

[Charles U/Thomas Gay U, Sr
Subelan - William Barner U
Juni. - Charles Floyd U]

① In phone book 1979

Charles R. Upchurch }
5133 Floyd Rd. } in AF
Mableton, GA 30059 }

② See Ltr 6 JUL 1980 Ben Lane U Sr to RPH

"I had a telephone call recently from Charles Robert U, 5133 Floyd Road, Mableton, GA 30059. He is 38 years old and his line goes back through Charles Floyd Upchurch (who wrote a letter in July 1932 to Mrs Fred U of Austin, TX. to William Barner U who was a son of Thomas Gay U Sr. I was able to help him identify William. I believe you have a copy of the letter. Mableton is about 20 miles west of Atlanta - about half way to Bowdon. He indicated that all his family back to William had remained in the Bowdon area. I wrote to him and encouraged him to write to you with dates of birth, death, marriage, etc."

③ 1984 Taylor List

Mr Charles R. Upchurch }
5133 Floyd Rd } in AF
Mableton, GA 30059 }
404-444-1567 }

④ See Ltr 29 MAR 1989 William Jarner U to RPH

CRUP to Canell Co, GA and Canell Co, GA Shirley
Robinson to Canell Co, GA

⑤ Notes of call 2 APR 1996 CRUA to RPH
Charles wants to prepare a 3 page Personal History for the UB on his CP M/M Charles Floyd. He is willing to bear the \$50/page cost. He has the article written & will mail it in with pictures. He will also send in \$ for a memorial to his GM.

⑥ FROM 1995 CD-ROM

Upchurch J F
Upchurch Charles R
Upchurch J & S
Upchurch O L

4353 Cannon Rd
5133 Floyd Rd Se
420 Chrispen Trc Sw
6760 Mableton Pky

Loganville
Mableton
Mableton
Mableton

GA 30249-2545 404-979-6592
GA 30059-1609 404-944-1567
GA 30059-1470 404-941-6490
GA 30059-4557 404-739-6939

⑦
14 DEC
2007

Subject: Update
From: phil@upchurchstory.com
Date: Fri, Dec 14, 2007 3:58 pm
To: Charles Upchurch <~~charles@bellmouth.net~~>

Hi Charles—
UB Vol 28 No 2 has been mailed. Quite a few responded to my trial use of emails to get input. I will continue to use this approach on an experimental basis.
My Website "UPCHURCH FAMILY" was born on 8 DEC 07. Please take a look at www.upchurchstory.com and send me a note using the contact form. It will be nice to know that it is working.
Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas!
Phil Upchurch

⑧
21 JAN
2009

Subject: Thanks
From: phil@upchurchstory.com
Date: Wed, Jan 21, 2009 2:59 pm
To: ~~charles@bellmouth.net~~

Hi Charles---
Thanks for your renewal on the UB for 2009. I am certainly impressed that you have continued to offer encouragement for work on our shared Upchurch heritage for so many years. For my part I am sure you can tell from the UB issues that I am very impressed with what can now be done over the Internet. In fact, the options are so many that I have to stop and figure out where to spend my time. It looks like 2009 will be a great year for Upchurch research.

With All best Wishes!
Phil Upchurch

⑨ 14 DEC 2004 - Charles called to make two points. One is that he would very much like a copy of the letter about

(9) 14 DEC 2009 - CONTINUED

21 JUL 1932. He did not know of its existence. The other is Mark Charles Lloyd U is his GF (not his FAT - SSA made the change on his Memorial list). He apparently was raised by his GF in Canadon, Canadon Co, GA. He says there were many Upchurches there at one time but only a few now. He has lived at Mableton, GA for many years where he has been a public school teacher. It is on the west side of Atlanta. He has a wife - my ex his GF he will send me

(10)
22 APR
2010

Subject: coat of arms
From: "Upchurch, Charles" <~~charles@upchurchstory.com~~>
Date: Thu, Apr 22, 2010 6:53 pm
To: phil@upchurchstory.com

Phil, As you may or may not know I am in the antique business and exhibit at a monthly show in Atlanta. Several months ago I ran across an Upchurch coat of arms as shown in the attached photos. I do not know what the symbols mean on the piece and was wondering if it has any meaning to you. I feel very fortunate to have found it. I can not tell the age of the item but assume it is not very old. Please advise on your opinion and evaluation of what I have. Thanks, Charles Upchurch of Mableton, Georgia. To refresh your mind, I am the son of T. G. Upchurch, gs of Charles L. Upchurch and ggs of Thomas Homer Upchurch.

(11)
23 APR
2010

Subject: RE: coat of arms
From: phil@upchurchstory.com
Date: Fri, Apr 23, 2010 8:54 am
To: "Upchurch, Charles" <~~charles@upchurchstory.com~~>

Hi Charles---

Good to hear from you. I don't recall being aware of your being in the antique business but will add that to your Biofile. It has to be a very interesting undertaking.

I am not an expert on coats of arms but will offer some comments anyway. In all of my many years of family history work on the Upchurches I have never found the slightest bit of evidence that the family had or was entitled to a coat of arms. There are some people who peddle versions they have created out of their imagination and some people buy and display these as if they were authentic. If we had one I am sure Professor Ransome would have informed us.

Now as to the images you sent. It appears to me that this item was created by someone, probably an Upchurch (or someone hired by and Upchurch) who had some skills at woodworking. They added items they thought belonged on a coat of arms. One item looks like a furnace of sorts possibly indicating connection with iron works. The other indicates some

CONTINUED

⑩ 23 APR 2010 - Continued.

connection with royalty. I don't know if these items were drawn from the list of items that historically belong on coats of arms or not. You should be able to find that list. It appears to me that the craftsman who made the coat was not highly skilled. You are a better judge of this than am I. Note that the letters are not perfectly even. We do know of Upchurches who were skilled with wood work. One even built a violin!

Having said the above it would be interesting to know the history of the coat and as to who owned it. It was probably and Upchurch who had a great interest in his heritage. You can evaluate it's antique value

Good luck with your inquiry.

Phil Upchurch

⑪ Charles Robert U established Memorial 100 for his GF
Charles Lloyd U in UB Vol 15 No 1 Jan 1994 - p 39.
(Also see UB Vol 31 2010). He had earlier also established
a memorial for his GM Mrs Belle (Ashmore) U.

CHARLES ROBERT U

XID-5483

①

6 JAN 1990

MR & MRS CHARLES UPCHURCH
5133 FLOYD ROAD
MAULETON, GA 30059-1609

Dear Charles & Shirley,

Thanks for your renewal on the UB for 1991. It involves a lot of work but brings a lot of joy.

It has been sometime since we corresponded. I thought it in order to let what is missing on the family of Charles Floyd Upchurch and the two sheets of questions are enclosed. I will appreciate any of these details you have or can get. I'll be glad to send you a copy of the two pages of the matter outline for Charles Floyd U if you so desire. Also, please let me know if there is anything else you require.

I hope 1991 is getting off to a good start for you.

Sincerely yours
Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILIP UPCHURCH]

MISSING DETAILS ON THE FAMILY
OF CHARLES LLOYD UPCHURCH

6 JAN
1991

②

1) For Charles Lloyd U

- a) Is May Belle (Ashmore) U still living? If not when and where did she die and where buried?
- b) I show he had 5 children, 9 grandchildren, and 14 great-grandchildren, is this correct?

2) For William James U

- a) when did Carol Frances U marry?
- b) For James Ray U
 - i) when did he marry?
 - ii) what is the full name of his daughter DANA U?
 - iii) what is the full name of his daughter VALETTE U?

c) For Larry Dean U

- i) when and where did he marry?
- ii) what is her wife's full maiden name and when & where was she born?
- iii) Does he have any children? If so, details?

3) For Thomas Glenn U

- a) when in 1947 did he marry?
- b) Is Catherine Michelle U still single?

4) For Charles Ray U - All OK

5) For Lake Clanton U (understand he has 5 grandchildren - I have names of only two)

a) For Vicki U

- i) what is her full maiden name?
- ii) where was she born?
- iii) when and where married?
- iv) what does the "J" in Ray J. Fuller stand for and where was he born?

5) For Lake Charles U - continued

a) For Vicki U - continued

i) what is the full name of Karen Fuller and where was she born?

ii) what is the full names of the other children of Vicki (U) Fuller and where & where were they born?

b) For Pat U

i) what is her full maiden name?

ii) where was she born?

iii) when and where did she marry?

iv) what is the full name of Billy Pickett and where was he born?

v) where was Maria Ann Pickett born?

vi) what are the full names of the other children of Pat (U) Pickett and where & where were they born?

6) For Mary Elsie U

a) For Nancy Jackson

i) where was she born?

ii) when and where was she married?

iii) where was Terry David born?

iv) where was Amy Meredith Jones born?

b) For Sandra Jackson

i) what is her full maiden name?

ii) where was she born?

iii) when and where did she marry?

iv) where was Joseph Robert Chambers born?

v) where were her two children born?

c) For Peggy Jackson

i) what is her full maiden name?

ii) where was she born?

iii) when and where did she marry?

iv) where was Michael Roder M. Atter born?

v) where was James Michael M. Atter born?

SIR CHARLES R. UPCHURCH
5133 FLOYD RD
MABLETON, GA 30059

FEB 20

Dear Mr Upchurch

This is to acknowledge receipt of your
order for a one-year subscription to
Upchurch's Bulletin. The first issue is available
and is being sent to your order separately
later.

Provided herewith are some extra
pages in case you know of someone
who may be interested.

I hope you will like Upchurch's
Bulletin.

Sincerely yours
Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILLIP UPCHURCH]

CHARLES ROBERT UPCHURCH XID-

MR CHARLES ROBERT UPCHURCH
5133 FLOYD ROAD
MABLETON, GA 30059

22 SEP 1980

Dear Mr Upchurch,

I have just been studying a letter from Ben Lane Upchurch Sr in Atlanta dated July 6, 1980. He mentions that he had a phone call from you. I cannot quite be sure I have your line properly identified. Could you drop me a note and give me the full name of your father and your grandfather. This should allow me to at least have the rough outline complete.

I hope you have gotten issues 1, 2 and 3 of the Upchurch Bulletin

Sincerely yours
Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILLIP UPCHURCH]

23 NOV 1980

MR CHARLES R. UPCHURCH
 5133 FLOYD ROAD
 MABLETON, GA 30059

Dear Charles,

on 21 NOV 1980 I viewed your Family Chart and I am most appreciative of the details you provided. I have now entered all of your information in my profiles and find no unexpected relationships although I do have some questions. Your line and our relationship is as follows:

Michael U (XID-146) → Richard U I (XID-149) → James U I (XID-151)
 (original immigrant)

Richard U II (XID-152)

Charles U

← BROTHERS → Nathan U

↓
 Thomas Gay U Sr

← 1st cousin → Gilbert U

↓
 William Barnes U ← 2nd

↓
 Bartley Jefferson U

↓
 Thomas Homer U ← 3rd

↓
 Robert Jefferson U

↓
 Charles Floyd U ← 4th

↓
 Robert Phillip U ← ME

↓
 Thomas Glenn U ← 5th

↓
 Barnett Phillip U

↓
 You → Charles Robert U ← 6th

↓
 my Grandchildren (none yet!)

Thus you are of the 11th generation of Upshur in America. Your grandfather and I are 4th cousin while you and I are 4th cousin twice removed. The only weak link in your line that I know of is the lack of absolute proof that Thomas Gay U is your the son of Charles. However, many circumstances point to Charles having such a son. You belong to the Charles U clan and to the Thomas Gay U or Subclan, whereas I belong to the Nathan U clan and to the Gallant U Subclan.

If you could answer any of the following questions I would be most grateful:

- ① Your paternal grandmother was May Belle Ashmore.
Your maternal grandfather was Thomas Henry Ashmore.
Were these two Ashmores related?
- ② Was your mother's name:
CATHERINE WHITEMOON ASHMORE ?
CATHERINE WHITE MOON ASHMORE ?
CATHERINE WHITE MOON ?
CATHERINE WHITEMOON ?
- ③ Could you send me a list of your children, their birth dates & places and wives/husbands if any. Also grandchildren.
- ④ Could you send me a list of your brothers & sisters if any - along with dates, spouses & offspring.

(5) Could you send me a list of the brothers & sisters of Thomas Glennell and their spouses and offspring & dates?

Charles, I realize the above is asking for quite a list but I am hoping you can send me whatever you have in your head at the moment and that it will not be too much trouble.

I am very pleased at the way various members of the Upchurch family have started to share information. As time goes on we should be able to do an even better job of highlighting various aspects of our family history.

I look forward to hearing from you soon. Issue 4 of the 1980 Upchurch Bulletin goes in the mail tomorrow - probably take 2-3 weeks to get to you.

