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Introduction

Maggie E. Toliver Allbright (1911-1996) touched the lives of many people with her writing. She wrote poems dedicated to family and friends and gave them away. She wrote some short stories as memories of her childhood and growing up. She wrote eulogies to family members who passed onto their greater rewards. People also wrote things about her. Her wider circle of family reciprocated with tributes of their own to Maggie, also known as “Nannan” to her 15 grandchildren. Collected here are some of the surviving poems, stories, and tributes from and about Maggie. She left behind a treasure trove of materials, including some things she collected that inspired her. The intent is to capture some of those treasures for you and future generations to enjoy and help get an insight into the kind of person she was – a woman of faith, family, and friends.

This is a front cover

This is a back cover

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Faith, Family and Friends

The Farm

“The Farm” was an integral part of our existence
As we traveled forth on this life’s highway
It was bought from my Dad and Mother
Who raised their large family there
Weather at the old Home Place was always fair
My Dad said no wind got in there to blow
And no sun shone too brightly as it was low

Our little Webb school was nearby on the place
Where all of we children got our elementary education
The teachers there were very dear to us
And gave us much more than learning from books
Surrounded by nature, our eyes were open to look
Our dear little church, Bonds Chapel, was also nearby
To give our lives substance, purpose and power

In the big hills and gullies were precious gems
And we called them “the Valley of Diamonds”

Teachers would let us go there to play at recess
Where we looked for lovely fossils
The children and grandchildren have had the pleasure
Of finding these rare pieces of treasure
That made “The Farm” much more colossal!

Below the pond, sitting on an embankment
Grew two huge hickory nut trees
The nuts were so bountiful that squirrels got their fill
A favorite persimmon tree grew on top of the hill
We always looked forward to its delicious pudding yield
In the old garden spot and orchard, pears grew abundantly
And blackberry corps were scattered all over the farm

Homer loved to go there to plow and plant
It gave him so much pleasure that we had to call
“The Farm” a place of wonder
Cattle grazing over the hill were a sight to see
They gave it an alive look and content sort of feeling
Maybe there was no big bank account in these things,
But there was so much contentment that we wanted to
sing!

That farm to me had a road to Jericho
Where many Bible characters walked and came alive

To travel with their cares and strifes
It was a circle that came alive in my images
Above that circle were huge boulders
Where brother Roy and I spent hours
Hherding the cattle, before many fences

Donna made a camping ground of the vacant Claude house
Where she took her friends to stay and play
Jerry and Rick also loved to go there to swim and camp
Rick loved to watch the cattle and be with his dad
While Jerry roamed the woods for good camping places
Hunting mushrooms was always a sport
All did share – and sometimes there were plenty.

Every family should have a farm
Where cares are left to nature
And taking care of it is a loving pleasure
“The Farm” had a million dollars of beauty to behold
Memories are dear – and these cannot be taken away
So we are told

So, may the Bennet family find it a memorable existence
And enjoy it for many, many years

--Maggie Toliver Allbright

December 1993

Narrative:

My dad, John Toliver, bought the original place of 200 acres in 1920. He bought the land from his sister, Nannie. The house was built by Nannie's second husband, Albert Powell. Dad rented it from her back in 1911 until 1918. We had lived there before. He added the William Quackenbush place of 40 acres in 1930. It lies down the hill from the church and up the other hill; it has a beautiful spring on it. He had earlier added the John Gerkin place. It lies west of the place above the Moffatt land below.

Homer and I bought Dad's place in 1944. We, a little later, bought the Horace Chansler place on the road with the house on it. We also bought the Claude Chansler place; it didn't have many acres, but it had a small house on it and a big spring. We spent many years roaming around those acres and enjoyed every minute of it.

--Maggie Toliver Allbright

Faith, Family and Friends

The One Room School

Readin', writin', and 'rithmetic were the main tools
That were used in the old one-room school.

Not only did we know our own grade lessons
But we learned from the first to eighth grade
transgressions.

We also learned co-operation, as each pupil had a task
Of hanging their coats on a peg of their size in the back.
Water was carried in a bucket from the well nearby there,
And each pupil took turns in getting it there to share.

The one-room school lunches were cold biscuits from
home
Except occasionally when the teacher made soup from
vegetables and soup bones.
It was cook on the old wood stove in the middle of the
room,
And the aroma from that soup would make our appetites
zoom!

We did not have ball game rivalry and scheduled games,

But the recesses were filled with fun ball games just the same.

Our cheer-leaders were the smaller ones who could not contest

And favorite players were cheered while others were under protest.

There was no such thing as new arithmetic
But we learned our multiplication tables which did stick
We had contests at the big black-board at times
In addition, in subtraction, in multiplication and many other kinds.

We had spelling in the one-room school and did learn
To spell well, as it was the teacher's great concern.

There were spelling bees in which we all were put to test
And sometimes a good speller got to compete in county contests.

Each pupil got their turn at reading
And phonics was helped by the teacher attending.
No pupil was left out because of their slow learning
Because each one was an individual with his own yearning.

There was time for penmanship and art,

And there was also time for singing to start
The day right, and sometimes there was prayer
All guided by that one teacher who was there.

Drama was also an art used in the one-room school.
Christmas Day programs were conducted to test each
pupil's skill
And the big cedar tree which trimmed, standing the corner
Showed our parents and people of the neighborhood our
honor.

We had no organized clubs in that one room
But each grade had their gang that met at noon.
The fifteen-minute recesses and one-hour noon breaks
Were well used in lay and gang freaks.

Besides the Christmas program that invited the public
We had pie socials where we made extra money.
There was much rivalry in the buying of pies by the boys
and men,
And there was a cake for the neighborhood beauty friend.

The last day of school was celebrated in a great way (with
no P.T.A.)
When the parents arrived with well-filled baskets for the

day.

There might also be some more drama by the pupils
To show the parents what we had learned for their
troubles.

Perhaps we would not like to return at all
To those days in the one-room school started in the fall.
But to those who can remember those good old days
Have beautiful memories and readin', writin', and
'rithmetic for that phase.

--Maggie Toliver Allbright

Our Days At Webb

Webb School, of course, is a thing of the past,
But in reminiscing, thoughts some to us fast.
Part of our school life was our dear teachers
Whose influence has molded us into these nice creatures.

My first recollections of school days were pleasant
Under the direction of Della Mae Opal Powell Edwards,
Her over two-hundred pounds were full of love and
affection,
For each of us she had a personal attachment.
She could purse up her lips at our misbehavior
And make us feel the size of a little beaver;
But how proud we were when she did praise us
For the first flower of spring or well-learned lessons.
All nature she loved and brought to our attention
That made wonderful this world of little dimension.
She lived to teach many boys and girls to leaven
Then she went to her reward in heaven.

Then came Lula Chaillaux in the third grade.
She was lithe and wiry and very austere,

But she met our needs efficiency while here.
This year brought to us the Daughertys who became
Our very dear friends and has remained the same.
This increased our class to the number of four,
Edith, Ruby, Jesse and I – then no more.

Rosa Wright came to us from Orleans,
To guide and teach us on the fourth-grade scene,
She was tall and erect and very sure
That she could subdue us and that she did secure.
We teased her and watched her from afar
As the young men of the neighborhood courted her.
She must have liked the pattern of our giving
Because she chose a husband from among our living.
Her will was strong, as it did ring
The day she made Clarence and Jesse
“the Battle Hymn of the Republic” to sing.
Only one year she stayed with us
Then off again home for Fred to guess
When she would have him in holy wedlock bliss.

Our fifth year brought us another Powell,
Effie came riding down the road on her horse, Pal.
She was kind and good and always ready
To try to please us and keep us steady.

But, oh, how we did try her!
Two hours at recess would beg her to say
To go to the Valley of Diamonds to play.
Her nerves were put keenly on edge
When many tricked were played over her head.
Such ones as when Clarence knocked the wash pan on the
floor,
Or when we would run from her and close the door.
But learn we did, and patient was she.
Why didn't she run and turn in the key?

Then came our sixth grade as the years went
This was the year of a new event.
We had as our teacher our first man, Bill Pruett.
Although he was our neighbor and friend as well
We felt proud and happy as we were sure
That he would make us his pets, as we were girls.
He was kind and patient and very sedate
Until we tried him out by being late.
A paddle he had for us at the door.
We three girls missed it by a small score.
He played ball with us at recess
Which made him much more a success.
But the thing I remember him best
Is the day I burst in tears at a history test.

He quickly came to my rescue and said
That I might take it another day ahead.
I'm sure that by him the test was easier made
Because I came out with a perfect grade.
His career as a teacher I suppose that we did not mar,
Because his values as a teacher has gone far.

