

SHORT STORIES ALONG THE ROAD

**By
Osa Corkill Moore**



**Picture
By
Charlie Moore**

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REFLECTIONS
September 12, 2011

Today, although I am eighty eight years old, I can still bring up the thoughts and feelings of that nineteen year old girl as she excitedly prepared for that day. That day September 12, 1942 was the day that I married F.H. my one and only love.

It had been a strange path that led us to this day, a day that I had not considered could ever have happened. It is true that we had been friends for two or more years. Friends, being the four of us, F.H. Margaret, Louise and me. Together we played games, we went to church gatherings, went to a carnival and on one occasion to a Morrilton High School football game. All the while F.H. had a girlfriend and so there was no thought of anything other than a friend for me.



At the carnival F.H. and I checked out the picture making machine.

I sat by F.H. at that football game and he attempted to explain football to me. It was my first game to see and I had no idea what they were doing. I did surely admire the cheer leaders and that gave me a better understanding of what cheer leading was about. I had been asked to be on the committee to select the cheer leaders for that year. I am sure I was selected because I was new in the school and so would avert any possible hard feelings toward a well know class mate. Since I knew none of the candidates personally, I could be fair in my vote.

I will admit that as the four of us sat with a blanket over our laps at the ball game, with me beside F.H., I felt a ting of excitement as my hand accidentally touched his hand. I felt the urge to hold his hand maybe he had the same urge. But F.H. had a girlfriend so there was reason to resist that urge. Then too, I was still feeling the effects of having gone through the years of being intimidated because of our family crisis. That little lost ten year old girl was still a part of me. Maybe I could not hope to catch the eye of F.H. Maybe Cinderella stories are only in story books and not for real life.

Well, that was 1940 and much happened between then and September 1942. F.H. joined the National Guard and was excited that he would soon be shipped to Alaska. But first he was stationed at Camp Robinson in North Little Rock Arkansas so we continued to see him occasionally. He often hitch-hiked to Morrilton to spend some time with Louise and me playing cards. He always left in time to be back on base for the sound of reveille.

May 1941 F.H, much to my surprise, married his sixteen year old girlfriend. This ended any thoughts that I might have had about catching his eye.

That marriage lasted only five months and again we had some fun times together, the biggest one being the rabbit hunt that I wrote about in "Early Years"

It was the early morning, while running an errand for Hettie, that I saw F.H. and his friend Tommy Dunn hitch-hiking a ride to Summer Set Kentucky to enter the radio school. I stopped to wish them luck and tell them bye. I learned later that it was then that I caught F.H.'s eye. After we married he told me that when he saw me that day, he started thinking about me in terms of more than a friend. We started writing letters occasionally. I sent him a graduation invitation and he responded with a chain and locket.

At the first break in the school he hitch hiked a ride to Morrilton and was there when I got home from taking Margaret and Louise to Church Camp. I was so surprised to see him and with no hesitation fell into his arms with a long embrace.

We had two dates before he had to return to school. Within a few days I received a letter proposing to me. We set the date for September 12th, which was the next break in his school.

Which leads me up to today. Sixty nine years later.

Through all those years in between, were some sad times, some struggles but oh so many happy times.
It is the good memories that race across my mind today.

Memories

Of tender moments,
of little boys, of family,
Memories of Anniversaries together

During the war years, we were separated by miles on that anniversary day.
Today we are separated by the veil that separates the Here and the Hereafter.

And as I sit and Reflect---- I wonder-----
What brought us together?
How did our paths happen to cross?

How did I catch the eye of that young good looking boy that I met on his seventeenth birthday? Was it meant to be? I like to think so. I like to think it was a plan. Maybe a plan that is not yet over, a plan that is still playing out.

I know today I feel close to F. H. and I feel good! But oh, I would love to have one of his loving warm hearted hugs.

Osa Ann Corkill Moore
September 12, 2011



ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time I was important to the family. I was the center of the family, the hub which held together the spokes that spun around me. I was beautiful; the pride of the family. I was strong as I served each member of the family when called upon. I was there around the clock seven days a week. I carried them through both good times and bad times. I took pride in my ability.

There are pictures of me in the family album which reminds me of my beauty. Pictures of family members, with smiles on their faces, leaning against me as the photos were snapped. I was their support! I was always there for them.

But time has taken its toll on me; my beautiful body is scarred by the passing of years. My parts are worn, some to the point that they struggle to operate. I am no longer dependable and so the family looks to another for their needs.

I very often see the family as they pass by me. Sometimes they look my way with a smile on their face. But through that smile I detect a struggle with a decision. A decision that they know they need to make. I know they are hesitating ----hesitating--- and hesitating---- as I sit here taking up space.

But wait!!!

Is someone coming to my door?
Is someone taking me for a ride?
Is that a gasoline station I see?

It is!

Yes they are filling up my tank!!!
I am on the road again!
My parts are working---well---- pretty good!
Hey! This is----- **Once Upon A Now**

Turn to ----Page Two

Page Two

Yesterday while talking with Paul on his way home from work he told me this story.

That day, he was driving the old car that had been replaced with a new one sometime ago. He explained that the car was still dependable enough for him to drive but not for Amy to drive with Stella. He went on to say that they had intended to sell the car but still had not done so.

He was beginning the story as he was pulling into the gasoline station to fill up the car. He got out of the car and continued to tell the story as he struggled with the gasoline nozzle, the buttons that you now need to push, and the phone.

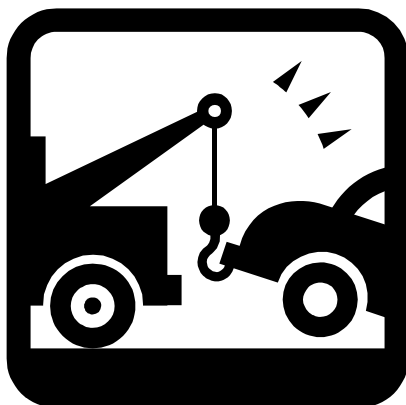
Much time past before the story was finished. The rest of the time on the phone was spent with Paul laughing at himself at telling the story. As we laughed together I jokingly told him I would write his story.

Results

I wrote his Story!

July 26, 2012

Note: Paul did not sell the old VW but is now driving it to work each day.



Mom, That was really very well done. Please make available to everyone

Paul

Oh, Osa, how I love your story! You are still the central cog on the wheel from where I see it..... just the wheel grows bigger and bigger over time, but when yours are all around you, you are the hub, no doubt. So proud to be

a part of that wheel of life which you spun!

Much love,

Amy Moore

That's the beauty of it -- getting to page two is the surprising turn. To read page two first would take away the emotional punch and then relief and humor.

Bruce

Mom.

There are contests where people write very short stories. No kidding, that one would be a contender. It had initial impact -- took my breath away; I thought you were talking about yourself -- a surprise turn to humor and relief.

Absolutely fantastic! I love it. I keep saying it -- you are an amazing writer.

...Bruce

WHO ARE YOU

Who are you?

That is a question that I soon learned to expect as our family moved to different places. A question asked when I moved into a new circle of friends. I am sure that they are questions asked of all newcomers----
-Where are you from? Are your parents still living? And others.

Don't Know

Those are simple questions that, for most everyone, are easy to answer but for me there was no easy answer. The one that I always stumbled over was, "Are your parents still living?". At that time in my life I knew my dad had died but I did not know about my mom. So how was I to answer that question? The truth would be, "I don't know", which would be, understandably a shocking answer. So I learned to try to talk around the answer which never worked and usually left both of us feeling awkward and confused ☹

Hiding

Because of our feelings of shame of our past childhood days, my sisters and I were trying to put our past behind us. We told no one about our past, not even our children. We were like criminals on the run, trying to hide from our story.

Good Answer

At the same time we were faced with trying to come up with a good answer to that question "are your parents still living?" One that we could all be consistent with. An answer that would ward off any further questions, maybe even a little white lie. An answer that would not be a risk of being caught later, but we could never come up with a good one. And that question seemed to be the one that was always asked.

Both Dead

Louise told of one occasion when she was unexpectedly asked that question. "Are your parents still living?" and she, being surprised and shocked, in a bold abrupt voice said, "They're Both Dead". I am sure she got

a strange look from the person who had asked that question. I know Louise felt like crawling in a hole. So needless to say, we scratched that answer 😊

Full Hiding

At that time we had not told our children about our past childhood so we were in full hiding. By the time I wrote the book “Early Years” and the secret was out, the questions had almost ceased. I suppose they had given up on an answer from me or maybe I was at the age that they could assume that my parents were not still around.

No reason to hide

Looking back at my time spent at Eva Lee’s, I relished the realization that I was not asked that question. I was not asked because everyone knew who I was, they knew my mom and my dad was still living. They knew that I was one of those “pore little girls who was given away” .Although I was faced with the same intimidating questions of where are you staying? Why did your mom give you away? Do you want her to come and get you? I knew they already knew the answer to those questions so there was no need to attempt to hide.

My Name is

I am reminded of a story that Louise told about her little toddler son. Louise and Weldon with their little Benny were home for the Christmas holidays and making the rounds visiting with relatives. After many such visits, Benny was tired of being asked the same questions by the adults.

Hi little boy, what’s your name?

How old are you?

As they walked into the house on one visit Benny said,

“My name is Benny Weldon Davis”

“I am two and a half years old”

“And don’t talk at me”

So

My name is Osa Ann Corkill Moore

I am eighty nine years old

And don’t talk at me.

Oh, and, by-the-way, they're both dead.

Osa Corkill moore

August 1, 2012

RELUCTANT QUILTER

Quilting was a legacy that Mother Moore (Nina) wanted to pass on to someone. I suppose she very early gave up, or maybe never attempted to spark the interest of the other girls in her family. She knew that neither Hettie, Margaret nor Ruth would show any interest in attempting such a project. I was her only hope of passing on her legacy.

Although I loved her quilts and enjoyed helping her by passing on scraps of fabric left from my sewing, I could not show any enthusiasm about quilting. I suppose one reason for my hesitating could have been fear of my stitches. I had heard Nina laugh and complain about stitches made by one of the ladies in her church quilting circle. Mother Moore faithfully, met one day a week with the Church Circle where they quilted quilts for hire. The money collected was spent for special projects in the church. She talked about the one lady whose stitches were so long and unattractive that, after the lady left, one lady would stay behind and take those stitches out of the quilt. Someone would later redo the stitches. I suppose I feared that my stitches would be stitches that would need to be taken out and redone.

Nina was still trying to pull me into quilting when she made her last quilt; she was, at that time, living with us while she waited for a room at Presbyterian Village. To fill up her time of waiting she had decided to make a baby quilt for our first grandson, Rhett Charles.

Again I helped her by gathering the scraps of fabric and the other tools that she would need to make the quilt. F.H. quickly put together a frame for her to use; one that she could prop up on the top bunk bed in the room that was now her room. She worked every day on that quilt, all the while, she kept encouraging me to get my needle and thread and join her.

Soon after she finished the quilt we had a call from Hettie saying that her room in Presbyterian Village was ready for her. We gathered her things together and took her to Little Rock and to the place where she would remain until her time on earth was over. Her quilting days were over. She had failed to pass on her quilting legacy to me.

But had she?

Seven years later----We were on our way home from her funeral when suddenly I started to think about making a quilt and could not seem to shake the thoughts. I kept visualizing the Turtle quilts that she had made for Paul and Robert. Could I possibly make that quilt? Well, no, I could not make it because I didn't have the necessary equipment. The only quilting I had seen (for large quilts) was done on a frame that swung from the ceiling. It was lowered for the quilting and then pulled up out of the way when not in use. Because of the lights, the ceiling fans and the air-condition vents in our house, that could not be done. And then there was the problem of where to get a pattern. I wished for Mother Moore's Turtle quilt pattern; a pattern that I am sure she had cut from the Arkansas Democrat newspaper. At that time the paper carried a weekly quilt pattern which was the source of all her patterns.

I tried to let go of the idea that kept nagging at me but couldn't seem to brush it off. I then started trying to find a way around the problems that I would be facing to make a quilt.

I think she had me in her Grip.

I realized that by tracing her Turtle pattern onto tissue paper I could try my luck at making the pattern. With that thought, I pulled out one of the turtle quilts and started tracing. It took several tries before I could get a pattern that could be cut and then sewn together properly. Later I would learn that the pattern is made by constructing, not tracing it. I also learned that I had picked the most difficult quilting pattern. I had picked *Sewing on a curve* when, for my first try, I should have picked *straight line sewing*.

I was pleased with the results of the pattern so I gathered the scraps together and started cutting and sewing together the thirty turtles needed for a single bed quilt. It took much time but I got them together and ready to be quilted.

Quilting it was another problem!

To solve that problem, I decided to quilt each block separately and then sew them all together into one piece. It worked! I had made my first quilt

and I was pleased with it, my stitches were not bad. I compared them to Mother Moore's and I think she would have approved them. Rhett still treasures that quilt; I will add that a few years ago he brought it to me to be mended. My stitches had not held up so it required much mending. My next quilt was a "Sun-Bonnet Sue" for Daley; made from scraps of fabric left over from dresses I had made for her through the years. It also required mending.

During the next thirty five years I made many more quilts, quilting them using a hoop held in my lap. I helped to organize the Iberville Parish Quilters Guild. I taught some classes; classes on "Sewing on a Curve" to many beginners in quilting.

When my granddaughter, Hannah, was expecting her first child she asked me to make a baby size Turtle quilt for the baby. She spent much time selecting fabric for the quilt; a good selection---the finished quilt was beautiful.

Hannah then started a Moore Tradition:

From this day forward

Each new-born baby should be presented with a "Turtle Quilt"

Since that time, there have been two additions, Stella and Adalyn. They were both presented with a "Turtle quilt".

Well done Nina, You did it!
You passed on your Legacy!

August 22, 2012



GRANDMOTHER'S BIBLE

Grandmother's Bible is leather bound King James Version of the Holy Bible
It takes only one glance at it to know that it is well worn. Well-worn from the daily reading of it.

Open it and the soft worn leather drapes over your hands, blending into your palms. You hold it for a moment before turning the pages.

Turn the page and there is a note, in her handwriting, listing the dates of readings. The date she started reading and the date she finished it. She read it, many times, from the beginning to the end.



Turn more pages and there is a newspaper clipping of an award that her grandson had received while in college. Another page holds a small piece of paper with a typewritten morning prayer. I am sure she read that prayer many times.

Now turn to the Family History pages.

The first page records the date of her marriage December, 28, 1904 in Little Rock Arkansas. She was twenty four and he thirty six years old. Not written on the page is that they were distant cousins and had seen each other only a few times. Travel was difficult and they had lived a distance apart, he a farmer and she a school teacher. I suppose, like many marriages at that time, it was a marriage of the need for a partner in life; and not so much a love story. Also not written on the page is the story of tears in the days that followed the wedding, that story she would tell her daughter late in her life.

Ten months after she was married, her first baby was born. A little boy which, I am sure filled her days with joy. But, again, not written on that

page is the story of tears of sadness and loneliness that she shed when he died two and half years later.

Two years later her little girl was born.

Another two years and she had her second little boy.

The page tells the story of two more little boys born and two more deaths when they were two years old.

And then two little boys born dead.----- A loss of five little boys.

It is hard to hold back the tears as I read that page. The page is small so the words are crowded together with no room for words of sorrow as she recorded the births and deaths. But also, she would say, "there was much joy."

Two years later little boy seven was born. He lived.

In his second year, he contracted the same disease that had taken the others and he almost died. The story is told that it was his mother's determination to find the right doctor that saved him.

Reading on

Four years later a second little girl was born.

Other pages in the bible tell of her relatives which were many. So many that my mind gets boggled as I try to place them. I will try another time.

Number Seven

The story that is close to my heart is of the one little boy, number seven. The little boy who almost died but lived.

Close to my heart because ---He became my Husband.

Osa Corkill Moore
August, 25, 2012

SKINNY DIPPING

Question?

Is skinny dipping swimming with your clothes off? My sister recently asked. Well, "Yes, I said, that is what it is" but I would advise you to leave your clothes on when you go skinny dipping.

Creek Bank Prowlers

Why? Because I think there are young boys prowling the banks of the Creek in the back woods of Arkansas looking for skinny dippers. I do know that was true one day long time ago.

That Day

It was a hot summer day. It was Sunday and a nice reprieve from the cotton patch that we would be going back to tomorrow morning. It was time to hoe the cotton one more time before hanging up our hoes.

"The Creek"

My friend and I sat in the shade of a big oak tree on the bank of "The Creek".

Other creeks that I have known through the years have names; "Point Remove Creek", near Morrilton and "Galley Creek", near Pottsville, but this beautiful small creek at Pleasant Hill was known only as "The Creek".

We were enjoying the coolness of that spot when we noticed that the swimming hole was filled to its banks. It had rained earlier in the week and the water had filled the hole from its usual dry bed.

The Dare

"I dare you", she said. I hesitated for a moment before I answered her.

I looked around and neither saw nor heard any sound of anyone nearby, all was quiet. I took the dare!