Sincerely yours
Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILLIP UPCHURCH]

11 JAN 1981

MR CHARLES ROBERT UPCHURCH
 5133 FLOYD ROAD
 MABLETON, GA 30059

Dear Charles,

Many thanks for your letter of 17 DEC 1980 and for all of the information. I have just finished extracting and recording it and it fits in rather well. There are still quite a few blank spaces and perhaps you have some of the information or can get it easily. Here are some questions:

- (1) Where were you, your wife & your daughter born?
- (2) Where were you married?
- (3) What is your occupation?
- (4) Where were your mother & father born & where married?
- (5) What is your mother's birth date?
- (6) Where was Charles Floyd U born, where did he die, where is he buried and where was he married?
- (7) Where was May Belle Ashmore born?
- (8) For your Uncle William, Uncle Luke & Aunt Mary can you give:
 - (a) Birth place (b) marriage place (c) full name of spouse
 - (d) birth date of spouse (e) birth place of spouse
- (9) For children of your Uncle & Aunt listed in (8) can you give any more details about birth date & place, marriage date & place, full names of spouses, birth date & place for spouses.

(10) Description of Charles Floyd U ?

(11) Can you think of any noteworthy events concerning the Upchurch family. Any little bit of special information is useful to add interest. It could be something good or something bad they did or some special feature of an individual.

As in my previous letter I have asked you quite a lot and I am sure it is not all readily available. I will appreciate anything you can send now and perhaps the other could be collected over a period of time.

All the best to you and yours for the New Year!

Sincerely yours

Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILLIP UPCHURCH]

P.S. I would certainly appreciate address of any who might be interested in Upchurch's Bulletin

Form enclosed RPU

CHARLES ROBERT U

12/17/80

XID-5483

①

17 DEC 1980

5133 Floyd Rd

Mableton, Ga 30059

REC'D
22 DEC 1980

answered
11 JAN 1981

Dear Phil,

Thank you very much for filling me in on my ancestry and I hope the information I sent will be useful to you as you continue your work.

You asked for some clarification on a few items and maybe the information following will do that (see copy of your inquiry).

- Question 1: my paternal grandmother
- was ~~not~~ May Belle Cishmore as stated earlier but my maternal
 - △ grandfather was not Thomas Henry
 - △ Cishmore. It was Robert Virgil Moon.

- Question 2: My ~~mother's~~ mother's
- △ maiden name was Catherine
 - White Moon

- Question 3: I have one child
- △ Catherine Michelle born December 14, 1966.

- Question 4: I am ~~the~~ ^{the} only child of Thomas Glenn Lipchurck.

- Question 5: brother, & sister of

- Thomas Glenn U.

b. 7/11/13

a) William James Upchurch m. 3/26/46

Δ Gerakline Eason - 3 children

Δ + Δ

1) Carol m. Dr. Edwin Windom

Δ

2) Ray m.

Δ

3) Larry - unmarried

b. 10/8/23 Δ

b) Luke Clinton Upchurch m. 11/6/48

Δ Frances Harris - 2 children:

Δ

1) Vickie

Δ

2) Pattie

b. 11/01/26 Δ + →

c) Mary ^{else} m. Cohen C. Jack Jackson m. 9/9/45

3 children

Δ + Δ

1) Nancy - m. Terry Lewis

Δ + Δ

2) Sandra - m. Bobby Chambers

Δ

3) Peggy - m. Mike

Thanks again for
your help.

Sincerely,
Charles Robert
Upchurch

FAMILY RELATIONSHIP CHART

YOUR
GRANDPARENTS

△
N Charles Lloyd Upchurch

B 2-25-94

D 4-8-62

M 9-8-12

YOUR
PARENTS

△
N Thomas Glenn Upchurch

B 9-19-16

D —

M 12-14-39

△
N May Belle Ashmore

B 9-3-94

D —

△
N Thomas Henry Ashmore

B 5-17-1861

D 4-26-45

M —

△
N Catherine White Moon

B 8-15-20

D —

△
N Eleanor Jackson

B 12-17-1862

D 6-27-42

(N=Name (Give Full Name)
(B=Date of Birth)
(D=Date of Death)
(M=Date of Marriage)

INFORMATION FOR:

□	<u>YOU</u>	<u>YOUR SPOUSE</u>
	N <u>Charles Robert Upchurch</u>	N <u>Shirley</u>
	B <u>7-19-41</u>	B <u>5-29-43</u>
	M <u>12-23-62</u>	D <u>—</u>

→ RELATED? - RPU

→ should be ROBERT VIRGIL MOON - see LTR 17 DEC 80
→ CATHERINE WHITE MOON ASHMORE } ? RPU
OR CATHERINE WHITE MOON

NOTE: INFORMATION MADE AVAILABLE ON THIS FORM IS TO BE REARRANGED AND PUBLISHED IN UPCHURCH BULLETIN.

REC'D 21 NOV 1980

RETURN TO:

Robert Phillip Upchurch
P. O. Box 35804
Tucson, AZ 85740

PARENTS
OF SPOUSE

△
N John Murphy Robinson

B 9-21-15

D —

M 6-20-42

GRANDPARENTS
OF SPOUSE

△
N Harvey Laster Robinson

B —

D —

M —

△
N Mertie Mae Pettitt

B —

D —

△
N Perry Estern Duffie

B —

D —

M —

△
N Mary Evelyn Duffie

B 2-6-21

D —

△
N Morilla Frances Burt

B —

D —

CHARLES ROBERT

2

XID-5483

REC'D 23 DEC 2009

Phil,

I am sending my sincerest thanks and appreciation for the copy of the letter from my grand father Charles L. Upchurch on Upchurch geneology. As you can tell from the "Me 'N Papa" that I recently sent you, he was the most admired adult male in my life. I can not imagine what life would have held for me if not for the influence of my my grand father and grandmother (Mae Belle Ashmore Upchurch).

If you ever wish to visit Carroll County, the home of Thomas Homer Upchurch and his lineage, please let me know. I will be glad to drive you around Burnell and see the homes and sites of the Upchurchs there. We could ^{also} visit Tom Upchurch of Bowdon, grandson of Thomas Homer Upchurch. He has some geneology on the family. Again, thanks for all your work. Rsrpt, Charles Robert Upchurch

CHARLES ROBERT U

12/12/09

XID. 5883

①

REC'D
18 DEC 2009

Phil,

I wrote this primarily for the benefit of my daughter ^{Catherine} Michelle Upchurch and granddaughter Kelsey ^{Leigh Jorgensen}. It might be a little "sappy" or melo dramatic but is written from the heart. You may do as you wish with this copy.

[Article "ME 'N PAPA"
By Charles Robert U
NOV 2004]

Thanks,

Charles Robert Upchurch

my grand father: Charles Lloyd Upchurch

[This Article regarding Charles Lloyd U is being preserved in the profile of the author - in GS - Charles Robert U. A copy of this cover letter is with the original and with Charles Lloyd U, Christine Michelle U and Kelsey Leigh Jorgensen.

I. Charles Lloyd U s/o Thomas Warner U of the Charles U/
Thomas Gay U, Sr Sublan - William Warner U and
R. Thomas Glenn U
1. Charles Robert U
a. Catherine Michelle U
i. Kelsey Leigh Jorgensen

ME

'N

PA PA

Robert
CHARLES "BOBBY" UPCHURCH
NOVEMBER 2004

The influence of grandparents on a grandchild is most understood by the grandchild. What they do to raise the maturity and value level of the young person is appreciated mainly by the youngster as opposed to the parents. This appreciation runs deep in me, especially the appreciation I have for my grandfather. This is not to denigrate the importance of my grandmother, but a young boy needs to have a strong bonding with a male figure. And I can not imagine a stronger relationship than the one we had and maintained from my age of six until he died when I was age 20.

This lengthy essay is simply a collection of memories I have of my grandfather and how he influenced the development of my character, perhaps my personality and definitely my cultural and value systems. Although it is easy to embellish and subjectify this kind of writing, I have made an honest effort to make this content absolutely true to my memory.

The purpose of my writing this paper is merely to relate to my granddaughter Kelsey and my daughter Michelle some information regarding their ancestry. I guess there is not a better way for a fifth generation to learn about a first generation than from the middle or third generation. And I only wish that all members of my family could have known personally the man who I thought could almost "walk on water". Maybe what follows in this essay will help Michelle and Kelsey understand more about their great grandfather or great great grandfather.

As stated in a writing earlier the influence of grandparents upon the development of a grand child is more often understated than given credit for. The growth of stability and maturity that a child needs or seeks has as a primary source the role of grandparents. This is especially true in the case of this author.

Divorce did not come as easy in the 1940's as it does today. But due to the pressures on two less than mature people, divorce did come and thus leave the fate of a young son up in the air. But fortunately paternal grandparents were available and willing to accept the responsibility of rearing this lad from age 5-6 to adulthood. Even though both parents had a good relationship with me, my grandparents still had the most influence on my development. At the time this was not as apparent as it is now. On many occasions I have tried to imagine how I would have been different or how would my character and quality as a person have been compromised if I had not been under the guidance of my grandparents.

There seemed to evolve a special feeling toward my grandfather, as I grew older. This feeling, in hindsight, appears to have been mutual between the two generations. My grandmother and others obviously became aware of this partiality. Once a small argument erupted between my grandparents (by this time I called them Ma Ma and Pa Pa) in front of me in which case I must have said something that put me on Pa Pa's side of the issue. Ma Ma caught on to my paternal prejudice as evidenced by her comment, "Why do you always take up for your granddaddy?" And my explanation reveals that special feeling. I said, "I don't. I just take up for the one that's right." At that he gave a hearty laugh of approval revealing his understanding that a grandfather and grandson often can bond to an extent beyond what is commonly mentioned in the literature relating to family relationships.

The earliest memories I have of Pa Pa are difficult to describe for they relate to events during my pre-school years. These events were experienced by a young boy and the details are difficult to recall. The first one concerns my first Christmas at my grandparents' home. At this time, they still used wood as the source of heat and always had a pile of wood chips by the fireplace as starter fuel for the fire. As Santa Claus' gifts were being given me from all directions, I started playing with the wood chips instead much to the dismay of my parents. But Pa Pa was not disappointed. He was amused

at my preference for the chips over the gifts and gave a hearty laugh of approval. This laugh is the most memorable aspect of this event I can recall and I soon began to associate this laugh with his sanction of my behavior.

The other event, because of its negative nature, is one I can vaguely recall. It occurred during the time when my parents were having marital problems. Their problems had progressed far enough along to where they were debating who would have custody of me. Present in the back yard of my grandfather's house were both grandfathers, both parents and me. While my parents were loudly discussing custody, my grandfathers had the presence of mind to take me away from the violent scene, and did so in a calm and collected way. I can still remember my two grandfathers taking turnsholding me and assuring me things would be all right.

And as it turned out, things would be all right- just as soon as I began living with paternal grandparents, Ma Ma and Pa Pa.

One day after I moved in with my grandparents, I received a boost of self-esteem – a boost that I needed after experiencing all the confrontations relating to a bitter divorce. Pa Pa came home from town one day driving a new pick-up truck.

This pick-up was a Dodge and painted bright red. It really caught my eye especially after he offered to take me for a ride to the store and back. The store was a mile from our house and was where the community came to shop for gasoline, food and some general farm supplies. The truck would be sure to be seen there. Not only did he ask me to go along with him to the store, but to ride in the back. That way the truck and I both would be seen. This was really my introduction to the community of Burwell as a grandson of Pa Pa. Unforgettable!! What I would not give to own that pick-up today!!

Located behind the store a few hundred feet was Burwell School – a 5 room building that housed grades 1 through 8. This school, along with the store and church – which will be mentioned in detail later – was the center of life and activity in Burwell. The school was a center of interest for Pa Pa. He was the chairman of the Board of Trustees when the brick was built in the 1930's. There is currently an engraved marker by the front door of the structure indicating this honor.

My eventual interest in education and my decision to make a career as a teacher probably resulted from the interaction between the school, Pa Pa and myself. And I can think of a number of experiences at the school that boosted my self-confidence and esteem-most of these involving Pa Pa in one way or another.

Each year, the school had a Halloween Carnival to raise money for various needs at the school. There would be cakewalks, fishing, bingo and other fundraisers. But one of the most prestigious events was to crown the King and Queen of Burwell School. Each grade would nominate a boy and girl whose job was to collect money over a two-week period preceding the carnival. And everywhere the nominees went, each would ask for loose change from people in the community. The crown would go to the boy and girl who had the most money in their "jar." The winner would appear on stage and have a crown placed on his/her head at the climax to the evening.

Well, on two occasions I was crowned King, but not because I was a super solicitor of loose change. My regency resulted from the action of Pa Pa. At the last minute, before time was called, he grabbed my jar and poked in a twenty-dollar bill to put me ahead of the other grade level nominees. Thus I was the winner.