Then came the time when were in the high classes.
Lucile Toliver Tandy came to help us in our advances.
A sister she was to me, and I felt sure,
That no privileges she gave to me to endure.
But as I look back on the years that have passed
I can see her patience and forbearance that has lasted.
These many years she has taught many colors,
And I feel proud to be among the others.

Our last year at dear old Webb!
It was looked upon with joy and sadness
As Olive Giles Mathers came to help us get our passes.
A cousin of mine and a sister of Edith's,
I'm sure that we did not make her path easier.
She was good and kind, but didn't always understand
Wayside fairers sometimes stopped
To put on a show which would have shocked
Olive, had she looked with us

And seen what had given us such mirth.
She has taught many boys and girls since
And wonderful friends she has made from then to thence.
This year we walked five miles to another school
To sit while we wrote to prove ourselves tooled
Of going on to High School.

Yes, those days at dear old Webb were great
What our children and grandchildren might look upon as
crude,
We look back in our hearts with gratitude.
The experiences here with pupils, teachers and nature
Makes us thank God that we live in America.
Perhaps most of us have achieved no great success
But we are only measure by the love of God and man, and
our happiness.

--Maggie Toliver Allbright

Old West Baden High

We are thankful that our school was small,
So, we remember all that worked down the hall.
The alumni's are such dear affairs,
Where we keep in touch with things to share.
How many children? How many grandchildren?
How many wrinkles? How many gray hairs?
How many husbands? How many wives?
What is truth? Which are lies?
These are just some things we speak.
With the main topic being the memories gone by,
When we were in school and how that time did fly.
Let us continue this alumni association with cheers,
And keep in touch the next forty years.
Few will be here to attend that event,
The others will be remembered for the time spend.
Nevertheless, no matte where we may lie,
Let us all remember dear old West Baden High.

--Donna Allbright

--Maggie Allbright

Faith, Family and Friends

The Big Event

July 12 1926

Time was passing and many chores had stacked up
In the John Toliver household, life was full to the cup.
A romance had budded for a mere one-half year
Now was the time we had looked forward to with fear.
The eldest daughter, Lucile, was about to wed and leave
home
A young man from Detroit, Lou Tandy, was the reason to
roam.

There were many plans to be made and much preparation
For everyone was involved in this big, wonderful occasion.
Our closest relation, of course, the Giles', were to be there
As well as our near neighbors who attended all our affairs.
The Bonds Methodist preacher was notified, Bro. Ham was
his name
The scene for the wedding under a spreading oak tree the
game.

Of course, there was much foot to gather in and prepare
Because all good things in our household we wished to

share.

Cousins were paired off for the many food preparations.

However, tempers showed up in some of those task separations.

It was settled with grace when the two youngest among the cousins

Got to prepare their favorite salad dish among the dozens.

Time was swiftly passing as the bride and groom bustled about

There were many, many things to do and all began to shout.

The bridal gown and groom's shirt lovingly sewn by the bride

Still lacked a hem and buttons – we all could have cried.

But the good, wonderful neighbors pitched in to hurry the affair

Mrs. Chansler sewed the hem and buttons with efficiency and care.

At last, we were all gathered under the huge oak tree

But dusk had set in and the preacher could not see.

The old kerosene lantern was hunted and put into use

Now all ends were taken care of that seemed to be loose.

Mrs. Chansler held the lantern while the ceremony was

read

With awe, we all stood as the couple was wed.

The long table which was near the huge oak tree
Was spread with the delicious foods for all to see.

The flies and bugs were kept off with springs of leafy
branches

And my hood the food did disappear as no one took any
chances.

All this was consumed in the great open spaces
That surrounded our home with God's good graces.

The groom, Lou, came up with an idea he thought so grand
Now you all go in the house for a surprise was at hand.

We waited and waited for the big surprise to come
But was disappointed when the big surprise seemed none.
At last we caught on for the bride and groom had
disappeared

To get on with their marriage which has lasted 60 years.

To this marriage we pay tribute as a family so close
They have meant much to us through the years
--and we wish to give a toast.

You two dear people who have survived sixty years

With all the good times life gives as well as its tears.
We all love you and your family, and you will always be
An inspiration for us to hold on to
--and life will have its rewards, you see.
God bless you all.

--Maggie Toliver Allbright, July 1986

Evelyn

Now Evelyn is one of my sisters so dear.
She has personality that really is rare.
She greets you with so much gusto
That makes you feel she loves you just so.

I remember her as a sweet child
That made me wonder what was her style
Her blonde hair and brown eyes are lovely to behold
And you knew that she was brainy also.

And education she did seek as a goal
To be independent from any other soul
For many years she worked for the state
And made many friends which were great.

I always looked forward to her visits with us
And cherished the visits with gratitude for such
The time with us when Jerry was born
Was a time of good fellowship and as our store clerk
And a time for her to get sprayed in the face.
She was always good at anything she tried,

But changing diapers was a new experience from which we shied.

A visit from her when we were in Arizona
Was cherished by me in my home-sick state
To her see her dear face was certainly a treat
It lifted my heart for a short while until I could get home
on an even keel.

Evelyn and I made a trip to Florida once
It is a memory that I cherished much.
The places we stayed and meals that we ate,
The grapefruit we picked, the ocean we viewed
Did my heart good and my body stirred.

Now she resides in the Florida state
And revels in the sun at a slow pace,
She also gives herself there an essence
And makes the elderly happier at her presence.
The games she plays and attention she gives
Makes their lonely lives a bit of heaven.

Evelyn, we love you and our wishes to you
Is to be happy and keep doing the things you do.

--Maggie Allbright

(Sis Number 3)

A Tribute to Our Sister

We have come here today to pay tribute to our sister, Ruby, on her birthday.

As precious a gem as any family could wish for, we want to say.

In 1st Corinthians, 13th Chapter, we find these words,
“Love is patient, love is kind
and never jealous.”

Ruby must love very much because she is patient and is kind and very zealous.

At our shortcomings she has never been provoked or taken into account any wrong suffered.

She was there to protect, believe in us, rejoice in the truth, and keep us covered.

Our family gatherings through the years have been wonderful, memorable and many

The families have increased to a number we can scarcely even count, not leaving out any.

Ruby has always greeted each new member with

enthusiasm as if her very own.

She takes part in the family with rejoicing and is the first to condone.

Through the years, she has borne all things and endured all things

She so diligently cared for our Mother in her last days here on earth

With the faith and hope that we would meet her again and never have to search.

She cared for her husband, Dennis, through his illness and distress

With never a word of discouragement or complaining in all her duress.

Ruby attended Bonds Chapel Church in our Mother's arms almost from birth,

Never once did she think to forsake or abandon for any other place on earth.

The faith, hope and love she has found here has been much of God's plan

For she has given in many places of herself into the works of her hands.

Now, in case you think Ruby is an angel, she would be the

first to say,

“I am human and I am not so perfect in each and every way.”

There was a time that she would not listen to me and was stubborn as a mule.

When I tried to entertain her with a little song I learned at school

Being ill with typhoid fever she was not interested and thought my acting did not apply

As a little worm upon the ground and coming forth as a beautiful butterfly.

Ruby's career as a teacher has been long and successful as you would expect

From her former pupils and fellow teachers, she has honor and respect

Retirement years were not for her, and the handicapped now gets her time

To attain a better life for them while here and encouragement in their prime.

Ruby's own family has added much to her enjoyment and fulfillment of the soul.

Her one child, Margret, five grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren are her glory to behold.

Her home is always open to each and every one, and there will have find

Good food including hot rolls, meats, salads, vegetables and fruit of ever kind.

And she greets you with such warmth, as in her nature That you are glad that you are there and can share in her rapture.

We have found in Ruby, Faith, Hope and Love,
These three and that greatest of these is love
She has for us, we have for her.

Ruby this is your day and we are proud to be a part of it.

--Maggie Toliver Allbright for Lucile, Evelyn, Jewell, Rex, and Pauline.

Kenny

Kenny was a pet name in this family of Allbrights
A better companion you could not have chosen.
He was always there, and a handsome sight.
His jokes and the love of fun gave his life a special reason
To play with children who were there in season.

His Mother depended upon Kenny's knowledge
To keep her life more simply known
The washing machine always ran smoothly
With the knowledge of its temple
He also saw that there was plenty of water
To rid the clothes of their dirty transgressions.

The huge lawn was always more beautiful than most
When Kenny's mowers were behind the scenes
Not only were the house lawns beautiful
But the barn lots were also trimmed.