We took off our clothes and laid them close to the bank of the creek. We waded into the cool water and began to swim around enjoying the moment. The water had only one deep spot where the water was over our heads but it was mostly just the right depth for swimming.

Suddenly we heard movement up on the high embankment above the creek.

We looked up and saw two of those teenage creek- bank- prowlers sitting at the top of the embankment watching us. We were caught.

Full View

Knowing that their next move would be to rush down the embankment, grab our clothes and run with them, we quickly got out of the water and ran for our clothes. This, of course, gave them the full view of what they were there for. They clapped their hands together cheering and laughing at us. I suppose they knew that it was too late to try to grab our clothes; we had beaten them to the draw.

Oh, but they had had their thrill for the day.

We put our clothes back on and started walking up the embankment. It was time to go home and, probably, face the consequences of what we had done.

Sinful

"Is skinny dipping as sinful as dancing"? I asked my friend. "I think so", she said, "maybe even more sinful". "Well, then", I said, "I am again in trouble with the saints of the Church". I might be kicked out of the church this time.

Waiting

For days I waited for a scolding, expecting one of the saints, at any time, to put me on the chopping block. Could I really have gotten by with a sin like that, a sin that is worse than dancing?

Time passed by and nothing was ever said about the terrible sin.

Maybe the rumor that must have passed through the mouths and ears of the neighborhood boys, never reached the ears of the Saints.

Maybe that is another one of my sins that is written in my "Lifetime Book of Sins".

Maybe they will be dealt with when the time comes.

Osa Corkill Moore
September, 14, 2012

We visit our past

June 2004 Charlie took F.H. and me on trip to Arkansas and other places. While in Arkansas we, with Geneva and Louise, drove to Center Ridge and On down the road to the little community where we lived for five years. It was a surreal feeling to see those places, which are now open fields or overgrowth, and realize where we had once been. I remembered my day dreams of that long ago and realized that they did Come true. I did find my Camelot and I did gain the respect that I had longed for. We did rise above those *poor little girls who were given away*.

Respect

Through the years after we had left that area, we had gone back for visits and were treated with much respect, adoration and in one case an apology. The apology was in the form of two letters from Ray (one of the seven Scroggin boys) with words of regret about the way that I was treated by his mom, dad and the family.

I was touched when I was told that Afton, (the oldest of the boys) in his dying days asked for me.

I learned of that when Afton's wife called Geneva and asked the question, "who is Osa" Afton had had brain tumor surgery and was left with brain damage. During his last days and in his confusion, he kept asking for Osa. I had not seen or heard from Afton since 1943 when he had surprised me by coming to see me while I was living in Morrilton.

I certainly did appreciate Afton's consideration for me when he offered to help with the dishes. I had been doing the mounds of dishes, washing, rinsing and drying, by myself. One evening, Afton got up from his chair where he was sitting, with the family of nine bodies, listening to the radio and came in the kitchen and helped me.

He continued to do that each day while I was there.

Recently (September 2012) I had an unexpected call from Ray's wife. She had heard about the book "Early Years" and wanted a copy of it. As she talked she expressed her sympathy for me as a little girl living with Eva Lee and Henry. She had tried to live with Eva Lee for a short time after she and Ray married and so the reason for her sympathy☺. In talking she

mentioned Afton's asking for me in his time of confusion. She said he thought I was his wife. I find that strange because while I was there the four years he never indicated that he had feelings for me. I am thankful that he didn't because I surely had no romantic feelings for him and so I would probably have embarrassed him. He was a shy much reserved young man.



As we traveled those roads, which are now gravel, instead of the dirt roads that we remembered, we looked for the houses where we had lived but, except for the remnants of the house where I lived for a short while with Anse and Dell, they were all gone.

The little room that you see added on to the house is the room where I found the old pump organ. The room with the trunk full of organdy moth scented fabric.

The Road

(Picture made by Charlie)



As we drove down the road, we remembered the many times that we walked that road between the Scroggin and the Harwood houses. It was the road that Louise and I walked down when I packed my few belongings and left Dell and Anse to go and live with the Harwood's. It was the road that I

reluctantly walked with Eva lee as I went to live with her and Henry for the next four years. It is a road that is rooted deep in my memory. I suppose now, it seems to be

The Road to Nowhere.

Osa Corkill Moore

September 26, 2012

Thanks Charlie for taking me on that trip. Thanks for the Memorabilia

THE COMPLIMENT

I think I am not alone when I say that it is true that you never quite overcome the feelings that haunted you when you were a child. Feelings that, whatever they might be, keep coming back, slapping you in the face and knocking the props from under you.

It doesn't matter that these feelings come from something that you had no control of, something that you did not cause, they are still there lurking in the shadows of your life and, in different ways, ready to "put you in your place".

In different ways? Yes, sometimes with a compliment-----And so it was with me.

My Ego

I suppose it was my ego that had shielded me for sixty three years. Shielded me from a realization that should have been obvious to me at that time.

But I had closed the door on those past years. I had written the story "Early Years" I could no longer feel guilty about closing that door. Guilty because I knew my children had the right to know about my past. The secret was out; the story had been told and I was not rejected by the readers. I now had status and respect and could forget those years and enjoy my life. Enjoy my life as I was living it during those years. I suppose I felt as if I was far out of reach of those words that could cause me to cringe again. Words that could cause me to feel different, inferior, unwanted and rejected. I had succeeded.

Well, not quite

This was the year 2005 and the busy life of living with a big family was over; the boys had families of their own, I had grandchildren to enjoy. I had lived the life that I had dreamed of years ago. I was free of those feelings and then it happened again!

It was the second visit from Jim and Sharon Moore and we were looking at pictures of the past, remembering those years and talking about those times. When Jim said;

“Well, Osa, you turned out to be the Star of the Family”

Words

It was the words, **turned out to be**, that told the story. Those words spoke volumes!



And with those words, there I was again; that little ten year old girl struggling to be accepted.

Of course I should have known that the family would talk. First, they would have objected to Hettie bringing me into the family. They knew my background; they knew the story that had tainted our family. At that time words like; divorce and infidelity were not in their vocabulary and I am sure they would have preferred to keep their distance from such people.

Jim was only four years old when I went to live with Hettie and he would have heard much talk from his mom. His mom, Kaye, was a snob and would have objected with many harsh words and Jim would have heard the discussion with the family.

Jim was seven years old when F.H. and I married so certainly he would have heard constant talk from his mom and probably his dad as they objected to such a mistake that F.H. was making. Can I blame them? No, of course not. Looking at it from their viewpoint and from the whole family's viewpoint, I cannot blame them.

To add to their objection was the divorce that F.H. had just gone through. He had divorced the daughter of an upstanding upper-class citizen and then, so soon after the divorce, he had married again. And he had married me –Osa! Can you see the comparison?

j

Signs

I, now realize that I did see signs of the family thoughts that they had about me in the past. Signs in the form of words that seemed like apologies. Signs that, maybe, they regretted the feelings that they had once had about me.

The signs were incidents that happened after F.H. and I had been married for many years. Remarks that Chalmers made, remarks that Margaret made and most of all, a long letter from Nina (Mother Moore). In the letter she told me how much I had meant to the family and how thankful she was that I came into the family. At the time of the letter, I realized that it sounded like an apology, but I still did not get the message. It took the words "turned out to be" for me to get the message.

For that I am thankful because, by the time I heard those words, it was too late for it to affect my feelings at the most important time of my life. The time when it was my busy years of raising a family and feeling my importance in the community life. By the time I heard those words, I knew I was important to the family. Except for Kaye, I know they did realize their mistake in their thinking. Kaye left the family in 1946, so she probably never changed her opinion of me.

When the time came for Mother Moore to live with one of the children while she waited for a place in Presbyterian Village she chose F.H. and me. She told me that she could not live with Hettie, Margaret or Ruth. That spoke loudly.

At whatever they might have thought about me when I married F.H., it is as Charlie said,
"That was their mistake and not mine".

Now, I can hold my head up high and say,
"You are right Jim,
I did turn out to be the **Star** ----
I **am** the **Star** of the Moore Family" ☺

June 4,2012

THE CREEK

The Name

Maybe someday someone will give that creek a proper name but at the time that I lived near it, it was called The Creek.

Soothing Sounds

The Creek was a beautiful stream of water that ran through the mountain community of Pleasant Hill. To me, a young girl, it was a comfort to hear the ripple of the water as it ran over the rocks of the shallow portion of the creek. Like the railroad that I lived close to when a child, the creek gave me a soothing sense of security. They each gave me a handle to hold on to.

Life around me was insecure; I was not sure what tomorrow might bring. There were many changes made after our life was torn apart by the divorce and we four girls were scattered in different directions. But the railroad and now the creek was always there, they never changed, they were constant. The sounds of them gave me the feeling of comfort and maybe a touch of contentment.

Swimming Hole

Along with the shallow sections of the creek, there were a few deep holes that provided swimming holes for the kids to enjoy in the summer time. It was at the swimming hole that I learned to swim. I remember the surprise and elation I felt when first I realized that I was swimming.

Baptizing

The holes also provided the baptismal water for the two churches in the area to immerse the converts after the revival services each summer. The cool shade under the big oak trees was a good gathering place on the banks of the creek for the baptizing service. It was a spiritual uplift to hear the voices in song of those gathered for the service.

I felt the comfort of belonging as I watched the minister take the converts into the waist high cool water and immerse them. His words were, "I baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit" It was at one of those services that I was baptized.

Family washing

For some families the creek was the spot for Monday wash day. We carried the supplies needed for the weekly washing down to the creek bank and spent a big part of the day doing the family washing.

Like a fog; the fragrances of wash day seemed to hover around that spot on the banks of the creek. The scent of fresh green growth of flowers of the summer time with a lingering scent of some rotting leaves and dead wood from the past winters decay. The delightful fragrance of the home made soap that had been made earlier. The smell of the burning logs that were used to heat the water in the big black iron wash- pot. All to be remembered.

All is well

The creek ran alongside the grave yard which, during funerals, gave me a feeling that “all is well”.

That maybe, just as the creek flows gently into that somewhere beyond what I can see, so can our lives flow gently into that somewhere beyond the grave.

It was the soothing sound of the running water that lent a feeling of calmness as the yearly Decoration Day was celebrated at the graveyard.

Roaring Torrent

The creek was not always the quiet slow running stream of water.

Sometimes heavy rains further up the creek brought a sudden wall of water down the creek and for a short time the creek became a roaring torrent of water. That roaring flood water would leave behind small pockets of water in its wake and sometimes large fish would become trapped in those holes.

First Fish

So it was that one day after one of sudden rush of water, I went down to the creek and found one of those fish caught in a puddle of water. I scurried up the creek bank, picked up a large bucket, went back to the creek and caught the fish by pinching his tail causing him to go into the bucket. We had fish for



Copied from “Early Years”

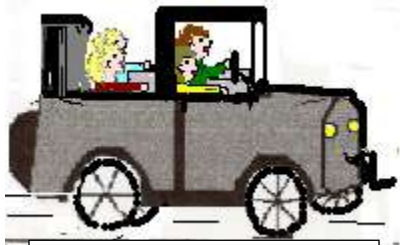
dinner.

The Bridge

There was only one bridge across the creek that provided a crossing for the wagons and the few cars to cross. Other means to cross was high flat rocks that were just high enough above the water to provide a crossing. And then there was one place where a tree had fallen across the creek providing a log to walk on. I loved walking that log; it reminded me of the times a few years ago when I walked the rails of the railroad. They each made great balance beams.

Runners

Like many wooden bridges, the bridge had two runners for the wheels to drive on and there was always the risk of the driver missing those runners. I never really knew what the consequences would be if the driver let the



Copied from "Early Years"

wheels slip off those runners, but I always feared crossing that bridge. The family that my sister lived with at that time had bought a little car with a rumble seat which my sister and I had the thrill of riding in a few times. I think the driver sometimes drove close to the edge of the runners to tease his wife, my sister and me.

Long Ago

The Creek was in my long ago past and I am now back where I can hear the sounds of the railroad. Although I will not again walk the rails, I still feel the comfort from the sounds of the train whistle.

Osa Corkill Moore

October 4, 2012

DRY COUNTY

Dry County

In Arkansas, that was a sign often seen back in the thirties and forties. Some Counties in Arkansas were Dry---- Alcohol was not allowed; liquor stores were banned, no alcohol was sold in that county. This posed a problem for the beer drinking young men of that time.

This was a boom for the non-dry county that adjoined the dry county. It didn't take the alcohol business long to set up their business close to the dry county line. The young men had only a short distance to go to find their hang out place.

Problem

But at the same time, those young men, attempting to hide their occasional drink from Mom and Dad, and from all other anti-alcohol adults in the community, had a problem.

The problem being----- in small communities, "everyone knew everyone". They also knew the car that each young man drove. With that familiarity, it was easy to spot whose car was parked at that popular place of business each night. And I am sure they kept a watchful eye on that place.

Accomplice

Sometime after this young man married, He began to realize that he just might have an accomplice in his trips to the night spot. Maybe he could persuade his wife to help him hide his trips.

Plan

The plan would be to have her drop him off at the bar, drive down the road and linger at some shopping place for a short time and then come back and pick him up. That would avoid being parked at the place for any length of time.

The wife considered it for a time before relenting to the plan. After all she surely did not want to risk being caught parked at the place. At that time women or maybe I should say "respectful women" were not considered to

be beer drinkers and they were certainly never seen at the beer parlor. So to be caught at that place would be a reason to be embarrassed to tears as the word spread in the community. No doubt the ridicule, teasing and laughter would have no end.

But She was persuaded to help her husband and as time went by She became comfortable with the occasional trips. At the same time He loved the comfort of sitting with his buddies at the bar and drinking a beer with no thought of being seen parked at the place.

Commotion

One night as He sat on the bar stool with his buddies enjoying the moment and thinking that it was about time for his wife to arrive to pick him up, He heard a disturbance at the front of the building.

He and his buddies looked toward the commotion and were shocked at what they saw.

They jumped off their bar stools just as a car came crashing through the wall of the building scattering debris in its path.

He was shocked as he stood up and realized that he was now face to face with the headlights of a car. He was even more shocked when he recognized those headlights.-----They were the headlights of his car.

She had pulled into the usual parking spot and stepped on the brake. There was no brake! ---the brakes had failed.

Of course her hope was that the wall would stop her and hopefully there would be very little, if any, damage done. But since there was a slight incline into the parking lot, the car had enough momentum to crash into the wall--- and Beyond.

There was nothing for her to do but hang her head over the steering wheel and wait for the laughter and the teasing to start.

The laughter and teasing surely did start and it continued throughout the years that He and She lived in the community.

“Hey! Were you looking for curb service?”

“Hey! Did you think that was a drive-thru bar?”

He and She were happy when the time came when his work required that
He move to another location

Osa Corkill Moore-----October 30, 2012

THE OLD PIANO

Somewhere

Somewhere behind all those people is the old piano. The old piano has a story behind it; a story that I would like to tell.

In the Parlor

I was sixteen years old when I first saw the piano. It was in the seldom used parlor at the Moore's house in Pottsville

Arkansas. Like the Parlor, the piano was seldom or maybe never used. For years it had sat silent in the parlor.



In my Soul

I looked longingly at the piano as I waited for the courage to ask for permission to touch it. I knew that I risked being embarrassed when I tried to make music from those keys, so I hesitated for a time. I knew almost nothing about written music. I had seen the shape note song books at the little church at Pleasant Hill and I touched the dusty worn out keys of the old pump organ at Dell's. But actually I knew music only as I felt it in my soul.

For Hettie

I learned that the piano was bought for Fred & Nina Moore's daughter, Hettie, probably when she was in her early teens. Actually it was first bought for the Associate Presbyterian Church in Pottsville but for some reason it did not suit the church so Fred & Nina bought it. I know it was a struggle for Hettie to learn to play the piano because she had no feel for music. Her playing was all mechanical, with no feeling of rhythm. I am sure it was with an effort to please her mom that she had struggled with lessons.

By ear

Nina seemed pleased when I asked if I could touch the piano and she, with no hesitation, said yes.

I sat down at the piano and I ran my fingers over the keys. I think I was lucky when within a short time I could pick out a tune. Nina was impressed!

My Piano

That was 1939 and fourteen years later the piano became mine. When Nina sold her house in Pottsville and moved to a smaller house in Little Rock, she gave the piano to me. F.H. and I borrowed a pickup truck and went to Pottsville and picked it up.

Lessons

With the few lessons I had taken in Morrilton in playing the basic chords and the few lessons I had taken at the University of Alabama, I could enjoy playing and learning. And I am sure my effort helped to open the ears of the four boys to love and to take part in music. Certainly I will say---The lessons best learned came from my four boys; as they took lessons, as they learned on their own efforts, they taught me.

A special spot

Each time we moved to another place we seemed to find the special spot for the piano. It was an important part of our life as our family became more and more involved in music. Involved, not only in different musical instruments but in singing. On one occasion we were referred to as the musical family.

Years later

As years went by I was encouraged to replace the piano with a new one but for sentimental reasons, I had been reluctant to replace it. It was when Robert decided he wanted a piano that that transaction was an easy one to make. Paul took me shopping and we bought the Charles Walter which I now have. The piano tuner calls it the Cadillac of Pianos.

