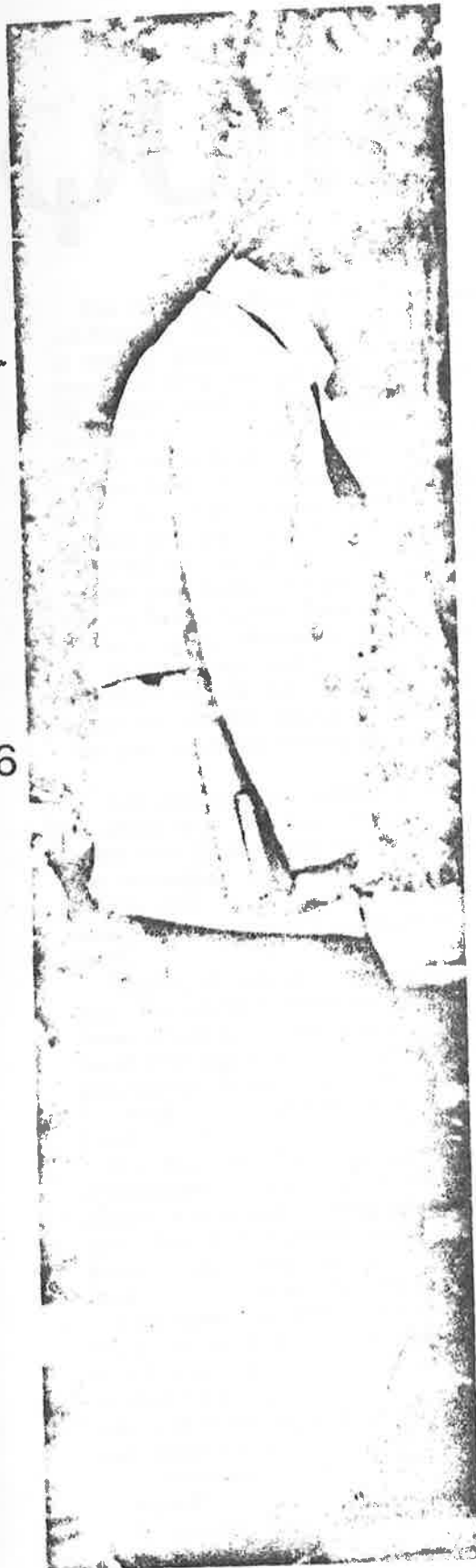
"Well," Clay replied confidently, "I'm gonna get me a job, make lots of money and live, man! Who needs a diploma? Those cats at school make me sick!"

A few hours later Clay returned home. His mother was unusually quiet. Clay knew she got like that when she was very upset. "I'll show her!" he thought as he closed the door to his room and turned on the stereo, I'll get a job and buy the biggest car this town has ever seen!"

A few minutes later Clay went to the kitchen to get a Pepsi. He overheard his mother talking on the phone. "Pray that God's will be done in Clay's life"

"Good grief!" he murmured, "Now Mama's got the prayer hounds after me!" But Clay wasn't going to let that bug him.

"I feel free," he said to himself, "No more homework, no term papers, no teachers!"



QUITE READY

The next day Clay slept late, then went job-hunting. He filled out several applications at nearby plants. He didn't tell his mother that they only wanted high school graduates. He didn't find a job, but he wasn't too worried yet. After all, this was only the first day he had looked.

That night, just as he was drifting off to sleep, he heard the muffled sound of his mother praying. Faintly, he heard her cry: "Thy will be done in our son's life, Lord...."

Clay had been brought up in church. He was in many youth programs. He had won talent contests. He had not missed a summer of youth camp until the past year. But somehow church didn't have meaning to him anymore. He fell asleep wishing that everyone, yes, everyone would let him run his own

Clay dreamed and dreamed that night. He dreamed that he was on a wild, untamed horse and it was running so fast that he had lost control of the animal. He could not stop it. On and on it raced until Clay grew so weary he could hardly manage to stay in the saddle.

Finally, he awoke — drenched in perspiration. He couldn't seem to stop his thoughts from returning to his childhood. He remembered kneeling at a red-velvet altar, and an old grey-haired preacher who placed his hand on his head. "Thy will be done in Clay's life, Lord...."

On and on Clay's thoughts drifted. He remembered a night in youth camp when almost a hundred young people were saved and they had rejoiced until early morning hours. "Thy will be done. Thy will be done...." The words would not leave him.

Clay spent the next several days searching for a job. He had a lot of time on his hands. He liked to fish but Dennis was in school and he didn't have anyone to go with him. All the kids had homework at night and he didn't have anyone to hang around with.

"I can make it," Clay said, "I can make it myself."

On Sunday, Clay decided it was in his best

interest to go to church, because he wanted his Dad to "lay some bread" on him that afternoon for gas. He sat through the class impatiently waiting for it to end. At the closing of the Sunday School hour everyone stood up and repeated the Lord's Prayer, the same way they had always done as far back as Clay could remember. He couldn't understand why the words suddenly stuck in his throat. "Thy will be done...."

The sermon was from the book of Timothy and the preacher kept emphasizing those words, "Study to show thyself approved...." Even the invitation hymn was "Have Thine Own Way."

"Oh, brother!" Clay thought, "I'm gettin' out of here! Mama and her prayer hounds are after me." 7

Standing on the curb after church as Clay and his mother waited to cross the street to their car, a small boy broke from his father's grasp and started to race into the heavily traveled highway. "No, Son!" the father cautioned as he reached for the little boy.

The boy cried, "I want to cross the street by myself like Bubba."

"Son," the father sternly said, "you are not quite ready. When you are, Daddy will let you go. We love you. We don't want to see you hurt."

Suddenly, something funny began to happen in Clay's heart. "I'm loved like that by my mother and by my Heavenly Father," he confessed as he blinked hard to keep the tears back. "I'm like that little boy, not quite ready.... Thanks, Lord," he whispered, "I get the picture."

As they walked across the street, Clay casually dropped his arm around his mother's shoulders. "Hey, Mom," he said, "You reckon they'll take me back in school tomorrow?"

That night just before he went to sleep, Clay had a few little things he had to settle with the Lord. "Lord," he prayed, "I'd like it to be like it used to be between You and me. Help me not to get in too big a hurry and run ahead of you, and Lord," he continued, "Thy will be done."

Personal Experience

The Personal Experience

The personal experience is told in the first person, and is a narrative describing a personal experience of joy, sorrow or interest. It is something that you experienced that made an impression on you enough that you want to write about it. It can be new, old or about an event. It can be just a feeling. The personal experience is always factual, but told descriptively.

I like to write from the past in these, and the ones I have included are from the past. I especially like to write about things that I remember from childhood, and especially about my mother, who left many thoughts and values that I have tried to live by, and think upon.

Herald of Holiness
May 21, 1998

by OLIVIA LILES
Bennettsville, S.C.

I remember how Mama Prayed

SOMETIMES her face is lost in the shadows of time and her features are vague, but I remember how Mama prayed.

I remember the nightly prayers around the bed and how Mama prayed so long for everything and everybody, even for "black sheep" Uncle Joe, and for a husband for the spinster down the street, and how I fell asleep at Daddy's feet to awaken the next morning in my warm bed. I could hear Mama in the kitchen as she sang "Amazing Grace" and fixed oatmeal because we couldn't afford ham and eggs, but it didn't matter when we bowed our heads in prayer around the table and Mama prayed.

I remember how Mama joined the other ladies of the church and prayed all night for the young girl who had given birth to an illegitimate child, in a day when unwed mothers were severely scorned, and how the baby's father came back and married her.

I remember how Mama prayed as she sat in the third pew of the church, tears streaming down her face, concerned for the lost, and how she asked God's blessing on the missionary who was telling us about Africa. That night Mama prayed for the children there as well as for her own.

I remember how Mama prayed as she pedaled the old sewing machine and made me a dress out of scraps and spruced it up with just a touch of rick-rack, and how the strains of "Lily of the Valley" in soft, sweet tones followed me as I ran outside.

I remember how Mama prayed through the hardest times when she was sick and weak and tired and the sun was hot and the cotton rows long.

I remember how Mama prayed when the food was gone and I went to sleep with the sound of her petitions going up to God, and the next morning there was food all over the front porch.

I remember how Mama prayed for a pair of hose in a time when they were scarce and women didn't go to church without them, especially a Sunday school teacher. The preacher's wife was awakened late on



Saturday night, and God told her to go out in the cold, across town, and take Mama a pair of hose.

I remember how Mama prayed when I came home from school upset because someone had laughed at my dress made out of feed sacks, and how she told me "man looks on the outside but God looks on the heart."

I remember how Mama prayed when the sickness came and there was no antibiotic for pneumonia. Mama slipped away from the house where all the relatives were waiting for me to die, knelt in the old "outbuilding," and promised God she would give me to Him if He would spare me. Mama felt Jesus touch her shoulder and she went back into the house and told everyone that I was going to live to work for the Lord.

I remember how Mama prayed and told me all the saints' prayers were bottled up in heaven in little vials, and how I still feel the strength of those prayers seeping out.

I remember how Mama told me before she died, when I was 12, never to grow discouraged, because I belonged to God.

I remember Mama's prayers and faith, and my own faith becomes richer and stronger for that heritage. □

My own faith becomes richer for that heritage

I WAS A TIME of great discouragement. I was on maternity leave from my job, expecting our fourth child, and my husband was ill and temporarily out of work. With very little income, three small children in school, and mounting medical expenses, the unpaid bills had accumulated. More serious was the fact there was no food left in the house, except a small amount of ground beef and half a box of oatmeal.

"What are we going to do?" my husband asked.

"Oh, we'll make out," I told him with quite a bit more conviction than I really felt, "I'll mix the meat with the oatmeal and make hamburgers. The oatmeal will stretch it."

"There is no bread," he said.

"God will supply our needs," I assured him, not wishing to add to his worries.

I began to mix the meat with the oatmeal. Only after my husband left the room did I allow the tears to flow. My faith was so very weak, but I had to be strong for his sake. He was close to a complete nervous breakdown. He was a good husband and father, and I knew he was worried. I knew from having been reared in a Christian home that God would supply our needs,

but I had become weary. I rolled the meat into patties, softly praying.

"I don't have any new words left to pray," I thought and I felt very repetitious when I began to whisper audibly,

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name . . ."

I stumbled over the next lines of the familiar prayer, and then with a new surge of faith I whispered, "Give us this day our daily bread . . . our daily bread . . . please Jesus . . ."