Even though this contribution was questioned by Ma Ma and other family members – after all, twenty dollars was a sizeable amount of money for a cotton farmer and was definitely beyond our family budget – Pa Pa apparently had no regrets. He had generously supported the school with his gift and had once again put his grandson in the spotlight. This helped me again to escape the unpleasantness of those days before I moved in with my grandparents.

Shiloh Methodist Church and Camp Ground was a major center of interest for Pa Pa. He was always involved in maintaining the Camp Ground, serving as Trustee in the Church, planning and constructing of buildings as needed and overseeing and actively participating in the general welfare of this Church. Shiloh also became a second home for me and was a never-ending source of character development and value training. And I would have missed this great institution had it not been for my grandparents.

The experiences of Camp Meeting were specially influential and helpful in my establishing moral roots, discipline and character. And Pa Pa was right there all the time.

During the period of time of Camp Meeting each August, we three moved into and stayed in a "tent" for the duration of this time. A tent was a wood clapboard two-story structure with kitchen, bedrooms, dining area and porch. Each year, wood shavings would be put on the floor, appropriate kitchen utensils including a refrigerator and proper bedding would be moved in and food would be taken from the garden at home. This "tent" would be our home for two weeks each year. What memories !!

It was while staying in this tent during the summer that I learned a couple of lessons of discipline from Pa Pa.

The services of Camp Meeting then required two ministers, a music director and a youth minister plus the church minister – a total of five. The church members were asked to invite these five into their homes for meals for one or more occasions during the two weeks. And as one might expect if he knew these grandparents, they had several meals with us in the tent. On one of these visits, I learned a great lesson in table manners from my granddad. Even though I would not do this to my grandchild, I can say it worked to maintain proper etiquette at the time.

Ma Ma had prepared a great country meal of fried chicken, cream corn, green beans and other fresh- from- the- garden food. Around the table sat the five ministers, Ma Ma and Pa Pa and myself. As always at mealtime, Pa Pa sat at the end of the table and I sat at the corner next to him. And no one touched the food until he had returned thanks. On this occasion, one of the preachers said Grace and then the plates of food began to be passed around in order beginning with the preachers – plates of corn, beans, chicken, biscuits, etc. Eventually the food got to me including the bowl of fresh green beans. But somehow I noticed a spot on one segment of a bean – maybe a burned place – and made a comment out loud about the spot.

Immediately, Pa Pa turned toward me and without saying a word, took his right hand and "thumped" me on the head with his middle finger. I was so stunned and embarrassed; I do not know how I kept from crying – if I did. But I'll never forget this lesson. That's probably the reason today I never make a negative comment about food someone has prepared for me.

There was another disciplinary lesson learned at Camp Meeting from Pa Pa. The evening service usually ended about 9:30 at which time the youth of the service could meet with the youth director for a few recreational activities before bedtime. I had been told I could stay out no later than 10:30, but on this night the director and I were in the youth building playing a very exciting game of corner ball. Time slipped by and by the time our game ended, it was passed my deadline. And when I walked into the tent and approached my bed I was met by my grandfather. I explained I had been with the Youth Director playing corner ball, that I was not off somewhere disturbing anything. But he reminded me that that did not matter, that the 10:30 deadline was just that, a deadline with no exceptions. He also asked me did I want us to move back home in the middle of Camp Meeting. That idea shattered me even though in hindsight I know he would have never done so. But the point had been made: Do not be late with deadlines.

Even today I find myself almost obsessed with being either on time or, on most occasions, early to an appointment. Pa Pa had a similar attitude toward time, as he would not be late to anything especially to church activities. I recall times when he would be sitting in the truck or car at 9:45 a.m. honking the horn for Ma Ma and me to hurry, that Sunday school and Church would start soon. And we were always on time.

Today I never fail to visit the Camp Ground or Church without seeing the result of his handiwork all around. The dining hall (dedicated to his memory after this death), the recreation hall and the façade behind the pulpit in the arbor were all constructed partly with the carpentry skills of Pa Pa. I would often go to the Camp Ground after the school day to check on the progress of these during construction. And I can still visualize Pa Pa nailing a rafter in place or on the ground sawing a board for proper fit.

Oh the memories I have of Shiloh Church and Burwell School. Both of these institutions played major roles in shaping my personality and character. But it was not just the Church and School – it was Pa Pa who was central to these two bodies. It is as if he indirectly guided my growth through the use of the Church and School.

But home is the place where I gained the most influence from Pa Pa. We lived on a 100+ acre farm where cotton production was the main source of income, and the values I currently have may be traced back to these times.

Patience and tolerance were two character traits I learned from him and these were taught me in a very subtle and indirect way – relating to cotton farming.

The growing of cotton never was a favorite farm chore for me. From planting in the spring to harvesting in the fall – I disliked it. I tried but could never acquire the knack for plowing the field and planting the seed. Even after the seed germinated and came up, the next task was not to my liking – that of chopping and hoeing the cotton. New cotton plants had to be chopped or thinned for proper growth and the grass hoed away from the stalk as it grew to maturity. But the worst task was picking the cotton when it was ripe.

This job required that one carry a sack from a strap over the shoulder, bend over the cotton stalk, pull the cotton from the plant and put it in the sack. This keeps the back bent at about ninety degrees and thus is very straining on the body. So I could not pick cotton very long without having to straighten up and give my back a rest, thus reducing the amount of cotton I could harvest. Whereas the average person could pick 200 pounds in one day, I might pick only 100-125 pounds. Thus I soon began to dislike and then hate to spend the day doing what I knew I was not very efficient at doing – picking cotton. Pa Pa knew all this!! But his tolerance and patience with me soon became apparent. He approached this situation in a positive manner rather than demanding that I pick 200 pounds per day or else.

One spring he gave me a two-acre field to turn into a cotton patch. That would be my acreage of cotton. I would be in charge of planting, plowing and harvesting the field or at least giving instructions to the sharecroppers on our farm on producing the most cotton. I'm sure I did not do all the overseeing by myself – PaPa was really in charge and did most of the supervision. But in the process, he let me escape the drudgery of the kind of work I detested and for which I had little natural inclination.

On another occasion, I was late getting home from school one afternoon to begin my chore of picking cotton. What should have been a 10 minute walk ended up making me an hour late. Pa Pa met me at the field and let me know he knew why I was late – that I had been playing basketball on the school ground. And I had to admit to him he was right. But rather than give me a physical lashing – which I'm sure he would have done if I had been his son instead of grandson – his appearance of commanding respect gave me a lesson in honest responsibility and honoring commitments and meeting

schedules. I do not think I was late to the cotton field again. And even though my heart was not in cotton farming, I still believe this experience strengthened by character – the traits of which I owe to my grandfather and the way he approached my contempt for cotton farming.

One of the most far-reaching elements of character I acquired related to the relationship I observed between Pa Pa and the tenant farmers we had on our farm. As with many farms in Burwell, each owner had a tenant house in which lived a family of blacks, whose obligation was to provide labor in producing cotton or other farm products. Our family was named Daniel (for years I thought it was Danntle) and it consisted of Carrie (to whom I became close), her husband Coot (disabled and much older than Carrie), and their grown sons James and Wylie.

Carrie was an exceptional worker and everybody that knew her could testify to that fact. She could pick 300 pounds of cotton per day and could out hoe almost anyone when grass had to be removed from the cotton row. And a rarity was that she could hoe either left or right handed almost as fast as she could walk.

I became closer to her than to James and Wylie because she did more domestic work for us and was thus in and out of our house more. Carrie was much afraid of severe weather and I recall when she would walk from her house up to ours, come into our kitchen through the unlocked back door and sit there in the dark in silence until the thunder and lightning subsided.

Our bond was probably strengthened once by an event in which we shared laughter. I was having breakfast of shredded wheat one morning when Carrie walked in to do a domestic chore for Ma Ma. It was obvious she was curious about my cereal so I made a bowl of this for her. She put a spoonful in her mouth and immediately she made a face showing her distaste for this food. When she spit it out into the bowl, this struck me as being very funny and I broke out in loud uncontrollable laughter. Laughter is contagious and soon we are both giggling like children (of which I was one). And I had never seen, before or since, Carrie in laughter. But on another occasion I embarrassed myself and probably disappointed her with my attitude.

In school, I was just beginning to learn to read and spell a few words like dog, cat, run, etc. One day while Carrie was working for my

grandmother in the kitchen I approached her and asked her about helping me with spelling words. I even asked her if she could spell rat, dog, etc. At this point I could tell she was embarrassed by having to admit that she could not. And I could not understand why these words were difficult for her to spell. Only later did I realize that Carrie could not read or write – that she had never been to school a single day and was totally illiterate. Many times have I wished someone then could have boxed my ears for this condescending attitude toward someone less fortunate than I.

This educational deficiency showed itself on other occasions, too. Carrie attended Pinetucky Church a short ways from her house, and whenever the Church had a “dinner on the grounds” she felt obliged to take food, notably a cake or pie. However, she did not have the means to buy the ingredients or the education to read a recipe for the cake. Thus she would come to our house and ask Ma Ma if she would bake a cake for her to take to her Church, with Carrie offering to bring her the flour, sugar, shortening to use. But my grandmother knew Carrie could not afford these so she would say, “Don’t worry about it, Carrie. Just come by Saturday and I’ll have your cake ready.” I’m sure that cake did not last long at the dinner, knowing how good those pound cakes always were.

Pa Pa also showed compassion for Carrie, on one memorable occasion. She never knew exactly how old she was. There was no birth certificate (she was born at home), she had no family Bible and there were no other documents verifying her date of birth. But he knew she was about his age or maybe even a year or two older. This was ascertained from his stepmother who could remember Carrie as a young person growing up at about the same time as my grandfather. So when he thought Carrie was of age to receive old-age assistance (I’m not sure of the proper programs), he went to the proper officials and asked that she be allowed to receive this assistance. He must have been persuasive because this sustained her for the remainder of her life. I would like to think the compassion showed by MaMa and Pa Pa toward Carrie and others has been transferred to me. If it has not and I fail to show this kindness I’ll be extremely disappointed in myself and I’m sure my grandparents would be too.

The last time I saw Carrie was long after I moved away from the farm on which I grew up. I had wanted to visit and talk with her for a long time but never really knew where she lived. Then I heard she was having health

problems and had just gone into the hospital in rather serious condition. So I thought I'd better visit her now before it was too late.

I walked into the hospital room and Carrie was lying on her back seemingly asleep. When I looked at her, I barely recognized her. She had lost much weight and that smile of humility I had always associated with her was gone. Contemplating whether she should be awakened or not, I finally thought I would just whisper her name out loud softly by saying "Carrie?" When I did, her eyes opened and she glanced toward me and when our eyes met I said, "Do you know who I am?" Without hesitation, she said words I will never forget, words that even now recall the emotional connection between her, Pa Pa and me. She said... "Massuh Charles boy." And immediately she closed her eyes again and I walked out of the room. It was probably better this way because it would have been difficult to carry on a conversation with her anyway after those words. My emotions were too high.

When I look back over my life around Carrie, I remember many things she did that I admire and respect. A few recollections are of her walking miles and miles to do washing and ironing for people in the community for whatever money they wanted to give her – graciously accepting hand-me-down clothes of any size from family members and later seeing them worn altered to fit her body and coming to our house after a large family dinner to clean up the dishes. When she was finished, she would be taken home with a small payment, a plate or two of food and would sit in the back seat showing a smile of humility.

Separation of the races was a strong reality in the rural south during the time I lived on a farm with my grandparents. There was a mostly unspoken social code of behavior for blacks when they came into contact with whites and this was strictly enforced by Ma Ma and Pa Pa in relationships with Carrie and her family. An aura of respect and submission had to be maintained by the Daniels toward all of us including me as a boy with the titles of Miss May, Massuh Charles and Massuh Bobby.

The only one to ever come into our house was Carrie and that was only into the kitchen. She never went beyond that room and only then when she was doing domestic chores. James and Wylie never even came onto our porch much less into the house. If one of them had to have the attention of one of us in the house, he was to come to the steps, stand on the ground and

knock on the floor with his knuckles or if needed he would call for one of us by title. Only once do I recall this rule being broken and that by Wylie. He came back from town one Saturday drunk and stepped onto our porch to talk to Pa Pa. He told Wylie to get off, that he did not want anybody in his condition on the porch. Wylie uttered something and was slow to respond to Pa Pa's instructions to move away. So Pa Pa saw this as insubordination and physically removed him with a stiff blow to the stomach.

Even though this sounds brutal and bullish, in context of the times it was very appropriate. This had to be done to maintain the Southern code of behavior; on the other hand if it had not been handled forcefully there would have been a breakdown in the system. Even though this action has racial overtones, I do not recall either grandparent indicating a belief in the superiority of one race over another. Each believed in social separation but innate inferiority was not taught to me as it was to others by their parents. In fact, Pa Pa never used the "n" word around me though he probably did when I was away. And my grandmother always used the word "Negra" while referring to blacks.