Still in the family

Later, Robert decided to replace the piano with a keyboard so again there was some reluctance with both of us to get rid of the old piano.

Luckily Vanessa's brother Aaron wanted it so again it was easy to make that move. It remains in the family.

Osa Corkill Moore
December 12, 2012

SAY GOODBYE

We live our life knowing that time will come when we must say goodbye to some of those we love. And although we know that that time will come, the cold reality of it seems to evade us; we are never quite ready for that time to come.

My Prayers

I remember the shock and the fear that I felt when I first learned of death. Fear of not only dying but also of losing one of those closest to me. My prayers at night were that we would all die at the same time so we would not have to go through the grief of losing each other.

Goodbyes

Since those prayers of a frightened little girl, I have said many goodbyes. Goodbyes that were never easy but, at the same time, I learned that fear gives way to realization and acceptance. Accepting the true saying, "It is better to have had and lost then to not have had at all". They are what memories are made of. At my age I have mountains of memories.

Special Person

Today, as I say goodbye to a very special person, that little childhood fear keeps tugging at me as it tries to crowd out the reasoning and acceptance that should, by now, be fully mine.

She was my special sister in so many ways. She and I walked through the frightening time when the family was torn apart. She was eight and I was ten when we found ourselves in the time that, for years, we had known would come. We found comfort and strength in each other as we walked that path together.

Laughter

Much of our strength came through laughter; as we laughed at the situation that we found ourselves in. I have heard say that, sometimes, children of divorce blame themselves for the breakup. Maybe that is true and maybe that was true in our case. Maybe that was somewhat a help in

adjusting to the aftermath of the divorce. By putting a part of the blame on ourselves we could consider that maybe it was time to accept the consequences. And so we laughed at the situation that we had gotten ourselves in.

The end of the world

According to the Mayan calendar, Today, December 21, 2012, was supposed to be the Last Day.

The world was supposed to come to an end today.

Although the World did not come to an end, it did take a big part of my world.

My special sister was buried today.



Louise and Osa 1986

Osa Corkill Moore
Dec. 21, 2012

CROUP

Remembering

Today I am reminded of a frightening experience that happened sixty seven years ago with the medical condition called Croup.

My first experience with Croup was with Charlie when he was two years old. It was an experience that still frightens me as I recall that night.

Thankfully we were at Mother Moore's that night when Charlie woke up, in the wee hours of the morning, struggling to breathe, and trying to call out for me. His deep guttural cough was one that I had never before heard. I reached for him and he grabbed hold of me and clung to me as he struggled.

Confused and frightened, I picked him up and ran to the main sitting room calling Mother Moore as I rushed in. Surprised and relieved, I saw Mother Moore was already in the room and was on the phone calling for help.

She had heard Charlie and she knew it was serious. She was calling Mr. Henry who was the pharmacist and the owner of the small drug store in the little town of Pottsville Arkansas. We had no car and the nearest doctor was six miles away.

Mr. Henry lived down the road from Mother Moore and he had one of the few cars in that small community. He rushed to his drug store and picked up some medicine that I remember as Stlengila. I was relieved and surprised at how quickly he got to Mother Moore's house. He gingerly took Charlie from my arms, sat down with him and gave him a dose of the medicine.

As I took Charlie back from Mr. Henry's arms he was still struggling to breathe, and trying to cry as he struggled to say "Mamma". With the panic look on his little face as he looked at me, I knew he was depending on me to help him. I felt helpless and frightened as I tried to calm his fears. I

looked at Mother Moore and Mr. Henry and I knew they were much concerned -----I struggled to keep from panicking.

In the meantime Mother Moore had put a kettle of water on the stove and it was beginning to boil and send out a good stream of steam.

At Mr. Henry's instructions, I held Charlie close in line with the steaming kettle and I was much relieved when he began to calm down and start breathing again. He soon relaxed in my arms and fell asleep.

Diphtheria

After Charlie had gone to sleep and all was well, Mr. Henry told me that, until Charlie started responding to the medicine and to the steam from the kettle, he was almost certain that he had Diphtheria. At that time Diphtheria was nearly always or always fatal.

For many years after that night, I kept a bottle of the liquid medication in the medicine cabinet. I also bought a croup kettle to have ready for any further attacks. I needed both several times during the next many years. There were other attacks of Croup, not only with Charlie but also, with other children and grandchildren. Other attacks but none as severe and as frightening as was that first one with Charlie.

Croup Connection

This frightening experience was brought back to me today when my neighbor across the street called me to tell me about a frightening episode that happened last night. Since it involved me she thought I should know about it.

But that's "**Another Story**"

Which can be found on the next page.

Osa Corkill Moore
January 6, 2013

ANOTHER STORY

A Bump in the Night

This morning my Neighbor who lives across the street called me to tell me about an incident that happened last night or maybe I should say, very early this morning.

Between four and four thirty O'clock she had just driven into her driveway from a trip to the emergency room with her baby.

She saw a man with a flash light near my front windows. He was dressed in dark clothes with a hooded jacket. He supposedly saw her and he hurriedly walked away.

She, thinking that he might be getting ready to break into the house through the window, called the police. She then waited for the police and told them what she had seen. The police walked around my house checking my windows and doors to be sure they were secure. She said the police would probably come out to talk to me and she wanted me to know what it was about.

Me? I heard nothing! I slept through the commotion.

Afraid

I have never been afraid until now. My children have been urging me to get a Home Security System; so I immediately went to the computer and scheduled an appointment with ATD Security System.

I then called Robert and told him about the incident and he insisted that I spend tonight with them.

Valuables

I packed my valuables (my laptop, iPad, iPhone, Stash money, diamond ring, and a sleeping garment) and went to Robert and Vanessa's late that afternoon. I appreciated a dinner with them and also a nice safe bed to sleep in.

Next Morning

I left early this morning so I could be home for the appointment with ATD at nine O'clock. As I left; quoting a funny little Tyler story from years ago, I said, "Thank you for saving my life" 😊

Bad Guy

Soon after I got home I had a call from my next door neighbor saying that he had heard about the commotion last night and realized that he was the Bad Guy that the lady had seen in the dark of the night. He told me that he had called the police and the neighbors this morning and told them that he was the one.

I was much relieved and elated with that good news!

Good Deed

He was up early that morning, it was raining, and he saw the paper delivery man throw the paper, so he put on his hooded jacket and went out and picked it up.

He was walking past my window when the lady saw him. He had then rushed over to pick up the next door neighbor's paper and take it to their door.

Good Samaritan

He is my Good Samaritan neighbor who does many good things for me and for other neighbors. Picking up the paper every morning is one of the many good things that he does.

Visit with neighbors

Today has been an exciting day for me; I have had calls from all the nearby neighbors. We laughed and talked about the incident. I am especially pleased to get acquainted with the neighbor who did the calling. She is the newest neighbor and I did not know her name. She had come over to meet me when she first moved in and having forgotten her name I had not gotten in touch with her.

"The Croup"

This incident prompted me to write the short story "The Croup"

That was because the neighbor had been to the emergency room with her six month old baby who had an attack of Croup.

Osa Corkill Moore
January 5 and 6, 2013

HOLD MY HAND

Hold My Hand

Those are Beautiful Words!

Words that warm my heart and bring pleasant memories to my garden of memories.

I am reminded of the joy that a mother feels when she takes the hand of her little child and leads him through the paths of his little childhood stumbles.

I am reminded of the comfort of taking my lovers hand as we began our walk together through the days and years ahead.

And yes, I cherish the thrill-- the privilege of touching the hand of another person.

Hold My Hand

Also brings unpleasant memories of a childhood incident.

A memory that, like unwanted weeds in a flower garden, keeps finding its way into my garden of pleasant memories.

"Don't play with her" were words that I heard at school in my young childhood days.

They were words said as the news about my mom and her wayward ways spread throughout the neighborhood.

Words said by the mothers of the school children who were my age, School children who were my friends.

Words aimed at my mom.

Words that caught me in the -----Cross-fire.

Hold Her Hand

Some of those words that have caused me to cringe are "Hold her hand".

"Hold her hand", the teacher said as she scolded the little girl who cried as she refused to hold my hand.

"My mom told me not to touch her", said the little girl as the fight continued.

The teacher was directing a game that called for holding hands as we Circled the floor.

Sometimes!

Sometimes-----Time seems to stand still, as it did that day;
And as the time stood still, I stood there waiting.
Waiting--- while the teacher scolded the crying girl.
Waiting ----embarrassed and confused while the circle of other
children, with stony faces, listened to those words.
Listened-- as they stared across the circle.
Stared at me and at--- my hand.



Hold her hand

Hide

My hand seemed to want to crawl into my pocket and hide as
I stood there choking back tears,
Choking back tears as that moment seemed to have no end.
I suppose I managed to shut out the remainder of that moment.
I suppose I refused to remember-----No More
I don't remember how that moment ended.
Did she finally hold my hand?
Or did that moment have no ending?

Maybe-----

Maybe it had no ending,
Maybe it leaves with me a subtle reminder of that long ago time.
A reminder that causes me--- that allows me--- to appreciate --to relish a
handshake.
A reminder that causes me to feel the thrill of taking the hand of another
person.
Maybe it leaves me with a subtle feeling of relief.
A feeling of relief that the person is willing to hold my hand.
A feeling of relief at knowing that there was then, and is now, nothing
wrong with my hand.

Hold My Hand

Hold my hand and walk with me through the unseen days ahead
Rejoice with me through times of joy and happiness.
Comfort me through times of sadness.
Let me feel the solace of your hand.

Osa Corkill Moore
May 25, 2013

WHOA

Getup, Gee, Haw, Whoa

Oh! Sorry---- I was talking to my mule

A Moment with a mule

I am sitting here in front of my computer, thinking about the “long time ago” and thinking of the many stories, the many moments of that time.

One of those memorial moments was spent----- with a mule.

Plowing time

It was early spring and plowing time and I had walked to the field with a bucket of water for Henry who was plowing.

As Henry stopped the plowing to sit down for a drink of water, I persuaded him to let me plow a short distance. He hesitated for a moment but then consented.

But first, he gave the plow a hefty push into the soil making it easier for me to manage the plow.

Exhilarating

As I stepped behind the mule and took the plow handles in my hands, I felt the same exhilaration as I did when I got behind the steering wheel of a car for the first time--for my first driving lesson.

I put the reins around my waist and while holding firmly to the handles of the plow, I took the reins in my hands and said, “Getup”-----Nothing happened.

I then took hold of the reins and gave them a little flip as I clicked my tongue (tic, tic) and said, “Getup”--- The mule slowly started moving. His sluggishness gave me time to switch back from the reins to a firm grip on the plow handle before he got into motion.

It was a struggle to hold onto the plow handles as I kept the plow pointed down and into the soil. Maybe coordinating the plow handles while keeping in touch with the reins, which kept me in touch with the mule, was a lot like coordinating the shifting gears on the car as I controlled my foot on the gas pedal.

It took time to get past the jerking of the car as I shifted gears. It took time to coordinate the plow handles with the reins.

There was a feeling of power as I controlled the mule. A feeling that maybe was not unlike the feeling of power when I learned to shift the gears smoothly and drive the car.

I reached the end of the row and it was turning time. “Whoa” I said and the mule stopped. “Gee”, I said and the mule turned right. By that time and to my relief, Henry was there to take over the reins to finish the turning.

Even though I held the reins for only a very short time, I can still, after seventy five years remember the joy of that moment.

It was a thrill to walk behind the mule and enjoy the smell, the pleasant odor of the mule mixed with the fragrance of freshly overturned soil.

Also in the air was the pleasant aroma of spring. Spring with its blossoms that fill the air with the scent of new life bursting out around me.

A moment to remember.

There was a feeling of amazement that the mule understood the language even when spoken by a fourteen year old girl.

And a feeling of appreciation that the mule not only understood the language but responded to it.

Responded to Me!.



Copied from “Added Stories”

Added Connection

After that moment, I felt an added connection with the mule. I already felt a connection with him from the times spent catching and haltering him. Catching him to go back to the field in the hot summer afternoons.

He sometimes ran from the men when they tried to catch him where he was turned loose in the cow lot during the lunch break.

So they called on me to catch him.

I'm Sorry

I always felt guilty that, after coaxing him, with words of “whoa now”, “stop”, “hold still” he would stop running, would stand still and let me catch him.

As I put the halter on him I would say, "I'm Sorry"

After that day and realizing that he understood many words, I was comforted with the thought that maybe he did understand the words spoken to him on those hot days. Those two words----- "I'm Sorry"

Osa Corkill Moore

July 27, 2013

DADDY'S TRUNK

Daddy's trunk set against the wall of the bedroom in our house. Somehow it seemed to be set apart from the rest of the furniture in the house.

As a little girl I knew it held memorabilia of another time. It held the sadness of the loss of the yesterdays. The ghost of a life that was Once upon a Time but is now packed away in a closed trunk.

Open it and it has the subtle fragrance of seasoned wood and of wool clothing. It is a pleasant aroma that I associate with my young childhood days.

At the top of the trunk was the wooden tray that held the small items; a few pictures, heavily starched white shirt collars, cuff links, neckties, the remnants of a once electric doorbell and other items; some yellowing from age.

Take the tray out and the bottom of the trunk was filled with items that, I am sure, were of much value in the past years of Dad's busy life. There were several old ledgers with the pages filled with Dad's handwriting. There were postmarked business letters all addressed to Dad. At that time I couldn't read so I don't know what messages the letters held.

Move down a little further into the trunk and you find Dad's wool blend dress suit and white dress shirt. It is probably the suit, shirt and tie that he was wearing when the picture (of him alone) was made. Packed among the clothing is the large picture of Dad; the one hanging, here, in the hall. The one that my sister gave me, she said, because I kept Dad the last months of his life.

The picture of the lady was Dad's first wife. She died when their little son, Charles Merchia, was a baby or a young boy. I was never told why or just



when she died but am guessing that she died with Typhoid Fever at the same time that Dad had that dreadful disease. When Dad was with me during his last months he never seemed to want to talk about his other life. He had written on the back of her picture this message, *"She was once a dear friend but now she is gone"*. The picture portrays a beautiful lady. I have always felt that she deserved more than just one picture in a closed trunk.

The other picture is of Dad with his son, Charles Mercha. I am sure Dad was devastated when his wife died and he was left with the little son. Dad let his wife's brother and his wife take over the care of Merchia until he could get his life together. I suppose by the time he felt he could take over the care of Merchia; Merchia didn't want to make the move. He lived with his Uncle & Aunt until he married.

The flat top of the trunk provided us girls a place to play, something else to climb on. Occasionally Mom would open the trunk and let us play "Mailman" with the papers and letters. She was careful to put them all back in the trunk after the play time.

The trunk is still in good shape as it sits quietly, maybe, still holding some of the remnants of the life of a family of three. A life that was lived one hundred twelve or thirteen years ago.

Does it hold some of the secrets, some of the untold stories of that life? Stories that I would like to hear told. Stories that I let pass me by when I was sixteen years old and could have, maybe, found the answer from Aunt Betty.

Maybe it is time to let those stories rest in peace. Maybe it is time to let them go. Let them go where all untold secrets, all untold stories go.

Osa Ann Corkill Moore
March 29, 2013

April 16, 2013

Charles & Judith Corkill sent me this information:

Dad's first wife (the pretty lady in the picture) is Willie Conrad Corkill. Born in 1888 – died 1909 (she was only 21 years old)

Dad was twenty six years old when she died.

Merchia (Dad and Willie's only child) was born February 15, 1908 died May 1957.

He died of an apparent liver disease which had bothered him for years.

He was not a drinker.

Merchia was only one year old when his mom died.

I do appreciate and am delighted to find that information about the Conrad's. I do now remember Dad's mention of Conrad's

Sad

It is sad but also a relief to my haunting desire to know the pretty lady's name.

It is a story that does add credence to my sensing the sadness in Dad's life.

It is a story that adds meaning to my feeling of the sadness and sorry that the trunk held.

Sadness for the remnants of a beautiful life interrupted by death.

Tears

I can now shed those tears that I have always felt like shedding.

Tears---- for my Dad (Charles Amos Corkill) who lost so much.

Tears -----for a little baby boy named Charles Merchia Corkill who lost his mom and, because of the circumstances of the tragedy, also lost full time with his dad.

Tears----- for a beautiful lady named Willie Conrad Corkill.

I can now let the story Rest in Peace.

April 27, 2013

After reading the story my sister, who had inherited the trunk, picked it up from its place in semi-storage and brought it home to her place. She then took a picture of it and sent it to me.

Thanks, Maxine. It is still beautiful after all



These years.

I think it has a look of pride as it takes up that space in your room. It has told its stories both sad and happy ones.

It is at peace as maybe it remembers the four little girls who spent much time playing around it and on top of it.

Maybe it remembers ---That long Time Ago.

Bales of Hay

Bales of Hay?

Yes, Samson, I think they are called bales of hay.

You and I must have come from the same small hill farm in the little community of Center Ridge Arkansas, called Pleasant Hill. The place where there were no bales of hay.