When I became a member of the family
A Post Toasties box became a barrier
His shyness he tried to hide

But I could see him and wonder
If it was shyness or my face he tried to hide!

Margie became his bride about fifty years ago
They do their shopping and working together
Little gifts and thoughtful deeds for each other showed.

A great mechanic Kenny made
Not only on wash machines
But he also keeps the family cars moving
His vocation was the machinal part of a car

Kenny, we know that you do not fell well
And our hearts go out to you.
But God promised that he would not
Put upon us more than we could take.
God always keeps his promises
And He is there to give us love and peace
To be His companion and to get all His grace
And some day we will see Him face to face.

All my love,
Maggie, 1995.

Forever Olive

The dictionary says an Olive tree branches and reaches out in peace.

The Olive that I'm writing about his branches that will never cease.

I was stuck on those branches right from the very start
And Olive was as much a part of my life as a singing meadow lark.

As the children the paths were worn between our house and theirs resides

Because our mothers were sisters, and good and wonderful friends besides.

We met at school, we met at church, we met at our homes
We could wish for no more closer walks should we ever roam.

Forever, Olive's branches reached farther and farther out
As she graduated from high school and into college bout.
Then she chooses her life's profession a school teacher to be

Her love for children and her influence there will go on forever, you see.

Then, she chooses as her life's profession a school teacher to be.

Her love for children and her influence and there will go on forever, you see.

In the eighth grade, a teacher she was to me at dear old Webb

Those days are cherished and our experiences there has much to be said.

Now Olive did not confine herself to teaching school at all Because marriage to Claude Mathers and making a home was also on her.

A son, James, and two daughters, Marianne and Janella, she gave much time to.

The reward was a loving family which now consists of generations three.

Time marches on and Olive leaves her footprints behind as she branches out.

Did she sit down and mourn when she lost her loving husband and retired?

No, forever, she is doing good here and there, so many are inspired.

A loving member of Bonds Chapel church where she

worships God.

She gives of her talents there as a teacher to all who listen
And Olive, on her tree, with her philosophy of peace and
good will glisten.

An avid flower gardener is another aspect on her tree
To share them with others is her delight is her delight, you
see.

Her beautiful bouquets of flowers have graced many places
The church, the community centers, homecomings and any
home she graces.

If you have ever visited Olive for one of her great dinners
That laden table of fried chicken, hot rolls, delicious pie
and cakes and vegetables many

Makes us sinners,

She is also known for her delicious cookies making at
Christmas and holidays

She doesn't eat them all, of course not, they are divided
many ways.

The community where she lives also has a good reason
to remember Oliver with her thoughts and deeds for other
people in season.

Such a life as Olive's, birthdays are just stepping stones.

So, Olive, do not thing in my years, think only of your life
branches in musical tones.

We all love you and know that your life will continue on
And your branches influence and live forever and forever.

Among The Pines

Among the many lasting gifts of God,
Are the stately pines growing from the sod.
There they stand from day to day silently as they can,
Telling no secrets of any beast, bird, or men.

Birds sing happily as they woo their mates,
Then build their nests on the branches to await their fate.
Rabbits hop and play among the needles at the pine
While squirrels gracefully scamper and climb to play hide
and seek from man.

Lovers sometimes seek their shelter
To tell their fondness for one another
Or some new and wonderful understanding of a kind
May come to them beneath the pine.

The wind makes music as it whistles a tune
Intertwining with the magic of a bright new moon.
Could it be that they are trying to say
That love for God and man are the way?

Ah, the pines are wonderful trees
Seeking always all nature to please.
But the things I like best
Is the fact that all secrets are put to test
And never revealed
Among the pines!

Breakfast At Blanche's

Life is full of woes and pleasures
As anyone of us have learned
Many things we will forever treasure
Whether rightfully or not we have earned.

One of these treasures we will ne'er forget
That is the wonderful breakfasts at Blanche's
Treasures that will live in our hearts and is set
Which seems to always put us in trances.

A journey over beautiful country lanes
Is that journey that we make to the ranches
Nature is always in cooperation and makes us sane
When we go for breakfast at Blanche's.

The sun is barely peeping over the hill
When we go to breakfast at Blanche's
Our hearts are light and we have the feel
Of never having to wonder at chances.

Brenda

My heart twined with yours when you were fourteen.
To lose your Mother was more than my heart could retain.
You were such a sweet and brave girl, I thought,
because you nobly carried on your duties as you sought.
I did not know until later, you were to become part of our
family tree.
We became fast friends for real, then and there.
My son, Jerry, was a happy man, indeed.
Four grandsons were the result of this union
and they have been so dear in my dominion.
I enjoyed the little baby-sitting that I did do,
And the time we were asked to eat with you.
Thanksgiving was our time to be together.
No other time, with your good food and company, could
have been better
to give thanks for all the love we had for each other.
Unfortunate circumstances did come to pass
but our compassion for one another did last.
Now, we have the boys, their spouses and little ones
and I thank God for them and their loyal friendships.
To the end of my life, Brenda, which is pending,

you will always be in my heart with warm feelings.
I wish for you all the ultimate and peace and
love to one who gives so much.

Love,
Maggie, 1994.

Mimi

When I think of Mimi, I always want to smile
Because I know of only one who smiles all the while
It sorta makes your heart twist when it is turned on to you
And it makes you want to cherish it and share with a few
She is a fair-haired young lady that you always dream
about
But do you know she's my granddaughter that I'm very
proud?
She bounces in and out and I am always glad
But when she goes away, I am very sad.
Now there comes a time when grandmothers have to turn
loose
And it seems that I have cooked my last goose!
But there are holidays to look forward to
When she will come bouncing and say, "Nannan, Howdy-
do."

Memories in Short Essays

Anecdote: The Mask

The choir at a United Methodist church was in practice near Halloween time. A little four-year-old grandson of a member of the was having fun running up and down the aisles of the church with a Halloween mask on.

Finally, his grandmother reproached him. “Luke, Jesus would not like for you to run in His Church.”

“But grandmother,” Luke says, “Jesus does not know who I am with this mask on.”

An Autumn Afternoon

With

Mrs. William Dexter Allbright (Mary Ann Smith)

Note: The following article has been written not only out of love and admiration for Mrs. Allbright, but in search of some answers pertaining to all of us to the longevity of too few of our lives. She will turn 101 November 29, 1983. In this nuclear, polluted environmental age, one cannot help but ponder the reasons why there are those persons who survive cancer, heart disease, mental and physical breakdown plus other numerous ailments. Mrs. Allbright appears to have survived them all. With so much emphasis on aerobics, vitamins, cholesterol, polysaturates, additives, etc., it is confusing to think that this lady probably does not know the meaning of such words. In no way do we advocate that, in our society, we must not be aware of the importance of their meaning because the manner in which most of us live today is radically different from hers; it is that difference that deserves some exploration.

We share this very special afternoon with hoping you might find some clues for your own good well-being. If

not, then just enjoy this visit with us. Our only regret is that we do not have our conversation recorded for all of the family to hear. We will remember this afternoon the remaining days of our lives as it is rare for Mr. Allbright to reminisce and philosophy on such a broad scope. She is by nature shyly reluctant to impose her viewpoints or beliefs.

On that day, she imparted many things that no one had ever heard her speak of before, and perhaps never again. She does not hesitate to tell anyone that she cannot do all the things she would like to do. That is difficult to not move at the active pace she was accustomed to and that she does not see as well as she would like. All who know her marvel at her mentality. There are minute signs now and then of senility.

She is up every morning, dressed when she comes to the table to eat breakfast with her son, Kenneth, and his wife Margie. The three of them reside on the farm near Shoals, that Mr. and Mrs. Allbright bought when they were married at the turn of the century.

She was born to Isaac Harrison and Amanda Nugent Smith near Huron. She is the last surviving member of her family which included brothers, Edward and Charles and sisters,

Nelia and Aminda. Mr. Allbright has one surviving brother, Orville, whose farm adjoins Mrs. Allbright's. Her life has revolved around her five children, Elmer, who dies this summer, Lucille Summers, Homer, Kenneth, and Wilma Ray. The dedication that Kenneth and Margie have for his is incomprehensible. This dedication expresses itself everywhere around the farm. To go there, one feels as cleansed and refreshed as a spring rain. Come spend this afternoon with us now.

Dear Mom,

You have accomplished on this day something that is very rare. To reach one hundred one years and be a lovely and alert as you are, is, indeed, a blessing from God.

To look back on the years that I have been in the family (over 50) has been a pleasure, and much of it has been because of you. Know that in all the things I did and many people that I have associated with, if there are disappointments, there's always Mom at home to look to. You were always there.