In sum, my grandparents were very fair, compassionate and understanding toward the Daniels, at least compared to others in the same position in the community. I never saw anger expressed toward Carrie, Wylie and James (outside the episode with Wylie), and wage-earning work was always available even outside the cotton-growing season. There was a certain benevolence toward the tenants that help to atone for the system of subjugation the South enforced in these years. This attitude of my grandparents hopefully has helped to reinforce my own attitude of tolerance toward those who are caught up in a system of social and economic deprivation.

As implied earlier, my grandfather did much to strengthen my self-esteem and provide me with support after the divorce of my parents. His positive reinforcement over-shadowed the firm discipline that he exerted. As far back as I can remember, he did things to help and support me in my activities.

When I became interested in books as a youngster, I began to wish I had a bookcase so I could accumulate books I liked. Ma Ma somehow had inherited some lumber from her dad when he died and it was being stored in the hen house by the barn. But no one was allowed to use that lumber for

any reason, not even Pa Pa. So one day I went to the hen house and took enough boards I thought to make a bookcase, even though I knew it was wrong to steal Ma Ma's lumber. Pa Pa's tools were borrowed from the garage, and I went out to the middle of the yard and began to work on making a bookcase. As I started, Pa Pa drove up into the yard, got out of the car and came toward me. I expected to receive the wrath of God from him but merely asked me what I was doing and where did I get the lumber. Of course I had to tell him, and when I did he asked for the tools, gave me his usual brief laugh of contentment and finished making my bookcase. Today, I do not know where that bookcase is!! But I still like books.

One of the most unforgettable examples of how Pa Pa gave me emotional support in a time of great need occurred just after I began to live with my grandparents. Obviously I had had my parents on my mind all during the day and when I left my bedroom to cross the hall leading to the living room my emotional distress overcame me. I buried my face in my arms up against the wall and sobbed uncontrollably. At the same time, PaPa was leaving the house and was crossing the porch. At the time I began to sob, he crossed the porch at the line of vision of the hall and saw and heard my outburst. Immediately he rushed through the hall toward me and without physically comforting me asked what was wrong. I said, "I was just thinking about Momma and Daddy". Obviously my comment suggested to him that I thought my Mother and Father were not going to ever come around again. So in a split second, he said, "Bobby, I'm going to care and support you as long as I have a dime". With that, he walked out on to the porch and went on his way. But that was all I had to hear in order to be comforted and assured about by belonging. I dried my eyes, walked in to the living room and was myself again.

Another character trait Pa Pa possessed and wished to pass along to me was an attitude of giving and charity toward others. I've seen him give money and time to a noble cause without anyone ever knowing about it except the parties involved. Once I saw him meet a young man just out of high school who was saving money to go to college and eventually to seminary school. He knew the youngster came from an economically deprived background and would most likely not be able to afford college. He pulled the boy aside and quietly gave him ten dollars. But Pa Pa made him promise he would save the money and spend it only on college expenses.

Pa Pa was also very charitable toward the school, Church and community. Each Sunday he gave me a quarter with instructions to put it in the offering plate during Church service. When there was a workday at Church in the spring or in preparation for Camp Meeting, Pa Pa and I went together with the necessary tools and helped with the work. Also, when the Church needed someone to operate the Dining Hall during Camp Meeting and prepare the meals for the guests, Ma Ma and Pa Pa volunteered. We lived at the Dining Hall and even gathered much of the food for the meals from our garden at home.

An unusual characteristic of Pa Pa was his lack of display of physical affection for his family members. I do not recall ever seeing him hug anybody – I know he never did hug me – or pat anyone on the back. But I'm not sure whether that is a unique trait of Pa Pa or just a cultural trait of his generation. I rarely saw a grandfather or father show affection toward the offspring in the next generation. This was probably a trait left over from the Victorian Age the purpose of which was to maintain respect for the older by the younger. However, grandmothers and mothers did show affection by hugging and kissing the offspring. Ma Ma did her share of hugging and kissing me even though I played the role taught by Pa Pa of resisting these as best as possible.

Only once do I remember Pa Pa almost patting me on the back. As a freshman in high school, I was voted the Most Courteous Boy for that year. When I came home from school the day of the award, I wanted to show Pa Pa the medal. When I walked into the living room with the medal, he was looking out the window toward the pasture in concentration. I asked him if he wanted to see my medal. I put it in his hand and he asked what this was for. I told him I had been voted the Most Courteous Boy at Bowdon High School. And he said, "What?" So I repeated what I had received. And I could sense he was going to pat me on the back but he didn't. Instead he gave his usual short laugh of contentment and resumed his gaze out the window.

In addition to not showing affection for family members, neither did he express praise for their achievements. The Most Courteous award never got past the family and I'm not really sure Ma Ma ever learned about it. Pa Pa's concern was that I might get a "big head" and become an obnoxious braggart to my friends. Once Ma Ma was telling friends about some of my achievements in school in front of Pa Pa and me. I did not feel comfortable

hearing this and made the comment "Aren't you putting it on pretty thick?" Evidently Pa Pa agreed for he once again gave his laugh of agreement and contentment. Today I am very sensitive about self-praise or focusing the spotlight on myself; I pride myself on being a good listener with my attention turned away from myself and toward the other person. Pa Pa's lack of affection and praise is probably what created in me today my current level of modesty.

Today I have many nostalgic memories of my grandfather – memories of good time and fun-sharing simple, yet today meaningful. We always kept bottles of Coca Cola in the refrigerator. Pa Pa would buy a carton of 6 for a quarter or a case of 24 for a dollar and keep these at home. But I would never open the door to the refrigerator, get a coke and drink it. Somehow that would not be right, even in my mind it would be bordering on thievery. So I had to wait until Pa Pa got a bottle out and then I would say, "Can I have some, Pa Pa?" And he would say "Here! Drink what you want. I'll drink the rest." Hurriedly, I would take the bottle and drink down to the line on the embossed mid-section of the six and a half ounce bottle. Even though that was a small portion, it satisfied my want for coke until he went to the refrigerator again. At times I look back and realize how meaningful it was to have shared a bottle of coke with my granddaddy. More kids need to share a bottle of coke with their grandfathers!!

Pa Pa and I also shared some moments while hunting and fishing. My hunting activities were confined mostly to squirrel hunting and occasionally possum hunting. When hunting squirrels, I usually used Pa Pa's shotgun, an L.C. Smith double barrel 12-gauge gun with hammers. This gun was deadly on squirrels and lead to my learning a lesson on animal preservation from my granddad. I usually killed several squirrels on each hunting occasion because of the accuracy of his gun. Once I came home from hunting boasting how I had just killed five squirrels. This did not sit well with him, of my constantly killing squirrels in an easy and casual manner. He indicated how unfair it was to take advantage of creatures by hunting them with a shotgun. By giving me a guilt trip, from this time on I did my squirrel hunting with a single shot rifle.

My grandfather had a strong interest in fishing. He would get up early and be at the lake by daylight in order to do bass fishing. And I tried that several times myself but never had the results he did. My first outing of frog gigging was with Pa Pa and was the most fun I've had in water games. He

had just bought a small boat, a bateau he called it, and asked me if I wanted to go frog-gigging with him on our lake. Of course I did. Any young boy, especially me, would want to do anything with his grandfather. So Pa Pa, another man (I forget who) and I went to gig some frogs one dark night. The three of us took turns with the 3 duties of this sport: paddling the boat, shining the light to blind the frogs, and gigging the frogs. All of this was a lot of fun to me but there was another memorable event that night involving Pa Pa and me. It happened during my turn to shine the light and Pa Pa's turn to paddle the boat. As will happen sometimes creatures in the water will jump after a light placed above them. On this occasion, a large bass jumped toward my flashlight and landed in the boat at my feet putting me in a state of fright. PaPa started laughing and telling me to catch the fish with my hands and put it in the sack with the frogs we had gigged. Well I finally caught the bass with my hands – all the while Pa Pa was dying with laughter – and was in the process of placing it in the bag when it broke loose and jumped back into the water. I was disappointed by “the one that got away” but Pa Pa was still laughing when we goon quit our gigging activity for the evening. That was the most intense laughter I can ever remember him making.

Pa Pa even taught me the very basics of money and the “sale” system of economics. When I was quite young, probably 6 or 7, he let me sell items from a “store” that he had made for me at home. A drawer was taken, partitioned into maybe 8 or 10 cubby holes, placed on its side and used as displays for the “store.” On these shelves he would place items such as a piece of candy, a pocketknife, an apple etc with a price indicated on each product. When family members came into the house, they would be asked to buy an item from my “store.” Usually they did and with each transaction I learned a little more about coinage, selling and even dealing with people. This was another positive interaction between my grandfather and me.

Of all the interactions between Pa Pa and me and the observations I made of him, the most prominent fiber of continuity was character – which he either taught or exemplified. As I wrote earlier elsewhere, when I was of maturing age he was the only real man I ever knew in my immediate family. He was always consistently strong in relation to family values and his display of character. And in retrospect, my opinion of him as the only real man I have known has not changed.

I can remember several experiences with Pa Pa or observations of his behavior that helped build the character I presently display. One of these character building experiences involved the annual task of neutering the newly born male pigs. On one occasion Pa Pa decided I should be the one to hold the pigs while he did the castrating. So I grabbed the rear legs, one in each hand, while he kneeled down and straddled the head and front legs of the pig. With the pig on its back and being restrained by Pa Pa and me, the cutting began.

It was difficult for me to hold the legs with the pig screaming with all its power and blood and fecal excrement oozing from the pig and covering my hands. Pa Pa knew I might turn loose at any second so he repeated by appealing to my innate male ego by saying, "Be a man, be a man." And no grandson wants to be less than a man to his grandfather. So I held on to the legs knowing my skin was absorbing a seemingly endless amount of odor from the pig's defecation. And this odor lasts for several days.

After the castration and the application of turpentine to the open cut, he told me I could release the pig. So as the pig ran away, I had a certain feeling of achievement that I had stayed the course of instruction set by Pa Pa and had succeeded at a task reserved ordinarily for men or at least older boys. As the pig lost his masculinity, I think I went a long ways towards acquiring mine – strength based upon the character of my grandfather.

On other occasions, by observing Pa Pa facing up to the challenge of what appeared to be a certain degree of physical pain, I assumed another dimension of character. At times when he had a chest cold, bronchitis or other chest condition, Pa Pa would apply a mustard plaster to his chest to improve his condition. Ma Ma would prepare the flannel cloth coated with mustard and apply it to his bare chest while steaming hot. It would remain there for a period of time while the hot mustard would theoretically correct the condition in his chest. When the plaster had done its work, it had to be removed as gently as possible. The hot mustard had practically fused itself to the skin, so removal was always an experience in toleration of pain. Once I watched Ma Ma remove a plaster from Pa Pa's chest, and he insisted that she tear it off in one motion. Afterwards, I could see hair on the plaster and the red outline of the flannel on his chest. But even though to a young lad like me the pain was obvious, he did not wince or show it. This stoical approach to discomfort eventually will transfer to me as a trait of my own character.

Today with me as with my grandfather then, I rarely let others know of my discomfort.

Even back problems did not change his approach to pain. When Pa Pa once sneezed while bending down to tie his shoe laces, a disc in his back misaligned to create a great deal of discomfort. But this experience with the back never was dramatized and made into a major distraction. In fact I do not recall seeing him disabled with bed rest or hospitalized even though he did go through a back operation. The episode just never was made an overriding issue at our household and that was the way Pa Pa wanted it. Self-pity or self-aggrandizement just never was a part of his character.

But being a good listener was relevant to this character. Whenever someone was speaking to Pa Pa, eye contact was always made in an effort to show interest and concern in what was being said. I can still remember seeing him in Church listening to the minister. Whenever Pa Pa was concentrating on listening, his eyes would blink very rapidly. I would watch to see when his eyes started to blink and would take that as my cue to begin being attentive to the sermon.

He believed, as I do today, that people will respect you more if you listen to what they have to say, no matter the level of importance. Likewise respect for them is being shown if you are a good listener. And I am strongly inclined to believe there was a strong degree of respect for Pa Pa both on an individual and a community level.

This general respect by the community was evident on several occasions and in a number of ways. There once lived an unmarried older man on the edge of our community. He was suspected to be of questionable moral character even though he attended Church and was always friendly and amiable to all who knew him. But he began to show what might appear to be amorous advances to a teen-age girl who lived in the community. Even though the alleged advance was no more than a birthday card, the action was seen to be inappropriate for a man of his age and out of context of the community standards. So the family of the girl (a single parent family) came to Pa Pa asking for his assistance in the matter. Pa Pa agreed, and to avoid a confrontation with the man or involvement with the police, he went to talk to the man's brother. And he assured Pa Pa that these advancements would stop – and they did. I suspect no one knew of this except those immediately involved – that is the only way he would have it, anonymous.

