

Story Time

by *Delores Campbell*

June 2010

Granny Spencer Correction

Delores asked us to write a correction to her article entitled *The Praying Aunt* in the April newsletter. The “Shouting Aunt” was Granddad Spencer’s stepmother, instead of his aunt. She was Pete and Paul’s step-Grandmother. Her name was Julia Cottrell Spencer from Avery County. She came to live with the Spencers in her late years, due to failing health and no one to keep her. Mildred remembers her “shouting” and also remembers her death. She was known in the Dudley Shoals Community as “Granny Spencer from the Methodist Church.” The shouting did indeed stop with her death (Has it really, Eric? I wonder.). Minnie Spencer, mentioned in the article, and Granddad Spencer (both widowed) were married in 1918 when “Pete” was about 6 years old. (Does pride stop us from shouting when we get happy? Eric Lane has brought shouting back to our church.)

Contributed by: Mildred Starnes Tolbert and Freida Spencer Matthews.

A Shortage of Shepherds

One Christmas, Ebenezer didn’t have enough boys to play the part of a shepherd in the Christmas play, so I dressed up as a shepherd. Also Gary Paul, Wayne Ellis and his oldest son were shepherds that year. Gary Paul talked all the way to Bethlehem, but when we got to the manger, he didn’t jabber anymore. He was as quiet as any of the rest of us.

The Boy Who Corrected Jesus

Some of you older folks may remember this. These boys were standing up in front of the alter saying their part that they were supposed to say from the Bible. One was saying what Jesus said. When he boy beside him told him that wasn’t what he was supposed to say, and everyone in the congregation couldn’t help but laugh.

I Still Wonder

One morning when I was walking to Dudley Shoals School, I started to walk across the Dudley Bridge. A black girl about my age was standing on the side of the bridge and looking down into the water. I went over to the same side next to her and looked down in the water to see what she was looking at. Since I couldn’t see what she was pointing at, I told her, “Well, I have to go to school,” and left her standing there.

She didn’t seem to be afraid or upset about anything. Later on, as I grew older, I wondered where she came from, and what she was doing out that early standing on the bridge. There weren’t any black folks

in the Dudley Shoals area that I knew of. Unless Mildred Tolbert or Bob Sears or someone older than they are, can tell me, I guess I will never know.