Hay was not baled at Pleasant Hill. It was cut down and raked by a machine which was pulled by a mule.

After it was raked, with hand held pitch forks, it was loaded onto a wagon and taken to the barn.

It was then pitched into the barn loft through a large door near the roof of the barn.

My help with this chore was to help move the hay back from the door into the back of the loft so we would be ready for the next load.



Oh, but Samson, I must tell you that those bales you see are done by machine and not by the hard labor that I will tell you about later in this story. They were then left in the field for use and not hauled to the barn and stored.

Move forward six years

I suppose, in Pottsville Arkansas, because the farms were larger and there were many more cattle to feed, hay was baled and then stored in the barn. It was baled by pitching the hay into the baler, tying the bales, loading them onto the wagon, hauling them to the barn and then pitching the bales into

the loft. The finished bale was a rectangle block weighing between eighty and one hundred pounds.

One work day

Fred was home from the war and was waiting for the starting of his first semester of college when a neighbor asked him to help with the hay one day.

Fred had not done any farm work since he left the farm years ago and he had probably forgotten just how hard work baling hay was. He was excited about spending the day helping with the hay.

Whether or not he had forgotten; when that day was over he knew, he remembered and he agreed with the saying----" that of all the hard work, of all the difficult task that a farmer must do, the hardest of all work is baling hay"

Although it was late fall, It was hot that day and like all farm days the day was long ----from sun up to sun down.

Fred was completely exhausted when that day was over. I am thinking that he was thankful to be headed for college and away from the farm.

The regular pay for one day's work was four dollars, which at that time was reasonable pay. We were getting ready to live on and go to school on the GI bill pay, which was one hundred twenty dollars per month.



"I resolve"

F.H. pulled the four dollars, wet with perspiration, out of his pocket and handed them to me. He told me to put them where they were most needed. Although there was much need for the money, and would be for years to come, my thought was, "I resolve to never spend these four dollars".

And maybe I have stuck with that resolve. We have gone through some lean times in our years. Times when it was difficult to make ends meet. But as I paid the bills each month I remembered the hay making and how hard the work was and I made sure there was four dollars left in the check book each time. I still do!

I might add that maybe sometimes the check book looked a lot like this when I finished with it:

\$400.00
Minus \$500.00
Equals \$4.00

Osa Corkill Moore
August 4, 2013

Homemade Ice cream

Snow Ice Cream

2 Cups whole milk, half & half or heavy cream (your choice)

½ cup sugar

1 teaspoon vanilla

A large bowl of fresh fluffy clean snow

- 1 Mix together the milk, sugar and vanilla
- 2 While the snow is still falling and is deep enough to gather some that is not close to the ground, scoop it up.
- 3 Mix the snow into the milk mixture and serve it in individual servings.

Gone with time?

Has this tasty treat gone with the passing of time? Or is it that I am living too far south where snow seldom falls.

When I was a child I lived where we almost always had snow in the winter time so we children could look forward with anticipation to a heavy snow. At that time, with no refrigeration, ice cream was a rarity. It was to be enjoyed with an occasional ice cream cone. And on very rare occasions we had Home Made Ice Cream; made with a hand cranked freezer.

Excitement

It was exciting to wake up in the morning, look out the window to see the ground covered with snow and the snow still falling. We knew we would have snow ice cream that day.

We watched as Mom mixed the milk, sugar and vanilla and set it aside. She then took her large bowl and went out to gather the snow. She looked for heavy drifts of snow and from the top of the drifts she scooped up the fluffy white snow.

We girls stood drooling as she mixed the snow with the milk mixture, dished it out into small bowls and handed each of us a bowl.

Hand Cranked

Along with the snow ice cream, I suppose the hand cranked freezer ice cream has faded with time, leaving only a few remnants of--- those days.

Those days---when the family gathered on special occasions, like the 4th of July or Labor Day, for a cook- out.

A cook-out which included making homemade Ice Cream.

The cook- out was usually hamburgers with all the trimmings.

The trimming was a platter filled with fresh vegetables from Fred's garden.

Remnants

Along with this one picture that I found among the family pictures, there is a dust covered box stored in the storage section of the shop.

In that box is an ice cream freezer.

An ice cream freezer that has been upgraded from the hand crank to the electric crank.

In the kitchen cabinet you will find a stack of green plastic bowls that were used in serving ice cream.

In the pantry you will find a jar of ice cream salt left from the last making of ice cream.

All remnants of that past time.



Although we now have easy access to both ice cream cones and cartons of delicious ice cream, the taste of the snow ice cream and hand cranked freezer ice cream still linger in my taste buds.

Osa Corkill Moore

September 2, 2013

THE COLOR OF OLD

Church

While sitting in a church pew this morning; I looked at the pews in front of me and realized that I was looking at only heads of Grey. One pew was filled with women, all about the same age, my age, my friends; Women whose husbands had died many years ago.

Before the service began I could hear their whispers about their latest health problems. I couldn't help but notice that their problems seemed a lot like mine. 😊 I also noticed that one of the ladies had a beautiful walking cane. Hey! My cane is too ordinary looking; I must look for one like she has. 😊

Old Man

On the pew behind them sat one old man and his wife. The old man was bent over from years of toil and health problems. As we stood to sing the first hymn, he struggled to stand up. He, then, stood by holding on to his cane in one hand as he clung to his wife with his other hand. His clothes which at one time fit his strong healthy body now hung loosely on his frail frame. He peered over his glasses to the open hymnal that his wife was holding. I think he was probably not singing but he was taking part as best he could. He loved singing and was always quick to compliment me and the other choir members on our specials.

Roll Back

Roll back a few years and that same old man was full of life and energy. He was the one who came early to make the coffee and to set out the cups, sugar and cream for the coffee drinkers. After making the coffee, he picked up the broom, went out to the front of the church and swept the leaves off the steps and the sidewalk before anyone else arrived. He was always there to greet others as they came. I have always felt a connection with this man.

Look Alike

Many years ago, from my seat in the choir, I saw this man walk into the church for the first time. My reaction was surprise and confused because, for a fleeting moment, I thought he was, my husband, Fred. Other choir members thought so too as they whispered, to me saying, "There's Fred". I am sure the man was, also, confused, when after church service ended;

members of the congregation spoke to him calling him Fred as they said, “so happy to have you back Fred---**Look Alike**

Look again

As I had looked around the sanctuary--- at the congregation, I saw sparsely filled pews with very few heads that are not grey or greying. Some, who, I am quite, sure, have put a little color in their greying hair. I saw no children and no young people.

No bulletin

After I sat down, I realized that I didn’t have a bulletin. I had come in through the back way and the bulletins were at the front of the church. Rather than risk falling by getting up and working my way to the front to pick up a bulletin, I decided to do without one. At this time; fear of falling is my worst fear. My friend sitting behind me handed me his bulletin.

The Word

The minister preached as if he was preaching to a full house. He spoke of the changing times and the expectation of the need to make the changes in the churches.

Choir

The choir that once filled three pews has dwindled down to three members. This morning one member (the leader) was ill so the choir was empty. The young man who plays the piano led the singing and he sang a special.

Couldn’t resist

After the benediction;

As he played and sang the Postlude and the congregation was exiting, I couldn’t resist going up to the piano and joining him in singing the hymn, “Leaning on the Everlasting Arms”. He, I am sure for my benefit, played and we sang some of the verses again.

Although I did surely love seeing and speaking with my friends, This, the singing with the young man, was the highlight of my hour at the church.

Time

I see signs that time is running out for this little church. This once Vibrant filled to capacity and overflowing church is now:

The Color of Old

Osa Corkill Moore

January 27, 2013

THE COLOR OF JOY

Same Pew

For this day, for this moment, the color has changed from The Color of Old to The Color of joy.

The Joy

----**Of** sitting with a pew filled with some of the members of my family who have come to celebrate my ninetieth birthday.

----**Of** feeling the friendship and love of the people who greeted my family. The minister and his wife spoke with words of welcome. He also welcomed us from the pulpit with a prayer for my family's safe return as they travel home this afternoon.

----**Of** appreciation when the congregation sang "Happy birthday" to me.

----**Of** walking with my beautiful new Ebony walking cane (a gift from my son and his wife)

----**Of** the sound of the voices of my family as we sang the hymns.

----**Of** the reminiscing of the happy gatherings with visiting, with hugs, with music that we have had together the past four days.

----**Of** knowing that we will have another time together this afternoon

----**Of** remembering the table full of beautiful people (family and friends) at the Birthday Dinner Yesterday.

----**Of Tears** as I marvel at the gift, the blessing, the awesomeness, the beauty, of a Family-----of My Family

Attention

There are three empty seats in the pews in front of us. The old man and his wife are not here. The minister told us that she, the wife, is ill. The lady with the beautiful cane rides with them so she is also missing.

Bulletin

As the service started we needed another bulletin-----again the man and, this time, his wife behind us handed us a bulletin ☺

Dance

Sometime during the service the dancing feet of my little six year old granddaughter did a little quick step. ☺ A welcome sound to those who wonder, “Where are the children?” ---The wonderful sound of a child.

Words

The minister continued his words from the past few Sundays as he spoke on “The Beatitudes”. He spoke of an added one which he had recently heard. It is surely appropriate one for My family

“Blessed are those who can laugh at themselves,
For they will always have something to laugh at”
And I might add
“Blessed are those who can laugh at each other,
For they are laughing at me now.” ☺

My Cane ☺

After the service ended I got up and walked from the Sanctuary to the Fellowship Hall without my new cane. My granddaughter retrieved it for me. Blessed

Anthem

As he has done before, the minister forgot the Anthem.
One of the, two, ladies in the choir said, “We will now sing the Anthem”.
The minister begged for Mercy ☺
I must tell the two ladies that my grandson said they sing beautiful harmony. I have told them so before but it will mean more to them for my grandson to have said it.

No Banners

In the Methodist church this Time is called “Ordinary Time”; no banners are displayed. The walls are bare. Next Sunday the “Lent” banners will be hung.

Show Off

With the help of my granddaughter, I took the opportunity to show off one set of banners that I made several years ago. The Easter Banners.



Joys are flowing, like a River,

Like a river in my soul.
As I linger, Memories come to me,
Come to me like the sea billows roll

Osa Corkill Moore
February, 10, 2013

THE TOAST

February 2013

My gift of life

This picture tells the story of my life.
The story of a young girl's dreams ----long time ago
The story of four little baby boys who brought meaning to my life.
And now the story of four men who have made my life whole.
Four men who have come together on my ninetieth birthday to make me
proud to have lived this life.
To cause me to realize the purpose of the life that was mine.

A Toast

To my purpose in life.
To the joy that has been mine
"Drink with me"
"Drink with me" was Cameron's solo in the stage show les miserable



Thanks Children
For a wonderful birthday celebration.

For the gathering at Robert & Vanessa's
For the meal at Maggio's
For the music
For the love that you showered on me
For the moments between the gatherings.
All times to remember.
Times to relish
Truly great moments!!
Love,
Mom

READ MY PILLOW

My pillow is a treasured gift of beauty.

The beauty----of the blended fabrics and the blended of different colors. All blended in perfect harmony.

The beauty----of the intricate work of art.

My pillow is a story of occasions in time.

Occasions of a family as time goes by.

A story ----of four little baby boys who came into my life over a period of ten years.

A story--- of little baby boys growing into little children.

A story----of little children growing into young men

A story ----of young men growing into men.



A story ----of four sisters who walked the path of life together. A life that, at times, was a struggle for them.

A story--- of strength and beauty.

Stories ----that warm my heart as I think of those years past which, at this time, seem like fleeting moments.

My pillow is a gift that was given to me on my ninetieth birthday

As I look at the pictures on the pillow, memories come floating back to me.

Memories---that make me smile.

Memories----- of the day that that particular picture was made.

Memories -----of not only the people in the picture but also of the one behind the camera.

Memories ----of the others who are in the background. Family members who had gathered for a visit.

Days gone by but not forgotten.

Osa Ann corkill Moore

April 2,2013

HOME

"I wanna go home"

After having lived through the many years with my husband who suffered with that crippling disease called Alzheimer's, I am troubled as I wonder!

Where is home?

Where is the home that he kept searching for, the home that he kept asking me to take him to?

What was he looking for as he said ----"I wanna go home"

"Are we somewhere between here and home"?

Is it a Place, a spot on the map, a house where he lived as a child, his room in that house-----Or is it?-----Perhaps

Only a feeling

Is it a feeling of the long ago past?

Is it the feeling of moments that gave him pleasure?

Moments that survived the passing of time,

Pleasant moments that survived while the unpleasant moments faded in the memories of his troubled mind.

Is it moments that are frozen in time.

Moments that trapped him in that frozen cavern of his brain.

Trapped in a deep chasm, searching in the darkness of that world,

Searching----- for those fleeting moments of the long ago time.

Searching---- with no key to unlock the door that would release him.

Release him to let him live the life that could have been---

That should have been his---

That day.

Where is Home?

Is he home now?

Did death unlock that door?

Home!!

After being -----"So Long Away".



Copied from: "Adventures of Ven & Star"

Osa Corkill Moore
April 13, 2013

Turn to page 2

Page 2

This response from Paul is beautiful and touching. Fitting words of comfort to a story told. So touching that I feel it worthy of adding this page 2 to the story.

Later---And I will add responses from Bruce and Charlie. All touching.

Response

Chillingly beautiful. I'm sitting here at lunch reading a brain book and that fits in so well. Have to believe that the door, the cavern... Everything fell away and then he was (always) home.. As are we all. Difference may be that he didn't understand the murmurs outside his dark spaces, couldn't be comforted by them... And he dwelt in ceaseless worry...

But I hear voices like yours and am comforted

Paul

So touching mom!

I love Paul's response

Charlie

Ahh Mom. You gave me chills again; and with Paul's response, deep feeling of a kindness heartache toward Dad. Thank you (and Paul) for that.

I love you,

...Bruce

DUST TO DUST

“Dust to Dust”

The phrase, “Dust to Dust” came to his mind when he opened one of his text books of a long ago time.

As he picked up the book he was struck with a sudden awareness.

An awareness, with maybe a little shock, at what he was holding in his hand.

An awareness that, yes, much time had passed since he last opened the cover of the book.

What was once a book with white pages with the feel and the essence of a new text book, is now the feel and the musty, but not unpleasant, scent of aged paper.

As he opened the covers there was a sense of, maybe, a little dust coming from them.

The pages are now yellowing and, as he turned them, he felt a touch of brittleness in the paper.

It is time to handle the pages with care. He could no longer flip them as he once had done.

The Words

But the words are still there.

Words to refresh his memory of what he had learned years ago.

Although worn and a little fragile, the book still holds what he is searching for.

With the comfort in knowing that, he carefully closed the book and put it away.

Put it away to wait for another time when he might need to open it.

Put it away knowing that more dust will gather as the years go by.

“Dust to Dust”.

Osa Corkill Moore

November 16, 2013

FORGET ME NOT

Forget-Me-Not

Is the name of a tiny little five pedal flower.

Four of those little flowers were etched into my gold wedding band, adding grace and beauty to the ring.

I saw them for the first time when F.H. placed the ring on my finger.

As we stood at the altar while the minister said the words my thoughts were of those little flowers and how deep the meaning of them was at that time.

We were at war and I knew that F.H. would be leaving soon to go into battle.

Those little golden pedals tugged at my heart as I choked back tears.



Fast Forward seventy- two years

Time has almost worn away those little pedals on the ring.

Only I would know that those four small bumps on the ring were once four tiny gold flowers. Flowers with the name – Forget-Me-Not

Time- has not worn away the memories of those days and today; those memories seem to be coming alive before my face.

Coming alive with many Faces that flash before me.

Scanning Slides

Today as I work with my new project of capturing the family pictures that are found on slides,

Slides that, for years, have been stored away in the metal box on a shelf in the closet,

Slides of another time and place, those words keep flashing before me.

Those words, "forget-me-not", take on a deep meaning.

As I scan the slides into the computer- Faces seem to come alive in pictures

Come alive as they seem to take me back in time.

Take me back - to be ,for a time, lost in those years.

Faces- of those who were a part of my life through the years.

Faces- of those who have now gone on before me.
Faces- that seem to speak softly to me
Faces- that seem to say,
“Forget-Me-Not”

Osa Corkill Moore
February, 27,2014

Full Circle

Zones

We go through life passing through zones. Zones marked by signs giving us directions to follow: School Zone ----Hospital Zone ---- Time Zone---flood zone— commercial zone---- residential zone---and others.

In my life time I have passed through many of those zones. I have traveled the miles that got me to this place in time.

Someday Zone

It has been a good journey filled with laughter and joy. I have seen my dreams, my fantasies of that young girl fulfilled. Dreams of “Someday”. “Someday that day will come” when I can go to school again, I will meet my Prince, I will have a family, I will have a nice home with maybe even a car. I have seen them all fulfilled.

Bumps

In my journey I have experienced some hard knocks, some bumps in the road and I have shed tears of sadness. But those days seem to be only shadows as I think on the good days. I have had a good life, I have had more than I feel I deserve.