I remember the Sundays and other days that we spent with

you, the tasty dinners that you would cook and the cheerful attitude that you had in serving them. I remember that wonderful homemade cottage cheese that you had, and the good time that you had attending and milking the cows. Your green beans were always better than anyone else's. The jellies that you made and always generous to share will never be forgotten. The rows of fruits and vegetables that you preserved in the summer were your pride and joy. It was a reward of your labor, and rightfully so.

I remember many things about you, Mom. I know that you say that you wish you could do more now, but just remember that you are doing a lot by just being here with us.

We are thankful for Kenny and Margie and for the care that they give to you. You are lucky to have them.

I am praying every day for changes in making things more pleasant for you. If I have been the cause of any dissension, I am sorry. With a change of attitudes and God's help I am sure things will be better. We do not want you to worry about that.

--Maggie Toliver Allbright

Memories in Short Essays

James Frederick Summers

March 1, 1900 – 1977

James Frederick Summers, known by family, friends and acquaintances as Chip, Chippy or Che Che, was born in Martin County, March 1, 1900. He was one of eight children born to Effie Pruett and Richard Summers.

Last Tuesday, March 1, 1977, marked his 77th birthday. Or God saw fit to let him remain with his loved ones eight more glorious days, allowing him to return from Bloomington hospital for one more visit.

The harsh, bitterly cold winter of 1977 will go down in history for its hardships, inconveniences and devastation. Yes, it took its toll and is still making demands. It will live in the hearts of Lucille (Chippy would want us to call her “Ceal”), his daughter, Margie, and his grandson Gary as the year PaPaw left them behind.

Found amid the losses of 1977 are many treasured souvenirs Ceal shares with us. Hours, days and weeks of the two of them literally snowbound in their home on

Prospect Hill overlooking Springs Valley. So near to the main road – yet so far – as their driveway, their car and their home were enveloped by mountains of snow. Food and mail were delivered on foot.

Thank God for that snow! Ceal and Chip shared a last togetherness too often never experienced by husband and wife during a lifetime in the hectic mode of life of our present generation.

What kind of man was James Frederick Summers? Each of us form various impressions of others. Those who knew him best agree he loved and lived in every sense of the meaning of loving and living.

In a large city some of Chip's so-called escapades would go by unnoticed. In a small town like Shoals, they were sometimes sensational. In his younger days, he was probably known as “wild.” Our older generation knows the definition of that word. By today’s standards where terrorists, rapists, murderers, and dope-pushers reign, one would barely label a person like Chippy “wild.”

He enjoyed an all-night poker game at one of the local saloons with “the boys.” He liked a drink of good whiskey,

sometimes a little more than his share. He loved to dance and could really step off of fancy jig. He was a square-dance “caller” and a terrific one. He enjoyed baseball, serving as an umpire at local games. Baseball remained his favorite sport. He knew good-looking clothes and was quite a dapper gentlemen-about-town, having a keen eye for the pretty girls. He finally found one and kept her by his side ever after. A serious man, too, with more than his share of ability and knowledge.

People of Shoals will associate Chippy with the Pearl Button Factory. One of its kind and a science that doesn’t exist any ore.

He will be remembered for his kindness to others, his laughter, his keen sense of humor, his hospitality when someone came to his home, but most of all for his extreme generosity.

Chippy did not acquire an abundance of material wealth. He gave most of everything away willingly and happily. If friends or family needed anything and Chip could lend a helping hand, he was always there.

He will be sadly missed. Time will not heal the wounds but

it will make them easier to bear.

He is survived not only by his wife Ceal, his daughter Margie, and his grandson Gary, but two brothers, Richard Edmund (Eddie) and Aaron Thomas, one sister, Agnes Leona Allegree, and by a multitude of nieces, nephews and relatives who will never forget “Chip.”

Autumn Visit

It was one of those brilliant, blue-skied Indiana afternoons in October, Round the last curve on the road that takes us “home,” the panoramic vista of a farm nestled among oaks, maples, walnuts and hills extends a greeting of immense pride. Nothing seems to lack attention from the newly painted white trim on the old red bard, to the fence rows standing ever so erectly, to the white house gleaming on an immaculately manicured lawn, one will find no litter or clutter here. Even the antiquated store building, once a scene of bustling activity, emerges ever so proudly reminding us of a bygone era of horses, buggies, Model T's and the many customers who traded their wares at this “general store.”

Wasn't it only yesterday when we were last home to visit that new green corn stalks were pushing their way from the ground bespeaking of a bountiful harvest to be reaped? These once green stalks lay withered and dried on the ground now, prematurely aged from the onslaught of the summer drought. Some corn has been salvaged, we could see the ears and the silks poking out of the crib slats.

Cords of neatly stacked firewood made us realize another winter was upon us. Someone's unrelenting efforts would provide warmth for those inside. Pumpkins, squashes and turnips were being gathered and lay amid the purple, white and pink petunias and geraniums still blooming in all their glory as if they were bidding hello to summer rather than farewell.

Stepping from the car, a caressing warm breeze feathered by a hint of the crispness of autumn touched our faces. Foliage on the trees was a vivid assortment of colors. Some of the leaves were still green clinging with a courageous grip unwilling to let go of their spring and summer. Others were waving their kaleidoscopic splendor of yellows, oranges, golds, rusts and reds while others were caught in the wind twirling and floating in space before falling to the ground to take their places in the sequence of nature.

The purple martin, so anxiously awaited in the spring had left their white and green roofed homes in search of spring in a distant land. We longingly hope to see their return announcing another year and another spring to share. We pray silently that the martins that return will find things as they left them.

Entering the doorway to a sparkling white and blue kitchen were familiar smells of a freshly baked persimmon pudding, a gooseberry pie, and angelhood cake mingling with aromas of green beans (late-comers from the garden) cooking on the stove along with tomato preserves and a pickle relish simmering.

The focal point in the kitchen is Mrs. Allbright better known as “Mom.” We all call her that. She is sitting there now a magnificent, proud lady greeting us with open arms. The kitchen scene is much the same as always except that Margie is now in command where Mom reigned supreme such a short time ago. It touches our hearts to see Margie carrying on in Mom’s footsteps, doing chores like Mom did them.

It is in awe we look at Mom. We see the look of Winter upon her, but we also see the freshness of Springtime on her soft face. Is there a hidden secret she has or what is the answer to the riddle that propels her? Is the answer a complicated or simple one? Is it the food she eats, the air she breathes, the water she drinks, her attitude or a combination of all these?? She really doesn’t know. Without hesitation, she emphatically states that she is still

here because there is something else, she must get done.

After a cup of tea, she begins to speak about the things she has done. How she loved to sing and ride her horse called “Fancy” with her sister Mindy. She could have become a professional singer, but she got married instead. Did she regret that? Why no, she wouldn’t let herself think about that. She did other things like singing with Deck, Orville and Lucille at church and social gatherings. She talked of Neely who was just the opposite of Mindy. Mindy was all fun and could play any instrument by ear, while Neely was quiet and remote always concerned about her looks.

Mindy made her the beautiful white dress trimmed in blue satin that she wore when she and Deck were married. She wished no one knew how old she was. “Why, a woman will tell her age will tell anything.” She doesn’t know how the word got out, but it is hard for her to believe she is as old and “they” say. Would she want to live her life over again and what would she do differently if she could? Yes, she replied, “I would like to live my life over to have all my children babies once more.” For what she would do differently, she would try to be much wiser than she is now to be able to answer so many problems that people have.

Her mind was travelling from thought to thought, from

past to present to future. She went on telling us about home. It was just a wilderness when Deck bought it. He built the house first then the store. The house was only to be temporary as Deck was going to build her a mansion. She smiles with amusement, explaining that he became too busy with the store and farm.

Yes, she worked hard taking care of her children and every summer cooking, for workhands, sometimes as many as 30 when the thrashers came. She would cook fried chicken and all the trimmings. They loved to come to the Allbrights to eat. When salesmen came to the store, Deck would bring them to eat and they would use their best linens and dishes just like they did when they had company.

Deck would never let her work outside. When she went out, she always wore long gloves above the elbow and a bonnet to keep her face and arms from the hot sun. It wasn't fashionable to be tan back then.

Her mother was an orphan and she didn't know much about her. Her Dad fought in the battle at Gettysburg. This summer has been hard, she explains with a look of sadness, she lost one of her children and she never would

have thought she would outlive one of them. And, Homer lost his arm in that horrible corn picker accident a few years ago. She wished she could give him one of her arms.

She says she tries to think of pleasant things and be grateful for what she has. She is grateful that she is able to stay in her home and have Kenny and Margie with her. She would like for all her children to live at home. She tells us how Kenny will do anything for her and Margie treats her like a baby.

