

Story Time

by *Delores Campbell*

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Why Nancy Married Bob

Back when we were teenagers, Nancy, Carolyn and I were coming home from a church meeting that we had gone to in Rhodhiss. Nancy was driving and, during the drive, she told us that Bob had her heart, soul, and gizzard. Carolyn and I had a good laugh over that. Now you see why Nancy had to marry Bob: without a heart, soul or gizzard, how could she live?

Flower Girls

When we lived in the log cabin, my mother loved to work in her flower garden. Dot Bowman, Sophia Satterwhite, Lois Satterwhite and a Lail woman would come to visit and admire her pretty flowers. If there were any flowers that they didn't have themselves, my mother would divide her flowers and give them some—or anyone else who didn't have them. She said, "I don't sell my flowers. The Lord gave them to me so I can give to others."



Love Bumps

When I worked at the shoelace plant, a man told a story about himself and his girlfriend. They were driving down a dirt road and he was looking at her instead of the road. Suddenly, the road became very bumpy, so he looked to see why and discovered that he was driving in a corn patch! Well—to make a long story short, he married that girl.

The Little Flower Girl

I had a cute little red-headed girl, about three years old, as my flower girl when I got married. I was married in the old Ebenezer Church that now sits across the road. She did a good job of dropping the flower pedals, but when it came to standing with the rest of us, she sat down instead. My brother, Max, that gave me away, whispered, "Pam, Pam, stand up!" She said, "I not do it. I tired."



The Baptizing at Lovelady

The Lovelady branch that now runs under the Lovelady Bridge used to be deep enough to baptize people in it. Well, the preacher was baptizing some people, and there was a bunch of boys, with big wads of tobacco in their mouths, sitting on a tree limb and watching. Every time the preacher baptized a person, the boys would spit tobacco juice into the water. The preacher got tired of them doing this, looked up, and said, "You little devils come down from there!" Just as he said this, the tree limb that they were sitting on, broke and they fell into the river a'cussin'. This story was told to me by an old woman who heard it from old man Pickle Williams. Some of you may have heard it before.