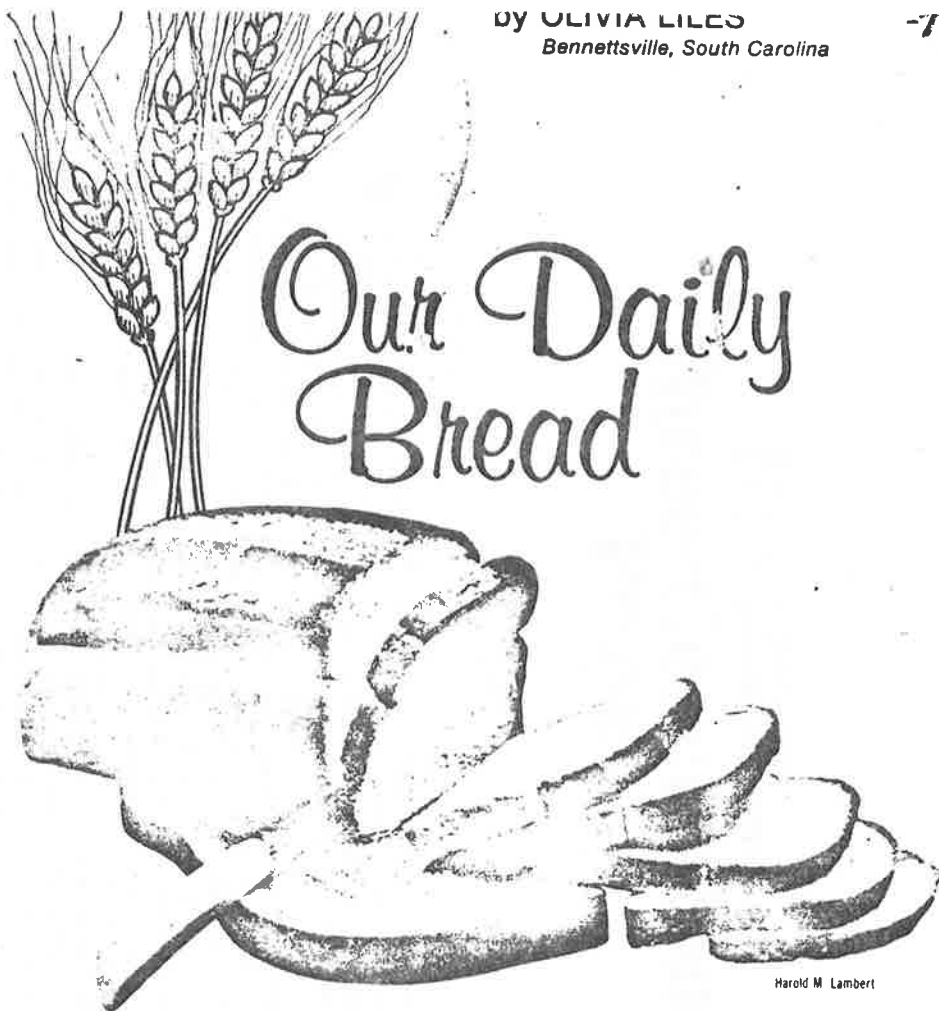
I wiped the tears with the end of my apron and placed the patties in the pan atop the stove.

I heard a knock at the front door. My husband was resting and the children outside playing. I went to the door. A woman I worked with stood there, two bags in her arms. The first thing I noticed was a loaf of bread protruding from the top of one bag.

"I hope you won't be offended," she said smiling, "but I had the strangest thing happen to me when I was shopping for groceries. Just as I was putting the bread in the cart I had the strongest impression to buy you a loaf or two, also. I took the liberty of buying a few other items and some candy for the children."

A few minutes later our family gathered at the table, joined hands, and thanked God for His blessings.

"I know that God is going to supply our needs!" I



said with new assurance, "even if He has to send it by the president of the United States!"

The next morning, after the children had gone to school, a lady came to our door. She explained that she was with the Junior Chamber of Commerce.

"We heard you were having it a bit hard right now," she said, "and we'd like to help."

She backed a station wagon up to the door. It took several trips to carry all the food into the house. I noticed the large containers. There were 25-pound bags of flour, rice, sugar, grits, and other items. Groceries were all over the table, the cabinets, the chairs.

It was only after the lady left that I noticed the lettering on the side of each package:

Washington, D.C.
Food Surplus Program
By order of John F. Kennedy
President of the United States

Again the tears flowed. I saw again the glimmer of faith in my husband's eyes.

"Our Father," I whispered again, "Hallowed be thy name."

That happened in 1961. The children are all grown now, but never have they forgotten how God watched over us and provided us with "our daily bread." □

Three-Generation Prayer

by OLIVIA LILES
Bennettsville, South Carolina

A story for
Mother's Day

When I was a small girl, my mother's dream was that I would learn to play the piano. Few people owned pianos in those Depression days, and fewer had money for lessons. But that didn't discourage my mother. Included in her every prayer was this phrase: "Lord, please help us get a piano for my little girl someday." It was one of the top priorities on her prayer list, right up there with our food and clothing needs.

The dream, at least, also became mine. I can still remember pretending the window sill was my piano, and I would sit for long periods of time moving my small fingers across the wooden ledge, much as I had seen the pianist in our little church do, my head held high, singing. "I Shall Not Be Moved."

Mama would pause in her chores, watch me, smile and say, "My little girl will play the piano, for real, one day." Mama died when I was 12. She had instructed my father to take part of the insurance money and buy me a piano, but when all the funeral expenses were paid, there was only \$35 left. So there was no piano.

had three children. With time, my mother's dream faded from my life. With so much to do, the habit of daily prayer that she had taught me faded also.

One day I was invited to a wedding in my home town, in the church where Mama and Daddy and I had spent so many happy hours. There at the piano was the same pianist I remembered from my childhood. Back in a rush came the memory of my mother's prayers, and with it came the realization of how I had let my own prayer life languish and die. Then and there I decided to revive both.

"Lord," I prayed, "please answer my mother's prayer through me. If you can see that any of my children has a talent for the piano, help me to get one."

When I got back home, I told no one about the prayer, but I said it every day. I resumed saying my other prayers, too. About two weeks later, I got a call from the Methodist minister, which surprised me considerably because we are not Methodists.

"Mrs. Liles," he said, "I heard you like inspirational music, and I was wondering if you have any use for a big, old piano?"
For a moment I could not speak.

He went on, "We have a big upright piano. My wife doesn't play, and we're tired of moving it from parsonage to parsonage. Do you want it?"

"Yes, I do," I managed, "but I don't have any money to buy it."

"Well, we paid a lot of money for it when we bought it for the kids, but I'll give it to you for only forty dollars," he said. "And you can pay it a little at a time or when you have it."

"All right, I'll take it," I said. "Thank you."

"There's just one more thing," he said. "We'd like to have the piano moved as soon as possible. Can you pick it up tomorrow?"

"Yes," I said, not knowing how I could possibly do it.

My husband was against the idea, pointing out that nobody in the family played the piano and that the children were too young for lessons even if we could afford them. "We need a thousand other things more than we need a piano," he said.

After my husband left for work the next morning, I fell to my knees and prayed, "Dear Lord, I have to get that piano moved today. I know that it is your will that we have it. I don't have the money to hire movers. Please send someone to help me."

A couple of hours later, two friends of the family came by. Two big, strong men. And they were in a pickup truck. "Would you be interested in moving a piano?" I asked.

They looked at me somewhat incredulously, then at each other and finally one of them said, "Sure, what the heck!"

That afternoon when my husband came home from work, the piano, shining from a new coat of furniture polish, was sitting in the front room. I had placed an open piece of sheet music on it, just for looks. It was a hymn I liked and had been singing in church for a long time.

Several days later, I was in the kitchen washing dishes when I heard someone playing the piano. I figured someone must have come in, so I dried my hands and went to look.

There at the piano sat Kathy, our eight-year-old daughter, picking out the melody of the hymn with one hand. In a few days, she was playing with both hands. Soon Kathy was able to play any song even if she'd heard it just once. In a year, she was playing for church services, playing beautifully.

Kathy is an adult now, and she still plays the piano. She plays at our church, and she plays for a gospel group; and on my knees every night I thank God for answering Mama's prayer.

My own fingers don't touch the keyboard, but that doesn't matter. God saw that little girl at the window sill so many years ago. He saw into a young mother's heart. He understood their dream. He never forgot.
God is so good.

DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYERS?

Of course He does, and often in surprising ways, as the story you've just read shows. Because we at Guideposts believe so strongly in the power of prayer, we have our own Prayer Fellowship. Every Monday morning at 9:45 we gather together to pray for our work, our families, nation — and you, our readers. If you are in need of help, or if you know of anyone else who is, write us at: Prayer Fellowship, Guideposts, Carmel, New York 10512.

COLUMNS

Columns

Mark Twain said the hardest story to write was the funny one, due to the fact that everyone does not share the same definition for humor.

I wrote "Just Thinkin' " from my own experiences, thoughts, hopes, and sometimes out of my own pain. I have been complimented on some, vehemently criticized for others.

Most of the columns are an attempt to be light and humorous, because that is the way I felt when I wrote them, but humor, as Hayes Jacobs says in Writing and Selling Fiction, is " like a roach in a pantry, but with less frequency. It occurs, it happens, it is suddenly there. Go searching and you will rarely find it. Invite it and it usually won't come . If it does come, and you embrace it and urge it to stay, you might as well be courting the March wind."

In writing a humorous columns you must try to keep it **brief, Jacobs says.**

"Excessive length can kill humor," he says, "Acquire a point of view that is unusual, and use an element of surprise."

The longer columns I did not include in this portfolio, but my columns were usually brief, and always true, actual things that happened to me, or to others who related them to me. I tried using the element of surprise by having a surprise ending, as in the column about the buttons on page . I liked to write stories taken from an unusual slant, as the one about the man who loved rats on page 84 .

Henry Morgan said:

"Writers of humor usually have an abnormal vision, "None of them are quite normal. They have a terrible habit of looking at life cockeyed."

The following columns are some examples of my looking at life "cockeyed."

Jacobs continues his good advice with urging the writer of the humor column to keep it fresh, and not to write when angry, but wait until you have cooled down, and also don't overemphasize. Exclamation points will not force laughter, and spell it correctly. Don't tell the audience it is funny. You never know that. Dorothy Parker says:

"No matter what you may think is funny someone, somewhere will not read the humor in it.

Columns are different in their appeal. The humor writer can write about something old, or something very common, but may derive the interest and humor from the way he approaches the subject. He may write it from a very different vantage point. A minister's son who had heard his father preach the same sermon over and over made this statement:

"It's all the same sermon, but Pop just hollers in a different place each week."

Humor in writing can be gentle or biting. It depends on the inventiveness of the writer. Abraham Lincoln said that he had found that common people are more easily informed through the medium of a broad and humorous illustration than in any other way.

John F. Kennedy said:

"There are three things that are real; God, human folly and laughter. The first two are beyond our comprehension, so we

must do what we can with the third."

I have done what I could with the third.