Does she believe in life after death? She has no comment to make on this. When asked what she has yet to do, she replies that she wants to see more love shown for each other. That in her Bible she has put a message for her children to live by that says, “Love one another as I have loved You.” That is what I want to see fulfilled. That is all I ask of life now.

We dare to look at each other, Donna and I. Down our faces, tears are streaming. Mom can't see us. She wouldn't want us to cry over something she said. We are mesmerized by this woman and we feel the aura of grandeur about her. From what source does this wisdom and this well of life flow? Without seeing eyes, she

envisions all the wonders and beauty of life in her heart.
Faith lives on within her – unyielding. Is this the answer?

(Autumn Visit was with Wilma Ray and Donna Allbright
Allen, grand-daughter, Oct.11, '83)

TRIBUTES AND WELL WISHES

To My Sister, Maggie

Maggie has devoted herself as a wife
And now has children in her life.

She's weathered many heartaches
There were so hard to bear
But all her family try to make
Her griefs lighter because they share.

All who meet her, however brief
Are struck by her gracious manners
And her sweet nature; for even in grief,
Her lovely smile is like a banner.

Though her health be frail, her spirit is great
So much of her life she has suffered ills
But remains still resigned to her fate
For she knows we don't live by our own wills.

We have lessons to learn
In good times and sad
And fortunes we earn
Are not always bad.

We feel lonesome as a dove,
Love surrounds us if we look.
We look within, below and above
And some find comfort in a book.

Often our minds turn the pages
When we look backward on our life,
And as we review all our ages
We tend to remember only the strife.

But if we ask, “Oh, lord, why must it be me?”
We need to also ask HIM the question, “How?”
“How in our woes can we find THEE?”
For we want to know in the here and now.

“How can we stand this trouble and woe?”
There were good times; we remember the bad.
Then a quiet voice within us lets us know
He is always with us to make us glad.

So, we must weather ever storm
That this life throws our way.
But we can always feel cherished and warm
Knowing HE is just a prayer away.

Dear Maggie, Get Well

This poem's for Maggie – our sister we love,
Whose heart is good – and pure as a dove.
So many nice things for us she has done,
And always made family seem like such fun.

She gives much of herself – too much, we're sure,
But her efforts seem endless and her motives pure.

She cares for others with diligent might
And neglects herself, which doesn't seem right.

We hope that now for herself she'll care
Any other course wouldn't be fair.
The reason to us is clear as a bell
For we truly love and want her well.

Our apologies to the family poet laureate – Maggie.

--Jewell Hodges

To Nannan On Her 84th Birthday

Today is a great day, a celebration. Eighty-four years ago, a little baby girl was born to John and Amanda Toliver. Her name is Maggie Ethel Toliver Allbright, my grandmother!

I wonder if John and Amanda Toliver knew what kind of sunshine and love she would bring into everyone's lives. She knows no enemy and never meets a stranger; everyone is her friend.

She is our Nannan, a lady who has given her whole life to her family.

It is hard to put in words what you mean to me. You told me one time that you always wanted to be the best grandmother, because you never knew your grandmother. Well, Nannan, you have been the best grandmother and you continue to be the best.

When I was young, I used to cry to go home with you, and still today if I go a week without seeing you, I feel a void in my heart.

Life has changed so much for all of us through the years, but one thing remains the same for all of us is our family.

You have been our solid rock. You are always there when we need you and always ready to listen. Your health has not been well through the years and some say they are surprised you are still here with us. But not me! Because I know that God knows we all need you so much and your work is not done yet.

Someone said to me one time, “You act just like Nannan.” I find that the ultimate compliment. You are a great role model. I hope I will be a wonderful grandmother just like you. I thank God for you, Nannan. I love you and happy birthday.

--Mimi Marshall Terrell

March 11, 1995

INSPIRATION AND REFLECTION

Today

Mend a quarrel.

Search out a forgotten friend.

Dismiss suspicion and replace it with trust.

Write a love letter.

Share some treasure.

Give a soft answer.

Encourage youth.

Manifest your loyalty in word or deed.

Keep a promise.

Find the time.

Forego a grudge.

Forgive an enemy.

Listen.

Apologize if you were wrong.

Try to understand.

--By Anonymous

Inspiration and Reflection

Hug Therapy

The theory is that touch is not only nice. It's needed!

Scientific research supports the theory that stimulation by touch is absolutely necessary for our physical as well as our emotional well-being.

Therapeutic touch, recognized as an essential tool for healing, is now part of nurses' training in several large medical centers. Touch is used to help relieve pain and depression and anxiety, to bolster a patient's will to live, and to help premature babies who have been deprived of touch in their incubator to grow and thrive.

Results of Scientific Experiments

Various experiments have shown that touch can:

- make us feel better about ourselves and our surroundings
- have a positive effect in a child's development and IQ
- cause measurable physiological changes in the touchers and the touched

We are just beginning to understand the power of touch.

While there are many forms of touching, we propose that hugging is a very special therapeutic touch that contributes in a major way to healing and health.

The Power of Hugging

Hugging accomplishes many things that you may never have thought of. It ...

- feels good
- dispels loneliness
- overcomes fear
- opens doors to feelings
- builds self-esteem (Wow! She actually wants to hug me!)
- fosters altruism (I can't believe it but I actually want to hug that old son-of-a-gun)
- slows down aging (huggers stay young longer)
- helps curb appetite (we eat less when we are nourished by hugs and when our arms are busy wrapped around others)
- More Good Things from Hugging
- eases tension
- fights insomnia
- keeps arms and shoulder muscles in condition
- provides stretching exercise if you are short
- provides stooping exercise if you are tall
- offers a wholesome alternative to promiscuity
- offers a healthy, safe alternative to alcohol and other drug abuse (better hugs than drugs!)

- affirms physical being
- is democratic (anyone is eligible for a hug)

Even More Benefits from Hugging

- is ecologically sound (it does not upset the environment)
- is energy-efficient (saves heat)
- is portable
- requires no special equipment
- demands no special setting (a fine place for a hug is any place from a doorstep to an executive conference room ... from a church parlor to a football field)
- makes happy days happier
- imparts feelings of belonging
- fills up empty places in our lives
- keeps on working to dispense benefits even after the hug is released

(Note: This clipping was found among Maggie's things. It is unsigned, but is likely the work of therapist Kathleen Keating of Canada who wrote the book, "Hug Therapy," in 1983.)

Dag Hammarskjold's Prayer

Give us a pure heart that we may see thee,
A humble heart that we may hear thee,
A heart of love that we may serve thee,
And a heart of faith that we may love thee.

Leisure

I shall attend to my little errands of love
Early, this year,
So that the brief days before Christmas may be
Unhampered and clear
Of the fever of hurry.
The breathless rushing that I have known in the past
Shall not possess me.

I shall be calm in my soul
And ready at last
For Christmas: "The Mass of the Christ."
I shall kneel and call out His name;
I shall take time to watch the beautiful light
Of a candle's flame;
I shall have leisure-I shall go out alone
From my roof and my door;
I shall not miss the silver silence of stars
As I have before;
And, oh, perhaps-If I stand there very still,
And very long-
I shall hear what the clamor of living has kept from me:
The Angel's song!

--Grace Noll Crowell (1877-1969)

Psalms to pray when...

You can't sleep – Psalm 4

You're feeling guilty – Psalm 51: 1-7

Life seems to have lost its luster – Psalm 8

You are afraid – Psalm 18: 28-36

Doubts overtake you – Psalm 19: 7-14

You are ill – Psalm 41: 4-13

You've suffered a loss – Psalm 73: 21-28

A storm is raging – Psalm 29

You feel spiritually dry – Psalm 63: 1-8

A friend has wronged you – Psalm 55: 12-14

You are thankful – Psalm 136

This chapter is all about putting this book together. It's a "behind the scenes" look at how we accomplished putting the book together. Any media captured while creating the book is welcome to exist here.

This includes the pictures, time lapses and videos.

The Farm

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

THE FARM

"THE FARM" was a intregal part of our existence
As we traveled forth on this life's highway
It was bought from my Dad and Mother
Who had raised their large family there
Weather at the old Home Place was always fair
My Dad said, no wind got in there to blow
and no sun shone too brightly, as it was low

Our little Webb school was near by on the place
Where all of we children got our elementary education
The teachers there were very dear to us
And gave us much more than learning from books
Surrounded by nature, our eyes were open to look
Our dear little church, Bonds Chapel, was also near by
To give our lives substance, purpose and power

In the big hills and gullies were precious gems
and we called them "The Valley of Diamonds"
Teachers would let us go there to play at recess
Where we looked for the lovely fossils
The children and grandchildren have had the pleasure
Of finding these rare pieces of treasure
That made "The Farm" much more colossal!