In thinking of those days past I realize that I would like to go back and relive some of them. Re-live some of those days to correct mistakes of that day. Re-live some of those days to again experience the joy that was mine that day. But it is only in my memories that I can go back.

Red Zone

That journey has brought me to another zone in life. I will call it The Red Zone. The Red zone is a zone that, if we live to old age, we all must face, we have no choice.

In this zone there are no clearly marked signs with directions or instructions to follow. I must go the yardage without the help of those directions.

I have come thus far and where do I go from here, what decisions need to be made for the last few miles?

Maybe the Red Zone is the time when life has Come Full Circle.

Problem

When I was a little ten year old girl, along with my sisters, I was a problem. The problem of what should be done with us----With me? I am sure that this was no easy task for those who had to make that decision. I knew I was a problem and I felt guilty for being one.



In the Red Zone I can see that I can, again, become a problem. What should be done with me? Where should I spend these last few miles of my life?

Difference

Oh, but there is a difference. That little ten year old girl didn't have someone who cared about her as they struggled to solve the problem of what to do with her

The relatives, whom she had known best through her ten years, all faded into the background when the decision had to be made.

She, the problem, was left with her uncle whom she knew only slightly. She knew him as the one who was always there to help Dad when help was needed. For him she, at that time and for the past several years, had been one of his problems.

I was comforted to know that he was there but at the same time I felt the guilt of being his problem.

The difference this time is that I know I am surrounded by my children who care about me. I truly appreciate their love and concern, but does that make the problem any less?

Maybe in my thinking, I feel even more guilt. I am more emotionally involved with those whose problem I have become. It makes me sad to know that they are faced with the problem.

Years ago the problem was solved with a cotton patch
This time there is no cotton patch to help solve the problem. ☺



Osa Corkill Moore
November 27, 2012

“ Heavy cotton Sack” by Duncan Moore
Copied from “Early Year”

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Revised ----December 29, 2015

In my aging years, I am, again, enjoying the sights and sounds of the mountains.

Sights and Sounds that I had almost forgotten.

Forgotten the pleasure and the peace that they bring to a troubled mind.

When our family was torn apart and we were scattered asunder; it was a troubling time for a ten year old girl.

I found myself torn away from my life in a small town and taken to an isolated place in the mountains of Arkansas.

A place that, at first, was somewhat frightening.

Frightening because of the silence that now surrounded me.

I missed the sound of the trains, the honking of an occasional car driving down the highway, the sound of Mama's chickens running around in our yard and other sounds of life around me.

Lost Mountain

Looking out the front door of the little two room log cabin that we now lived in with my mom----- loomed the mountain called "Lost Mountain".

As I looked, I wondered what might be lurking in the thick tangle brush of those woods.

I closed the door as I tried to sweep away the scene from my troubled mind.

But within a few days, the mountain seemed to beckon to me to come and see – to come and explore.

And so cautiously I ventured to take my first steps into the woods of that mountain.

I soon found the exciting sounds and sights in those woods.

It was summer time and the trees were in full array each with their own beauty. Each with their different size, shape and shades of green leaves. I sensed the fragrance of the forest; the aroma of the blossoms bursting from the different trees and plants.



By the time I left that little log cabin, I had a well beaten path through those woods. I felt a special peaceful bond with Lost Mountain. A bond that seemed to touch me, to call me back through my days ahead.

As I moved a short distance away from Lost Mountain, I found other mountains with well beaten paths to follow. For the next five years I would follow those paths and experience the sights and sounds along the way. It is true that there were some fearful sights that called for caution as I carefully stepped around them. The giant spider web, like the one you see in the picture, was one of those fears.



But as I walked those paths I more and more felt an appreciation for the peace and comfort of the many sights and sounds of a mountain.

Sounds

The sound and sight of a flock of geese flying south for the winter



The Sound of a rippling brook or a rushing creek.

The sound of walking through a ground covered with dried leaves.

The sound and the feel of softly falling snow.

The sight of snow and ice on the trees



The late afternoon sound of a farmer calling the cows... "Suik suik suik-come on".

The sound of the cow bells around the cow's neck as they slowly turn and start the walk to the gate----- It is milking time!

The sound of a crying calf that is being weaned from the cow.

The sound of the mother cow in answer to the cry of her calf.

.

The sounds of the many birds found in a forest.

.

The sound of the dinner bell calling the field workers for a lunch break

The sound of that same bell signaling an emergency at the house.



Copied from
"Earlv Years"

sights

The sight of a frozen or partially frozen pond

The sight of a cemetery marked with many granite tomb stones.

Tomb stones marking the passing of those who had lived.

Some who had lived a long time ago.

Some who had recently died.



The sight of rinks of fire wood ready for the wood- cooking- stove and for the wood- burning stove or fire- place.



The sight of a ribbon of fire slowly creeping up the mountain as it burns off the underbrush of the mountain.

All sights and sounds to be remembered and cherished

I am enjoying some of those sights and sounds as I sit here on my sofa while I hold my iPad in my hand.

As I sit, I hear the sound of a message that has just come through on my iPad.

I click the "message icon."

As the Message lights up I see it is from Charlie.

I click "Open"

As it opens, to my delight, it is a video recording of Charlie's morning walk on the mountain. With him on the walk or his two dogs, Sampson and Delilah.



As he walks he talks about what we are seeing along the way.

He points out the different places of interest.

As usual Lila stops for a dip in the water. Sometimes it is a dip in the pond and sometimes a dip in the little creek that feeds the pond.

With no hesitation she dips into the icy cold creek.

I feel as though I am walking with Charlie and I am again enjoying some of those sights and sounds of the mountain.

I am reminded of the other sights and sounds of my long ago past.

And I realize just how deeply rooted in my soul are the feelings that come from the mountains of my childhood and young teenage days.

Charlie's Mountain

the pictures in the story were taken by Charlie.

Except for one they are scenes from the mountain back of Charlie's house, his property.

fScenes that we saw while walking on the mountain.

The cemetery picture is of Pisgah Cemetery in Pottsville Arkansas.

Made while visiting in Arkansas June 2009.

Thanks Charlie

Thanks for the walks and Thanks for the pictures

Osa Corkill Moore-----

-January 23, 2015

aBus Stop

Hey out there?

Does anyone know where the Bus Stop to Heaven is?

I need to know

Need to know because I think I must be missing the bus as it passes by.

Passes by and takes one of my relatives or one of my friends each time it stops.

Maybe

Maybe I have been too busy living to take the time to find the bus stop.

Living while the others are finding the stop and boarding the bus

Boarding the bus and, one by one, slipping away from me.

Slipping away and leaving me to remember them--each one as they were,

Each one adding their special touch of joy and spice to my life.



Attention!! ---Listen Up!!

To all of you who caught the bus!

“When the roll is called up yonder”---- and I am not listed,

It is not that I didn’t make it

It is that I missed the bus

Missed the bus because I can’t find the Bus Stop.

Where is that Bus Stop!

Osa Corkill Moore

July 7, 2014

(Over)

Later

PS. I was feeling sad the day that I wrote this story.

Sad because I had just come home from the funeral for my best friend,
Margaret, There had many funerals in such a short time.

Friends from my church

Friends from the quilters guild

My sisters and other family members.

The list was long and still growing.

But Hey out there

Here It is almost two years later and I still have not
found that bus stop.

Have not found it because I am not looking for it

Someday I am sure I will stumble upon it but

until then

See you In the Funny Papers



Osa Corkill Moore

June 21, 2017

TINY TILES

For many years Fred and I went to the Mississippi Gulf coast for our wedding anniversary. It was a special time for both of us as we could leave our busy lives behind and relax in that special place.

For three nights and two days we enjoyed the atmosphere of the gulf with its cool breeze, the sound of the surf, the walk on the beach in the moonlight. And I must mention the delicious seafood dinners.

On one trip we were pleased and excited to see that a beach- side motel had been built since we were last there. We were hopeful that we could get reservations there – and we did. For that year and the years to come we stayed in that motel. It was an added pleasure to be closer to the sound and the sight of the vast waters of the Gulf

As the years went by we witnessed the destruction left behind from storms that hit the Gulf Coast. We were always amazed and pleased that, although many of the houses and places of business were destroyed, many of the old historical monuments survived the storms.



It was our trip to the Gulf September 12, 1992 that we saw the results of the storm Andrew. Although the storm had hit land in Florida and did much damage there it also left its mark on the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

As we drove the beach-front road from Waveland to Biloxi we were shocked at the destruction along the way. Houses with only the foundation left, trees up-rooted, power poles down and large boats washed up onto land. As we drove into Biloxi we hoped that, maybe by some miracle, we would see the beach-side motel still standing, but we soon realized that it was gone with no part of it left to show that it was once there.

After checking into a motel, we walked across the highway and onto the beach. We sauntered down to the area where the motel had stood, maybe with an air of a little sadness for the loss of something that we had been a part of. It was a strange feeling to stand on the spot where once stood the motel.

We sat down in the sand and listened to the sounds that are so pleasing to hear. The seagulls circled around as the tide came rushing in threatening to lap at our feet. As I reached down and picked up a hand full of sand to let it run through my fingers, I felt something solid. I started brushing away the sand to find what might be buried there.

To my surprise and to my amazement I realized that I had uncovered a section of tiny floor tiles.

Fred and I brushed away more sand as we uncovered a large section of the tiles

.

It was a somber feeling – a sudden realization that we were looking at the remnants of what was once a bath room floor. A bath room floor of the lost motel-- the motel where we had stayed many nights in the past.

We sat for a while longer in the quite serenity of that moment.

We felt a special closeness to each other as we lingered in that little spot in the sand.

I felt that we had, for a fleeting moment, touched the past and with it a whisper of feelings of other tender moments.

Osa Corkill Moore
November 22, 2015

SHOW ME

What is God?
Where is God?

Those are the questions found in the Presbyterian Catechism.
The Catechism is a small book that is taught to children
Although I was never given a catechism to study; when a child, I did hear about the God mentioned in that little book.

As mama sometimes read from the Watch Tower to my sisters and me I did hear about a God up in heaven and how he loved me and would take care of me. It was a comforting story but, at the same time, I did wonder how it could be true. It was the “up” that bothered me – I could not believe that anything could stay up in the sky because there was nothing to hold on to. But my older sister believed the story to be true and she wanted to hear more of the story – so she persuaded me and my younger sister to start going to Sunday School with her.

Soon after that, each Sunday, the three of us ages nine, seven and six put on our best dresses and walked the distance, of a little less than a mile, to a little Nazarene Church to attend Sunday school.

As I listened to the stories and saw the pictures on the little leaflets that were given to me each Sunday, I began to think that although it seemed too good to be true, maybe there is reason to believe that it is true.

A Devil

I knew there was a devil --- and I feared him. I felt that I had come very close to being snatched by him when I stole the cucumber from Mrs.



Session's garden. But he lived in a cave in the ground. That was easy to understand.

One day, while digging in the ground, my spade hit something hard and black. Thinking it was the top of the Devils cave, I ran screaming to mama for comfort. Later, I very cautiously went back in the yard and put the dirt back in

the hole.

m "Early Years"

Show Me

It was on the path through the garden; the same path that I had almost been snatched by the devil that I decided to check out the story.

I was alone on that path when I looked up in the sky and said "God, if you are there, show me". To my exciting and pleasant surprise, I saw the proof that I needed.



The proof that there is a God and he can stay up in heaven.

I looked up in the sky and there before my eyes appeared a very visible large silhouette of a shepherd with his shepherd crook in his hand. It was an image very much like the one

pictured on the Sunday School leaflet that was handed to me at Sunday School

Copied and pasted from "Early Years"

It's True

I stood there for a moment looking up at the figure as he seemed to look down at me. I felt that he was telling me that the story is true.

Now I knew there is a God and the stories that I heard in Sunday school and had heard Mama read are true. I felt a comfort to know that I had that love, help and security. I would soon use that help.

Lost Marble

I had lost my favorite marble –a beautiful purple and white one. After searching for it but couldn't find it, I sat down and started crying. Or maybe bawling is the word - as I hoped Mama would hear me and come to



Copied from "Early Years"

my rescue.

Well-- Mama didn't hear me but God heard me.

Help Me

I suddenly remembered about the God who would help me. I stopped crying and said, "God help me find my marble". Instantly the thought, the message, came to me, "it is in a shoe box under your bed". I ran and looked and there it was. Now,

I had more proof that there is a God and he will help me.

Comfort

That childhood vision was a source of comfort for me in the years that followed. During those troubling years of our family crisis when we were scattered and I needed a hand to hold on to, I felt the security of knowing that God was watching over me.

I never again saw the image in the sky but I didn't need that proof. I had seen it once and that was enough.

Waning years

I am now in my waning years and although I will admit that, at times, I have had doubts.

I never doubted that there is a God but there were times when I felt that God was so far away that I could not reach him; that maybe he was meant for some people but not for me.

But during those times of doubt, I was never so far away that I couldn't find my way back to that childhood experience.

And as I go back--the vision in the sky is as vivid today as it was to that little girl on the path through the garden eighty plus years ago.

What is God?

God is a Spirit.

Where is God?

God is everywhere.

Osa Corkill Moore
January 30, 2016

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR 1965

For a fund raising project that year we (The United Methodist Women) chose cooking and serving Shrimp Gumbo at the church. We set a date, had the tickets printed and, with little effort, sold them. We gathered the day before the serving day to make preparations for the meal. The biggest job was making the gumbo.

We purchased the necessary ingredients, the main ingredient being the shrimp. Many ladies and some men took part in peeling the shrimp, chopping the vegetables, and doing the many other small and large jobs that it takes to put a gumbo meal together.

After many hours of working we were pleased that we had it together. We now had a big pot of delicious shrimp gumbo ready to be served the next day. After putting the gumbo in a five gallon crock we placed it in the refrigerator and went home for the day. The plan was to gather early afternoon the next day to finish preparations for serving the plates – beginning at 6:00 PM.

The next day as we walked in the church we detected a faint unpleasant odor of spoiled seafood. Thinking it was some leavings from our clean up the day before we started searching for the source of the pungent smell. One lady stepped over and opened the door of the refrigerator and there it was! We had a five gallon crock of spoiled gumbo.

After recovering from a state of stunned silence, we shifted into high gear and started working at the task of disposing of the spoiled gumbo and then putting together another pot of gumbo.

Many hands worked fast and furious as we peeled, chopped and cooked. By maybe a miracle, we got it done in time to serve the first customer.

For two hours a steady stream of hungry people came and we served them; I hope with (although fake) a smile on our face.

After the last customer was served, with a sigh of relief, we sat down and waited for the counting of the money. The result was dismal but not surprising. We had made very little money to add to our treasure. Our giving to charitable institutions would be much less than we had hoped.

As we sat, we were startled by a knock on the door. Startled because, at that time, church doors were never locked; there was no reason to lock a door and no reason to knock on the door.

With a little hesitation, we went to the door and opened it. In the dimly lit entrance-way, we stood face to face with two large dirty men. They were covered from head to toe with dirt and grime. Only their eyes were clear of the dirt as they spoke. They said, "We work in the oil fields; we were walking by and smelled food. We are so hungry, could you feed us?"

We welcomed them in, sat them down at a table and fed them their fill of gumbo.

They smiled as they thanked us and then they left.

We looked at each other with maybe a feeling of an emotional relief ---A feeling of joy.

Our spirits were now lifted; our tired bodies had new life. We had pep in our step. We had the energy needed to do the cleaning.

One of organizations that we contribute to is "Feed the Hungry".

We had just fed two hungry men.

As we cleaned, we talked with each other about what had just happened; and as we talked we were struck by the realization that none of us were sure about the color of the skin of those two men.

It was a story that we would talk about many times; a story that we would tell to others.

It was a story of a feeling that---- maybe we had experienced a visit with two Angles.

Osa Corkill Moore

September 15, 2015

Worthy to be passed on

This is a story that seems to be worthy of passing on.

I am sure it has come up through many generations and is told in different ways.

It is a story that is always good for a smile and a laugh.

I should say especially good to be told when we are growing old and the story fits us as we become forgetful.

I have read other versions of the story and I find this one to be my favorite.

KNOCK ON WOOD

Three old ladies were talking and comparing their **state of mind**.

Said number one:

“I am getting forgetful, I catch myself on the staircase and I don’t know whether I am going up or coming down”

Said number two:

“I have that problem too, I find myself holding the refrigerator door open and I don’t know whether I am putting something in the refrigerator or taking something out”.

Said number three:

“Well, I am sorry about you two ladies, and I am indeed thankful that I am not like that..

“I have no problem with my memory, I am in good shape-----
-----“Knock on wood-----**Come In!!!**”

Scroll down for page 2

Note

A friend of mine told the story about her grandmother who would try to tell this story but she couldn't remember what the number **three** lady said (the punch line)

So when she got to that line she would say:

“Well, I don't remember the rest of the story but it is funny so-----
Laugh”

All the listeners laughed. ☺ ☺

Life can be so funny!!



Osa Ann Corkill Moore,
April 12, 2013

DREAMS

Where do dreams come from?
Where do they go after they have held
you in their grasp for a short time?
Why are some dreams remembered
through the years---
while others fade away as they seem to
slip through your grasp
Slip away as you try to hold on to them
long enough to remember them.