Humorous Columns

JUST thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

It will soon be winter. I am glad, for my friend, Lois' sake, because now that the storm season has passed she can relax, and go into blissful hibernation for the cold months ahead. You see, my friend Lois is deathly afraid of storms.

Now, usually a very jovial person, during the storm season, no matter where she is, she is an avid observer of the sky. Like Elijah of old she looks far and wide across the sky for a sign of a cloud. At the first little cloud, even as small as a "man's hand" she takes her flight home. She has been known to flee in the middle of a sentence, in the middle of a conversation, in the middle of a meal, and the first time the "scanner" announces "A storm is brewing". Her whole personality changes.

A "cloud" like unto a veil comes over her face and she goes home to protect herself and hide from the storm. Anytime my husband wants to know about how the weather condition is or is going to be he doesn't call the National Weather service. He doesn't call the airport, or the TV or the radio station. He calls his stand-by Lois. She has never been wrong about predicting storms yet. She has an age-old way of telling, by bunions, corns, the way the hair stands up on the back of a dog, the way the trees slant, and her nose.

My friend Lois can almost smell storms coming. When in the midst of a storm, she has a special hiding place. She didn't tell me where it was, but Henry knows. Henry looks out for Lois. When each storm is over he calls Lois up on the phone. "The storms over, Lois," he will say, "You can come out from under the able now."

Now, Lois is not a "scardy-cat". She is not afraid of enemy, foe, snakes, rodents, hardwork, presidents or kings. Lois just has this one weakness, she's afraid of storms. So if you are ever talking to Lois on the phone and she suddenly hangs up or if you see her at the Post Office and she stops talking and races to her car, you had better "fetch" your raincoat, galoshes, and umbrella, or head for home. Lois doesn't have room under her table but for one.

Just Thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

I have this friend, Lizzie, who she "put up her shingle" saying, "Cases Diagnosed, Advise Given for free" because my friend Lizzie knows a little bit about everything. She is especially smart with home-remedies. My friend, Lizzie, has homemade cures better than Granny on TV. She has some dating back to the Hoover days.

A while back Lizzie's son-in-law, Solomon, hurt his foot. He surely thought he had sprained his ankle so he asked his wife, Annie, to call her mother and ask what to do for him. You see Solomon really believes in Lizzie's cures.

Well, my friend Lizzie told her daughter to go out on the ditch bank and get some red clay and mix it with vinegar, pack it around Solomon's foot and it would get well.

Annie did just what Lizzie told her except Solomon would just not agree to the clay.

"You can put the Vinegar and the towel 'round it, tho'," Solomon said.

Well, Annie poured a half of a bottle of vinegar on poor Solomon's foot and sent him on his way. Some time later the daughter Gertrude called to her mother from the kitchen.

"Mama, where is the vinegar?"

"It's right there on the table. I just put some on your daddy's foot."

"Mama", she cried, "I hate to tell you but you put Apple Juice on Daddy's foot!"

"Oh my," she sighed, "Oh my."

Soon after poor Solomon came home.

"Is your foot better, Honey?" asked Annie.

"Yes its better," he said.

"That vinegar did it good, huh?"

"Yeah," he said, "and I bet you thought I was stupid enough to let you put clay on my foot?"

"No," she laughed, "but you sure were crazy enough to let me put a half-bottle of apple juice on it."

Now my friend, Lizzie, has a new remedy to add to her collection - Apple Juice.

POST SCRIPT: The names of the above parties have been changed to protect the innocent.

Just Thinkin'

They say this is a good time of year to start on a diet. That is if swimming is one of your sports and you want to get into last year's swim suit this summer.

A friend of mine did this last year. She went on a diet and trimmed right on down to a size 14. She felt real proud of herself. She was really looking forward to summer. She decided she would go shopping for just the right swim suit to show off her new figure.

She searched and searched until she found a lovely suit with the wide straps and the cute little overskirt. She was all set for those days in the sun. At the beach she walked grandly on the sand, feeling oh-so-good and oh-so-youthful. Liking long leisure sunbaths she sat near the water's edge, enjoying the feel of the water on her toes.

Everywhere the bikini-clad, sun-bronzed, petite-sized "niners" and "fivers" predominated, looking like nymph goddesses. My friend didn't let a little thing like that bother her. After all she had a brand new figure herself, and a brand new bathing suit. Just when she was feeling confident that she had successfully bridged the generation gap, a small boy,

about five, walked up to her, followed by his pretty, young mother in her scanty attire.

"Mam," he said softly eyeing my friend's swim suit from top to bottom, "your dress is gettin' wet."

"Out of the mouths of babes," they say

I know my friend thanked the little one for his concern. She's like that.

I thought I was the only one who was ever the recipient of remarks like that.

Once, not too long ago, I went to the beautician. I asked for a particular stylish hairdo.

"Oh, you have to have a PRETTY face for THAT," she said. And the other night at school a young student was telling me about a job she thought I would really like to have, if I needed one.

"They don't discriminate about age," she said, "And you don't HAVE to be pretty."

They say beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, but behold, have you ever noticed most folks who say that wear thick glasses

Anyway, I say to my friend, brave on! Save that bathing suit. It will come back in again.

OLIVIA LILES

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

One would have to live in this house to understand it. The youngest daughter says she lives here and she still doesn't understand it. She says she doesn't even BELIEVE some of the things that happen here.

"I think, sometimes, that I just had a nightmare or something," she says.

Like what happened the other week. The cousin from Branchville had spent the weekend with us. She had brought me a beautiful blouse from the garment place where she works. She had forgotten to bring the buttons. When she returned home she sent me a "care" package. In it were spoons, forks and buttons.

She got tired of using the "community" spoon when she was here. She had to stand in line for the one spoon and wait her turn. She said she'd never seen a family have just one spoon. "It's a very nice, sturdy spoon," I told her.

Anyway she sent the buttons for the blouse. She sent them in a Tylenol bottle. Now, if my cousin really understood how things happen in this house, she would never have sent very small buttons in a Tylenol bottle. I laid them on the bar. Someone else came by and put them with the other medicines where we always keep the Tylenols.

The same day we were out having dinner at Captain's Galley. The husband said he had a headache.

"You should have taken something," the youngest daughter said.

"I did," replied the husband, "I took a Tylenol."

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

"From home," he said.

"Did you get it out of the bottle there by the window?" the daughter asked as she began to snicker.

"Yes, where else?" the husband said.

"Lord!" the daughter laughed, "You took one of Aunt Bert's buttons! You didn't take a Tylenol. We didn't have any Tylenols!"

"What are you talking about?" the husband asked.

"Aunt Bert sent Mama buttons in that Tylenol bottle!" she exclaimed, nearly choking on her fish.

He thought a minute.

"You are both crazy! Your Mama is just trying to get herself an article for next week," he said.

"I haven't said a word," I said.

"No, and you'd better not!" he said.

So now I haven't said one time that the husband took the button. I'll just lay the facts before you and let you draw your own conclusion, just like in a mystery thriller when you try to figure out who the culprit is. This is the case of the Missing Button.

When we got back home I went immediately to the medicine. Without any fanfare I looked in the Tylenol bottle. There were the buttons. Five of them.

"There are five buttons in the bottle," I said matter-of-factly.

"Well?" asked the husband.

"There are six button holes in the blouse," I told him.

Now there is a possibility that the cousin didn't send but five buttons for a blouse she knew had six button holes. The other possibility? Well.....

Later, the youngest daughter asked, "Daddy, I'm only going to ask you one more question. Did your head stop hurting?"

"You and your Mama ain't funny," he said.

So if the cousin in Branchville is reading this, she is the only "Sherlock Holmes" that can solve the mystery of "what-ever-happened-to-the-mystery-button?" And if she sends another one to replace the one that has disappeared, would she please not send it in a medicine bottle. Send it in a brown envelope and mark on it, "Button-Not to Be Taken Internally."

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

My friend Doris really has a time. Several months ago she came into the office where we work and she looked so disheartened.

"What's the matter, Doris?" one of the other girls asked. "I am being sued," she said.

"What for?" someone asked astonished. "They got Benjie for rape," she said. "I thought for a moment she was talking about her brother, or some other relative."

"Who is Benjie?" I asked. "My dog," she said sadly.

I began to laugh. I laughed a full minute until I noticed Doris wasn't laughing.

"I'm not kidding," she said. "My neighbors have sued my dog for rape."

"Impossible!" one said.

"How?" I asked, still thinking she was kidding. She wasn't. She told us that her neighbors have one of those "high-falootin'," registered dogs with papers n' all showing who his grandpa was n' all that stuff. "Their dog is a pure full blooded," she continued. "Oh," I said, "That's the same kind mine is! Mine is full-blooded and PURE hound!" I still thought she was kidding. "They sell puppies for one-thousand dollars," she said. "That MUCH for a puppy?" I said. "That's how much we pay for a car."

"Well," she said, "It appears my dog Benjie is going to be a father. The neighbors said they will not allow their dog to mother a "half-breed" so they have sued me for a thousand-doliars, and I have to pay for the abortion."

"My goodness, I said, "What is this world coming to? Abortion has even spread to the animals."

"Don't they have their dog fenced in?" another asked. "Yes," she said, "BUT Benjie jumped the fence." "What kind of dog do you have?" I asked. "Oh, he's just a sooner," "Sooner jump the fence than think twice, eh?" one girl said.

Well Doris got rid of her dog. She said she couldn't afford her dog's "worldly-ways". Says she will never have another. We still couldn't believe it, and laughed a lot about it, but poor Doris had to obtain a lawyer. Several months went by and we thought all was forgotten, and maybe the neighbors had reconsidered, due to all the adverse publicity, but nay. Doris had to pay the attorney, plus \$500.00 (settling out of court) plus \$75.00 for the abortion and the "fancy" dog's hospital stay. Doris really was depressed.

Some stories have happy endings. Doris had homeowner's insurance, and because Benjie was her property it paid. Just thought I'd let you know, it is a good thing to have homeowner's insurance. You just never know when you might need it. Oh, and for all of you out there who think I make all this "junk" up, just call me and I'll tell you the girl's name. Most of all I'll tell you what insurance company she has, just in case.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

You know you have a teenage son when....

The phone is answered on the first ring.

You get a "busy" when you call home.

You find "hearts" and the same name scribbled all over the telephone book.

You find dirty socks under the car seat, behind the clothes hamper, under the pillow and the couch.

You find two towels with mildew and a pair of cut-off jeans in the back of the closet.

A trail of "Brut" cologne lingers five minutes after departure.

The music drowns out the noise of the scanner, TV, the washer, dryer, and Mother.

Someone in the house is bolder than Billy Carter, smarter than Jimmy, and has more answers than Henry Kissinger or Ann Landers.

Someone thinks Father was born back in the days of Egyptian bondage, and that Mother wasn't born at all.