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

Below the pond, sitting on an embankment
Grew two huge hickory nut trees
The nuts were so bountiful that squirrels got their fill
A favorite persimmon tree grew on top of the hill
We always looked forward to its delicious pudding yield
In the old garden spot and orchard, pears grew abundantly
And blackberry crops were scattered all over the farm

Homer loved to go there to plow and plant
It gave him so much pleasure, that we had to call
"The Farm" a place of wonder
Cattle grazing over the hill were a site to see
They gave it an alive look and content sort of feeling
Maybe there was no big bank account in these things,
But there was so much contentment that we wanted to sing!

That farm to me had a road to Jericho
Where many bible characters walked and came alive
To travel with their cares and strifes
It was a circle that came alive in my images
Above that circle were huge boulders
Where brother Roy and I spent hours
herding the cattle, before many fences

My Dad, John Toliver bought the original place of 200
acres in 1920. He bought it from his sister, Nannie. The

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

house was built by Nannie's second husband, Albert Powell. Dad rented it from her back in 1911 until 1918. We had lived there before. He added the William Quackenbush place of 40 acres in 1930. It lies down the hill from the church and up the other hill, it has a beautiful spring on it. He had earlies added the John Gerkin place. It lies west of the place above the Moffatt land below.

Homer and I bought Dad's place in 1944. We, a little later bought the Horace Chansler place, (on the road with the house on it). We also bought the Claude Chansler place, it didn't have many acres, but it had a small house on it and a big spring.

We spent several years roaming around on those acres, and we enjoyed every minute of it.

Maggie Toliver Allbright

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

Donna made a camping ground of the vacant Claude house
Where she took her friends to stay and play
Jerry and Rick also loved to go there to swim and camp
Rick loved to watch the cattle and be with his dad
While Jerry roamed the woods for good camping places
Hunting mushrooms was always a sport
All did share---and sometimes there were plenty

Every family should have a farm
Where cares are left to nature
and taking care of it is a loving pleasure
"THE FARM" had a million dollars of beauty to behold
Memories are dear---and these can not be taken away
So we are told

So may the Bennet family find it a memorable existence
And enjoy it for many, many, years

Maggie Toliver Allbright

December 1993

The One Room School

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

PAGE 1

THE ONE ROOM SCHOOL

Readin', writin', and 'rithmetic were the main tools
That were used in the old one-room schools.
Not only did we know our own grade lessons
But we learned from the first to eighth grade transgressions.

We also learned co-operation, as each pupil had a task
Of hanging their coats on a peg of their size in the back.
Water was carried in a bucket from a well near by there,
And each pupil took turns in getting it there to share.

The one-room school lunches were cold biscuits from home
Except occasionally when the teacher made soup from vegetables and soup bones.
It was cooked on the old wood stove in the middle of the room,
And the aroma from that soup would make our appetites zoom!

We did not have ball game rivalry and scheduled games,
But the recesses were filled with fun ball games just the same.
Our cheer-leaders were the smaller ones who could not contest
And favorite players were cheered while others were under protest.

There was no such thing as new arithmetic
But we learned our multiplication tables which did stick.
We had contests at the big black-board at times
In addition, in subtraction, in multiplication and many other kinds.

We had spelling in the one-room school and did learn
To spell well, as it was the teachers great concern.
There were spelling bees in which we all were put to test,
And sometimes a good speller got to compete in county contests.

Each pupil got their turn at reading
And phonics was helped by the teacher attending.
No pupil was left out because of their slow learning
Because each one was an individual with his own yearning.

There was time for penmanship and art,
And there was also time for singing to start
The day right, and sometimes there was prayer
All guided by that one teacher who was there.

Drama was also an art used in the one-room school.
Christmas Day programs were conducted to test each pupils skill
And the big cedar tree which we trimmed, standing the corner
Showed our parents and people of the neighborhood our honor.

We had no organized clubs in that one room
But each grade had their gang that met at noon.
The fifteen minute recesses and one hour noon breaks
Were well used in play and gang freaks.

Besides the Christmas program that invited the public
We had pie socials where we made some extra money.
There was much rivalry in the buying of pies by the boys and men,
And there was a cake for the neighborhood beauty friend.

Maggie Allbright
West Baden, In. 47469
Senior Division

PAGE 2

The last day of school was celebrated in a great way (with no P.T.A.)
When the parents arrived with well-filled baskets for the day.
There might also be some more drama by the pupils
To show the parents what we had learned for their troubles.

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

Perhaps we would not like to return at all
To those days in the one-room school started in the fall.
But to those who can remember those good old days,
Have beautiful memories and readin', writin', and 'rithmetic for that faze.

Maggie Allbright
West Baden, In. 47469
Senior Division

Old West Baden High

OLD WEST BADEN HIGH

We are thankful that our school was small,
So we remember all that worked down the hall.
The alumni's are such dear affairs,
Where we keep in touch with things to share.
How many children? How many grandchildren?
How many wrinkles? How many gray hairs?
How many husbands? How many wives?
What is truth? Which is lies?
These are just some of things we speak.
With the main topic being the memories gone by,
When we were in school and how that time did fly.
Let us continue this alumni association with cheers,
and keep in touch for the next forty years.
Few will be here to attend that event,
The others will be remembered for the time spent.
Nevertheless, no matter where we may lie,
Let us all remember dear old West Baden High.

Donna Allbright
Maggie Allbright

Among The Pines

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

Among The Pines

Among the many lasting gifts of God,
Are the stately pines growing from the sod.
There they stand from day to day, silently as they
Telling no secrets of any beast, bird or man.

Birds sing happily as they woo their mates
Then build their nests on the branches to await
Rabbits hop & play among the needles of the pine
While squirrels gracefully scamper & climb
To ~~Beck~~ hide and seek
Shelter from man.

Lovers sometimes seek their shelter
To tell their fondness for one another.
Or some new and wonderful understanding
of a kind
May come to them beneath the pine.

The wind makes music as it
Whistles a tune

Intertwining with the magic of a bright new
moon.
Could it be that they are trying to

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

That love for God and man and things?

Ah, the pines are wonderful trees
Seeking always all nature to please,
But the things I like best
Is the fact that all secrets are
put to test
And never revealed.

Among the pines!

Breakfast At Blanche's

Breakfast At Blanche's

Life is full of woes and pleasures
As any one of us have learned
Many things we will forever treasure
Whether rightfully or not we have earned!

One of these treasures we will never forget
That is the wonderful breakfasts at Blanche's
Treasures that will live in our hearts and is set
~~A special~~
~~which~~ seems to always put us in trances.

A journey over beautiful country lanes
Is that journey that we make to the ranch
Nature is always in cooperation and make
us sane when we go for breakfast at Blanche's

The sun is barely peeping over the hill
When we go to breakfast at Blanche's
Our hearts are light and we have the feel
Of never having to wonder at chances.

Today

Today

Mend a quarrel.

Search out a forgotten friend.

Dismiss suspicion and replace it with trust.

Write a love letter.

Share some treasure,

Give a soft answer,

Encourage youth.

Manifest your loyalty in word or deed.

Keep a promise.

Find the time,

Forgo a grudge,

Forgive an enemy.

