

# Story Time

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by *Delores Campbell*

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## **The Walking Ladder**

These women at the old upholstery plant at Century were laughing about the ladder that seemed to be in the way. They moved the ladder to a place where it would no longer be in the way. Well, the building had a loft, and these two men had gone up to the loft to get something. After they picked up what they needed, they started to go back down but discovered that the ladder they had used to come up was no where to be seen. They stood there wandering how they were going to get back down.

Well, I have a great big, heavy ladder leaning up against my house that everyone is dreading to have to move, because it takes about four men to load it and a special kind of vehicle to lay it on. This ladder belongs to Darrell and he wanted it the other day at his house, but the four men who helped bring it over here were not around. Neither was the vehicle that they brought it over in. Well, they decided to get a lighter ladder and backed out of trying to move the big one. The ladder is now lying side ways against my house making it look like my house has a wide mouth and a bunch of teeth. Does anyone want to walk it home?

## **The Altar Stunk**

Billy Wayne was reading to Penny what I had written in the newsletter. He had just gotten through reading about the dead man and then he said, "The altar stump." Penny thought he had said, "The altar stunk." You mean to tell me your mama is writing about Temple Hill's altar stinking?" she said.

## **Baby Skunks**

Some of you may have seen the woman on TV, who stole a baby skunk from a pet store by putting it in her handbag. I remember one of our preacher's wives, who saw some baby skunks out in their yard. She wanted to catch them and bring them into their house. The preacher said to her, "If you move them in, I am moving out."

## **The Praying Aunt**

My Mom told me about my Dad's and Uncle's Aunt who prayed for my Dad, Paul, and Uncle Pete Spencer. She said that she would get happy and shout out at Ebenezer worship services also. Before Dad and my uncle died, they were both going back to church. When Eric is rubbing his hands together, I remember another little short guy named, Hanard (Pete), who rubbed his hands together when he was talking. This was Frieda Spencer Matthews' daddy. I never knew this aunt, but my mom said she was a shouting Christian. I think her name was Minnie Spencer.