CHAPTER 1 REMEMBER ME

Mrs. B.F. Williams’s story was different from most others. She knew she was a unique woman, but now, she did not know if it would matter anymore. She was now lying in a hospital bed and she could not breathe on her own. She had been in hospital beds most of her life, so she was very familiar with the routine. “Mother, they are going to insert this breathing tube inside you for awhile. This tube will probably be in you for about three days or until you can breathe on your own again,” her oldest son said, gently in her ear.

Earlier that year, she had already agreed with her family, that if anything were to happen to her, she wanted the hospital to do whatever they could to keep her as healthy as possible. The only grievance, that she had, was that she did not want anyone experimenting on her. She did not want to be a physician’s guinea pig. Those were here only stipulations.

Mrs. Williams shook her head in agreement and things proceeded as specified. However, about five days later, she had feeding tubes connected to her, a urine catheter inserted inside her bladder, and intravenous fluid lines in her veins along with the breathing tubes in her lungs. Things were not progressing as she expected.

Friends and family came to visit regularly. She was medicated, trying to relax and did not want to be disturbed. She thought, “Having all these tubes pushed in and out of my body is not what I had in mind when I agreed to being admitted into this hospital”. However, she relaxed and accepted the situation.

CHAPTER 2 The untold story

Along the way, she achieved much success for herself and her family. To keep informed, she joined every sporting event, church board, pathfinder organization, and women’s business club that had an opening.

People began looking at her; self sacrifice, and started asking her to lead them out of their despair and into the graceful lifestyle that she built for herself.

She believed that Savannah, Georgia was a good place to start over again. Savannah was good to her and she was good for the residence of Savannah.

She determined a long time ago, that she would give her life to “helping someone along the way, so that her living would not be in vain”. That was her lifelong motto and she shared her philosophy with everyone that she met.

She touched many people’s lives with her concerning personality. She was a leader and a giver. She would fight faithfully for a cause, when she deemed it necessary. She could also, turn around and humbly submit herself with a listening ear to anyone who had a need for someone to listen. She had the ability to get what she wanted from others, through her patience and perseverance for them.

CHAPTER 3 her mission

The fight in her started developing when she decided to leave her first marriage. At that time, her name was Mrs. Barbara Mills. Up until then, she was a timid, quiet person. However, on one summer day, she took her two sons and her oldest daughter and moved out of a comfortable suburban house located in San Bernardino, California into a very small, two-bed room apartment duplex, on the other side of town.

Not only did the children have to leave the comforts of their large home, but they also had to leave their local community school. They lost their father, friendships and familiar surroundings, all at once.

She felt she had to leave her husband. He was more verbally abusive than physically abusive, but to her it was all the same.

They married very young. He was a prominent Tex Sergeant in the United States Air Force. This afforded them the opportunity to travel all around the world. The older children learned two languages and they enjoyed their father’s lifestyle with all its privileges. They loved their dad. He was tall, handsome and had a very high I.Q., which made for a lot of fun around the home. However, there were those days when his irritability would make everyone in his presence feel very uncomfortable, especially her.

Once or twice a week, she would let the children ride with her to pick him up at the end of his day, from his job. This did not happen very often because he rarely allowed her to drive his car.

CHAPTER 4 am I in love

He was a good-looking young military man. Women from all ethnic backgrounds flirted with him. There were times, when she had to load the children up in the car, to go out and retrieve him from some woman’s house. She did this loving act, in order to ensure that he would make it back on time, to complete his daily morning inspections on the military post.

She was his rock. She kept him sober and clean, as best she could. He kept her around because she mothered his children and because deep in his heart, he really loved her.

During their weekly arguments, they said the cruelest words that a husband could say to a wife and a wife to her husband. They never had the opportunity to learn the techniques for arguing fairly while in love. Instead of speaking gently to each other, they chose to criticize each other’s character and to destroy the newborn spirit of their love.

Many times, both of them felt lost and empty. They were two young people, who had been thrown, to soon, into a marriage by their families. They started having children before they had the time to learn each other’s needs. They had made the best of their circumstances; however, they could not make it work. Finally, when fed up, with these routine practices, she packed up, children and all, and left him.