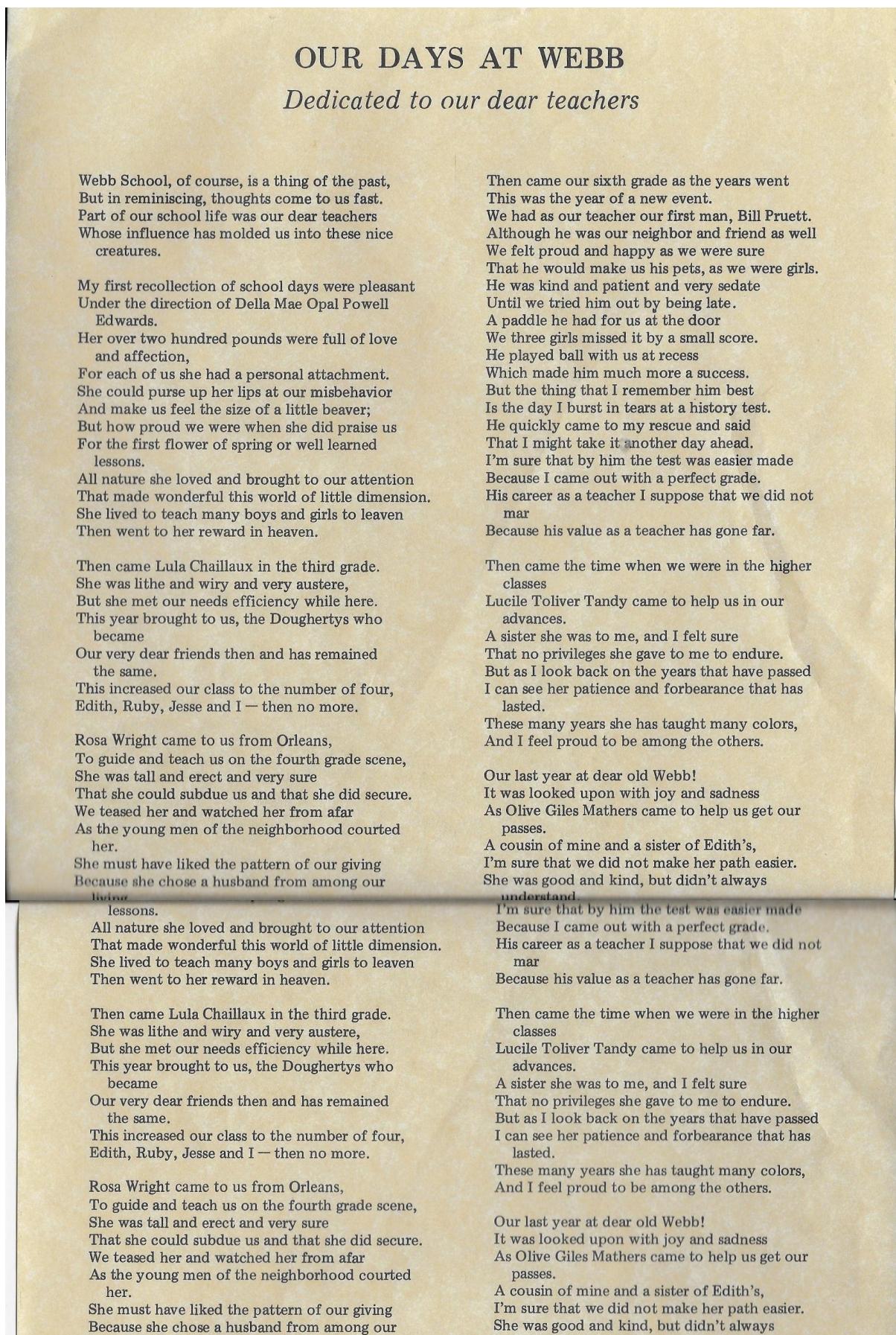
Listen.

Aologize if you were wrong.

Try to understand

Our Days At Webb

(TODO: Stitch together image)



Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

living.
Her will was strong, as it did ring.
The day she made Clarence and Jesse "The Battle
Hymn of the Republic" to sing.
Only one year she stayed with us
Then off again home for Fred to guess
When she would have him in holy wedlock bliss.

Our fifth year brought us another Powell,
Effie came riding down the road on her horse, Pal.
She was kind and good and always ready
To try to please us and keep us steady.
But, oh, how we did try her!
Two hours at recess we would beg her to say
To go to the Valley of Diamonds to play.
Her nerves were put keenly on edge
When many tricks were played over her head.
Such ones as when Clarence knocked the wash
pan to the floor
Or when we would run from her and close the
door.
But learn we did, and patient was she.
Why didn't she run and turn in the key?

understand.
Wayside fairers sometimes stopped
To put on a show which would have shocked
Olive, had she looked with us
And seen what had given us such mirth.
She has taught many boys and girls since
And wonderful friends she has made from then to
thence.

This year we walked five miles to another school
To sit while we wrote to prove ourselves tooled
Of going on to High School.

Yes, those years at dear old Webb were great
What our children and grandchildren might look
upon as crude,
We look back in our hearts with gratitude.
The experiences here with pupils, teachers and
nature
Makes us thank God that we live in America.
Perhaps most of us have achieved no great success
But we are only measured by the love
of God and man, and our happiness.

— MAGGIE TOLIVER ALLBRIGHT

My Dad

John Toliver

My Dad ^{John Toliver} bought the original place of 200 acres in 1920. He bought it from his sister Nannie. ^{The house} It was built by Nannie's 2nd husband, Albert Powell. Dad rented it from her back in 1911—
to 1918, so we had lived there before. He added the ^{Wm} 2nd ^{aa} Renbush place of 40 acres in 1930. It lies down the hill from the church and up the other hill and has the Spring on it. He had earlier added the John Gernkin place (I don't know how many acres—not many). It lies west of the place above the Moffatt place below.

We ^{Horace} bought Dad's place in 1944. We, a little later, bought the Horace Chansler place (on the road with the house on it). We also bought the Claude Chansler place (not many acres but it has that small house on it) and the big Spring.

We spent several years roaming around on those acres, and enjoying every minute of it.

Maggie Toliver Albright

An Autumn Afternoon

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

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AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON

with

Mrs. William Dexter Allbright (Mary Ann Smith)

(Note:) The following article has been written, not only out of love and admiration for Mrs. Allbright, but, in search of some answers pertaining to all of us to the longevity of too few of our lives. She will turn 101 November 29, 1983. In this nuclear, polluted environmental age, one cannot help but ponder the reasons why there are those persons who survive cancer, heart disease, mental and physical breakdown plus other numerous ailments. Mrs. Allbright appears to have survived them all. With so much emphasis on aerobics, vitamins, cholesterol, polysaturates, additives, etc., it is confusing to think that this lady probably does not know the meaning of such words. In no way do we advocate that, in our society, we must not be aware of the importance of their meaning because the manner in which most of us live today is radically different from hers. It is that difference that deserves some exploration.

We share this very special afternoon with you hoping you might find some clues for your own good well-being. If not, then just enjoy this visit with us. Our only regret is that we do not have our conversation recorded for all the family to hear. We will remember this afternoon the remaining days of our lives as it is rare for Mrs. Allbright to reminisce and philosophy on such a broad scope. She is by nature shyly reluctant to impose her viewpoints or beliefs.

On that day, she imparted many things that no one had ever heard her speak of before, and, perhaps never again. She does not hesitate to tell anyone that she cannot do all the things she would like to do. That it is difficult to not move at the active pace she was accustomed to and that she does not see as well as she would like. All who know her marvel at her mentality. There are minute signs now and then of senility.

She is up every morning, dressed when she comes to the table to eat breakfast with her son, Kenneth, and his wife, Margie. The three of them reside on the farm, near Shoals, that Mr. and Mrs. Allbright bought when they were married at the turn of the century.

She was born to Isaac Harrison and Amanda Nugent Smith near Huron. She is the last surviving member of her family which included brothers, Edward and Charles and sisters, Nelia and Aminda. Mr. Allbright has one surviving brother, Orville, whose farm adjoins Mrs. Allbright's. Her life has revolved around her five children, Elmer, who died this summer, Lucille Summers, Homer, Kenneth and Wilma Ray. The dedication that Kenneth and Margie have for her is incomprehensible. This dedication expresses itself everywhere around the farm. To go there, one feels as cleansed and refreshed as a spring rain. Come spend this afternoon with us now.....

Page One

It was one of those brilliant, blue-skied Indiana afternoons in October, Rounding the last curve on the road that takes us "home", the panoramic vista of a farm nestled among oaks, maples, walnuts and hills extends a greeting of immense pride.

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Nothing seems to lack attention. From the newly painted white trim on the old red barn, to the fence rows standing ever so erectly, to the white house gleaming on an immaculately manicured lawn, one will find no litter or clutter here. Even the antiquated store building, once a scene of bustling activity, emerges ever so proudly reminding us of a bygone era of horses, buggies, Model T's and the many customers who traded their wares at this "general store".

Wasn't it only yesterday when we were last home to visit that new green corn stalks were pushing their way from the ground bespeaking of a bountiful harvest to be reaped? These once green stalks lay withered and dried on the ground now, prematurely aged from the onslaught of the summer drought. Some corn had been salvaged, we could see the ears and the silks poking out of the crib slats.

Cords of neatly stacked firewood made us realize another winter was upon us. Someone's unrelenting efforts would provide warmth for those inside. Pumpkins, squashes and turnips were being gathered and lay amid the purple, white and pink petunias and geraniums still blooming in all their glory as if they were bidding hello to summer rather than farewell.

