

Story Time

by *Delores Campbell*

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Squash

I saw pint jars filled with squash at the bazaar and I asked Nancy if they were squash pickles. She said, "Yes," so I bought a pint and brought them home. I asked Bill if he had ever eaten any squash pickles. He said, "No." I opened the jar and said, "They are good. They taste just like bread and butter pickles." I laid about five slices on his plate. He put one in his mouth and made a face. I got one slice and tasted it and found out why. It was not pickled squash, but canned squash that I had given him to eat. I made squash patties out of them. Bill and I ate them, but Gary Paul didn't like Mama D's patties. I made them like you make potato cakes.

The Cake

I went to Winkler's Grove Baptist Church Bazaar one time, and they had all the cakes named except one. It was a good-looking cake and I asked what kind it was. Bill was standing beside me when I asked. The two women that were selling the cakes started giggling. I wondered what was so funny. One of them came up and whispered in my ear that it was a "Better than Sex" cake. Since I had never tasted one, I said I would buy it. The woman, still laughing, said, "You don't have to buy the whole cake if you don't want to." But I did buy the whole cake and divided it with Bill.



It's the Thought behind It that Counts

Aunt Faye was going to visit someone in the hospital, so she went out to find a beautiful rose to take to the patient. She bought it at a florist and said it was the prettiest rose she had ever seen. She started toward the hospital, but the petals started falling off one at a time. By the time she got there, all the petals had fallen off except one. She said, "I never was so disgusted."

The Dead Man

Aunt Faye said she was at the hospital visiting one time when one of the black men workers yelled out, "Everybody shut your doors quick. There's a dead man coming down the hall."

The Altar Stump

I remember when Temple Hill Baptist Church was just a tent with straw on the dirt floor. I can still see a man dressed in overalls going out beside the canvas tent and kneeling down at a stump to pray. They didn't have an altar in the tent, but the man found his own altar. I have always been a Methodist, but I would go with my Grandma Stafford to visit the Baptist and Holiness Churches when they had a revival or singing.