It was frightful to her in the beginning. She had never lived alone. He was all she knew about love, life, and running a household. However, she did have her children. Her oldest daughter, who by then, grew to be a very helpful, intelligent young girl and was a fast learner became her confidant. Together, with the boys, they learn to adapt in many difficulties that appeared before them. They grew into a great team.

In one year after the separation and then the divorce, she picked up the family, and moved back south into Savannah, Georgia. Before she left the state of California, she had an inspiring conversation with her ex-husband.

They certified the love that they shared for their children. He assured her that wherever she went, he would continue to support the children financially. He understood the reason why she needed to leave. Until his death, he remained faithful in his beliefs, that she would instill the teachings of grace, mercy, and forgiveness into his children. He knew these teachings would guide them throughout their lives.

CHAPTER 5 after the divorce

She chose that city because she remembered that she met a kind hearted, generous male friend in night school, when stationed there years ago. He suggested that she come back if ever she became free. She was free now and ready to see a new land. So she moved.

She completed the move without the help of the military offices, who once protected moving mothers and their families by handling everything. It took her and her children, three days to cross the mid states on a train, to get back to Georgia, however, once there, it was no turning back.

She found a descent place to stay and she place the children back into a private institution. She did this, so that they would be able to receive the benefits of a parochial education. This was what, their father wanted for them, from the beginning.

She worked at this same school, as a primary school teacher. This helped to pay for their tuition, while she also was able to keep a watchful eye on them. She wanted to ensure that her children received educational excellence and fair treatment.

She provided tutors for their weak areas, music lessons to increase their creative side and gave them Christian teachings to feed their spiritual hungers. She made them learn to honor people who were wiser, while teaching them to give respect to their elders.

These were her principles and she made sure that her children appropriately received the same training.

She then watched them graduate and encouraged them to take their learned principles into mainstream America. As the children grew in stature and wisdom, she confirmed that her principles had developed, by their lifestyles and activities.

She only wanted the best for her children and therefore, she set out to ensure that they received her best.

CHAPTER 6 until death do us part

Early in the morning, Mrs. Williams had another severe seizure. Her body organs were not functioning as projected. To her surprise, one by one, they gradually started shutting down. She laid flat on her back because a breathing apparatus lodged into her lungs, required that she lay in a certain position, for it to work properly.

“Oh, no” she thought as the young girl, named Philippi, who bathed the patients and changed their linen, came into the room. “Not her again”, she kept thinking. This young intern was quite rough with her and she had no way to ask her to leave her alone.

“I am going to roll you over to bath you, Mrs. Williams,” the intern stated. “Oops, sorry, I will try not to do that again”, she said as she accidently pushed Mrs. Williams over to far. Philippi was just hired. The hospital ward was full at that time, so she did not receive training, as she would have hoped to receive. She just did the best that she knew how.

Philippi believed that the patients enjoyed listening to her speak of her classes and her boyfriends. She would go on and on about Dr. Phil and the relationship problems of the world.

All of a sudden, she screamed out, “Code blue! Somebody help, code blue”. When asked, by the nurse on call, who immediately rushed into the room, “what happened?” Philippi said in a panic, “she just started to shake and seizure on me. I don’t know why”. She moved aside, to allow the night nurse to step in by the bed. The medical team handled the situation and then, ended their shift for the day.

“All alone again” thought Mrs. Williams, “Lord, when will this all end? I am so tired.” However, she had a lot of faith. She also was a patient woman. She knew deep in her heart, that her heavenly father was caring for her. She also began to understand, that he was possibly preparing her to leave behind, the old troubles of the body, which she was currently residing in. Her long time beliefs, allowed her to relax again.

“I believe, you have me in your hands Lord. So all is well with me”, she said in her heart. She closed her eyes and went back to sleep.

The early morning seizures continued to happen several times during the week. No one really understood why. Later, there were comments made to the effect that Mrs. William’s seizures seem to manifest only during the shift of a certain young intern, Philippi, whose job it was to bath and change the linen of all patients in the ICU unit. Nevertheless, nothing ever came of it.