Some dreams find their way into a
permanent place in my book of memories
Those dreams play around in my memories-----Some to give me comfort
and some to seem to be waiting in the background--waiting to haunt me
again at some other time.

The next six stories will be the telling of those dreams as I remember them.

LOW ON MEMORY A DREAM

Attention! ---Low on memory! Your Virtual Memory is low!

Those are notices that I sometimes see on my computer. Notices that I can, by the touch of a key on my keyboard, respond to and clear away the clutter. With the touch of the delete button I can wipe out the unwanted. I can leave only those files that I want to keep in my computer.

But the memory of my mind has no delete button. I cannot scroll through the memory of the years gone by and delete those memories that I want to remove. Those unwanted ones seem to find a way to keep flashing through the memory of my mind and causing me to cringe again and again.

There are many of those memories but the one that seems to haunt me more often is the **Dug Well** memory

When I was a child our source of water was from the big dug well that was in our back yard. As children will do, we played around that well and, I suppose, flirted with the danger of falling into the well. I remember sliding up onto the wide ledge that surrounded the well and looking into the depth of the water. I could see the clear water below and the swirl of the water as little pebbles, from my movement, dropped into the water. I felt an agonizing fear of falling into that endless-deep. I did take the precaution of asking my sister to hold onto my feet while I took the peek into the well.
(Delete this one) *Sorry this file cannot be deleted because it is open in another file*

The horror for the five of us children watching was the scene that we watched as my twelve year old uncle climbed into the well. He stood with his feet stretched across the well to the little rocks that jutted out just enough for him to plant his feet, as he, at the same time, held onto to the ledge on both sides of the well. He laughed as we screamed in horror.
(delete this one)--- *Sorry this file cannot be deleted because it is open in another file*

I suppose both files are stored in my Memory Book Of Life. Cannot be deleted.

Fast Forward several years

I am now a mom with a little two year old son.

We are at my mother-in-laws house for a visit. In the back yard is a large dug well similar to the one that I remembered when I was a child. I had not seen one since that time. Well, there is a difference; this one has a motor that pumps water into the house. It has a heavy wooden cover that can be easily removed by an adult but not by a little child. Reason tells me, it is safe enough, that I need not be concerned. The reasoning does not stop the terrifying dream that will come to me one night.

The dream

It was winter time and it was cold. I had put the little grey tweed jacket and cap on my little two year old son and let him go outside with me. The cap was like the comic strip character, "The Red Baron's" cap. It had a strap that went under his chin and snapped on the other side of the cap. As I worked around in the yard picking up debris I kept an eye on my son as he ran and played in the yard. I cautioned him not to go near the well. Actually the well was high enough off the ground that, without a ladder to climb on, a two year old child could not climb the side of the well. But, as we know, in a dream nothing is impossible. And the impossible did happen!

I looked around just as my little son climbed upon the ledge that surrounded the well and he was looking into the well. I tried to run but my legs would not move. I tried to scream but I could not scream. Neither running nor screaming is allowed in dreams. But in spite of not being able to move, I did, somehow reach him just as he fell into the well. I grabbed hold of the top of his little cap. I squeezed the top of it but could reach no further than the hand full of cloth that I held. As I held on I could feel the cap giving way to the weight of his little body; the snap was coming unsnapped! He would fall into the well.!!

I screamed!!!!

The dream released me

Since that time, I have had many dreams of a child drowning.

Dreams all through the years of caring for my four boys and then, again, when I had occasions of caring for a grandchild. Many of those dreams, like this one, cause me to shiver as I seem to re-live the feeling of that dream.

Osa Corkill Moore-----September 7, 2012

Sinking Low Dream

After the birth of my second son I went through a period of time of extreme exhaustion; not so much because of the work that was before me but because I could not relax in my sleep.

Sleep came easy for me but there was no rest in that sleep. When asleep I would immediately start struggling against falling into a deep sleep. A sleep so deep that I felt that I could never awake from. All my sleeping time was spent struggling as if I was trying to stay afloat in water. I would wake up seemingly more exhausted than I was before sleeping. Because it seemed like such a bizarre complaint and because I felt that there was no help for me, I told no one.

As the days wore on I became more and more exhausted. I needed help.

Help through a dream

We were gathered at the family home for a dinner and visit.

After dinner and helping with the cleanup, I stretched out on the sofa for the much needed nap. The nap that I knew I would, again, be plunged into the struggle against the feeling of sinking into the endless pit.

I immediately fell asleep and again the sinking took over my whole being. Realizing that the children were in good hands with the people there, I decided to let go and let the sinking take me to the depth of the pit.

As I relaxed and as I sank, I began to feel the relief that I had not felt in months. There was no turning back, I was sinking.

The Dream

Like a feather I fluttered down into nothingness. As I sank I was surrounded by a light sandy colored fog that seemed to go on forever in all directions.

While I slowly fluttered down, I looked to find any sign of something in that vast emptiness; there seemed to be nothing. I was alone but I was not afraid.

Finally, with a little bounce, as a feather would do, I landed. I looked upward and realized how deeply I had settled. I thought of my two little

boys and the depth of the distance that now separated us. It looked to be endless. I felt as if I was looking into eternity.

As I silently lay there, in the far distance, I saw the image of something coming out of the fog. I watched as a shadowy object slowly walked toward me. As it came closer the fog began to clear away enough that I could now see that it was a figure of a man. As he walked toward me the fog cleared even more and the shadowy figure became more vivid. Gradually it cleared away enough that I could make out his features. As he slowly walked toward me I blinked my eyes, the fog cleared away and I saw that it was my dad. I was not surprised to see him, I was relieved. He walked up to me smiling as he came, his expression showed that he was happy to see me. He was now a much younger man than I had known him in his lifetime.

He picked me up and started carrying me away laughing as he walked. I felt relaxed, the tiredness had left my body I was content to go with him. We had traveled a little distance before I realized that wherever he was taking me would be a place where there would be no coming back.

“Dad, I said, I can’t go I have two little boys that I must take care of”
With no words, I knew he agreed with me. He turned around, took me back to the place where I had landed. Still smiling he laid me down.

Silent blast

Like a blast of a rocket--- but silently and quietly-- I was shot upward through the unending emptiness that was above me—
Instantly I softly landed on the sofa.

I woke up from my nap feeling rested and full of energy. I felt like a different person from the one who had gone to sleep on the sofa. I greeted my two little boys as if I had returned from a long journey. I am sure the adults nearby were a little confused by my greeting. I made no effort to explain—the story seemed too complicated to explain.
I had no more of those episodes.

Osa Corkill Moore
September, 5, 2012

Note: Later as I was being interviewed, by a medical person, in preparation for major surgery, I was told that this was a side effect of an anesthetic that I had been given. She made a note of that. She said it was important to know. Remembering that I had had that same experience after an appendectomy I knew she was right.

THE LADY IN RED

A DREAM

Life is filled with Ups and Downs ----Mountains and Valleys ---Good times and Bad times. Somehow we learn to find our way out of those bad times dodging those pits of deep depression. Sometimes it seems more difficult than other times.

For me, it was one of those times when I found myself spiraling downward and couldn't seem to find a means to pick myself up as I had often done before.

Then, my help came from an unexpected source.

The Dream

I was on Petit Jean Mountain at a family reunion with many family members there. As you would expect, there was much activity, with laughter and joyous moments as relatives met relatives. Relatives whom, for years, had not seen each other. There had been weddings and births since we had last met so we were meeting some for the first time. There were ooohs and ahaas over the new babies. It was a time of happiness, pleasure and joy for everyone.

But, in spite of that joy that surrounded me, I could not shake the depressive mire that had followed me and would not seem to let me go. After speaking to everyone, I retreated to a Simi quite corner where I could be alone to suffer in my feelings of despair or maybe I should say "wallow in my misery"

My sister, Maxine, soon spotted me and came over to talk. She said, "Osa, there's something bothering you, can you tell me about it"? I told her that life was not good at home. Without saying more, she knew what I was talking about. "Do you want me to call for help, she asked? "as she pointed upward. "Yes", I said. She then picked up a bull-horn and put it to her ear. I could hear no words spoken as she seemingly listened but I knew there was communication.

After a short time, she handed the bull-horn to me. "No" I said, "You do the talking, I don't know what to say" "It is for you", she said and would not take back the bull-horn. With that, I put the bull-horn to my ear. Again I heard no voice but I could feel the communication with the other end of the line. "Do you want us to come down" the question was asked of me. "Yes, I said I do"

I, then, put the bull-horn down and walked out onto the porch to wait for the coming of the helping one. Almost immediately I saw a flying aircraft coming in low circling around the building as if spotting a place to land. By this time, many of the people had gathered on the porch to see what was happening and were frightened by the strange aircraft. Some started screaming and running inside. "Don't be afraid", I said, "I know what this is". They kept running and screaming.

As I watched, by now, almost alone on the porch, I saw the craft land in a clearing that was quite a distance away from where we were. The door opened and the people started coming out of the aircraft. I started walking toward the people.

The first one out was a lady dressed in red. She was a matronly lady, she was, as I thought, my idea of a loving mother. Her hair was a light brown fixed in a bun at the back. She started walking toward me with hurried long strides looking at me as if she knew me. As she came closer to me I felt like I recognized her but could not put a name to her. She was a combination of Mother Moore, Hettie and Mom but was neither one of them. I gave her a quick hug and then started to go and greet the others who were still far behind her.

"No", she said, "wait" as she put her arms around me again. She then pulled me so close to her that the feeling was--- as if we were connected by our hearts. I felt a warm glow that seemed to be coming from her heart to my heart. We stood there in a long embrace as the warm glow developed into an overwhelming feeling of peace and joy. I felt as though she was feeding my body and soul with comfort. I had been lifted out of the darkness of depression and was now filled with love and contentment.

As I awoke from my dream, The Lady in Red vanished. Vanished into wherever dreams go when one lets go of them.

Many years have passed since that dream but I can still see her as I saw her that night. I can still feel her presence as I did then. I can still draw from her the feeling of contentment and love.

Was she someone I knew in another life? Is she waiting for me? Whatever the answer might be, she did what she was sent to do.

It is said that dreams are divided into categories, one being purposeful dreams.

That being true, “The Lady in Red”, was a purposeful dream.

Osa Corkill Moore

August 10, 2012

WARNING Dream

The category of this dream was a warning.
A warning that I took notice of and I acted upon it.

The Bully

That day I had dropped my son, Bruce, off at the church to meet the other young teen age children, along with the adult chaperones, who were going to the church camp for a week of fun and fellowship.

Waiting In the group of children was the well-known Bully. I knew him and I knew how he had made life miserable for not only Bruce but other boys who were younger and smaller than he. I was concerned about that but I passed it off as a “protective mom” worry. After all Chaperones are supposed to watch the children. But did the chaperones know the Bully as I knew him?

I came home, cleaned the house and did some cooking toward getting ready for a visit from my sister, Louise, who was coming the next day. Occasionally I would again think about the camp and I would find it a struggle to fight off the feeling of a cold icy fear that just kept nagging at me.

The Recurring dream

That night I had the recurring dream that had haunted me for years; *the dream of a child in my care drowning*.

I dreamed that Bruce drowned. Not the particulars of how and why he drowned, only that he had drowned. With much effort I pushed back again on a mother’s worry. After all that was a troubling dream that had haunted me in the past; and, I might add, it would continue to haunt me in the future.

Camp Istrouma

I had been at Camp Istrouma and I remembered a small creek that ran through the camp and over the creek was a swinging bridge that the

children love to play on. Most of the time this was safe enough because the creek had very little water in it, and the creek bed was not a far distance below the bridge. But sometimes after a heavy rain north of the camp the water would come down in a wall of water that quickly turned the creek into a roaring torrent.

I knew of no rain in the forecast so again I passed off that worry.

It was almost time for Louise to arrive and I needed to do a few more things to get ready for her. I had just finished what I was doing when she drove up. I ran out to the car to greet her

Alarm Button

As she got out of the car she looked at me with a concerned expression on her face. "Is everything alright she said, Is Bruce alright?" Well, "yes", I said, "He is at church camp, why do you ask?" She said, "Last night I dreamed he drowned"

That pushed my Alarm Button.

Warning!!!

I now felt that this was the warning alarm that had been nagging at me all day. I told Louise about my dream and she, too, was alarmed.

I helped her bring in her luggage and gave her time to go to the bath room. We then got in my car, went to Camp Istrouma and picked up Bruce.

Heavy Rain

The heavy rain did come north of us and north of Camp Istrouma and the little creek did swell above its banks.

Maybe nothing would have happened, maybe it was a mom's faulty instinct but I felt then and still feel that picking up Bruce was the right thing to do.

I feel that I had indeed been warned in a dream.

Osa Corkill Moore
September 10, 2012

Premonition

Another recurring dream

For many times in past years I had a frightening dream of walking a distance that was difficult to walk. It was a walk that I felt like I had made many times and even though I did not know where I was going, it was a road that I knew I must walk. All during the walk my feet were tired and hurting.

The dream

As I started the walk, the first leg of the journey was a short one; it was daylight the end was in sight so it was an easy walk. Turn left into the next leg of the journey, it was also a short one and I was comfortable walking it. But when I made the next turn, a right turn, I looked down the road and I was faced with a distance that seemed to have no end. I felt as though I could not walk that distance but I had no choice. I was there; I could not go back I could only keep walking.

I felt that I had walked this walk many times before but this time seemed much more difficult. My feet were hurting and I was exhausted.

It was now dark, I was alone and I was frightened. I wondered what might be lurking in the shadows of those bushes at each side of the narrow road. It seemed to get darker as I walked and the end of the road was still out of sight.

At this time the dream always ended so I never finished the dream, I never finished the walk. I never knew where I was going.

As I thought about the dream I tried to relate it to a time when I was a little girl when I was walking a long distance with my mom to go and visit her sister. But I could not seem to make that fit into place. The dream kept haunting me again and again.

Struggle

When Fred was in the nursing home I visited him twice a day while struggling with my injured foot.

For years I had had a condition with my foot that there was no cure; but it was manageable to live with.

But while in the emergency room with Fred something happened that caused an added injury. It seemed to get suddenly worse causing more pain than I had previously had.

Replay

One day as I was walking the halls of the nursing home, struggling with my painful foot, I realized that the journey to Fred's room seemed to be a replay of my dream. I could see the comparison, I could see it in the distance of the walk and I could see it in the stress of the time. And certainly I could see it in the pain in my foot.

Comparison

The first length of the distance was a short one. Turn left, another short distance both not too difficult to walk. But then, turn right and I was faced with a long hall that seemed endless and much too far for me to walk with my painful foot. I struggled with that walk for many days. Was this my dream?

It happened

One day as I was making that long journey it happened.

I had made it to the end of the long hall, turned right and was walking the last leg of the journey when a severe pain hit my foot and shot up my leg to my knee. I smothered back a scream as I struggled to hold my balance. No one was in sight, no one to help me, so I stayed there for a few moments until the pain subsided enough for me to go on to Fred's room. I told Fred what had happened and that I needed to go to the doctor. He seemed concerned about me. The next day I went to the doctor and he gave me a steroid shot and then made me an appointment with a specialist

Ruptured tendon

I went to the specialist and the diagnosis was a ruptured tendon. Two days later I had surgery with a six weeks recovery time.

It has been over two and a half years since that happened and I have not had the dream again.

Was the dream a premonition? Maybe but, if so, how could I have benefited from it? The only benefit that I can now see is that I am no longer troubled by the dream.

Osa Corkill Moore
October 14, 2012

STANDING GUARD
A DREAM

We were coming down Court Street on our way home. I was riding a bicycle and Fred was right behind me in his truck.

With no problem, I crossed Railroad Avenue going north and was now stopped on top of the railroad hesitating to move on. I was hesitating to go on because I could not see Court Street across Railroad Avenue. As I sat there, I blinked my eyes a few times hoping to clear my vision but it remained a blur, I could not see the street. Traffic was piling up behind us. Fred impatiently honked his horn at me.

Well, I thought, even though I cannot see the street, I know it is there because I have driven it many times before today, so I decided to go on!

With my foot, I pressed down hard on my bicycle pedal and took off.

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!-----WHAM-----!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I was now across Railroad Avenue and ready to move on. I looked back and saw a pile of rubble laying on Railroad Avenue, the traffic had stopped and people were gathering. I felt as though, maybe I had caused whatever it was and should go back and clean it up, but I needed to go home so I started to move on.

But wait! Where is my bicycle? It's gone, there is nothing underneath me---
-I am floating! What happened?

Oh well, floating felt good so I moved on.

I floated to Eden Street, turned left and started floating down toward Iberville Bank. I saw a man with bright blue eyes standing against a light pole in front of the bank. My friend, Freck Elslander had recently died so my thought was; it is either Freck or my dad. They both had stunning blue

eyes. As I got closer I recognized my dad standing there happily smiling at me. I smiled back at him.