When you can hear the squeal of tires two blocks away.

There is someone in the house who sees no need to study "cause he already knows all that stuff".

A large jar of dried Noxema is left on the lab, 6 towels on the floor, and a ring around the bathtub.

When the dog is ignored, the bike left rusting out in the rain, and dinner eaten in five minutes.

A finger is ringless where a class ring once had been.

Moron jokes are no longer told, or riddles giggled at.

Church becomes a "drag", and Youth Camp "just for kids".

Yep, somehow you just know when that son has become teenage, that unreachable, sometimes unteachable, but always enchanting, excitable age.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

You know you are really a Grandma when.....

You find peanut butter "clogged" in your louver door.

You find a "folded-over-once" jelly sandwich in the dog's plate.

You find a "stickey" sucker in the clean-clothes hamper.

You find your loafer full of Sanka coffee (after its been boiled).

You find Town House cookie crumbs in the bed.

You find yourself babysitting on a Saturday night.

You catch yourself watching cartoons on a Saturday morning.

You find yourself going to McDonalds in the middle of the afternoon.

You find yourself reading a nursery rhyme with three on your lap and the fourth one trying to get there and the fifth one up and down.

You find it harder and harder to say, "No", to ice cream and candy trips and excursions to the toy department of Roses.

You find it hard to say, "No", to most anything.

You find it difficult to understand why anyone could possibly spank such unbelievable little angels.

You find you don't mind being called "Grandma" after all.

You find yourself thinking there could be no prettier, smarter, more talented children anywhere and you wonder why they haven't been discovered yet.

You find yourself boring all your friends with countless details of numerous "cute sayings" and elaborations of all the "really smart things" they do.

Last but not least you will know, truly, you are a grandma when some one accidentally calls one of those grandchildren "a brat". Boy, will you know then!

Just Thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

Everytime I look at daffodils I remember my second grade teacher. She left a profound impression on me. She indirectly was responsible for molding part of my value structure.

One day she was trying to teach me to write in "long-hand". They have a different name for it now, but then it was "long-hand". Ironically the word that she was trying to get me to write was "write". I would write W-E-I and stop and dot the "I". She would say, "Don't take your pencil up!" So I would stop and lay my pencil down.

"Pick that pencil up!" she would yell. I'd pick my pencil up and we'd go through the same procedure.

I was very shy (can you believe?) and very stupid (you can believe) and I couldn't understand that she meant for me to write the complete word and then go back and dot my "I".

She put me in the corner and put a dunce cap on my head.

The class laughed and I was humiliated. I stood in that corner with tears streaming down my face. I still fight feelings of inferiority and inadequency sometimes I feel maybe started there. But that incident instilled within me a sincere desire to communicate with others. I later learned it was a lack of communication and understanding. For 20 years I've worked in the field of communications so for that lesson, teacher, wherever you are, thank you.

And, teacher, the day you told me to pick my pencil up and not lay it down and WRITE. That's what I did and I've been writing ever since. I'm still holding on to the pencil and I love to write so for that, I thank you.

There was something else I learned that day. I learned a lesson I'll never forget in forgiveness.

After school that day I ran home crying and told my mother. I just knew she wouldn't make me go back to school and that she'd go to school and have a firm talk with that teacher. Surprisingly she smiled.

"We'll pray for the teacher," she said, and we did, right then, though I admit my heart wasn't in it.

Then Mama shocked me even more.

"Go pick the nicest bunch of daffodils you can find for your teacher."

Mama made me carry them to her the next day.

"You must forgive her," Mama said.

I did forgive her, but funny how I've never forgotten her.

Thirty-eight years later, I still remember you, teacher, ever time I see daffodils.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

My oldest daughter would be the last to admit that she believes in spooks and ghosts and especially evil spirits.

One day while she and the children were at our house I just happened to mention that I had been in the backroom and when I opened a drawer I had heard a strange sound.

"What did it sound like?" she asked.

"Oh, like the hissing of a snake."

"Did you look to see if there was a snake?" she asked.

"No", I said, "I knew there was no snake."

"What do you think it was, Mama?" (the youngest son asked.

"Probably an EVIL, EVIL, spirit," I answered making a gruesome face.

"I don't believe in that junk!" exclaimed the daughter.

The youngest son became strangely quiet, especially for him.

A while later the daughter asked her brother, "Will you go in the back room and get me a diaper for the baby?"

"Never happen!" he exclaimed.

"Are you afraid?" I laughed.

"No!" he said, "But she can go get it."

They argued the point for a few minutes.

"Christians should not be afraid of evil spirits," I cautioned.

Neither commented.

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"I reckon," said she.

"When you are afraid," I said, "just pray."

A few minutes later the daughter jumped up.

"Well, scaredy-cat won't go get me a diaper so I reckon I'll have to get it myself."

And she charged out of the room.

We watched her, kinda smiling behind our hands.

She tiptoed into the hall. She stood at the door to the back room a few moments and then softly knocked. Then hunched over like she thought something was sure going to grab her, she started singing in a low whisper, hoping we wouldn't hear her:

"Amazing grace! How sweet the sound...."

When she heard us nearly crackin' up laughing, with a pouting expression she exclaimed, "I like that song. I ALWAYS sing that song!"

"Yeah!" laughed the son, "You always sing that song when you're nearly scared out of your wits." And he ducked just in time to dodge the pillow.

So there's one of the four GROWN children I won't have to worry about being out after curfew on Halloween night.

Just Thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

I sure am glad there isn't a wagon for pickin' up people like there is for pickin' up dogs. If there was I wouldn't tell anyone our address. With one load we'd be all hauled to the "funny farm."

The other day the youngest daughter came flying in for lunch. "Mama! Mama!" she exclaimed, "Come see what I've got for Dumpy!"

I raced behind her out to the car thinking she had bought Christmas presents for the three-year-old granddaughter.

She opened the car grinning. "Look!" she said.

I looked. There in the back of her Volkswagon was a tombstone.

"I ain't believing this," I said.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she exclaimed.

"A Tombstone?" I asked, "What on earth did you get the baby a tombstone for? I think your job is going to your head. Don't you know the dead will haunt you at night?"

"Mama!" she stopped me, "I did not steal the tombstone. It was given to me."

"That's it!" I exclaimed. "Somebody else swiped it! Its a hot tombstone!"

"No, Mama," she said, "It was given to me by my employer. It was left over."

"A leftover tombstone? I've heard of leftover potato salad and leftover collards, but I never heard of a leftover tombstone."

"I'm giving it to Dumpy for her birthday," she said.

"Poor little Dumpy," I said. "What a birthday present."

"You don't understand," the daughter said, "Dumpy needs a step on the front of her playhouse and this is just the right size."

In the meantime the husband came, borrowed the volkswagon and left. A few minutes later he was back.

"I think you need air in those back tires," he told the daughter, "The back of the car is leaning."

"No," I said, "It's the tombstone in the back causing it to lean."

"A tombstone?" he exclaimed. "For whom?"

Then we had to go through another explanation. A few hours later I also returned home. The daughter had left the tombstone in the front yard. There in the front yard was a tombstone stating that so-and-so had been born and had died and was a fine fellow. In our front yard!

So for all the people that passed by our house that day I'm announcing we are not dead. Disturbed, but not dead.

I told the daughter later to be careful what she brought home from work and not leave things in the front yard. "I wouldn't like to come home and find a coffin in the front yard" I told her. "I would not be exactly pleased and if you have any ideas about my Christmas or birthday present, forget it."

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

Everything is going "bannanas" at our house.

The faucet over the tub rumbles.

The commode goes into concert everytime it's flushed.

The praying plant has quit praying.

The cactus in the planter is bent over double. (The daughter says it's leaning toward the sun. In the house?)

I was standing in the bathroom the other day just minding my own business and the wall paper started peeling off the wall.

The husband said what could I expect when I was the one who put the wall paper up.

"I've never taken a course in interior decorating," I said.

"You don't have to take a course in everything," he said, "Some things you're supposed to know anyway. Like not putting wall paper up over contact paper."

"How was I supposed to know?" I asked. "You never told me that." To top it all though we went on vacation and when we came back we thought we had the wrong house. The daughter had hired some handy man to pull up all the flowers and shrubs in the front yard.

"They were old-fashioned flowers," she said.

"I never heard of old-fashioned flowers," I said.

"I'm giving the front yard a new look," she said.

"I sure am glad we didn't stay gone another week," the husband said. "She would have painted the house pink, I reckon."

"And thrown out all the old-fashioned dishes," I said. I walked up to the praying plant.

"Hey, Buddy", I said, "I think I could use some help. How bout it."

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

Some folks have signs in their yards saying, "Beware of Dog".

I think I will put one in our front yard saying, "Beware of Grandchild."

The other night I was absorbed in TV and paying little attention to the two-year-old granddaughter on the floor. I kept feeling little fingers playing with my toes but I kept on watching TV.

The next day I got up and was getting ready to go to work, kinda half asleep as always at five in the morning. I stepped into a pair of sandals and went out.

I noticed several people glancing down at my feet during the run of the day, but vaguely I thought they were probably admiring my sandals which were relatively new and relatively good-looking.

The day was almost over when one of the men passed by and said, "Hello, twinkle-toes."

"Twinkle-toes?" I thought, "Is he crazy?"

I looked down at my feet, really for the first time that day. There staring back was a purple toe, a big red toe, a green toe, and a blue one. No two toes were the same color which I think already shows great artistic ability in the little one who had painted them the night before with the new crayons that Grandma had bought her.

In this house it really pays to take a good inspection of yourself before you go out into the public among "normal" folks. I mean I was embarrassed enough this past summer when I went to a convention and no one told me until I came home that I still had the tag on the back of my new outfit saying, "17.95". A tag, yes, I can stand, but "psychedelic" toes, I can't. "Twinkle toes" indeed!

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

My friend Sara Beth, is a real nice person. She also can get in more predicaments than anyone without even trying. Sara Beth never gets upset. She's little and cute, brown-haired and has the biggest, prettiest, most innocent eyes. She is also very easy-going and takes everything in stride. She really knows how to "roll with the punches".

This happened years ago and I don't think the airlines are quite this way now.

Sara Beth had just graduated from Clio High School. She had never really been anywhere in her life and certainly never on a plane. Her parents were giving her a trip to Chicago via plane to visit her brother. This was to be her graduation present.

She waved to her parents from the plane as it was taking off and settled back in the seat.

"This is so exciting," she thought, "I'm not afraid at all."

She was by herself and had her ticket in her hand.

"Tickets, please," the stewardess said and Sara Beth smiled and handed her the ticket.

"Your ticket says you are going to Chicago," the stewardess declared.

"I know," said Sara Beth sweetly, "That's where I'm going. To see my brother."

"Honey," the stewardess exclaimed, "This plane is going to Florida!"