Eventually, the physician in charge contacted the family of Mrs. Williams, to let them know that her body would not be able to sustain the attack of the daily seizures. He suggested, the family gather her loved ones, in order to pay their last respects.

Mrs. Williams had been going in and out of consciousness all during the day. Her body was currently stabile. She could not feel the pain from her deteriorating organs. The male nurse, a kind young man, entered her room and started removing all the equipment that helped to feed, breathe, and excrete for her. He noticed that whenever he entered her room, he felt a particular peace that surrounded her. The family arrived and was relieved to see her in a restful and graceful position.

She had taught them so many good things over the years. She would gather them together on holidays, which allowed them to share all of their experiences, both good and bad. At those gatherings, they discussed the love and power of her Savior and then, they would encourage each other to continue on this life’s pathway in faith, courage, and strength.

They would say a mighty prayer for each other. This filled her heart with a warm spirit and she knew that each of them would be all right, when she would no longer be around.

As Mrs. Williams gradually drifted back into her longtime slumber; she thought, “After all that I have gone through, I am at peace”. She remembered that there was a time that she said, “I feel that I will eventually leave this earth in a hospital”.

Many years earlier, she said this to her coworkers and friends. During those days, she felt that death could creep up on her at any time, while she was still young and vibrant. She did not want any doctor experimenting on her to remove her from her exciting life before her time. Her assurance was for the family to request an autopsy, at her passing, in order to verify that her death occurred from natural causes and not foul play. She would say, “If I suspiciously pass away in a hospital, I want the family to request an autopsy”.

She recalled most of the conversation that she had on this topic, but now she was not concerned about an autopsy. Her mind wandered back to her children. They were grown now and she had done as much as she could to guide and protect them, up until now. She knew it was going to be time for them to care for each other. She thought of a prayer that she could say that would grant them peace throughout their future existence. “The Lord is my…” were the thoughts that slowly dissipated as she went deeper into her dream state.

The family, church elders and closest friends gathered around her on that afternoon. She owned a business at the time, so the staff all came to stand by her bedside, along with her favorite minister of faith.

Everyone said their last few words, held hands and a group prayer was recited in her behalf. She lay resting, as her loved ones, rallied to her bedside to respectfully, see her off in praise and worship. It was a site to see. She had given a little something, to everyone whose path crossed hers, over the years. She was tired and ready to relax.

She slightly smiled as she drifted further into her final dream state. “Thank you, Lord”, she thought, “I am in a hospital. I started out in one and I am ending in one, how ironic”. Then she peacefully slept away.

Her children assumed that no one would suspect foul play for a woman, in her early seventies, with a heart condition, lung problems, and an internal blood condition, which she was born with. Therefore, there was no one mention of an autopsy.

CHAPTER 7 a unique love song

She lived her life through many struggles, but she found harmony with people. She sang her life song in the “Spirit of God” and he walked her into her final rest. For Mrs. Williams, her heavenly father, said to her, as he did many years ago, to his only begotten son, “It is done”, and he called her. This was her life-long belief, and for her, it is now finished.

Because of her story, we understand a little better, that we are also going toward our resting place. She has gone before us, as her savior, mother, father and many ancestors, have gone before her.

They all have left us a word to encourage us as we travel this life’s journey. It is up to us to maintain our faith in the glory of God’s plan. We can find comfort every day in knowing that there is an ultimate love here for us. All we have to do, at any moment, is to lift up our hearts and ask for it. His all powerful, almighty, most gracious, love is here for us.

Conclusion

Time has pushed onward now. Many of the wonderful experiences and memories of Mrs. William’s life will remain with us. Every now and then, we look back and smile, at times long past, when we remember her saying, “If I can help somebody along the way, then my living will not be in vain”. We take these words with us, as we go forward onto our own pathways. By putting them into our hearts and striving to love one another, her living is not in vain.