But Pa Pa's real character evidenced itself to me in a more personal way and involved the relationship between him and my mother and maternal grandfather. The terms of the divorce decree between my parents stipulated that I visit my mother a week at Christmas and 6 weeks during the summer. Even though this was not always enforced, I visited her on weekends during the year or she visited me at my grandparent's house on several Saturdays during the year.

Whenever I visited her, Pa Pa would take me to the bus station after school on Friday and pick me up at the bus station on Sunday afternoon. If she visited me on a Saturday she would ride the bus and catch a cab to our house from the bus station. He would make sure I had private time with my mother – uninterrupted by friends or family members. And when time came for mom to leave to catch her bus home, if she had not arranged for a cab ride, he would drive her to the bus station. And I do not recall any animosity or cold feeling shown on these occasions – by either party.

Only once do I recall a breakdown in coordination of a visit to my mother. This occurred during a Christmas visit I made when she lived in Tallahassee, Florida. It was agreed my visit was to conclude before Christmas Eve and I was to return home in time to open the gifts from my father on Christmas Day morning. But somehow the plans went awry while at her house and I did not return home until the day after Christmas. When Pa Pa picked me up at the bus station, I knew right away I had not been responsible in the execution of our plans. On the ride home, he explained the disappointment for my dad in my not being at home on Christmas Day to open my gifts. He never raised his voice to me but by the time I got home I had promised myself that would never happen again. This experience probably partly explains the reason why today I am so fanatic about meeting deadlines, being places early or at least on time or keeping commitments no matter how great or small.

After my parents divorce, I rarely saw my maternal grandfather. Sometimes when I stayed with my mother in the summer, we would visit him for a few hours, have lunch with him, share a Dr. Pepper and go back home. I never made a prolonged or overnight visit until Pa Pa arranged it when I was probably 10-11. He all but insisted that it was my obligation to visit him and stay for a few days. When I finally agreed, he took me there and my maternal grandfather was to bring me home whenever I wanted. But

I only stayed 2 days and one night until I asked that I be taken home probably because I was homesick.

I feel fortunate that Pa Pa insisted that I stay with my other grandfather some. On the day I was there, he and I dug worms and went fishing for the afternoon. That is the only time I recall having gone fishing with my maternal grandfather – an unforgettable memory. A boy needs to go fishing with his grandfather just as they need to share a Coke or Dr. Pepper. And I am glad Pa Pa had enough character to be insistent that I share time with my other grandfather – a decision that I feel was rewarding for both host and guest.

Looking back, I can not recall any experience with Pa Pa that did not contribute to the positive development of my character and the strengthening of my self-esteem. And this is of the utmost importance when one has gone through an emotional roller coaster ride of divorce. At the time, these experiences and his many acts of support seemed minor but today I realize they are major components in the evolution of my character.

My participation in high school athletics consisted of playing centerfield on the baseball team. During my senior year, our team was strong enough to reach the state championship play-off finals, held in a small town some 2 hours drive from my community. We lost in the final game thus becoming the runner-up that year in Georgia high school baseball for our classification. Of course I was disappointed at the end of the game by our loss. But that feeling of heart break was relieved as I looked up in the stands and saw PaPa sitting there. What a pleasant surprise!! I never knew he had intended to go to the game and still cannot believe he would drive that far in what was to him probably unfamiliar territory. It would have had to be an important trip for him. And I can still see him sitting on those hard bleachers after that game wearing brown khaki pants, a brown long sleeve shirt and his traditional brown felt hat (that I still have today). A truly unforgettable memory of the most important male figure in my life.

There was no follow-up on the game later. He did not commend us for getting to the finals nor did he criticize us for not winning the game. But this was typical of his reaction to my involvement in school or church activities. He always understated the importance of any achievement in order to maintain my attitude of modesty.

Getting a driver's license is always a goal of teenage boys approaching legal driving age. And this was no exception in my case either. At this time Pa Pa owned a 1953 Plymouth and this would become the car I would learn to drive as I neared age 16. He began teaching me by letting me drive back and forth in the driveway of our house. This allowed me to experience using the steering wheel, the accelerator, the brakes and the mirror before getting on the open road. Later he let me sit in the driver's seat and steer as he sat in the middle next to me reserving the use of the gas pedal and brakes for himself. When I eventually got a learners permit I was allowed to control steering, accelerating and braking while he sat in the passenger seat and we both rode to the store and back.

At age 16, he took me to town to let me take my written and driving test. The former was simple as it came directly from a book which you had been furnished previously. The latter was simpler than I thought it would be. I had expected this to be a nerve-wracking experience what with Pa Pa not being there to give me support. But I was surprisingly confident as I drove around the block in town with the test administrator. I passed both tests with adequate scores and thus earned my driver's license.

From this time until I got my own car in September, 1959 as I started college, I drove Pa Pa's car whenever I dated or went on errands that he agreed were essential. I did not drive irresponsibly. There was no speeding, no squealing of tires or other reckless behavior. He never verbally warned me of these things but it was just understood that they were not proper driving habits of responsible people.

Pa Pa had a way of promoting responsibility in me. It seems that most anytime he was involved in what I was doing, his own sense of responsibility rubbed off on me and somehow heightened my desire to be as responsible as he.

This characteristic of responsibility was evidenced when I came of age to vote at age 18. Pa Pa took me to the Courthouse to register and, at this time, one had to pass a test on knowledge of citizenship and the Constitution to be allowed to vote. I was given a booklet to take home, study, and prepare for the test. Needless to say, he never said a word about the need to study for the test. He knew I would. By this time in our relationship, he had already programmed me into responsibility on anything in which he had

involvement. So I passed the test and became entitled to vote – just as he wanted.

I was also taught an aspect of responsibility regarding Mothers Day celebration. It all started when I was quite young at Church on Sunday of that event when PaPa pinned a red rosebud on my lapel as I entered the sanctuary. I was not sure of the meaning of his action but he was quick to explain that all men should wear a rosebud on this day to show respect for our Mother – a red rose bud if your Mother was still living or a white rosebud if your mother was deceased. From this time on he made sure we had access to a red or white rosebud to maintain this tradition – even though I do not think this idea extended into my teen years.

A characteristic that Pa Pa then and I today share was a strong sense of humor. He was not a joke teller and not a very good storyteller but he always enjoyed listening to others relate good stories. This was especially true if they were about people or events of years gone by. In retrospect, this is probably why he enjoyed visiting his half-brother Maynard so much. I can recall many occasions when Ma Ma, Pa Pa and I would have supper with Maynard and his mother (Pa Pa's stepmother). After eating our fill of oyster stew or other good country food, Maynard and Pa Pa would retire to the front porch or living room to swap stories each could relate to. I would be sitting nearby listening. And even though these stories had little relevance for me, I could tell Maynard was doing most of the storytelling and Pa Pa the listening and laughing. Just as he did not have that natural talent at making people laugh, as did Maynard, neither do I. But we share in the appreciation and enjoyment of stories about real people in a real time and place – true stories with a little embellishment for appeal. Today I still enjoy visiting my 90-year-old Uncle Maynard and listening to these stories just as PaPa did. These are the same stories Pa Pa heard but with one difference – the laughter comes from a grandson two generations later.

The one difference between Pa Pa and me regarding humor relates to the choice of television shows we each enjoyed. Where I liked – and still do – stand-up comics, one liners and puns, he was more interested in situational comedy as seen in *Life of Riley* and *Ozzie and Harriet*. But the common bond we shared was in the appreciation and enjoyment of stories relating to the olden times of the depression period.

As I grew up, Pa Pa obviously was aware of my need to interact in a responsible way with other boys my age. This is evidenced by his insistence that I join the newly formed Boy Scout troop in Burwell. I have never been made aware of the origin of this troop but I can not help but believe that Pa Pa had something to do with it. In any case, I became a member and I will never forget the day he took me to the Belk Rhodes Store in town and bought me my uniform, manual and all the other relevant Boy Scout material. Even though he could not afford this expense, he made sure I had all the necessary items to become a full participant in this group.

In all the activities of the troop, he made sure I had a way there and a way back home. He would drive me to our weekly meetings and pick me up afterwards. If there was a Saturday activity, I attended. Once the troop went on a trip to Camp Bert Adams (I do not know where this is) for a few days. And he knew I was quite young and not very worldly, that I had never been exposed to daily routines beyond my immediate family. So, as we were about to leave, he pulled aside one of the older boys in the troop who would be attending. And I recall hearing him say to who was to be my appointed guardian, "Take care of Bobby, he's my grandboy."

I guess I was taken care of by my appointee very well. Later I would be going to Atlanta for a Scout-A-Rama and this same person would take me under his wing to insure I would not be lost in the big city. This "buddy" would become my close friend for years to come and just indicates Pa Pa had made another good decision regarding the level of my maturity and development of my character.

One of the traits I remember and admire most about Pop was the consistency of his emotions during situations in which others might have shown panic. He always maintained a level display of feeling when challenged with an unusual circumstance. On one occasion, Ma Ma's life was threatened and Pop had to intervene to prevent disaster. The two of us had gone to the barn to toss some hay to the mules and to feed the bull that we had on loan to breed some of our cows. As we were feeding the stock, Ma Ma came in to milk the cow. As she began to wash the cow's sack, the bull must have sensed a territorial infringement and he began to snort and paw the ground – an obvious sign of aggression. Even though he was tied to a timber, Pa Pa knew this would not hold back his big animal. So in a calm way, he told Ma Ma and me to leave the barn. And as we left, he took his walking stick (he was recovering from his back surgery and used a cane to

help him get around) and whacked the bull across the head and face repeatedly until he had a chance to get out of the barn also. It was not long until the bull was returned to its owner.

On another time, I was running across the yard while barefooted and stepped on a nail. The nail went up into my heel and of course I screamed from pain and fright as soon as I discovered what I had done. I yelled for Pa Pa who happened to be sitting on the porch when it happened. Very calmly, he came over and very casually pulled out the nail with his hand. Kerosene was poured over and into the wound and I was taken to the doctor for a shot. This entire scene appeared to be almost routine because there was never a sense of panic or urgency in the manner it was handled.

In both these situations, Pa Pa reacted in a textbook model manner. If the bull frightened him, no one except him knew it. And if he thought the wound in my heel by a rusty nail was serious, he did not indicate it. In both cases, calmness and cool prevailed. Today I find myself trying to imitate this behavior of maintaining a constancy of appearance in all situations – a kind of stoicism I learned from my grandfather. This probably is the reason today I hear people describe me as being layed back and not influenced by what they see as stressful situations.

In retrospect, I can recall one situation when Pa Pa was too tolerant of my selfish behavior. My mother had given me my first electric razor a year or two earlier as I began to shave. This shaver soon wore out however and I soon needed a new one. At this time, Pa Pa worked at a furniture store helping with deliveries and thus could buy me a new razor at wholesale at this store. One day he bought me a new shaver, brought it home with him and presented it to me. But because it was not the same brand as the one my mother gave me, I told him I did not want it, that I wanted him to buy the other brand. He took the new razor back with only a mild display of anger at my selfish, spoiled attitude and got me the brand I requested. But as I look back today I wonder how he could have been so patient with me and my attitude of selfishness. Why did he not make me use the brand he originally brought?

Only once can I recall his losing his temper or more properly speaking in anger to me in reaction to what I had said to him. This concerned the bathroom installation he was making on our house in the middle fifties.

Sometimes just after I began staying with my grandparents when I was age 6, Pa Pa built a total new outhouse for the family. It was a "two-holer", and because it was painted white, it was derisively called the "Whitehouse". I am not sure why, but it was only partly obscured from sight by people driving by on their way to Burwell. And it was always stocked with a discarded Sears-Roebuck catalog. This was never a place of comfort especially in the heat of summer or cold of winter even though its distance from the house and the interior latch (a leather strap that hooked on a nail) provided a certain degree of privacy. One could do some serious thinking while sitting in the Whitehouse!!

During the summer before I entered the ninth grade, Pop decided to provide us with an inside bathroom – commode, lavatory, shower and tub. Until this time my shower was taken in the washhouse – an adjunct to the chicken house where Ma Ma had an automatic washing machine for doing her laundry. And Pa Pa had added a showerhead here to take advantage of the hot water he had provided for the laundry. However, there was no heat here and the shower in the winter could be a dreaded event. And Pa Pa and I at times would shower at the same time in order to avoid running out of hot water from consecutive baths.

So an indoor bathroom would be a welcome improvement for the three of us. Pa Pa was doing most of the work himself. And this would not ordinarily be that difficult for him to install. Everything went fine until he began to have problems hooking up the heater to the incoming gas line. He could not make the connection leak proof. He would repeatedly connect, test for a leak and then disconnect when he smelled gas.

As I walked by during this trial-and-error experiment, I could see the frustration in his behavior. When I smelled the strong odor of natural gas, I commented to him "be careful, don't burn the house down." His response was atypical for him because he uttered in a semi angry tone something to the effect of "I don't care if I do." But he soon caught himself and what he had said in front of his grandson, turned off the gas, opened the door for ventilation and came out of the house to allow his frustration to resolve itself. Only after he had regained his composure did he go back into the bathroom and complete the job.