Big, innocent eyes probably got a lot bigger.

"I've never been to Florida," Sara Beth said.

The plane had been in the air for ten minutes and after much commotion and fanfare it turned around to take Sara Beth back to the airport. Never before or since has she had so much attention. It's probably why tickets always since have been checked before one gets on a plane. Sara Beth started it all.

In the meantime Sara Beth's mother had discovered her luggage. She rushed over to a porter to tell him her daughter's luggage had been left behind.

"She's on her way to Chicago without her clothes!" she exclaimed.

"The plane to Chicago hasn't left yet," he told her. "That plane was going to Florida."

Well, no use going into the next few minutes and the excitement that statement caused.

"Poor little Sara Beth!" the Mother said, wringing her hands. "She's never been to Florida."

Even now Sara Beth avoids planes. "With my luck," she said, "If I got on one now it would be "hijacked" to Cuba."

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

Everyone is trying to beat the gas shortage "rap", one way or another. Some have purchased smaller, more economical cars. Some have bought Mo-Peds or Hondas. A few have resorted to bikes. Even fewer to old-time walking.

Well, my youngest daughter (who considers herself apropos) tried her own way. She thinks things out. She is an individual. She has HER own way. She decided to quit. Not quit going, just quit buying. No sir-ree! Not her!

She (being the thrifty soul that she is) was simply not going to pay that high price for gasoline. For two weeks she sped around town in her little red bug, wind flying through her blond hair, free as the breeze.

One day, she loaned the little car to the father. That afternoon she was riding along, feeling great. The car began to "spit", "sputter" and talk back. It stopped! She tried and tried to start it, her pride considerably punctured with people with bigger, and better cars staring at her as they "whizzed" by.

Her pert, little nose in the air, she clasped the hand of the four-year old daughter and "pranced" up the street to our house. "Daddy!" she exclaimed, "What have YOU done to my car? It has stopped! It won't even start!"

So out they go, the big man trudging behind the little proud girl and the fat little granddaughter. At about the same time the daughter's husband drove up. Finding out what had happened he raced off, profoundly disgusted (which is the way nice people get when they are mad) murmuring, "After all the money I've spent on that car!"

Soon, he joined the husband who was grumbling (the thing nice people do instead of yell). The husband was investigating the situation under the hood. Finally some smart soul decided to check the fuel. It registered zero, and a little past.

"When did you buy gas?" the husband asked. "I bought a whole tank full two weeks ago," the daughter said sheepishly.

"Well John Brown!" the husband exclaimed (which is what nice people say instead of something else), "Cars HAVE to have gas! They won't run on air!"

"But gas is sooooo high!" the daughter replied. The son-in-law said NOTHING (which is what nice people say when words escape them).

Well, they put gas in the car, and the little blond girl, in the little red car, lifted her pert little nose and sped away again, free as the breeze. One week later she was stranded again. No gas. Some people will never give up, trying to "beat-the-rat race".

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

The girls at our office are "knot" crazy. Several weeks ago the Pioneers of the Telephone Company sponsored a macrame class.

Now over 100 girls are "macrame-ing". Everybodys knotting. Here a knot, there a knot, everywhere a knot, knot.

Girls are brining their macrame to work in paper sacks like they used to do with their lunches in the old days.

Girls are "knotting" on their breaks and on their lunch time, before time, and after time.

They are swapping jute, cord, balls and ideas. They are zeroxing copies of patterns and passing 'em around. They are creating their own knots and teaching others.

Macrame has become the biggest thing since pantaloons. Macrame has become a bigger conversation topic than when "Ethel started streaking". It has become The Topic.

Now, I didn't get in on the class, but my supervisor taught me on my break and at lunch time. I was desperate! I was Begging anybody to teach me. I didn't want to get left out of the conversation like I do when they all start talkin' 'bout cookin'. I just had to know what they were saying when they were talking about square knots, half knots, and butterflies.

I managed to learn how to do one knot. Now when they talk I talk-about that one knot that I learned.

Several months ago a couple of girls who are Christians at the office told me they were praying for a "spiritual revival" to hit the office. Well, they tell me God works in mysterious ways. I believe it. A "revival" has really hit our office. A macrame revival.

Seems like God has used this little method to unite girls and make everybody friendlier, kinder, more loving, more considerate. Macrame has united us all in a common cause.

Those who were always complaining about aches and pains have forgotten all about corns, calluses and sore toes.

Those who were grumbling about work conditions just don't have their mind on things like that anymore.

The miracle of it all is everybody has stopped gossiping. Nobody has time. Everybody's knotting.

"Knotting" has done for our office what Daniel did to the lions. Wow! You can't even hear a juicy piece of news anymore.

One girl (who hasn't become addicted to macrame yet) walked in the office the other day and exclaimed, "Hey", she said excitedly. "Guess who is expecting?"

"How did you say that Josephine knot goes, Shirley?" one asked. "Does it go under and over or over and under?"

I say now, anything that is good enough to stop gossiping among 100 women has got to be straight from the pearly gates of glory!

Macrame has done what programs on human relations could not do. It has boosted morale. One girl said she felt closer to the other girls than she ever has before. Others said they didn't hate to go to work anymore. Some said they were having more fun than in a long time.

It doesn't take a lot. Simple things.

Just a little roll of cord, a little bit of time and a little bit of love.

And oh, yes, don't forget. First thing, a little bit of prayer.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

His name is Sherwood. He likes rats. Now, I've been telling him that one of these days I was going to catch him doing something and write about it in this column.

"No, you won't," he said, "I don't do crazy things."

"You will," I told him "After you stay around us long enough. It's catching."

Well, I really think the fact that he likes rats is enough for me to expound on, rather lengthy but...

The other day the youngest daughter was at his house for dinner. A mouse ran across the floor. She squealed and jumped and made all the other manifestations of a woman. Sherwood didn't see why she was getting so excited.

"It's just a little mouse," he said.

"Well, you'd better get rid of that little mouse!! she stormed, "Or I will never come back to this house again."

The next day he called her.

"Well, I caught the little mouse," he said.

"Oh, good. Did you set a trap?" she asked.

"No."

"Oh, how did you catch him, then?" she asked.

"In my two hands," he exclaimed, "He's just a little mouse."

"What?" she exclaimed, "How did you kill him?"

"I didn't kill him", he said.

"Where is he then?" she asked unbelievably.

"I have him in the plastic trash container with the lid down," he said.

"Oh, no," she gasped, "Then how are you going to kill him?"

"I'm not going to kill him," he said, "He's just a little mouse."

"Sherwood!" she said, "You have got to kill him!"

"How?" he asked.

"Knock him in the head!" she suggested.

"I can't do that," he murmured.

"Then flush him down the commode!" she demanded.

"I can't do that either," he said, "That would be a terrible death. He's just a little mouse."

"O.K.," she said, "But I don't go near that house with that mouse. It's him or me. Take your choice."

Now, I don't know how long it took Sherwood to decide between them.....

Anyway he called later.

"I got rid of the mouse," he said.

"How did you finally kill him?" she asked.

"Oh, I didn't kill him," he said, "I took him down to that real nice church in the country. I let him out there."

"What?!! she gasped, "You put him out at the church?"

"Well, my goodness," he said, "He was just a little mouse."

So, folks, if you are in church Sunday and a cute little mouse struts across the carpet in the middle of the doxology, just ignore him. No one has told him he's a rat. He's just a little mouse, you see, that is feeling very important. A little mouse that has just experienced what the church teaches-love.

He will probably live out the rest of his life in peace and contentment, nibbling on the altar pads, feasting on the communion bread, playing "hide-n'-seek" with the custodian, and dodging spike-heeled shoes.

All because one man cared. All because one man saved his life.

A man who loved a little mouse.

Columns of Tribute

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

He was very sick. He had been sick a long time. They had placed his bed near the window so he could see out. He talked a lot about home, Bennettsville, where two sons live and more about Myrtle Beach where another son lives. He loved the beach and the rushing waves and darting sea gulls. He talked about the little town of Aynor where his oldest daughter lives, the country-side, the plowed fields, the tobacco barns. He loved it all. He told his wife he wanted so badly to go back to Myrtle Beach and Aynor one more time. One morning he thought he was there.. "I see the ocean," he said, "I hear the waves."

He had lived in Tennessee for many years, but his thoughts always wandered homeward, to the small towns, old friends, and the ocean.

All of the children were notified when he died. They had gathered in his home town at the oldest son's home. All except one. The one who lived at Myrtle Beach was in New York city on business. He was flying in. On another plane the father was to be flown into Florence. A thick fog fell. The plane could not land at Florence. The nearest place was Myrtle Beach. Two planes landed there. One with the son. One with his father. Like two ships that pass in the night. A fleeting moment.

A last wish was granted. In the transporting of Mr. Usher back to his hometown, Bennettsville, he went to the beach for one last time, where the sea gulls flew and the waves rushed to the shore. Once again he passed through the little town of Aynor where the wide fields beckoned and friends remembered.

How mysterious are the ways of our Heavenly Father. A fog. Two planes. A changed schedule. All to grant and answer a good man's last breathed prayer-to go to the ocean one more time.

In Memory of Mrs. Fannie Sawell

by Olivia Liles

Aunt Fanny knew what little boys liked. One of the things they liked was snow.

Snow was to them something God gave you to play in, to laugh in, to enjoy.

Boys could make snowballs and have lively snowball fights. Boys could make snowmen taller and bigger than any else.

To boys snow wasn't a curse. Very young boys didn't think about snow like grown folks. Carefree young minds didn't see snow as hazardous driving, snow-tires, clearing walks and frozen pipes. After all that was something that happened to way-off New Yorkers. Not here. It seemed to young hearts a wonderland, those places where it snowed six and seven feet. Just a winter wonderland.

Somehow we had been slighted, by God even. Why it had even snowed in Texas and Florida and Florence! But not here! How sad that was for two young boys. Most folks reproved them for wanting snow. Old people hated snow. Why couldn't old folks still feel joy? Why couldn't grown folks still see the beauty?

Aunt Fanny was different. Aunt Fanny didn't hate snow. Aunt Fanny understood. She hoped for snow right along with them, daily watching the formation of clouds and the signs in the sky. But it was March. It was warming up. It was sunshining.

Thursday morning Aunt Fanny went to sleep and woke up in heaven with Jesus.

Thursday afternoon it snowed. It was not really cold. No snow had been predicted. Everyone was looking for spring. But it snowed! Beautiful, delicate flakes of white floated gracefully to the ground.

Children all over town were elated! They danced and ran and jumped and laughed in the snow. It blanketed the trees and the grasses and the upturned tops of noses with a thin, wonderful, white, magic transparency. Then it was gone.

"I know why it snowed," said Markel, "Aunt Fanny went to heaven and told Jesus how much we wanted it to snow and He let it."