This is the story of the ending for Mrs. B.F. Williams; however, for us, who remain, each day can be Our Beginning…



Thank you, reader for your time. This is a story by a daughter who still believes. May God continue to bless us all!

Theresa Quarterman-Brack 7/22/2012

Master Sergeant Charles A. Mills, Sr. was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Everrette Mills of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and was currently the property of the United State Air force government. He lived during the time when a man of color might find it difficult to operate as a soldier in that day’s Air Force. He was a husband and a father. However, the United States of America’s Air Force Unit identified him as a soldier and considered him their property. He went through the ranks swiftly because he had the tenacity to endure all aspects of a unique situation on domestic soil or in a foreign country.

It was 1972 and many soldiers of that era took to drinking because they had been participants in wars that effected family and friends. He saw many broken families. The past wars had several women and children who no longer had husbands or fathers. Multitudes of men had been killed in many countries. He saw unexplainable cruelty in his lifetime, but he kept his faith and his mind on his purpose for each day. He did not want to fight anymore and he silently hoped that the leaders and decision makers would settle things soon with peace and democracy. Nevertheless, he was a soldier and he was going to complete his mission.

In the meantime, he was given orders for a special assignment from his superiors. He had less than one year to complete this particular mission and finalize the deal.

This is the untold story of a U.S. Air Force Master Sergeant, who worked as an undercover enforcement operative, to infiltrate an exclusive organization whose powers reached from the United States of America to Bangkok Thailand.

Due to the private nature of this particular mission, Master Sergeant C.A. Mills, Sr. never received the appropriate accolades from his fellow comrades for his achievements, nor was his family ever thoroughly informed of his extraordinary accomplishments in relations to the United States Air Force Supply Department and the International Supply and Transport Unit developed by a special enforcement agency.

CHAPTER 3 THE MISSION

At the time of his death, the records only show, that he was an honored Master Sergeant in the United States Air Force Division and his post was to head the military supply depot in Thailand. All other documents were sealed.

At that time, the records did not show the true mission that Master Sergeant Mills had been given to carry out.

He had an excellent military record and he was a patriotic soldier who accepted the missions of a covert operation, which would require him to go undercover and act as a liaison between the Thailand military transport division and a well-organized illegal trafficking business that was head quartered out of Columbus Ohio.

After careful study of all the intricacies regarding this mission, he made plans to initiate first contact into this mother-son mafia based society that had a history of suspected drug trafficking.

Not only did he study the workings of this unique institute in the Ohio area that incessantly averted attraction to themselves. He also delved into the facts surrounding the Thailand government and their international transport regulations. He realized that when he started this project, he would be quite alone, without much military contact and therefore he searched for every detail necessary to complete his task before the deadline.

When he felt confident with his ability, to speak comfortably on all issues relating to this topic, he decided that he was ready to initiate first contact with the female member in the Ohio organization.

CHAPTER 4 AM I IN LOVE?

On a breezy, sunny afternoon, Master Sergeant Charles Alvin Mills, Sr. stood across from Georgetta Harris at a Valentine’s Day Party. It was February 14, 1972 and he knew that he looked well groomed and distinguished in his light tanned, lightly starched khaki pants that had a straight lined crease right down the front of them. He chose the black pull over sweater that fit his physic in such a way that would make all eyes rest on him. His hair was particularly wavy today and he smelled like the springtime air that is just beginning to spread on the summer lakes. He looked good.

What really attracted all the female attention to him that day was those spit shined, black, patent leather shoes. They were magnificent. Anyone, who would take the time to actually polish and spruce up their foot wear, was revered as a man that would take the extra time to polish and spruce up a companion.

“This was it”, he thought. She took one long and lingering glance over at him and she was smitten. It was only a matter of minutes and he was sitting on the edge of the sofa with his arm on the top of the chair as she was sitting nestled exactly in the right spot. He towered over her as he leaned in and they exchanged stories of time and opinions and philosophies, but more importantly, they found the spirit of laughter between them. They laughed and laughed together each day until they discovered that almost six months had passed and they could still laugh at the same things. This was important to him because he had seen so much hardship and cruelty in his lifetime. Finding someone that could laugh alongside him was just the miracle that he needed.