This rare display of temper by Pop at the time was a little disconcerting. But when seen in retrospect it merely strengthens my respect

for him. His frustration and the taxation on his patience are understandable. And the quick gathering of his composure before returning to the task at hand was seen by me to be a sort of "unspoken silent apology." I am convinced he was truly sorry for the behavior he had displayed in front of his grandson. If all this was truly an apology, I was sincerely accepting of it – and do today. His quick return to composure probably has made me more controlling of my own frustrations. This is especially applicable to any behavior of mine in front of my own granddaughter. I hope I never have a temperamental display in front of her.

I do not recall Pa Pa ever intentionally embarrassing me (unless you count the head thumping incident over the green beans one year at Camp Meeting) but I do remember embarrassing myself once while trying to do what he would have done in order to scare a stray dog away.

This hound dog had been hanging around the yard and indicating a desire to jump on Ma Ma's chickens. We knew to whom the dog belonged but we could not get the animal away from our house. So I decided to follow instructions Pa Pa said would work to frighten the dog without doing it any physical harm. He had a double-barrel shotgun that he always kept loaded. My instructions were to take out one of the shells, cut out the lead shot in the shell and replace them with hard dried black-eye peas. When this shell was fired from shotgun, the peas would blister or burn the dog but do no real harm. I did as per instructions, put the shell back into the gun, pulled back one of the hammers and fired at the dog. However, I made a serious mistake!! The shell that I fired was the other shell – the one with the lead shot.

Needless to say, the dog was done physical harm, in fact serious physical harm and a short time later it died while I looked on. Instantly my heart dropped to my feet and I quickly pondered what would Pop do when learning of my grave mistake. But he must have known that my conscience was punishing me enough. All he did was to require that I take the dog to the woods and give it a proper burial. As I picked the animal up, put it in the wheelbarrow, tears began to tumble down my cheeks. As I wheeled the animal across the pasture toward the woods, I whispered words of self-hate for my terrible error. And with each shovel of dirt I tossed on the dog during burial, I apologized saying "I'm sorry" to the dead hound. There was a dual emotion expressed during this experience: hate for myself and love for the dog. This was all the punishment I needed for what I had done. Nothing Pa

Pa could have done as penalty would have been felt more than the guilt I sustained during this interment. What a lesson I learned!! The death of the dog was never mentioned beyond the three of us and I have told very few people even today of one the worst things I've ever done.

Learning to ride a bicycle is an experience most young boys never

forget. I do not recall at what age I got my first bicycle, but I do remember that my maternal grandfather provided the experience. Once when I visited him, he had just acquired a used oversized girl's bike that was to become my first one to ride.

As he held the bike for me to mount, he suddenly turned loose and I was on my own on this moving vehicle. And he was required to chase me down and catch the bicycle before I fell. This became my first bicycle as it came along when I returned to Pa Pa's house.

During the ensuing 2 or 3 years, I was given several bicycles of different sizes according to my rate of growth. Even these experiences with bicycle ownership taught me lessons of responsibility and charity.

One bike I owned that I was especially fond of – it was my first boy's bike- was irresponsibly left behind Pa Pa's truck when I dismounted. Later I found it crushed as he backed out of the garage – he probably never knew what he had done until later. This was to become a lesson in responsibility – albeit a cruel, harsh lesson – in maintaining better care of one's possessions.

This would be the last bike I would have until Santa Claus brought one the following Christmas – except for the girls bicycle I had been given by my maternal grandfather earlier, a bicycle I did not care to ride because it was too large and it was made to be ridden by a member of the opposite sex.

My new bicycle was a deluxe Schwinn. This was the best one could own and I gave it all the care and respect a new car would warrant. I kept it washed, waxed, oiled and out of the way of pick-up trucks!! I even made several trips to town with Pa Pa to the Western Auto Store to purchase a mirror, horn, mud flaps and other add-ons to jazz up my possession. This bike remained with me for 2 or 3 years, being ridden all over Burwell during that time. What a great and memorable experience this was !!

But the fate of my prized bicycle is unknown today. I've often thought about my bike loss but have come to no conclusion as to what happened to it, even though I know what happened to the girl's bike I never liked to ride much.

A few miles from where we lived there was a foster home for several youngsters approaching the age to ride a bicycle. Pa Pa thought it would be a good gesture for me to give my girl's bicycle to this foster home.

Even though I did not care for the oversized bicycle, it was still mine and I was not anxious to give it away. After all my other grandfather had given it to me!! But Pa Pa was persistent and eventually persuaded me the virtue of giving to the needy. So he took me and the unwanted bike to the foster home and let me present it to the deserving children there.

This act of charity made a lasting impression on me and I would hope it carried over into my adulthood. If I have a sense of giving or altruism today, I would think it would relate to Pa Pa's insistence that I be charitable to the needy even though I was probably really too young to appreciate what he was teaching me.

Pa Pa did not show much interest in sports either as a participant or as a spectator. He probably never went to a baseball game except when he came to see me in my last high school game – as mentioned earlier. And I'm sure football or basketball had no appeal to him. One of my experiences as of late reminded me of what I would liked to have done had circumstances been different.

I attended a professional baseball game in the summer of 2004 and observed a young man doing what I wished I had had a chance to do with Pa Pa. It was during a rain delay when many fans were going to the concession area to obtain food and wait out the intermission. As I sat on a ledge around the perimeter I watched a young man lead his grandfather to a seat around a concrete pillar and remain there while he went to purchase some snacks.

He had already bought a baseball cap for his granddad and was now bringing him a hotdog and a coke. As he placed the food in his hand he asked him what he wanted on this hotdog. I did not hear what he told his grandson but the young man promptly fetched the condiments, returned and carefully placed them on the hotdog as his grandfather looked on with

satisfaction. As the older gentleman ate this traditional baseball game food with his grandson looking on in a protective way, I thought about the relationship between Pa Pa and me – and what I wish would have been possible during our time together.

Just as the young man had taken his grandfather to his first baseball game, so did I take Pa Pa to his – in my mind. I hope the youngster really understands how fortunate and privileged he is to have experienced this act of pure Americana.

And since I observed this scene recently, I have wished numerous time I could have had the honor of taking Pa Pa to his first professional baseball game, buying him a baseball cap, seating him, buying him a hotdog and coke and carefully decorating it with whatever condiments he wanted.

As I have said frequently, there is no better way to create familial bonding than for a father to take his son to a baseball game with both enjoying a hotdog and coke – unless it is a grandson taking his grandfather to his first baseball game. Oh!! How I wish!!

Most of my rewarding experiences with Pa Pa occurred before I graduated from high school, a time when I was more involved in activities at the church, home and community. After beginning college, the demands of time resulting from academics changed my life's schedule. As I began college, the question of financing had to be reconciled.

It would have been difficult for Pa Pa to pay for my college what with him on a fixed income of Social Security. But he proceeded two directions to provide support for my college. A man we knew in the church had been a former school superintendent and Pa Pa asked him if he knew of any possible assistance for me. He told us of the Georgia Teacher Scholarship program whereby a student's tuition and books would be paid as long as good grades were maintained and the student agreed to teach at least three years in Georgia upon graduation. So I began participation in a program that eventually led to my career in education.

At about the same time, Pa Pa talked to a personnel official at Warren Sewell Clothing in Bremen about employment for me while I attended college. When told that it might be possible, Pop introduced me to him who hired me as a night watchman for thirty hours per week. So the scholarship

paid for tuition and books and the part time job paid for my other expenses of college.

From the time I began to work my association with Pop was not as intense as it had been before the job. The amount of time at home was minimal. About the only time I saw him was at breakfast for a few minutes and right before bedtime after I had gotten home from work. And I do not recall ever attending church with him again as I had to work on Sunday.

Pop's influence in my attending college was not insignificant. If he had not taken the initiative to find me some avenues of financial support, my accessibility to higher education would have been questionable. As it was always assumed I would attend college, Pop did everything necessary to be sure I was the first member of his family to graduate from college. He kept my used car in good running order and made sure it would crank on those cold winter mornings. He often pushed my vehicle with his in order to crank it – if it would not start on its own.

The only thing negative resulting from my years in college is that it was not possible for Pop to be around when I graduated. This was a disappointment particularly for me knowing that I was something special to him and he to me. Without indicating it to anyone, in my mind I earlier dedicated my college and teaching career to Pop who, as stated earlier, was the most important and influential male figure in my life – then and now.

It was a Sunday evening at Church when death came to Pop. He was attending an Official Board meeting in one of the Sunday School rooms when he apparently had a heart attack as he sat. Even though I've never heard the medical explanation of what happened, I do not think he ever regained consciousness even though he was taken to the nearest hospital for treatment. I was at work at the job Pop earlier had obtained for me and didn't get this news until later.

When I got home from my night watching job at around 8:00 p.m., I went into the house as usual assuming I would find everything normal. Ma and Pop would be at Church and I would find some supper prepared on the table. Just as I finished eating, Pop's half brother drove by and noticed my car was parked in the yard. He stopped, came into the house and said Pop had been taken to the hospital. When I asked him was he all right, he

answered and the exact words I do not recall but it was made clear that he was dead and that he would take me to the hospital to see Ma.

From this point I have no memory of anything relating to the long trip to the hospital – until I saw Ma. She was crying hysterically, and when she saw me, she ran toward me, grabbed and hugged as she often had before and said, “Bobby, what are we going to do?” I do not remember what I said but it was probably meaningless in that by this time it began to register that my favorite person and hero was indeed gone. And I do not recall anything else that happened the rest of the evening even though I had regained my composure by the next morning.

At this time the body of the deceased was brought to the home for visitation by community friends and family, with the body remaining overnight until the funeral the next day. Grief usually intensified in the family in these hours as each kin walked by the casket to view the loved one. And one would expect that to be especially true of me – a young man who had suffered an immeasurable loss by his grandfather’s death.

But I had acquired a definite personality trait from Pop that precluded an initial display of emotions. Pop rarely showed emotions as most people did, and I do not recall ever seeing him display a feeling of grief after a death. He maintained a steady subdued and consistent emotional state, and I suppose I became stoical myself after observing how he responded to different stressful situations. As a result, my composure during most of the first day after his death was very “Pop-like.” In fact I recall hearing a family member comment that they did not understand how I could take it so well, knowing how close the two of us were.

It was not until that evening when many of my friends came by that my inner emotions and feelings showed. This was especially revealed when two of my acquaintances and I shook hands and embraced.

One acquaintance was an older friend who Pop had chosen to be my guardian when I attended Boy Scout trips or any other function whereby a young boy might need direction when away from home and immediate family. When the two of us embraced at the casket, I could not help but think of the connection he had with Pop, and the degree of maturity I achieved as a result of this triangular relationship.

The other acquaintance, along with the first, that led to a complete breakdown of my composure was a former minister of my church. He served our church when I was of high school age, and was a close friend of the family. Besides ministering to the church, he also had a great talent for music in which, by this time, I had an interest. He helped me develop whatever talent I have in this field today, and gave me sufficient confidence to perform in public. Once he convinced me to sing a solo of "Sweet Hour of Prayer" in front of an entire summer youth camp in the church sanctuary. On another occasion, he recruited me to fill in for a member of a quartet of area ministers who were to sing at Camp Meeting that night. And it was a last minute decision to use me. I was eating supper at about 7:00 p. m. in our tent at Camp Meeting when he came to ask me to sing baritone. I only had time to rehearse "His Eye Is on the Sparrow" once but with my minister friend singing bass, I felt I could sing the baritone part. And what a confidence builder this was as the performance went smoothly resulting in a number of positive comments afterwards.

Our embrace in front of the casket was prolonged and I am sure this left his lapel wet with tears. His youth leadership at church and at summer youth camp was most influential to me – and others of my age.

Regretfully, he suffered a stroke later and today is physically incapacitated.

Aside from these experiences with my two friends, I do not remember anything else about this evening. Even regarding the day of the funeral, the next day, I remember only that the music was his favorite hymn, "Child of a King." I suppose if Pop were the child of a king that would make me a grandson of a prince. And indeed I think I was. Later, Pop's older brother came by to console me with a strong pat on the back and even commented to me that "We have all lost a Prince."

For your amusement I provide here with drafts of three sections: Prologue, My memory Abandoning, and Childhood Memories. You can see this is a work in progress. In some respects it resembles the story you have written of your Grandfather.

Charles, if you have the time and the willingness I have a favor to ask of you. I have tried to place a full set of the Upchurch Bulletin at several key places around the country. I need to check to see if they are still there. One site was the East Point Historical Society. I seem to have lost touch with them and wonder if they still exist and what happened to the UB issues I sent. Could you look into this matter for me. Maybe there is a different/better place in the Atlanta Area where a set of the UB could be placed.

