

Story Time

May 2010

Memories of Days Gone By

By: Blanche Kohnle & Mildred Tolbert

Last week Blanche Kohnle and I decided to visit some of our shut-ins from our church family. When we are together—somehow—we always end up reminiscing about our friends that are no longer with us. On this particular day, that person was Betty Williams.

Blanche commented that Betty was a very special person and always had that beautiful smile. For many years Betty was treasurer of her Sunday school class, a member of the Church Council, Communion Steward, in the choir and the UMW. Some of the time, when she was in charge of the food for our bereaved families, she would come by our homes to pick our food up and then carry it to the family. We still have that ministry, but now we carry the food ourselves and serve it in the fellowship hall.

My favorite memory of Betty was quiet a few years ago when Patsy Fowler was our choir director, and Carolyn Davis our pianist. We were singing “Oh, How I Love Jesus” and Patsy had a special rendition worked out. Several people were asked to sing solos and when she asked Betty, she told her, “Let someone sing harmony with me because I get so nervous.” That person was me! After we finished, the choir was supposed to sing the chorus two times. Well, after singing it about four times, neither me, Carolyn, nor Patsy can remember how Patsy finally got us to close. After church, when were in the choir room, Patsy exclaimed, “I didn’t know how to get us stopped.” And of course, a good laugh was had by all! We who sang with Patsy and Carolyn certainly want to thank them for all of their help with our music.

In Memory of Betty

Memory is a jewel within your mind,
You keep it polished and shining bright,
Bringing it out, on a velvet thought,
Anytime day or night.
Sweet as honey is its taste.
Fleet as the doe it can speed away,
You can think, and it is there
Anytime of the night or day.