I hesitated for a moment

And then I said, "Dad, 'Am I hurt?'" Without spoken words his answer was, "yes, but that's not all" I then asked, "Am I dead" His answer was "Yes"

I then realized that an eighteen wheeler was stalled on Railroad Avenue blocking my view to Court Street. I had run under the trailer of the eighteen wheeler.

Time to get out of that Dream!!!

But---Just so you know:

When I'm gone, I'm not really gone. I am standing down by Iberville Bank guarding my Bank Account. 😊

Note: This was a dream from many years ago. For many years, I was afraid to go to that intersection.

Osa Corkill Moore
August 21, 2012

EARLY YRARS

MORE STORIES ---2011

Stories written after the book (Revised Edition 2003, 2006) was finished

LIVING IN Morrilton 1927 – 1933

- 1 The Storm Cellar
- 2 The Wagon loaded with Cotton
- 3 Fire in the Chimney
- 4 The Wheelbarrow
- 5 The Circus
- 6 All Day Sucker
- 7 Coca Cola
- 8 Play Tickling
- 9 Mending the Shoe
- 10 Taste This

living with Eva Lee & Henry Scroggin November 1935 – October 1939

- 1 The Radio
- 2 Big Event
- 3 Fast Forward to June 22, 1938
- 4 The Execution
- 5 Television
- 6 The Mule and Me
- 7 Peaches
- 8 The Pressure Cooker
- 9 The Watkins Dealer
- 10 Tarantula

Morrilton 1923--1933

The storm cellar



Grandma Batson lived on a farm and on that farm was a storm cellar. And in that cellar was a cold, dark, damp place to go when a tornado was threatening.

Except for a wooden door at the entrance and a small vent pipe on the top of the mound, the cellar looked like a mound of dirt in the big open space near the house. The mound of dirt was covered with grass and weeds just as the surroundings were. I had not seen inside the cellar until one night when we were spending the night with Grandma. Some time in the wee hours of the night we woke up with Grandma screaming, "Tornado! Hurry, get up, put your shoes on, grab your blanket". We put on our shoes, grabbed our blankets and rushed out of the house with Grandma behind us with a lantern in her hand. As we ran to the door of the storm cellar, the thunder and lightening flashed around us and the rain started falling. We walked down the wet slippery steps into the depth of the cellar.

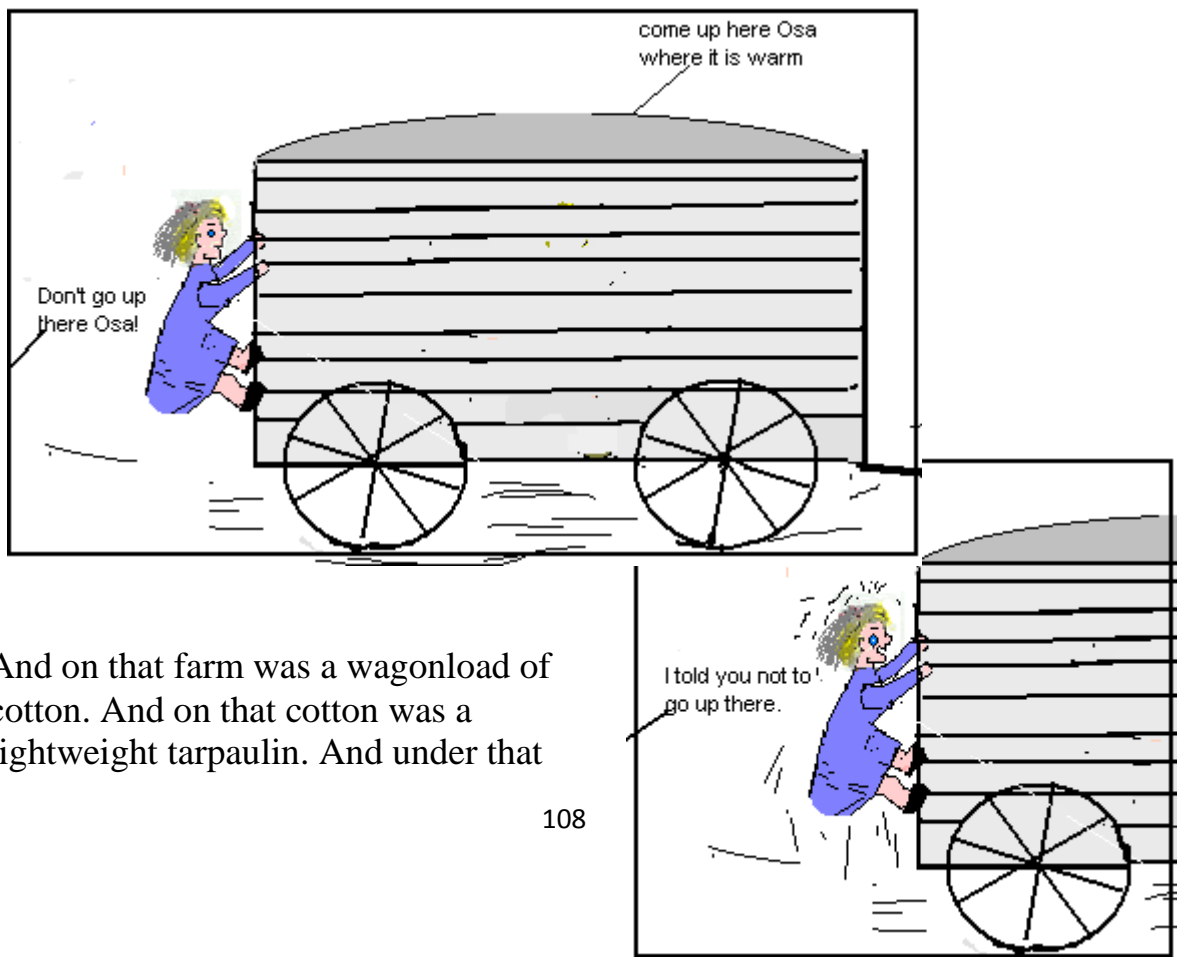
The ceiling and walls of the cellar were built with logs placed close together. The wet red clay soil seeped between the logs as beads of water dripped from it. I looked around for spiders and other unwanted creatures but saw none. Although the lantern gave some light, it seemed dark and I wished for more light. Just before Jasper closed the door he said, "That

cloud is right on the ground". Although I didn't know what that meant, I was sure it was not good.

On the benches that lined the walls, we huddled with our blankets. The smell of the lantern oil reached our nostrils, our eyes began to adjust to the darkness and the light from the lantern seemed to get a little brighter. We could hear the wind and rain as it hammered the earth and we could feel a light mist as it hit the vent that was above us. When would it end?

It did end, daylight came, Jasper opened the storm door and we climbed the steps to the wonder of sunshine. Except for a rain-drenched place, there was no evidence of a tornado.

The wagon loaded with cotton



And on that farm was a wagonload of cotton. And on that cotton was a lightweight tarpaulin. And under that

tarpaulin was thirteen year old Jasper. And playing on the ground near the wagon was Jenny Lee, Jeff Davis, Geneva, Louise, Lillian and Osa (me). While Grandpa Batson was alive we kids had to stay outside because he did not like kids. But aside from that, we chose to play outside because, at that time, the playthings for kids were mostly outside games. We played hopscotch, jump the rope, marbles and then there was nearly always a swing to swing on or a tree to climb. I am sure the tarpaulin was placed over the cotton to protect it from flying dust and debris, also from animals and kids. That day as we played, suddenly a Blue Norther blew in bringing the first touch of cold air. Blue Northerns were always a pleasing change from the hot summer but this time I didn't have a jacket and I was cold.

"Osa, come up here where it is warm" Jasper said. That did sound good! Jenny Lee said, "Osa, don't go up there". Well I saw no reason not to go, so I climbed up there and crawled under the tarpaulin. I snuggled up close to Jasper and felt warm and safe in the soft cotton.

Something started pressing against my body and Jasper said, "Do you know what that is?" "Yes, I said, it is your knee" I reached down to push his knee away and realized it was **not his knee**. It didn't take me long to climb back down and I suppose the heat from my shock and embarrassment kept me warm for a little while. Jenny Lee said, "I told you not to go up there". Jasper laughed. ☺

Fire in the chimney

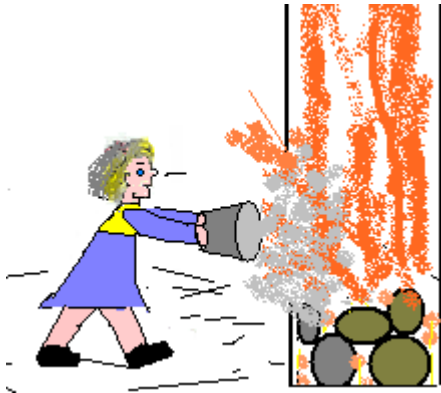
Mama, Grandma and Golda had gone to Morrilton leaving the six of us at home. It was nighttime and we were huddled near the fireplace concerned that the fire was about to go out. Jeff Davis had just put another log on the fire, which caused the fire to flicker and die down to simmering coals. We fanned the

fire hoping it would start blazing but it continued to be smothered out by the fresh log. Jeff Davis ran and got the can of kerosene, dashed back into



the room and poured the kerosene on to the fire.

Swoooooosh was the sound as the fire burst into a blazing inferno. Some tongues of fire leaped out of the fire place barely missing Jeff as he darted backwards loosing his cap and tossing the can into the air. The flames filled the chimney with a roar. "Osa, go get some salt", Geneva said. As I ran to the kitchen, I could see the flames leaping out of the chimney lighting up the sky as sparks flew onto the ground and the roof of the house. I glanced at the salt shaker but passed it up and grabbed a bucket of water. I ran back to the fireplace splashing water as I ran and dashed the bucket of water onto the



fire. To my relief the fire, with a hissing sound, quickly died down and then went out. I then remembered the recent fire lesson that we had learned at school. "Don't fight a fuel fire with water, use salt." I don't think that meant a Salt Shaker.

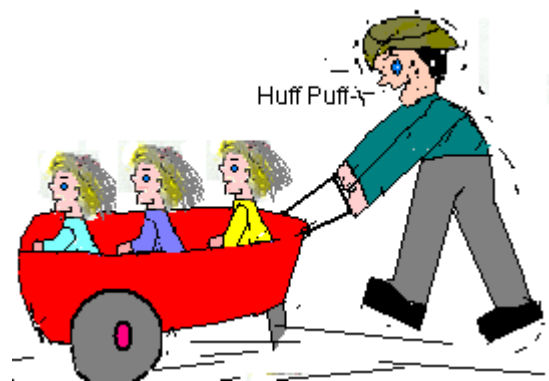
The house was now filled with smoke, ashes and six frightened kids. Fearing that the roof of the house might be on fire, we started dragging everything that was within our power to move, out of the house and on to the porch. While we girls were moving things, Jeff Davis was running around screaming "help, help, help me find it, where is it"



Mom, Grandma and Golda were on their way home when they saw the flame in a distance they realized it was our house. They had run the remainder of the way and were out of breath but relieved to see that we were all right and that the fire had been put out. As they praised us for what we had done, Jeff said, "Well, I could have helped move things out if I could have found my old hood" He had lost his knit cap and was not gonna leave until he found it. He loved that "Old Hood" and wore it all the time.

The Wheelbarrow

The wheelbarrow memory keeps tossing around in my story telling mind and seems to beg to be told. Maybe it is



because it is one of the “Daddy” things that Dad did for us. I think he and Mom had just bought the shiny red wheelbarrow and we all gathered around admiring it. We girls climbed into it and Dad said, “You want to go for a ride?” “Yes”, we said.

We held on to the sides as Dad pushed us around in the yard. I really can’t say I fully enjoyed it because I worried about Dad pushing such a heavy load. He seemed to struggle to push us as he huffed and puffed every step he took. I felt so heavy. I still feel heavy! I am heavy!

The Circus

Excitement at our house! The circus was coming to town. Dad would take us to the circus, but first we would go to the parade with Mom.

Mama told us of the many animals we would see: Elephants, lions, tigers, and others. And then, there were the clowns, the trapeze artist and others.

We walked the distance to Morrilton and stood with many others who were there to watch the parade.

It was past time for the parade to start but finally we heard the drum beat of the band, it was coming, and excitement was building! As it approached we could see the pretty baton-twirling girls leading the band. As they twirled and high-stepped to the beat of the drums, I thought, maybe, that is what I want to do when I grow up. Behind the marching girls were the clowns and then the animals. I loved the elephants as they strolled by connected together with their tails and their trunks. The lions, tigers, and monkeys were in cages.

Last was a shocking scene that would haunt me for a long time.

The man with the megaphone said, “You will now see a car towed by the hair of a girl’s head, no gimmick, its real” He went on to announce that later the girl would be buried alive. We could come and see her in the coffin where she will stay for twenty-four hours. Mama took us to see her.

A scene which is, even now, a vivid one.





The All-Day Sucker

What happened to the all-day sucker?

One afternoon we were amazed when Dad came home with a sack filled with a surprise for us. He opened the sack and pulled out huge suckers. My childhood eyes saw a sucker the size of a tennis ball but actually it was not that large. But it did live up to its name because it would

last all day and longer, depending on how often we picked it up and how long we sucked on it.

When not sucking on our suckers, we put them down on the table to stay there until we were ready to pick them up again.

Sugar Ants

Well it so happens that sugar ants like suckers too, so it was not unusual to pick up the sucker, put it in my mouth before I realized there was an ant on it. I know what ants taste like. Actually not bad!

The ants are still with us but the all-day suckers have gone with the yester-years.

Coca Cola

Big News! Big event

It was the Grand opening for the Coca Cola bottling plant which had been recently built on the main street of Morrilton. The streets were blocked off for the occasion and many people attended the event. Hamburger and hot dog stands were set up with a free coca cola for everyone. I am sure that would be the last coca cola I would taste until many years later. Money was too scarce, times were hard and there was no money for coca cola.

Big Attraction

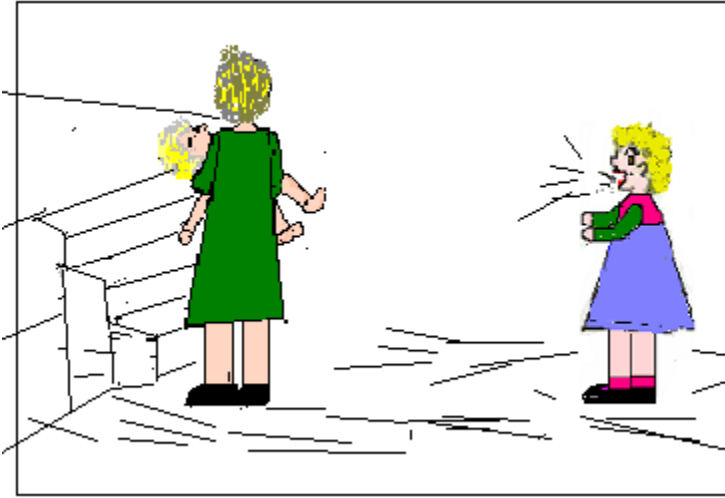
The big attraction was the huge display window with a conveyer belt showing the bottles being filled with coca cola. We watched as the empty bottles moved along the conveyer belt and as a little spigot dropped down into each bottle filling it with coca cola. Then



the lever with a cap dropped down onto the bottle and put the cap on it. The filled bottle then moved out of sight as more empty ones came into view. That display was an attraction for many years. It was still there when I moved back to Morrilton in 1939.

Play Tickling

Little three year old Maxine loved to scuffle, she called it “play tickling” I can hear her now saying, “Osa let’s play tickling”



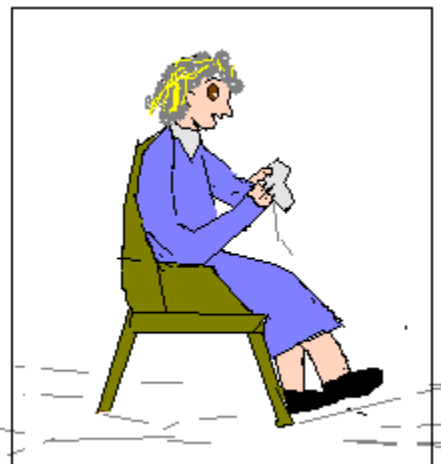
It was one of those “play tickling” episodes that caused me to again (like the train incident) go into screaming hysterics. I was playing in the big section of the yard a distance away from the house and Jeff Davis and Maxine were on the front porch. I heard Maxine say, “Jeff Davis let’s play tickling”. I looked

up just in time to see Maxine fall backwards off the porch (about three feet) I heard the thud sound as her body hit the hard dirt yard. I started screaming for Mama. Mama ran out of the house, down the steps and picked up Maxine. As she carried her lifeless body into the house I ran to the house screaming, “she’s dead, Maxine is dead”. I stayed outside too devastated to go in and see, what I was sure, I would see.

And then, to my surprise, I heard Maxine cry. I went inside and there she was on Mama’s lap crying and alive. The fall had knocked the breath out of her.

Mending the shoe

Nida’s little baby shoe was coming apart at the sole and Mama got her needle and thread out and started mending it. As she pushed the needle through the soft leather she talked about how hard it was to push the needle through but she kept sewing.



