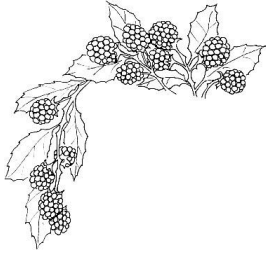


Story Time



This is for all those who want to hear more true stories.

Are you ready Margaret? *Delores Campbell*

July 2008

That Grandma Stafford of Mine!

Grandma Stafford would plant cotton patches and peanuts and raise chickens, so she had a God's little acre to give to the needy. My brother, Lowell, and I would help hoe the cotton and I would help pick it. It was hard work to get a burlap sack full of cotton and I sometimes thought it was impossible for me. One day I got stung by a saddle-back worm. I remember it yet—how it seemed to cause every nerve in my body to ache. Lowell would get hot and crawl under a big cotton plant. We were kids at the time and, since Lowell was small, it didn't take him long to tire and find shade under a plant.

My Granddad Stafford ran a grocery store up above where my Aunt Faye and Cousin Larry Stafford live now. We would fill the sacks of cotton and bring them to the store. When we got enough bags filled, a truck would come pick them up.

Grandma was pulling peanuts off the vine one day when a black widow spider bit her. She had to go to the hospital. The bite made her very sick, but she recovered after treatment.



Then there was the time she killed some chickens to put in the freezer. She would tie the chickens' feet to the clothesline and whack their heads off with a knife. She decided it was time for me to learn how to cut up a chicken, so she put me at it. The old timey way of cutting up a chicken was different from what is done now, and much easier to eat when it was fried.

Oh, I can't forget the fourth of July. That was blackberry picking day. I hated picking blackberries, but I would go to the patch with her—suffering under the hot sun and getting briers in my fingers. I picked more briers than berries.

It was the same way at Christmas. We would go out in the cold to get a cedar tree and holly. I would come back to her house to decorate the tree with what little decorations we had to put on it. My hands would be burning from all the scratches I got from the cedar tree needles and thorns on the holly leaves. Although it was a hard time, we were happy all the family was alive. And my grandma was still going as strong as a sixteen year old. She loved me and I loved her.

I can hear my grandma now saying, "Mrs. Stafford, I will help you do anything, but when it comes to blackberry picking—count me out! I had to live on blackberries when I was a child."

My granddad's father died when he was a small child, leaving his mother with four small children to raise. He said that sometimes they had nothing but blackberries and blood pudding to eat. They both went to church and would go out and clean up the church when it needed it. That was the old church that now sits across the road from Ebenezer.