As the year was slowly ending, he accepted the reality that she was several years older than he was and that many of his needs were different from hers. However, his primary goal was to gain access to the family and she gave him the perfect opportunity to finally meet her son, who was a prominent local attorney at law.

Meeting her son lead him to conclude that the one reason, the military could not attach any illegal activities to this mother/ son operation in the Ohio region was the son’s ability to use the legal system in that area to avert any allegations.

He decided that he would make himself and his resources available to this family. Seven months has passed and he was growing impatient with his achievements.

Nevertheless, he felt that she was gradually softening because she was indulging him more. He eventually enticed her right into his arms and for one reason or another; he decided to give her his name and so he asked her to marry him.

By doing this, she now had the ability to travel with him into Thailand. Normally, civilian citizens would not be permitted to participate in this sort of travel. The new Mrs. Mills would not be allowed to enter onto the military installation in Bangkok Thailand; therefore, he thought all would be well with his decision.

CHAPTER 5 AFTER THE WEDDING

After the wedding and the honeymoon, he noticed that something began to change with her attitude. His wife’s letters and calls were becoming bizarre. She seemed unjustifiably jealous and possessive. She started to question his motives for marriage and demanded to join him in Thailand. No matter what he would do to try to console her, he noticed that she was continuously growing suspicious of his actions.

Ten months had passed since he made first contact with her immediate family and her extended Ohio business family. In his mind, other than a few difficulties, they were all comfortable with him and he also felt relaxed with his position in their family.

He was confident with his status. He was a United States Air Force Master Sergeant supervising the Thailand military supply depot, while working undercover to expose various trafficking services ignored by the local authorities.

He decided this was a triumph for a thirty two year old officer. If all went well, he would privately be awarded a “Metal of Honor” and he could safely return to his home in Pittsburgh, P.A.

All he had left to do was to meet with an agent represented by the Thailand family and deliver some papers listing supply flights and destinations that would finalize the drop off ports for some non-descriptive packages. He did not receive the details of who would be meeting with him, but he did receive a location for the meeting.

CHAPTER 6 UNTIL DEATH DO US PART

It was not coincidental, that on that fatal evening prior to his scheduled meeting, his wife contacted him to explain that she had just flown into the country and had registered in a local motel. She requested that he leave the military post, at once, to come and join her for a while. She assured him that she had renounced her position of anger and that she missed his touch and his laughter.

As he looked back, he remembered the days, just less than ten months ago, when they use to laugh all the time. He too missed those days. He agreed to join her, just for a little while, in order to reminisce of old times and better days. He left the post.

He felt his heart beat harder, when the cold metal bullet pressed into his chest. He had on a black pull over sweater, similar to the one that he had on when he first met her on that breezy, spring day. He heard her screaming, “What have I done, Oh my God, what have I done?”

As his heart beat slower, he had thoughts of his three children, who he loved dearly. He realized that he made many mistakes as a young soldier did in his day. He thought it was ironic, that he did receive a “metal” but it was not the, Metal of Honor, as he had expected.

It was too late. No one would know his sacrifice. He did not get his chance to tell his family, how much he really loved each one of them. Nor did he say it to his ex-wife, who was the mother of his children.

He smiled as his feelings began to leave his body. He had comfort, by the thought that he was always a believer. Yes a believer. He had a particular faith. He believed that no matter what ever a person had done in their lifetime or whatever had happened to them, **all would be well** in the end. This internal message stayed with him and helped him maintain his faith through every one of his life experiences. This he believed.

As his hearing slowly dissipated, he heard her say again, “What have I done?” He smiled a little more, as the blood began to pour from the wound. His final thoughts were, “Dear God (Really?)” and as he smiled, he closed his eyes and peacefully slept away…

IN MEMORY OF

This story is dedicated to the heirs of Charles Alvin Mills, Sr. A beautiful and blessed man, whose special influence will remain upon his seeds through love eternal; he was truly a man of God and a friend to man. From his daughter, Theresa 7/25/2012