No blizzard. No snowman. No snow cream. Just enough snow to assure two young boys that their Aunt Fanny had made it to heaven safely. Just enough to make older ones wipe tears and think of a dear 78-year-old Aunt Fanny stepping softly up to the Master's feet and bidding Him softly.

"Jesus, please would you let it snow just a little bit for my two little nephews, Markel and Keith?"

by Olivia Liles

A slight wave of the hand, a kiss blown to the wind and she was gone. I watched the ambulance pull away from the emergency room enroute to Charleston. I clenched my fists hard. Down deep "in the gut of me" I knew I would never see her again. My friend was gone. Hard to believe. This could not be MY friend, the thin form with the tubes and bottle, and brown eyes glassed with pain.

No! My friend is liltng laughter, kindness, a winning smile that goes straight to your heart, and a natural amicability. Friends! No greater words can be said of a person than to be able to call that person "friend". She was my friend. A real friend. We had been friends for 16 years.

No cross words, no arguments, no "falling out". We had walked along agreeably, together, through many battles, and when others had turned aside. There were three couples. We were all friends-buddies.

We had enjoyed many fun excursions and had laughed over which one could eat the most fish. Six friends. Now there would be only five. It all ended with, the dreaded word "Cancer". She and I had talked about the possibility many times.

She had expressed a desire not to suffer, if it ever happened to her, and not to die while her children were small. I prayed now as I watched the light blinking atop the ambulance. I prayed that she would not suffer. I was glad my last words to her were not "Goodby" but, "I love you."

The day before the operation we had talked. "When I get out of here, I want to find me a little country church, where I can find peace," she said.

When the word came a few days later that she was dead I thought of all the love she had to give. She taught her children to love. She taught them affection. She leaves them a heritage of love and affection, for she knew, "Love never faileth".

When I heard that she was gone, I suddenly wanted to rush into the yard into the sunshine. I wanted to feel the warmth of it on my face. She loved beauty. Now, she is in a place of beauty that "no eye hath seen, no ear heard, nor has it entered into the imagination of the heart of man." She loved children. She was the mother of seven.

I see her now, smiling, patting the heads of the children. She loved music. She is enjoying, now, the singing of the celestial choir. Just before she died she expressed a desire to go to the mountains. Now, she stands on the highest peak. My friend is touring the city today! She need look no further. Now, she has found peace. Now there is no condemnation. Peace.

By Olivia Liles

The waning evening sun reflected on the poinsettia and the holly berries. Tears glistened on the young girl's face. Long, straight dark hair cascaded over small, trembling shoulders.

"Did you think I wouldn't come?" she asked softly. "I had to come and be with you for a little while at Christmas."

She brushed the tears away with small shaking fingers as she re-arranged the flowers.

"I brought you some flowers," she said.

Silence. She knew he would not answer but she talked on. Somehow it helped.

"I've missed you," she whispered. "No one else has ever understood me like you, or loved me just for myself."

She waited. Nothing. Still she had to try.

"Remember how we used to ride around on Sunday afternoon? How we used to "cut a block"? My, how we'd laugh!"

Nothing.

"I was so proud of you the day you walked down the aisle with me. You sure were handsome."

"The baby misses you, too," she continued. "She asked about you this morning. I didn't know how to tell her."

On and on the young girl talked. She told him about the Christmas tree, the presents, the dinner, and toys the baby received.

Darkness was falling and finally she sighed and rose from her knees beside the grave.

"I'll be back," she said. "You know I'll always be back. Merry Christmas."

The lengthening shadows silhouetted the slim form as she slowly walked away, and the flowers had already begun to fold and bow against the new monument that read:

1895-1979

"I Love you. Grandpa."

JUST THINKIN'

by Olivia Liles

Soft winds blew, and amber, curly leaves drifted lazily to the ground. People treaded slowly, carefully avoiding new red mounds, and old, where faded artificial wreaths and chizeled, aged stones stood as silent witnesses.

The coffin was opened, but only briefly. The waning, tired sun touched the cascade of fresh flowers on the end. Silence screamed and a slight breeze pricked at the brown curls. Only a glimpse of white hands, lacquered nails and lovely face, then it was closed.

Margaret sleeps.

I reached for words. I grasp only memories as they spin through my mind in kaleidoscopic detail.

Margaret, friend.

Margaret who befriended much as a dear sister.

Memories, of good times, and song-like laughter, and closeness of friends, and shared jokes. Like family.

Margaret rests.

It had not always been easy. Through the heartache, disappointments and tears, the smile remained, the courage stayed.

Twice she had stood beside the open graves and buried her own. Part of her died with those two children. Flesh of her flesh. Bone of her bone.

Now, tall sons stood, and parents. A husband quietly mourned. An only sister fought the tears back. Brothers cried.

Autumn. A time for the dying of all things. The trees lose their lustre, and shed their youthful cloaks. Seeds are planted, and die; only to burst forth in splendor and life in spring—a better, more glorious form, and in beauty.

Margaret lives!

Another spring, to burst forth in Loveliness and in song.

Immortal.

Just thinkin'

By Olivia Liles

People slowed their pace and formed quiet little clusters around the open grave. It was not a day for frivolity. It was not easy to smile. Children cried openly and tears streamed down the faces of strong men. Young ones fought to keep their composure as they filed by and gently cast carnations as a final tribute to their "pal". In their memory he would be forever alive, playing ball, and fishing like all boys do. When they would close their eyes they would hear him call. "Hit It! Run! Run! Run!".

It was too sudden. It was too soon. They could not comprehend it. Not yet, not just yet, would they believe it. The Preacher began to speak, softly, hardly above a whisper. It was difficult, even for one so accustomed to it. He had been close. Like one of his own.

Just then, as on signal, the song began. The lovely, lilting, perfect song of the mockingbird high in the magnolia tree. Perched just over the grave he sang and sang as the minister continued.

A soft breeze lifted the scent of magnolia and leaves shuffled. The minister bowed for prayer and the song stopped, abruptly, as if in reverence. One thought of the verse, "His Eye Is On The Sparrow and I Know..." Only God can put a song in the heart of a bird. A special song. Only for the young lad. A timely message. A message of love.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

They came from near and far, the lofty and the lowly, the black and the white, the young and the old, to pay homage to the great, man, their friend, the good doctor.

They gathered and stood in the sunshine at the graveside, for even in death he had thought of them. The funeral was there in the cemetery where everyone who loved him could come.

Dead? Oh, no! Not he. He just had too much love for one lifetime, you see. He has gone to another world, another life, a better one.

Those wonderful attributes wasted? Oh, no. Just intensified and extended into eternity.

There's sadness, though, in good-byes, even for a while. It's hard to say good-bye to a friend, a real friend.

He had outgrown this world, you see. He has been promoted. It was time. He now stands in higher offices in greater ranks by the greatest Physician of all. He is abiding now in the only place where a truly dedicated doctor can rest, where there is no sickness.

This was not really his home. He has gone home now. Think of that great "home-going."

Babies and children that he had doctored greeting him with joyous smiles. Gray-haired mothers he had pulled the sheet gently over, now with a new bloom on their faces, waiting to greet him with outstretched hands. Crippled and deceased men he had stood by as they died and bade them farewell, now standing in strength and health to shake his hand and bid him welcome.

The arthritic wife, the cancer victim, all that he had tried to keep here a little longer, now waiting to show him their new bodies.

Perhaps no other man had so many wonderful friends in two worlds. Perhaps no one else was ever loved so much by so many.

Oh, can't you see that celebration? The angelic host holding the gates of pearl wide, very wide for his entrance.

Oh, can't you see that other Great Physician saying, "Well done," and rewarding the good doctor for a finished job? A job well done, for no "angel unawares" ever knocked at his door that did not receive help. He lovingly extended his hand with more than "just a cup of water."

A great physician, who knew the Greatest Physician personally, for they walked along together.

Heaven is sounding sweeter all the time, for my doctor is there now.

Seasonal Columns

Just thinkin'

By Olivia Liles

Three generations of the family gathered for Christmas. A tree blinked and sparkled. Presents were piled high. The younger women bustled in the kitchen putting last minute touches to the turkey, and cutting and chopping for salads. Children squealed and played and the musical chimes of electronic toys, and the "cackle" of the "hen-laying-an-egg" game, and the pumping of the Incredible Hulk, blended together into one big happy confusion. Laughter and talking and a thousand other sounds mingled.

Christmas.

Pineapple and ham smells and chants of, "I'm hungry," and, "When do we eat?", and "That's MY toy!"

Christmas.

Firelight reflecting on the grey head of the oldest grandmother, the tender, loving smile of the younger grandfather who had settled back in an easy chair. A mother jumping to step out of the way of the "Tuneyville-Choo-Choo", and a young aknt bending over to be kissed for the umpteenth time by the Kissing Barbie.

Christmas.

The sound of chairs pushing back from the table, the clink of ice in glasses, clicking together of forks and, "That was good," and, "I'm sure full."

Christmas.

Presents and paper rattling and, "Whose is this?", and "I got another doll!" and "Thank you, Mama!"

The clicking of camera and a young wife trying to preserve the day for later times.

Christmas.

The mother reads, the story she had read so many times to those, now grown, "Peace on Earth, good will towards men."

Children listen and cuddle next to mamas and perch on daddys knees, and others sit "cross-legged" on the floor before the fire, and little ones squirm.

A reverent hush and the father prays, thanking God for the good times and asking His blessings on all of his children. He prays for unity, and peace.

The familiar strain of "Silent Night" and high voices and low voices, an young "little-out-of-tune" voices blending together, and one trailing behind.

Two brothers, long estranged, sit together and are kind and pleasant and a mother smiles. It is, to her, a precious moment, one prayed for the two sons together, like old when they raced across open fields and played and laughed, and loved.

"Peace on Earth," they sang, "Good will towards men," and she hoped. Just as fragile and fleeting as the wisp of a wind, the moment was gone. The Christmas Spirit..... She tried to hold the moment. Tomorrow, she knew, it would be gone, along with the crumpled wrapping paper, and the tree that would bristle and die, turn brown and lay beside the empty boxes to be picked up.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

The old man shuffled along the sidewalk, gray head bent as he squinted to see the way before him. The rushing Christmas snoppers bumped and nudged him as they sped by.

He trudged wearily on, a newspaper under one arm and seemingly unimindful of the activities around him; oblivious to the blinking lights of Christmas trees and the gay decorations on the street posts above him.

Slowly he continued down the main street, never heeding the bright reds and greens of the festive adornment of mannequins in every store window.

The grayed, worn coat hung limply from the stooped shoulders, the pants bagged and the shoes were scuffed. The old man walked on. A woman with arms full of packages whizzed by him. Three youth chattered and laughed and with quick steps dodged him.

He crossed the street.