With all Best Wishes.

Phil Upchurch

After you have had a chance to study the enclosed materials please let me know if you have questions.

I was pleased to get a better idea of where you have lived for many years and how far it is from your place to Carroll County, GA. I keep building my list of reasons to visit the Atlanta area.

So far I have hope but no plans. Perhaps if I do come you and I could work out a time to ride over to Carroll County, GA.

I in the meantime Salame and I send to you and Shirley our best wishes for a merry Christmas

Phil Upchurch

Mr. Upchurch, *
Enclosed: (Mailed to 6 Eagles way)

REC'D
18 APR 1976

1. Personal history of my life with
my grandparents. If this is used
in the Bulletin, let me know how
much the expense is, and I'll mail
you a check at the \$50 per page rate.

2 family pictures relevant to
The personal history. Feel free to
use what you wish.

Charles Robert Upchurch

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Mableton, Ga 30059

770-944-1567

* as per telephone conversation
earlier.

UPCHURCH
5133 Floyd Rd
Mableton, Ga
30059

4. ~~for~~ extended family of Thomas
Homer Upchurch at annual
Upchurch reunion of E. Barwell,
Carroll County Georgia. Grandpa
Tom is seated right front with
walking cane.

Pictures enclosed

1. Charles Lloyd Upchurch, my grand father - made about 1950
- 2 - my grand parents Mae Belle Ashmore Upchurch and Charles Lloyd Upchurch made probably in the late 1940's
- 3 - family of Thomas Homer (Grandpa Tom) Upchurch made ~~on~~ the about 1943-1944.

Left: Charles L. Upchurch (son)

Top L. to R.: Mae Belle Upchurch (wife of Charles)

Willa Upchurch (wife of Abner)

Tom Upchurch (son of Abner)

Abner Upchurch (son)

Homer Upchurch (son)

Una Upchurch (wife of Homer)

Bottom L. to R.: Shields Upchurch (son)

Barbara Upchurch (daughter of Abner)

Ralph Upchurch (son)

Beulah Upchurch (wife of ~~Tom~~ Thomas)

Thomas Homer Upchurch (Homer)

Life with Royalty
A Personal History
by
Charles R. Upchurch

The influence of grandparents on the positive strength and quality of an individual is strong - though most often understated in biographical essays. This is especially true in my case - as no one outside myself can appreciate, understand or is cognizant of the importance of Mae Belle Ashmore Upchurch and Charles Lloyd Upchurch in the proper growth and development of my life for its first twenty years.

MaMa and PaPa (later called Ma and Pop) became my ex-officio parents - just before I started to school - when my real parents divorced from the familial strains of World War II. The Burwell Community of Carroll County, Georgia would be my home for the next fifteen years, or until Pop died and a teaching career took me away from my grandmother.

Pop was one of several sons of Thomas Homer Upchurch, one of the first Upchurch's to settle in west Georgia. All Upchurch's in this area are directly descended from him. This proliferation of his off-spring is evident each year on the first Sunday in October when the Upchurch Reunion is held to celebrate Grandpa Tom's birthday. This practice began in the 1930's and is still being held today - moving into its sixth generation of longevity. Attendance varies from 75 - 100.

For a number of years, the reunion was convened at the home of Ma and Pop. They took great pride at being the host for the occasion; and this probably led me to see them as stalwarts of the family. Later it was moved to Shiloh Methodist Church - a kind of second home to us.

Shiloh had always been of utmost importance to both of them. They had worked unselfishly on Church projects and most often without material compensation. As a carpenter, Pop volunteered his skills over many hours to help direct construction of the dining hall and youth building. I never fail to think of his nature of giving when I attend Shiloh Camp Meeting and see the backdrop behind the pulpit in the arbor. This is one of many creations from carpentry he left behind at Shiloh.

And this characteristic of giving he tried to pass on to me. Each Sunday as we entered Church, he gave me a quarter to drop in the collection plate as an exercise in tithing.

Ma also loved her Church as shown by her many hours of labor and love relating to Shiloh Camp Meeting. Each August she would move her "pots and pans" and other necessary domestic

utensils, including a refrigerator, to the Upchurch tent for ten days for us to be able to stay at camp-meeting. Her cooking and household chores were non-stop during this time. Later, when tenting phased out and the Upchurch tent was torn down, a dining hall was built for guests attending the twice-daily services. Three meals per day were served here for the week and a half of meetings. And Ma became the meal-planner and one of the major cooks for this huge undertaking. Part of the the food even came from her own home garden. I do not recall hearing compensation mentioned.

These grandparents owned a hundred acre farm in Burwell and both worked long hours to make it succeed. Cotton was the major cash crop; and both knew the contempt I held for all labor relating to its production - chopping, hoeing, and picking. Today, I realize how tolerant they were of my display of indifference toward cotton farming, far more tolerant than of their own sons and daughter. Hooray for tolerance.

There are 1000 memories; there are 1000 influences from Ma and Pop. Both had high moral standards, both were generous toward the Church, school and the less fortunate, both worked hard. Ma showed strength in her unwavering moral stand on social standards. Pop had strength in standing up for what he thought was right. He was one of the very few real men I've ever met.

I never realized the significance of Pop in my life until his death during my last year of college. My guilt now is that I did not express this appreciation to him - even though today, I have assumed his first name of Charles and still wear his felt hat whenever I can. And regretfully, my wife Shirley, my daughter Michelle and granddaughter Kelsey never had the good fortune of knowing the one person who I consider the one true icon of my life. As Uncle Ralph Upchurch (Pop's brother) said to me a few days after the death of Pop, "We have lost a real Prince." He paused a minute and added "--but we still have a real Princess."

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Ma lived well into her 100th year, but died in the Spring of 1995 (ironically, she was survived by two older sisters). Thus ended the lives of two Upchurch's to whom I will be forever grateful. NO one will ever know how much love and respect I have for these two - The Prince and the Princess.

"I thought he walked on water."

-Randy Travis, lyrics in a contemporary song
about a boy and his grandfather.

CHARLES ROBERT U
UPCHURCH

XJD-5483

351 SHETLAND VALLEY COURT
CHESTERFIELD, MO 63005-4840
(636) 530-6022

①

=====

6 JUL 2002

CHARLES UPCHURCH

5133 FLOYD ROAD

MABLETON, GA 30126-1609

Dear Cousin Charles,

Your check for \$10.00 dated July 1, 2002
arrived yesterday for a 2002 subscription to
the Upchurch Bulletin. You had already paid
for the 2002 issue back in March so I
am not sure of your intent. We sent you
a copy of the first issue for 2002 back in
the spring. However, to make sure we placed
another copy in the mail today. There will
be a total of 2 copies (issues) of the UB in
2002. The second one will appear this fall.

We have put your extra money in the
research fund for now but let me know
if you want it returned, or whatever

In any case it is good to hear from you. I am finding out our Upchurch family is much bigger than anyone could have guessed. It keeps me busy running from one part of the family to another just to keep it straight. It is always good to have people who are willing to help - so don't forget to send me copies of Upchurch notices that appear in the newspaper or whatever comes your way.

My best to you and Shirley.

Sincerely yours

(17/2)

Phil Upchurch

{ ROBERT PHILIP UPCHURCH }

I would like to ask for your help on a little project. I think it would be great to identify all (or most) of the people in the 6 OCT 1946 picture of the Thomas Homer U family. I have expanded the picture to 11" x 17" (copy enclosed) and then cut a copy of this up into four sections and added numbers for the individuals in the picture leaving room to add the names of the people. I show 62 people. Could you help identify these people. Perhaps others might help as well. You may need to look at a good copy to make out all the people as my copy blurs some of them. I'll let you know most of the people. I have enclosed 2 copies of the 4 sections so you can label and return or set to me.

It is wonderful to have your interest in the Uphurds family and I hope we can continue to cooperate.



Sincerely yours
Phil Uphurds

[ROBERT PHILIP UPHURDS]

SOME MISSING DETAILS ON THE
FAMILY OF CHARLES LLOYD UPCHURCH

5 JUN 1996
③

- 1) For Charles Lloyd U
 - a) For May Belle Ashmore
 - i) where did she die?
 - ii) where is she buried?
- 2) For William James U
 - a) Is he still living?
 - b) For Carol Frances U
 - i) when did she marry?
 - ii) Are her two children still single?
 - c) For James Ray U
 - i) when in 1974 did he marry?
 - ii) Are his two children still single?
 - d) For Larry Dean U
 - i) when and where did he marry?
 - ii) What is his wife's full maiden name and when and where was she born?
 - iii) Did he have any children? If so, details?
- 3) For Thomas Glenn U
 - a) Is he still living?
 - b) Is Catherine White Moon still living?
 - c) when in 1949 did he marry?
 - d) For Charles Robert U
 - i) when and where did your daughter marry?
 - ii) Do you have just one grandchild?
 - iii) What is the full name of Lee Jorgensen and where was he born?
 - iv) where was Kelsey Leigh Jorgensen born?
- 4) For Charles Ray U - All OK

[I'll pose questions for your other two siblings at a later date]

THOMAS HOMER UPCHURCH FAMILY

6 OCT 1946

SECTION C (UPPER RIGHT)



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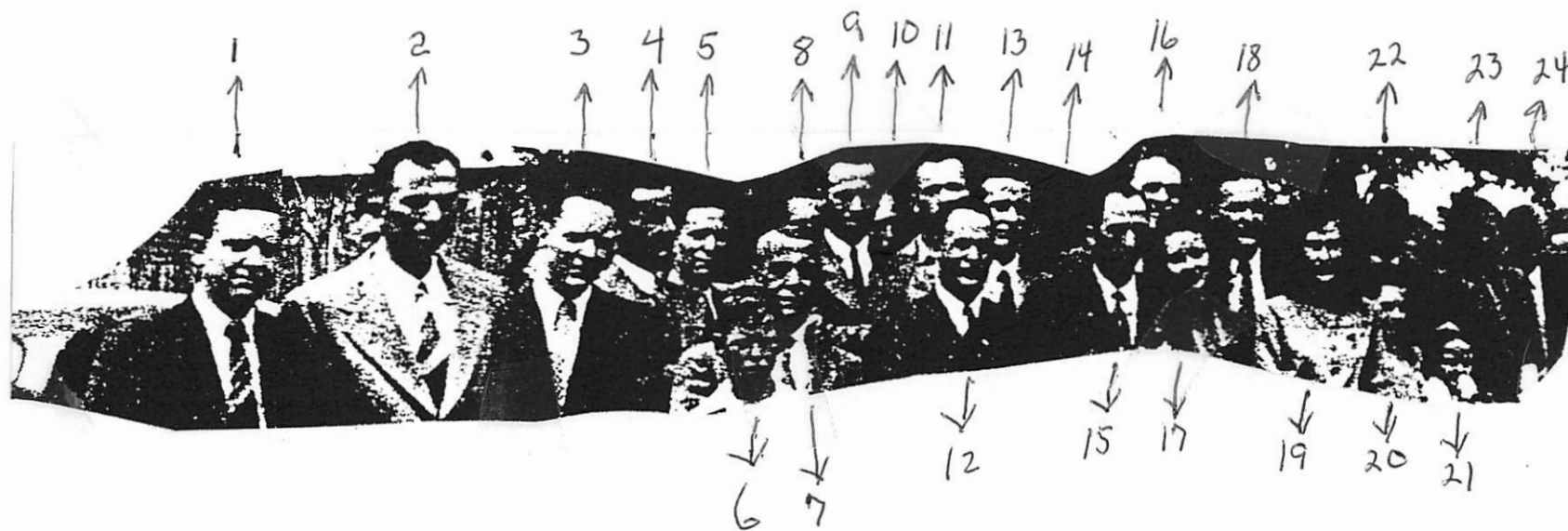
56-

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THOMAS HOMER UPCHURCH FAMILY
 6 OCT 1946
 SECTION A (UPPER LEFT)