Suddenly she started screaming and we girls ran to see what was wrong. I was horrified at what I saw. The needle had pushed a hole in the thimble and had gone into Mama's finger. The eye of the needle had gone into the tip of her finger, through the depth of her finger nail and was sticking out at the side and at the base of her finger nail.

This time, I didn't go into hysterics, I didn't scream, I didn't think, I suppose I acted on instinct. I grabbed the needle, yanked it out of her finger and watched as the blood spouted out and fell on her dress. Mama stopped screaming. I was so stunned by what had happened that I don't really remember what happened after that but I suppose Mama treated it as she did our injuries. She washed it and put the cure-all salve on it. As she told the story, she praised me for my action but, as I now know, what I did was the wrong thing to do. I could have caused severe damage to her finger.

TASTE THIS -☺

The school year that Geneva and I went to Scroggins Farm School, we rode with our teacher who lived in Morrilton. To make it easy for her to pick us up in the morning, we went to Mr. Sisson's store, which was across the railroad from our house and on the highway. As we waited Mr. Sisson always had a piece of candy for us. We always looked forward to that time of waiting for our ride.

One morning, as usual, he handed both of us a piece of hard candy and I noticed that he looked at us with a grin on his face as we put the candy in our mouth. With my tongue, I rolled the piece of candy around in my mouth and was shocked at the taste. It didn't taste good; it burned my mouth and tasted like Vicks Salve. As I took it out of my mouth, I looked at Mr. Sisson and he was laughing. He then told us that it was not candy but a Vicks cough drop. Mr. Sisson had had his kicks for that day.



Living at Center Ridge, Arkansas---1934-1939

The Radio

Henry and Eva Lee had the only radio in that little community of Pleasant Hill. It was a big console RCA model that took up a big part of the space of the main room in the house. This was the first radio that I had seen since the one in the Nazarene church in Morrilton several years ago. Since it was run by the Delco System, it was used sparingly and so was turned on only at night. It provided the entertainment for the family after a hard days work was done. The oldest son, Afton, had the uncontested control of the knobs as he sat in the rocking chair beside the radio and slightly rocked as he turned it on. The room was then filled with the sounds of music "The Grand Ole Opry", The Andrew Sisters and the "Doughboys". Then there was "Amos & Andy", "Lil Abner", "Rin Tin Tin" "The Shadow", the "Borax show" and others.



We listened to the news of the threat of war between England and Germany, and then there were some disputes with Japan. Those issues made it a troubling decision to make when a stranger came to the area looking for scrap metal to purchase. The question was, would that scrap metal be sold to Japan or Germany and they, in turn, would make bullets out of it and then shoot us with them? There was much discussion among the farmers whether to sell or not to sell. Well those farmers did have scrap metal from broken down farm equipment and they did need money; so the metal was sold. A few years later we were at war with both Germany and Japan and the bullets did fly.

Big Events

Note--I had help from Google with this story

June 19, 1936 the relatives gathered at the Scroggin's house to listen to the Joe Lewis Vs Max Schmeling fight. This was a much-talked about, highly advertised event with feelings running high against Germany. This was a fight between the two countries, a fight between fascism and Democracy; a fight between white and black. At that time our country was segregated and there was no talk of integration but we crossed the color line with Joe Lewis. He was our hero! Although Max Schmeling was World Heavyweight

Champion at that time, Joe was favored to win. Joe had never lost a fight and was considered to be invincible.

Afton turned on the radio and all ears were tuned to hear as the announcer introduced the fighters “**Joe Lewis** in black trunks with white stripe in this corner.” “**Max Schmeling** in the black trunks in this corner.” The bell rang and the fight started. We listened with confidence as the announcer described the fight punch by punch. The fight went well through the third round, Joe was winning the bouts. In the fourth round the announcer started describing brutal jabs to Joe’s face. Schmeling had found a weak spot in Joe’s defense. Jab after jab the punches kept coming staggering Joe as he could not seem to protect himself. One jab injured Joe’s eye; he was in trouble. Another jab and Joe went down but quickly got back on his feet. Jab after jab Joe took a beating before he finally went down in the twelfth round. A big upset, our hero had lost the fight. People were stunned, tears were shed; seemingly a dark cloud hung over the country. Max went home to a big reception Hitler rejoiced. Joe started analyzing the fight determined to learn how to protect himself against those Jabs. He would be ready for the next match.

Fast Forward to June 22, 1938

Note ---Help from Google

The relatives again gathered to listen to a re-match between Joe Lewis and Max Schmeling; the same anticipation but with a little uneasiness this time. As Max Schmeling climbed into the ring the crowd booed and some litter was tossed into the ring. The bell sounded and the fight began. The punches started with Joe landing punch after punch to Max’s head. Max was in trouble in the first round. He went down three times before he staggered and stayed down for the count of ten. It was over in Round One. Joe Lewis was declared World Heavyweight Champion. The country celebrated while Max went home to no reception this time. The word was that Germany cut off the broadcast before the end of the fight. Max was drafted into the army as a paratrooper.

The execution

April 3, 1936 the family had gathered to listen to the broadcast of the execution of Bruno Hauptmann by the electric chair.

It had been four years since the sensational story of the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby boy. It was called the Crime of the Century/ One newsman said it was the biggest story since the Resurrection. Charles Lindbergh Jr. was kidnapped March 1, 1932, a ransom note asking for \$5000 for his return was left in his room. Two months later the baby's little body was found within two miles of the Lindbergh home. Two years later a break in the investigation came when Bruno Hauptmann bought gasoline using one of the gold Certificates from the ransom money. He was arrested and charged with the kidnapping and murder of the baby. The trial started January 2 1935 and ended February 13, 1935. He was found guilty and sentenced to die. Although there was much evidence against him he declared his innocence till the very end. The judge offered to commute his sentence to life in prison if he would plead guilty but Bruno refused to do so. He said he would die an innocent man.

We listened as the announcer described the scene. Hauptmann with his shaven head was brought into the room. He looked straight ahead saying nothing as he was guided to the chair. Outside the prison people had gathered shouting "Burn Baby Burn" and "Roast in Peace" As Hauptmann was strapped into the chair he gripped the arms tightly, a hood was placed over his head, the switch was flipped On. The story of "The Crime of the Century" had ended.

Actually it did not end there; the daily newspaper carried many stories about the kidnapping and the execution. As Bruno's wife made a determined effort to prove her husband's innocence, some sentiment turned against the Lindbergh family. There were hoaxes and speculations of what really happened, some blaming the Lindbergh family. And, as so often happens when a child is kidnapped, the Lindbergh family became a victim in the media.

Television

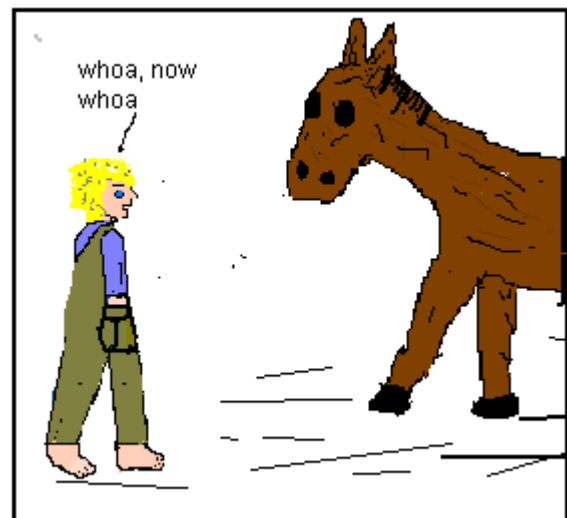
There was talk of the possibility of a marvelous invention called television. A radio that you could, not only hear what was going on, but you could see the people as they performed. Well, to me, that didn't sound very practical. Since you would need to look through that little lighted window, to see what was



going on inside the box, only one person could see it at a time. I couldn't imagine how you would share the watching time and especially with a family of ten as the Scroggin's had. If it had been invented while I was a part of that family, no doubt, I would be last on the list to peek through the little window and by that time the show would be over. Oh, but I surely would love to see the Doughboys, the Andrew Sisters and The Grand Ole Opry. So I hoped they were right about that bit of news and I hoped it would come soon. I would gladly take my place in line to get a peek into that box.

The Mule and Me

If the cows were my deceitful beasts, I must have been the mule's deceitful beast. Plowing time was tiring work for, not only the person walking behind the plow but also for the mule walking in front of the plow. After working all morning, the mule was let loose in the lot to eat and rest while Henry ate lunch and rested for a little while. Very often when he went to catch the mule to go back to the field, the mule would run from him and could not be caught. I would then be called on to go and catch him. I felt so deceitful as I softly talked to the mule and slowly walked up to him with the halter in my hand. He would back off a few times before he would finally stand still for me to put the halter on him. That made me sad to think that the mule would be pulling the plow all afternoon.



Even though it meant the hot field work would be coming soon, there was something exciting about plowing time. I loved the smell of turned over soil. With all the farmers plowing, the smell of it was in the air and it was pleasing and uplifting. I would have that pleasure later in life when Fred grew a garden each year and the aroma of turned over soil was in our back yard each spring.

Peaches

With the plowing and making the rows to get ready for planting, the mule got very little rest in the springtime. It was time for the orchard of peach trees to start



budding and they must be sprayed. This was to avoid the worms that find their way into the peach by bedding down in the peach blossom. So instead of a plow, the mule was hitched up to a wagon loaded with a barrel of spray and two persons. It took three persons to do the spraying, a driver, a pumper and a sprayer. Henry drove the wagon, I manned the pump and Afton did the spraying. Later those trees would be loaded with beautiful peaches, some cling and some freestone.

The peaches were gathered by the bushels. They were beautiful juicy ripe and ready for the canning procedure. This job was too big for Eva Lee and me to handle alone, so Louise, Edith

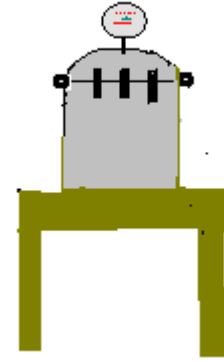


and Mrs. Harwood came to help for a share of the peaches. The peaches were peeled, halved and put in quart jars for processing in a hot water bath. Since I had hands small enough to put inside the jars, I washed all the jars to get them ready for packing. I then joined the peelers. The hot water bath was a slow process of waiting for the water to boil then keep it boiling for the length of time prescribed. After that process the jars were taken out of the pot and cooled. They were then carried from the kitchen to the storm cellar where they were protected from the heat in the summer and the cold in the winter. Unlike the storm cellar that I remembered at Grandma Batson's, the Scroggin's storm cellar was a place of luxury. The walls, ceiling, and floor were made of concrete. Along the walls were shelves to hold the canned fruits and vegetables. It was also the place where the potatoes were kept to preserve them through the winter. They were placed on the floor and dusted with lime to avoid rotting. One electric light hanging from the ceiling was enough to light the cellar. There were two benches against the walls to provide sitting space for those hovered in the storm cellar during a tornado threat. These benches certainly did not provide enough sitting room for ten people, which is probably the reason why we never went to the storm cellar during a tornado threat.

The pressure cooker

Some time during the time that I was at the Scroggin's the Home Demonstration Agent came to that community and introduced the pressure

cooker to the homemakers. This was certainly exciting to find that we could do the process of canning and preserving much faster than the slow hot water bath. The Home Demonstration Agent demonstrated the procedure in using the cooker and she put much emphasis on the danger involved in using it. She talked about controlling the pressure and cautioned about opening the cooker before the pressure was down to zero. I was always fearful of the pressure cooker and so was very cautious when using it.



It happened after I had left Eva Lee's and was living with Hettie.

Hettie came home from work that afternoon and told us that Eva Lee had come to the Health Department that day for treatment of first and second degree burns to her face and arms. Eva Lee had been using the pressure cooker and forgot the pressure lesson. She started opening the cooker while it still had pressure. It exploded into a spray of hot broken jars and juices. She was lucky not to be seriously injured. It not only destroyed the pressure cooker but also made a major mess in the kitchen. As I heard the story, I was thankful that I was not there to pick up the pieces from that catastrophe 😊



The Watkins Dealer



To supplement the family income, Henry decided to become a Watkins Dealer. The items for sale were household items which catered mostly to the woman of the house----vanilla flavoring, salt, pepper, hand soap, laundry soap and some hand lotions and face cream. Maybe some shaving soap for the man of the house.

One of the most interesting, the most talked about item for sale, was the samples of dress making fabric that were shown to the ladies. It was held up in front of the lady and then, of course, talked about how beautifully it complimented her skin and her eyes. The fabric could be ordered by the yard for the lady. Why was it talked about and laughed about? Well listen!

This shocking story was told by some of the ladies who were on the Watkins route.

As the dealer showed them the dress fabric, as he held it up to the front of their dress, it happened. He suddenly lowered his hand that held the fabric and at the same time he rammed his other hand down her bosom. That left her standing there embarrassed, in shock and angry.

Do you think that is true, do you think that really happened? Well I believe it and I think every woman on that Watkins route believed it, so it must be true.



Tarantula

Turn back the pages to the time I was living at the Harwood's.

There was no need to plant Black Berries or Due Berries in the gardens because there were plenty of wild ones not far from the house. However there was a hazard when picking them, there was danger lurking in the



path that led to the berries. It was springtime and all the creatures from the winter time sleep were waking up and on the move. Snakes, wasp, bees, spiders and tarantulas. Not to mention the pricks and scratches that we got from the thorns on the berry bushes. I usually went with Mrs. Harwood to pick berries but she went alone that morning. She came home with a big



bucket of berries and called me to kitchen where she was standing with her bucket in her hand. She said, “feels like there is something scratching on my back, would you look? As I started to peek down her dress, I gave her dress a good firm shake and, to my horrors, a big black fuzzy tarantula fell out of her dress and onto my bare foot.

I screamed as I fell backward. Actually I screamed several times as I watched that big creature run around the kitchen floor, probably also screaming in tarantula language, as he tried to get out of the situation he found himself in. He finally found the



open door and ran outside.

In the meantime, Mrs. Harwood was undaunted by the disturbance as she opened the back screen door so the monster could find its way out. She, then, set her bucket of berries on the table and probably picked up another bucket and went back to the woods to pick more berries.



At that time tarantulas were thought to be as deadly poisonous as rattlesnakes and water moccasins. They were surely one of my most feared creatures.

Maybe today they are not considered to be so feared.

Google says-- their bite is more like a honey bee sting – Ouch! That’s bad enough. Poisonous or not poisonous, I don’t want one crawling on my bare foot.

MOM'S BIBLE

July 14, 2017

I received Mom's Bible in the mail yesterday from my Niece (Debbie)
I do appreciate Debbie's thoughtfulness and consideration as she packaged the Bible and other items and sent them to me.

I would like to say I felt a connection with mom as I held her bible in my hands. But I am thinking there has been too much Fallout - over the years causing too much distance between us. There is no room for a mother - daughter feeling.

When I was ten years old I told mom that I didn't believe what people were saying about her - that I didn't like what they were saying.
She said, "When you grow up, you will understand".

Mom, you were right!
I did grow up and I do understand.
And I am stunned at what you did
And maybe crushed at what you are still doing
I am now 94 years old and trying to survive the most recent Shocking Fallout.

Osa

July 15, 2017

July 30, 2017

And Mom,
After much consideration and troubling thoughts
I am sending the bible back to Debbie - It has no place with me.
It should stay with Nida's family

Osa Corkill Moore

Worthy to be passed on

This is a story that seems to be worthy of passing on.

I am sure it has come up through many generations and is told in different ways.

It is a story that is always good for a smile and a laugh.

I should say especially good to be told when we are growing old and the story fits us as we become forgetful.

I have read other versions of the story and I find this one to be my favorite.

KNOCK ON WOOD

Three old ladies were talking and comparing their **state of mind**.

Said number one:

“I am getting forgetful, I catch myself on the staircase and I don’t know whether I am going up or coming down”

Said number two:

“I have that problem too, I find myself holding the refrigerator door open and I don’t know whether I am putting something in the refrigerator or taking something out”.

Said number three:

“Well, I am sorry about you two ladies, and I am indeed thankful that I am not like that..

“I have no problem with my memory, I am in good shape-----
-----“Knock on wood-----**Come In!!!**”

Scroll down for page 2

Note

A friend of mine told the story about her grandmother who would try to tell this story but she couldn't remember what the number **three** lady said (the punch line)

So when she got to that line she would say:

“Well, I don't remember the rest of the story but it is funny so-----
Laugh”

All the listeners laughed. 😊 😊

Life can be so funny!!



Osa Ann Corkill Moore,
April 12, 2013



September 12, 2015

I realize that I started writing short stories four years ago today September 12, 2011 (my wedding anniversary)

"Reflections" was my first story.

Again, today, I am remembering that day as it was and still is a very special day.

I have found much pleasure in writing the stories and hope you have enjoyed reading them.

I am sure there are other stories somewhere out there--Stories that I will be inspired to write--Stories that can be added to your book.

So this is to say:

That's all for Now but not for always.

Osa Corkill Moore

September 12, 2015