The light changed to green before he neared the center. A young man behind the wheel of a sportscar frowned, breathed words through clinched teeth, shook his head in disgust, and almost hit the man as he soared around the corner.

The old man crept on. He was not aware of his close escape.

It is Christmas. The season to be "jolly" and Good will towards men.

I think of so many things. Of Christ, who is the reason for Christmas.

I think of his teachings and if "just a cup of water"...

Earlier in the week I saw the old man in a restaurant. He had finished nibbling his food and had gone to sleep. His head bobbed and people passed and hardly noticed.

It is Christmas.

Tables soon will be laden with turkey, dressing, mincemeat pie and cranberry sauce. We will have too much, eat too much, take alka-seltzers and go to bed.

We will sing a lot, laugh a lot and sleep after having enjoyed so many wonderful moments.

Too much to share? Too much to give? Too much to love?

Where will the old man eat Christmas dinner?
Where will the old man sleep tonight?

Just thinkin'

By Olivia Liles

A Happy-After-Christmas-Story!

My friends Herb and Peggy have not believed in "Santa Claus" for a long time. That is, until this Christmas.

For many long years they waited up late until three children were in bed, so that they could do the usual traditional things, like put batteries in toys, check out the football game and read directions on assembling bikes and miniature refrigerators. All that had passed now. The two oldest children were married, gone and were excitedly anticipating the arrival of "Santa" with their own little ones. With one son, aged sixteen, still at home they had no need to think of "Santa" much anymore. After all sixteen year olds don't believe in things like "jolly-old-St. Nick." Christmas eve night was nice, quiet and enjoyable. The three opened their presents and the young son jokingly commented, "Wonder if Santa Claus has made his rounds yet?" They laughed, said the goodnights and Herb and Peggy settled down for "a long winter night, all snug in their beds."

They were awakened quite early with the sound of the son yelling something about, "Santa Claus has been here! You better get up!" Herb and Peggy got the surprise of their life! Indeed, Santa had come! There were presents for them all under the tree and even two stockings, filled to the brim!

After all the years Herb and Peggy had played Santa Claus to him, the young son decided it was time it be reversed. He played Santa Claus to his parents.

It has made "believers" out of Herb and Peggy. Yes, Virginia, there IS a Santa Claus!

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

His name is Otis and he is a plumber.

Many folks have stereotyped plumbers. They seem to think all plumbers wear dirty coveralls, have greasy hands and smell of cauliflower leaves.

This plumber doesn't.

Otis is clean, nice-looking and wears good clothes.

This plumber is also very sentimental. Valentine's Day Otis was called into a home on an emergency. He hammered and banged away for about an hour.

Just as he was leaving he noticed a dozen red roses on the lady's TV.

"Pretty roses," he commented to the lady of the house. "Yours?"

"No," said the lady, looking sad indeed. "They are my daughter's. Sent to her by her fiance."

"Oh," he said, "Where are yours?"

"Oh, I didn't get any," she said, "I never get flowers."

"A box of candy?" he asked.

"No," said she, biting her bottom lip just slightly.

"Too bad," he said nonchalantly.

Then Otis, the plumber left.

An hour later the lady answered a knock at the door. A young girl stood there. She handed her a package.

LOOKING PUZZLED, THE LADY OF THE HOUSE OPENED IT. Inside was a lovely box of Valentine candy. On top was a Valentine. It stated: "Lots of Love, Otis."

The lady stood there in the door in a dirty robe and gently touched the beautiful box and cried.

Somebody cared! Somebody really cared! Somebody understood that a woman never gets past the age of wanting and needing flowers, perfume and Valentine boxes of candy.

Otis, the plumber, who is much more than a plumber. Otis, who is kind and has a wife that does not mind his being kind.

Otis, who knows how to fix more than broken pipes. Otis the plumber who has infinite understanding in how to fix hearts, too.

Nostalgic Columns

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

A rainy day was something we enjoyed down on the farm at my Aunt Ruth's in the summertime.

The old unpainted, clapboard house was far back in the country, amid tall water oaks and pines. A sandy, winding road led up to it with cotton fields on one side and a peach orchard in the back. No one ever came down that road unless they were going to see Aunt Ruth and Uncle John, so it was quite private.

It was a place I loved. When it rained, my cousins and I would strip off all top clothing and "streak" outside in the rain. "Streaking" to us then meant running through the big, heavy drops of cold rain, squealing and jumping in mud holes.

It was lots more fun than hose pipes, which we didn't have anyway. My cousin Bert who was my age and I would clamor to stand under the eaves of the house. That's where the biggest "gushes" of water would come from. We'd laugh and get water in our mouths and run some more.

I always seemed to have feet as light as feathers on rainy days. The harder it rained, the better we liked it.

The whole world, it seemed, would be shades of gray. It was a paradise.

The big oak tree in the front would be the "jumping off" place and we'd pretend it was our diving board. The roots of that great tree protruded a foot off the ground all around the tree and was cold and hard and slimy, and we'd slip and slide and dance.

We had to watch out for the big boys, though. They were several years older and they did like to tease.

Leroy would get rain frogs and chase us. I hated frogs. I learned to run real good.

One day John Allen slipped around at the back and got a bucket of water from the pump. Pump water was always as cold as if it came off ice. I was standing at the corner of the house, my face lifted in heavenly delight to the stream of water, my eyes closed. John Allen slipped up behind me and poured that cold bucket of water right on my head. I nearly had a chill.

Bert and I chased the laughing two boys but we never caught them. They were always playing tricks on us girls.

Aunt Ruth would send us all in the field behind the house to pick butterbeans. We knew not to return to the house without the tin tub full of beans. Those mean boys would stand over us and force us to pick beans, our share and theirs. Leroy would "poke" a lizard in my face and say, "Pick beans. Skinny!" I'd pick beans. I was deathly afraid of all "creepy crawley" things. I'd pick beans like there was no tomorrow.

"I'm gonna tell Mama!" Bert would threaten. The boys would laugh. They knew she would not tell. Aunt Ruth thought those boys were so smart to pick so many beans. We knew never to tell. We knew if we did we would have to eat the frogs or the lizard the next time.

Sometimes now in summer, when I smell the shells of freshly picked butter beans, I can still hear that laughing demanding voice, "Pick beans, Skinny!"

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

Aunt Lilly was one of my favorite aunts. She looked a lot like "Granny" on the "Hillbillies" and was just as funny. Aunt Lilly was a "kiddier" and was good for a joke anytime, but mostly things just happened to her quite naturally.

I sure always enjoyed going to Aunt Lillie's house when I was small. She cooked those big, dry lima beans like no one else could. They were the biggest beans I ever saw! I never could eat more than a plate full at one meal. Years later I learned why. Aunt Lilly put soda in those beans and they would swell and when you ate them you would swell and you thought you were full whether you were or not.

Aunt Lillie's tea was great, too. She served it to me in special little pint-sized jar she kept for me. Daddy and the Uncle she filled up quart-sized Mason jars for them. Top that off with a crisp piece of "fat-back" Aunt Lilly cooked on the back of her old wood stove with a baked sweet potato and that was some eatin' back in those hard days. Aunt Lilly was always trying to fatten me up. I was skinny as a rail and everybody thought I was gonna starve or a big wind just blow me away. Aunt Lilly made biscuits every morning and even when I didn't go with Daddy to her house she'd wrap up some and send along with those good sweet potatoes.

"Poor little dried up thing!" she said, "Ain't never gonna have no meat on them bones." Boy! I wish Aunt Lilly could see me now! She would think I ate biscuits with a hole in the middle with molasses in it like she used to fix me, every day. Aunt Lillie's house caught on fire one time. Aunt Lilly didn't panic. She calmly went outside and took the clothes off the line and took them inside.

Aunt Lilly was very faithful to her church. She didn't miss Sunday School at the Nazarene Church for 18 years. She always sang in the choir and always sat on the first row. One morning as the choir stood to sing "His Power Can Make You What You Ought To Be" Aunt Lilly noticed one after another of the congregation smiling, then hiding their mouths to keep from "out-right" giggling. Aunt Lilly had forgotten to take off her "hunkspun" apron. She had not forgotten her pretty, perky little hat though.

"I dreamed about Aunt Lilly last night," I told the husband. I dreamed she was in a helicopter.

"You know that was a dream," the husband said, "No one would have ever gotten your Aunt Lilly in a helicopter." Aunt Lilly was funny that way. She didn't care too much for cars, and she saw no good reason to go out of the city limits for anything.

"Ain't no other place got anything I need," she said. We joked with her because she declared she would never cross the Pee Dee river. Finally someone did persuade her to go across "the great divide" but she didn't get excited about it. She was a woman happy with simple things. She loved everybody and everybody loved her. Aunt Lillie's house was small and once the children tried to get her to move.

"I can't," she joked. "This is where the cats were born." Aunt Lilly laughed and we laughed. She wasn't much for change. She was happy just like she was. She and her two brothers, who were comedians also, kidded each other a lot and when the three got together it was a riot.

A lot of laughter went, when Aunt Lilly died. Somehow I can almost see her surrounded by the angels, all of them laughing.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

The big iron pump glinted in the mid-morning sunshine. The teacher lifted her skirts gingerly and led the little girls out of the old, grey school building. The girls in dainty, frilly dresses and big bows on the backs of their heads marched prissily behind her. They giggled and whispered. The teacher warned them again about the muddy holes and instructed them to walk around them.

Overall clad boys in the upstairs windows snickered and leaned out over the sills.

The teacher did not look up. She was unaware of the plotting of the mischievous ones watching them. She went over to the pump, picked up the George Washington tobacco can filled with water and poured it in the top of the pump. She jerked the handle of the pump up and down feverishly for several minutes, talking to the girls as she did.

"Get back in line, Mary."

"Wait your turn Betty Sue."

"It will be primed in a minute, girls."

The teacher had boasted several times about how nice and well behaved the girls were.

Upstairs a small, freckled-faced boy stuck his red head out of the window again. He watched the teacher pump the first tin dipper full of water.

"Now!" he commanded the other boys.

In one big rush the boys threw out great fists full of copper pennies to the ground below.

Suddenly it was bedlam! The girls forgot the water and the pretty little dresses they'd worn for a special program. They jumped, nudged, crawled in the grass, dirt and mud, scrambled for pennies and squealed and laughed in delight.

The teacher called, cautioned, yelled and finally threw both hands up in exasperation.

Upstairs several motley-faced boys rolled in the floor with laughter.

After order was restored, the exhausted teacher marched a happy, disheveled and torn group of smudge-faced girls firmly upstairs.

She walked in the classroom of the Murchison School. Five boys sat very straight, quiet and purposely well behaved in their desks.

The little freckled-faced one sat very still, blue-green eyes shining with innocence, looking like an angel.