1-
 2-
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 5-

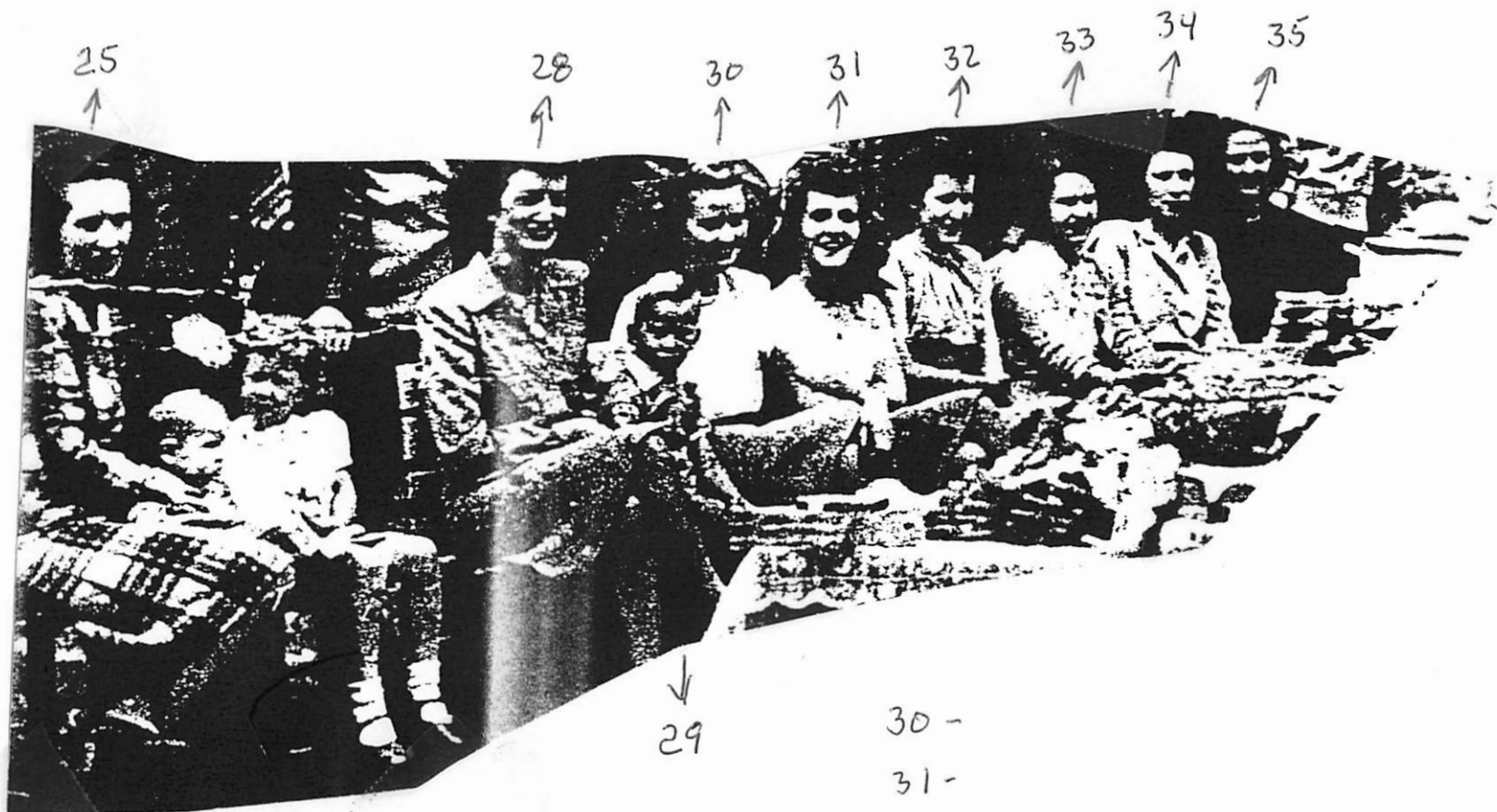


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THOMAS HOMER WPCURCH FAMILY
6 OCT 1946
SECTION B (LOWER LEFT)

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THOMAS HOMER UPNURCH FAMILY
6 OCT 1946
SECTION D (LOWER RIGHT)



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62-





Mr. Upchurch, REC'D
16 MAY 1996

Thank you for your consideration of my Personal History "Life With Royalty". I hope this fits in with what you want for the growth of UB. Please continue with your plans to use the article in your next UB just as you have drafted. I see no need to add or delete any information except for some spelling / grammatical errors listed below.

Enclosed check for \$200 for the publication.

Spelling / grammatical errors:
1. photo of Family of Thomas Homer Upchurch - missing in photo are two other members of the family:

- (2)
- a) daughter - ^{Rosa} Mae Lipchurch
b) son - Maynard Lipchurch

These two are not shown
in picture.

2. page 2, paragraph 4, line 3 should
read "-- his skills over many hours"--
- 3- page 2, paragraph 5, line 2 should
read " --- in the collection plate ..."
- 4- page 3, paragraph 4, line 3 should
read " --- in her great great
grandmother's lap. --"

I'm looking forward to this
publication and hope it will mean
as much to other members of my
family as it does to me.

Thank you again for
your consideration. If I can be
of further help, please call me
at 770-944-1567

Sincerely,

Charles R. Lipchurch

XID-5483

①

CHARLES UPCNURCH
5133 FLOYD RD.
MABLETON, GA 30059

8 MAY 1996

Dear Cousin Charles,

Thank you for your \$50.⁰⁰ contribution to
the Upchurch Research Fund as a memorial to
your Grandmother, Mae Belle Ashmore Upchurch.
This memorial will appear in the UB now
being prepared. I think it is great that you
have such an appreciation for your
grandparents.

We are now seriously into preparing the next U B in which your Family History will appear. We have prepared the enclosed draft for your consideration. Your write-up is excellent and I did not see anything to change. You can note the introduction I have prepared. Please go over this and let me know if there are any corrections or additions that need to be made.

Feel free to call me at (314) 561-6158 or drop me a line.

Although the article runs five pages I will try to fit the first page in as one of the normal 20 pages we normally publish in each issue of the U.B. This the charge to you will be \$200.⁰⁰ If the dept is OK please send me a check for this amount. If this is too much we could cut out one or both of the photographs although I think they add greatly to the article.

This Personal History is an excellent example to have for the start of this effort. I don't know how many others will come forward but your article should stimulate others.

☺ Sincerely yours
Phil Upchurch

[ROBERT PHILIP UPCHURCH]

XII. PERSONAL HISTORIES

XID

A. INTRODUCTION.

With this issue of the UB a new feature is being instituted on a trial basis. Individuals who are interested may submit a history of their choosing to be published in an expanded portion of the UB. The charge for this will be \$50.00 per page, payable in advance. The personal history can be of the submitter or of any Upchurch descendant. Submissions must further our appreciation of Upchurch heritage. The editor will prepare personal histories if so requested by a sponsor. The subject of a personal history need not have the name Upchurch, but should be a descendant of an Upchurch, or have married such a descendant.

The first personal history to be published is presented below and concerns an Upchurch family of the William Barnes U. line in the Charles U./ 2073,164/
Thomas Gay U., Sr. Subclan. Thomas Homer U., son of William Barnes 2071,3147,2073
U., spent his entire life in Carroll Co., GA and his four siblings had a
considerable presence there also. Their father, William Barnes U., had 2073
been born in Henry Co., GA but was married in Carroll Co., GA. William 2073
died on 28 OCT 1862 in Knoxville, TN in the service of the Confederate States
of America. His wife, nee: Nancy Matilda Copeland, was left with five young 3107
children to raise. She imbued her children with a strong sense of family history
as illustrated by the many descendants who to this day continue an interest in
their Upchurch heritage. The article below by Charles Robert Upchurch, a 5483
GGGSON of William Barnes U., stresses the character of Charles Lloyd U., 2073,3352
a GSON of William Barnes Upchurch, and his wife nee: May Belle Ashmore. 2073,5480
This poignant and heartwarming article reminds us all that we are indebted
to someone for helping us find our way in life. The article is highlighted by
four family pictures.

B. PERSONAL HISTORY.

LIFE WITH ROYALTY
A PERSONAL HISTORY
BY
CHARLES R. UPCHURCH

The influence of grandparents on the positive strength and quality of an individual is strong - though most often understated in biographical essays. This is especially true in my case - as no one outside myself can appreciate, understand or is cognizant of the importance of Mae Belle Ashmore Upchurch and Charles Lloyd Upchurch in the proper growth and development of my life for its first twenty years.

MaMa and PaPa (later called Ma and Pop) became my ex-officio parents - just before I started school - when my real parents divorced from the familial strains of World War II. The Burwell Community of Carroll County, Georgia would be my home for the next fifteen years, or until Pop died and a teaching career took me away from my grandmother.

Pop was one of several sons of Thomas Homer Upchurch, one of the first Upchurch's to settle in west Georgia. All Upchurch's in this area are directly descended from him. This proliferation of his off-spring is evident each year on the first Sunday in October when the Upchurch Reunion is held to celebrate Grandpa Tom's birthday. This practice began in the 1930's and is still being held today - moving into its sixth generation of longevity. Attendance varies from 75 - 100.

For a number of years, the reunion was convened at the home of Ma and Pop. They took great pride at being the host for the occasion; and this probably led me to see them as stalwarts of the family. Later it was moved to Shiloh Methodist Church - a kind of second home to us.

Shiloh had always been of utmost importance to both of them. They had worked unselfishly on Church projects and most often without material compensation. As a carpenter, Pop volunteered his skills over may hours to help direct construction of the dining hall and youth building. I never fail to think of his nature of giving when I attend Shiloh Camp Meeting and see the backdrop behind the pulpit in the arbor. This is one of many creations from carpentry he left behind at Shiloh.

And this characteristic of giving he tried to pass on to me. Each Sunday as we entered Church, he gave me a quarter to drop in the collection place as an exercise in tithing.

Ma also loved her Church as shown by her many hours of labor and love relating to Shiloh Camp Meeting. Each August she would move her "pots and pans" and other necessary domestic utensils, including a refrigerator, to the Upchurch tent for ten days for us to be able to stay at camp-meeting. Her cooking and household chores were non-stop during this time. Later, when tenting phased out and the Upchurch tent was torn down, a dining hall was built for guests attending the twice-daily services. Three meals per day were served here for the week and a half of meetings. And Ma became the meal-planner and one of the major cooks for this huge undertaking. Part of the food even came from her own home garden. I do not recall hearing compensation mentioned.

These grandparents owned a hundred acre farm in Burwell and both worked long hours to make it succeed. Cotton was the major cash crop, and both knew the contempt I held for all labor relating to its production - chopping, hoeing, and picking. Today, I realize how tolerant they were of my display of indifference toward cotton farming, far more tolerant than of their own sons and daughter. Hooray for tolerance.

5

There are 1000 memories, there are 1000 influences from Ma and Pop. Both had high moral standards, both were generous toward the Church, school and the less fortunate, both worked hard. Ma showed strength in her unwavering moral stand on social standards. Pop had strength in standing up for what he thought was right. He was one of the very few real men I've ever met.

I never realized the significance of Pop in my life until his death during my last year of college. My guilt now is that I did not express this appreciation to him - even though today, I have assumed his first name of Charles and still wear his felt hat whenever I can. And regretfully, my wife Shirley, my daughter Michelle and granddaughter Kelsey never had the good fortune of knowing the one person who I consider the one true icon of my life. As Uncle Ralph Upchurch (Pop's brother) said to me a few days after the death of Pop, "We have lost a real Prince." He paused a minute and added "—but we still have a real Princess."

And a Princess she was. Ma lived over 30 years longer than Pop; and she was in excellent health for most of those years. I'm thankful my wife and daughter did get to know her and benefit from the moral leadership and wisdom she exuded.

One of the proud moments of my life occurred when Ma was 99 ½ years of age. My granddaughter was only a few months old and I wanted her to have the opportunity to sit in my great-great-grandmother's lap while it was still possible. When she was taken to see Ma and was placed in her lap, all five generations present were anxious to hear a comment from her. We were all touched when, without prompting, she said, "I always did like children." And thanks to the invention of the video-camera, I have this special event on film.

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-Randy Travis, lyrics in a contemporary song
about a boy and his grandfather.



Charles Lloyd Upchurch
Mae Belle Ashmore Upchurch
Grandparents of
Charles R. Upchurch
Made in late 1940's



Charles Lloyd Upchurch GF
of Charles R. Upchurch
about 1950



Family of
Thomas Homer Upchurch
(Grandpa Tom) About 1943-44
Left: Charles L. U.(son)

Top L.to R: Mae Belle U.(wife of Charles), Willa U. (wife of Abner U.),
Tom U. (son of Abner U.), Abner U.(son), Homer U. (son), Una U. (wife of Homer U.)
Bottom L.to R: Shields U.(son), Barbara U.(dau of Abner U.) , Ralph U. (son)
Beulah U. (wife of Thomas Homer U.), Thomas Homer U.



Extended family of Thomas Homer Upchurch at annual Upchurch reunion of Burwell, Carroll Co., GA. Grandpa Tom is seated right front with walking cane.

XID-5483

[illegible]

CHARLES ROBERT WACHURCH
5133 FLOYD RD
MABLETON, GA 30059

Many thanks for your renewal on the
U.B. for 1994 and for your generous donation
 of \$50.⁰⁰ to the Uphurst Research Fund as a
 memorial to your grandfather. This memorial
 will appear in the U.B. to be mailed in early
 March 1994. Contributions such as this help
 to pay for documents which are very useful
 in our Uphurst family history project.

we continue to make excellent progress in documenting uplands family history and we have over 200 active participants. It keeps me quite busy.

with deep appreciation for your continued
interest and support.

☺ Sincerely yours
Phil Edwards

[ROBERT PHILIP WICHURCH]