No one ever told on him. He had swiped the pennies from his daddy's grocery store down on West Main Street. He had saved them for this day.

It was 1913. His name was Solan. He was twelve. He was my father.

Inspirational or "Thought-provoking"
Columns

Just Thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

Everytime I look at daffodils I remember my second grade teacher. She left a profound impression on me. She indirectly was responsible for molding part of my value structure.

One day she was trying to teach me to write in "long-hand". They have a different name for it now, but then it was "long-hand". Ironically the word that she was trying to get me to write was "write". I would write W-R-I and stop and dot the "I". She would say, "Don't take your pencil up!" So I would stop and lay my pencil down.

"Pick that pencil up!" she would yell. I'd pick my pencil up and we'd go through the same procedure.

I was very shy (can you believe?) and very stupid (you can believe) and I couldn't understand that she meant for me to write the complete word and then go back and dot my "I".

She put me in the corner and put a dunce cap on my head.

The class laughed and I was humiliated. I stood in that corner with tears streaming down my face. I still fight feelings of inferiority and inadequacy sometimes I feel maybe started there. But that incident instilled within me a sincere desire to communicate with others. I later learned it was a lack of communication and understanding. For 20 years I've worked in the field of communications so for that lesson, teacher, wherever you are, thank you.

And, teacher, the day you told me to pick my pencil up and not lay it down and WRITE. That's what I did and I've been writing ever since. I'm still holding on to the pencil and I love to write so for that, I thank you.

There was something else I learned that day. I learned a lesson I'll never forget in forgiveness.

After school that day I ran home crying and told my mother. I just knew she wouldn't make me go back to school and that she'd go to school and have a firm talk with that teacher. Surprisingly she smiled.

"We'll pray for the teacher," she said, and we did, right then, though I admit my heart wasn't in it.

Then Mama shocked me even more.

"Go pick the nicest bunch of daffodils you can find for your teacher."

Mama made me carry them to her the next day.

"You must forgive her," Mama said.

I did forgive her, but funny how I've never forgotten her.

Thirty-eight years later, I still remember you, teacher, ever time I see daffodils.

Just thinkin'

By Olivia Liles

Feelings,

Waiting in doctor's office,

Faces all around,

Face of pain,

Sad faces,

I feel fine,

I feel almost guilty for feeling fine;

In such a place,

With every face,

Full of pain.

So thankful I brought my book,

I "tune out" with reading, and laugh at a "funny"

And am jolted back "in tune"

With this place,

And every face,

I feel almost sinful for the laugh, and to feel so fine.

I bow my head again, to read,

And hear whispers.....

From the corner of the room.

"How can she read so?"

"I don't know. It makes me dreadfully nervous"

"I can't bear to read. I get sooo sleepy."

I hear them and they think I don't and I feel pity for them because they don't like to read, and I whisper a prayer of thanksgiving that long ago I was given the opportunity to learn.

Two more faces arrive.

New but the same,

Faces of pain,

And I try to again "tune out" the "hum-drum" useless chatter.

An elderly, bespeckled matron arrives.

(I feel guilty about calling ANYONE "elderly"

She rushes to me smiling.

I think she thinks I know her. I smile, as if I do. She sits down very close to me and begins to chat, then looks at my face with utter astonishment, and exclaims excitedly.

"YOU'RE NOT MY DAUGHTER!"

I almost feel guilty that I'm NOT her daughter

She "prances" out murmuring half under her breath

"I thought you were my daughter. She's always got her nose stuck in a book, too."

I put my book in my purse. Suddenly I feel guilty for reading.

Just Thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

They praised the Lord on Sunday at the Lily Pad Church and afterwards Mr. Horned-Toad and all the other little toads settled down for the business of the week, minding the Goodwill Pond, which was the greatest pond of all the ponds in that "neck-of-the woods."

Soon Mr. Messenger Toad came just "a-hopping," right across the mushrooms and told Mr. Horned-Toad that way down at the other end of the Big Log, the stump-home of a family of green frogs was on fire. Would they go and help?

Mr. Horned-Toad and all the other little toads rushed over. They saw that the stump-home of Mr. and Mrs. Good Citizen Frog was truly all-a-blaze.

"Hurry! Put the fire out!" exclaimed Mr. Good Citizen Frog.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Horned-Toad calmly, "We've got to check a few things out first. Say Mr. Good Citizen, are you a member of the "Stump Protection Association"?"

"No," said Mr. Good Citizen Frog, "but my stump-home is burning down! Everything we have is in that home! Please....."

"No, boys!" instructed Mr. Horned-Toad, "Put your butter-cups down. Don't dip another bit of water from the pond for this. We just can't help frogs who are not one of us. Not of the association."

The little frogs continued to cry. Mr. Good Citizen Frog begged. He pleaded with Mr. Horned-Toad.

"Here!" cried Mr. Good Citizen "Take these 200 insects! That will pay you for helping us! Please! We're your neighbors and friends, Mr. Horned-Toad. We've lived here in Goodwill Pond all our lives!"

"No," said Mr. Horned-Toad, "I really can't accept the insects. We just have to teach you frogs a lesson. You just have to join the Association."

So Mr. and Mrs. Good Citizen Frog and the poor little frogs watched their stump-home burn down. Mr. Horned-Toad watched too, and then he and all the other toads hopped back on their shiny-red maple leaves and sped back across the Goodwill Pond, and they praised the Lord on Sunday at the Lily Pad Church.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

I read a bumper sticker the other day that had these words: "CHRISTIANS ARE NOT PERFECT-JUST FORGIVEN."

I thought about those words. Christians, not perfect? No, sometimes we are far less than we ought to be, or far less than we could be. Sometimes we fail, for Christians don't always have the right answers, though we may search for truth. Sometimes Christians lose their way, for we walk through the wilderness, too, not always making the right turn, or taking the "least chosen path."

Sometimes we think wrong, not always remembering to "keep our minds stayed on the Lord". Sometimes we say things that are not pleasing, thus not allowing ourselves to be "Holy in all manner of conversation." Sometimes we lose our temper, allowing the "works of the flesh" to manifest itself; for Christians feel, too, and have anxieties, frustrations, weaknesses, and pain.

Sometimes our faith wavers and we have to look up for strength and reach out for help. Sometimes Christians are tired, almost "growing weary in well doing". Sometimes we cry.

Sometimes we cause others to cry. Sometimes we are careless, thoughtless, selfish, vain, and unheeding to the "still small voice."

Sometimes we are tempted, and sometimes we yield to temptation. Sometimes we fail to love, and sometimes we fail to show love. Sometimes we fail to stand up for something, or stand against something. Sometimes we criticise when we should be praising. Sometimes we frown when a smile would mean so much to someone. Sometimes we fail to use "wisdom that is from above, pure, peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated full of mercy, and good fruits, without partiality, without hypocrisy."

Most of the time we Christians are just being human, not always wearing our sanctimonious robes. Not always do our "halos" shine.

No, Christians are not perfect-just forgiven. And that is what its all about.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

A customer on the information line the other day said to me.

"Have a nice day, operator."

"Thank you," I said.

"Operator," she continued, "do you know why I said, 'Have a nice day!'"

"No mam," I replied.

"Because this day is something you didn't borrow, buy or steal," she said, "It was given by God."

"Yes mam," I said.

I thought on those words the rest of the day but only spasmodically.

Later in the week, at the beach, I was picking up sea shells along the shore. The sand beneath my feet was cool, the ocean breeze nice, the sun warm.

I thought of the lady again saying, "Have a nice day, operator."

I lifted my face to the sun. I saw four birds in flight just above the ocean waves.

Ironically I thought of Ann Frank, the little Jewish girl who spent 2 years of her life with her family in a cramped attic hiding from the Nazis. Each day she climbed to the highest part of the building and looked out from a cubby hole of a window to the patch of blue sky and watched the flight of birds. She was full of life and wonderment. She was in love. She wanted to live.

Her life was "snuffed out" in the gas kilns of Archweitz. She was sixteen.

I watched the birds become black specks on the horizon. Then they were gone.

Yes, this is a good day.

This is a day I did not borrow, buy or steal.

It is a day I did not earn.

A good day.

A gift.

Just thinkin'

by Olivia Liles

They came in a group. They were fully dressed. Three women, one man, two teen boys, a small girl. The man, in starched white shirt and tie, smiled broadly as they came over the dunes and saw the water. The plump, matronly woman, a little hat perched on her head, bounded toward the sea.

"Step out of your shoes, Mama!" the younger woman instructed. "Wade in it!" exclaimed the teen boy. "Look, Mama!" the other said.

The black woman stepped gingerly out of her shoes and walked slowly into the water's edge. The waves gently broke at her feet. Her round face smiled with elation. She giggled ecstaticly. The others smiled knowingly at each other. The younger ones stood with her and laughed and watched her expression.

She stretched her arms out towards the expanse of ocean, then higher toward the sky as the big purse bounced on her shoulder. The wind swept her dress around her legs and she squealed with delight. She lifted her face to the sun and tears shone on her bronze face. "Ohhhhh!" she exclaimed. "Ahhhhh!" she breathed.

Words cannot describe that first glimpse of the sea, the beauty of it, the bigness of it, the glory of it.

I sat on the beach and cried and tasted the tears as they mingled with the salt air. I cried for "Mama". I cried for her and her generations of children past who never saw the sea. I cried for all the little ones who never ran through the waves. I cried for all those who never stood on a high sand dune and watched the sun crest over the horizon.

"Have fun, "Mama", "I wanted to yell. "Show Mama a good time, sons and daughters of this new generation! Walk on the beach with her! Wade in the sea with her, for all the lost times."

This is your day, "Mama".

- Brown, Charles Henry, Informing the People, New York; Holt, 1957.
- Campbell, Lawrence Randolph, How to Write and Report the News, Edgewood, N.J., Prentice-Hall, 1961.
- Copple, Neal, Depth Reporting, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., Prentice-Hall, 1964.
- Daniels, Curtis, Interpretive Reporting, New York, MacMillan, 1963.
- Harrington, Harry Franklin, Journalism: Modern Feature Writing, New York; Harper and Brothers, 1935.
- Hinkle, Olin E., How to Write Columns, New York, Greenwood Press, 1969.
- Nelson, Ray Paul, Articles and Features, Boston, Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1978.
- Patterson, Helen M., Writing and Selling Special Feature Articles, New York, Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1947.
- Rivers, William, Smolkin, Shelley, Free-Lancer and Staff-Writer, Belmont, California; Wadsworth Publishing Co., 1981.
- Schoenfeld, Clarence A., Effective Feature Writing, New York, Harper and Brothers, 1960.
- Steigman, Walter Allen, Writing the Feature Article, New York, Macmillan, 1950.
- Ware, Edmund, From Fact to Fiction, New York and London, D. Appleton-Century Co. Inc., 1946