Stepping from the car, a caressing warm breeze feathered by a hint of the crispness of autumn touched our faces. Foliage on the trees was a vivid assortment of colors. Some of the leaves were still green clinging with a courageous grip unwilling to let go of their spring and summer. Others were waving their kaleidoscopic splendor of yellows, oranges, golds, rusts and reds while others were caught in the wind twirling and floating in space before falling to the ground to take their places in the sequence of nature.

The Purple Martin, so anxiously awaited in the spring had left their white and green roofed homes in search of spring in a distant land. We longingly hope to see their return announcing another year and another spring to share. We pray silently that the Martins that return will find things as they left them.

Entering the doorway to a sparkling white and blue kitchen were familiar smells of a freshly baked persimmon pudding, a gooseberry pie, an angel food cake mingling with aromas of green beans (late-comers from the garden) cooking on the stove along with tomato preserves and a pickle relish simmering.

The focal point in the kitchen is Mrs. Allbright better known as "Mom". We all call her that. She is sitting there now-a magnificant, proud lady greeting us with open arms. The kitchen scene is much the same as always except that Margie is now in command where Mom reigned supreme such a short time ago. It touches our hearts to see Margie carrying on in Mom's footsteps, doing chores like Mom did them.

It is in awe we look at Mom. We see the look of Winter upon her but we also see the freshness of Springtime on her soft face. Is there a hidden secret she has or what is the answer to the riddle that propells her? Is the answer a complicated or simple one? Is it the food she eats, the air she breathes, the water she drinks, her attitude or a combination of all these?? She really doesn't know. Without hesitation, she emphatically states that she is still here because there is something else she must get done.

After a cup of tea, she begins to speak about the things she has done. How she loved to sing and ride her horse called "Fancy" with her sister, Mindy. She could have become a professional singer, but she got married instead. Did she regret that? Why no, she wouldn't let herself think about that. She did other things like singing with Deck, Orville and Lucille at church and social gatherings. She talked of Neely who was just the opposite of Mindy. Mindy was all fun and could play any musical instrument by ear, while Neely was quiet and remote always concerned about her looks. Mindy made her the beautiful white dress trimmed in blue satin that she wore when she and Deck were married. She wished no one knew how old she was. "Why, a woman who will tell her age will tell anything". She doesn't know how the word got out but it is hard for her to believe she is as old as "they" say. Would she want to live her life over again and what would she do differently if she could? Yes, she replied, "I would like to live my life over to have all my children babies once more." For what she would do differently, she would try to be much wiser than she is now to be able to answer to so many problems that people have.

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Her mind was travelling from thought to thought, from past to present to future. She went on telling us about home. It was just a wilderness when Deck bought it. He built the house first then the store. The house was only to be temporary as Deck was going to build her a mansion. She smiles with amusement, explaining that he became too busy with the store and farm.

Yes, she worked hard taking care of her children and every summer cooking for workhands, sometimes as many as 30 when the thrashers came. She would cook fried chicken and all the trimmings. They loved to come to the Allbrights to eat. When salesmen came to the store, Deck would bring them to eat and they would use their best linens and dishes just like they did when they had company.

Deck would never let her work outside. When she went out she always wore long gloves above the elbow and a bonnet to keep her face and arms from the hot sun. It wasn't fashionable to be tan back then.

Her mother was an orphan and she didn't know much about her. Her Dad fought in the battle at Gettysburg. This summer has been hard, she explains, with a look of sadness. She lost one of her children and she never would have thought she would outlive one of them. And, Homer lost his arm in that horrible cornpicker accident a few years ago. She wished she could give him one of her arms.

She says she tries to think of pleasant things and be grateful for what she has. She is grateful that she is able to stay in her home and have Keny and Margie with her. She would like for all her children to live at home. She tells us how Keny will do anything for her and Margie treats her like a baby.

Does she believe in life after death? She has no comment to make on this. When asked what she has yet to do, she replies that she wants to see more love shown for each other. That in her Bible she has put a message for her children to live by that says, "Love one another as I have loved You". That is what I want to see fulfilled. That is all I ask of life now.

We dare to look at each other, Donna and I. Down our faces tears are streaming. Mom can't see us. She wouldn't want us to cry over something she said. We are mesmerized by this woman and we feel the aura of grandeur about her. From what source does this wisdom and this well of life flow? Without seeing eyes, she envisions all the wonders and beauty of life in her heart. Faith lives on within her - unyielding. Is this the answer?

(Autumn Visit was with Wilma Ray and Donna Allbright Allen, Oct. 11, '83)

Letter to Mom

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Dear Mom, you will never get pictures
of me. I hope you will never be
you have accomplished on this day.
Something that is very rare.
reach one hundred one years and
be as lovely and patient as you are.
it is indeed a blessing from God.
To look back on the years that

Cover 50

I have been in the family. I
has been a pleasure and much of
it has been because of you. I
know that in all the things I
and many people that I have associated
with, if there are appointments
there's always Mom at home.
to look back on the Sundays and other
I remember that Sundays and you the tasty
days that we spent with you. The
dinners that you would cook and the
cheerful attitude that you had in serving
them. I remember that wonderful home I
made cottage cheese that you made, and I
the good time that you had attending and

Milking the cows. Your green beans were
always better than any one else's. The
jellies that you ^{had} ~~preserved~~ and always

generous to share with everyone to --
gotten. The rains of fruits and vegetables
that you preserved on the summer were
your pride and joy. It was a reward
of your labor, and rightfully so. Your
table was always fresh and ^{clean} white with
a white cloth set as need I

I remember many things about you
Mom. I know that you say that you wish
you could do more now, but just remember
that you are doing a lot by just being
here with us.

We are thankful for Henry and
Mangie for the cane that they give to
you. You are lucky to have them.

I am praying every day for changes
in making things more pleasant for you.
If I have been the cause of any dissension
I am sorry with a change of attitude
+ God's help
I am sure things will be better. We do
not want you to worry about that. It is

Letter to Evelyn

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EVELYN

NOW EVELYN IS ONE OF MY SISTERS SO DEAR.
SHE HAS PERSONALITY THAT REALLY IS RARE.
SHE GREETED YOU WITH SO MUCH GUSTO
THAT MAKES YOU FEEL SHE LOVES YOU JUST SO.

I REMEMBER HER AS A SWEET CHILD
THAT MADE ME WONDER WHAT WAS HER STYLE
HER BLONDE HAIR AND BROWN EYES WERE LOVELY TO BEHOLD
AND YOU KNEW THAT SHE WAS BRAINY ALSO.

AND EDUCATION SHE DID SEEK AS A GOAL
TO BE INDEPENDANT FROM ANY OTHER SOUL
FOR MANY YEARS SHE WORKED FOR THE STATE
AND MADE MANY FRIENDS WHICH WERE GREAT.

I ALWAYS LOOKED FORWARD TO HER VISITS WITH US
AND CHERISHED THE VISITS WITH GRATITUDE FOR SUCH
THE TIME WITH US WHEN JERRY WAS BORN
WAS A TIME OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP AND AS OUR STORE CLERK
AND A TIME FOR HER TO GET SPRAYED IN THE FACE.
SHE WAS ALWAYS GOOD AT ANYTHING SHE TRIED,
BUT CHANGING DIAPERS WAS A NEW EXPERIENCE FROM WHICH WE SHYED.

A VISIT FROM HER WHEN WE WERE IN ARIZONA
WAS CHERISHED BY ME IN MY HOME-SICK STATE
TO SEE HER DEAR FACE WAS CERTAINLY A TREAT
IT LIFTED MY HEART FOR A SHORT WHILE UNTIL I COULD GET HOME ON AN EVEN KEEL.

EVELYN AND I MADE A TRIP TO FLORIDA ONCE
IT IS A MEMORY THAT I CHERISHED MUCH.
THE PLACES WE STAYED, AND MEALS THAT WE ATE,
THE GRAPEFRUIT WE PICKED, THE OCEAN WE VIEWED
DID MY HEART GOOD AND MY BODY STIRRED.

NOW SHE RESIDES IN THE FLORIDA STATE
AND REVELS IN THE SUN AT A SLOW PACE,
SHE ALSO GIVES HERSELF THERE IN ESSENCE
AND MAKES THE ELDERLY HAPPIER BY HER PRESENCE.
THE GAMES THAT SHE PLAYS AND ATTENTION SHE GIVES
MAKES THEIR LONELY LIVES A BIT OF HEAVEN.

EVELYN WE LOVE YOU AND OUR WISHES TO YOU
IS TO BE HAPPY AND KEEP DOING THE THINGS YOU DO.

MAGGIE ALLBRIGHT
(SIS NUMBER 3)

Letter to Kenny

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(TODO: Stitch images together)

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Kenny

Kenny was a pet name in this family of Allbright
A better companion you could not have chosen.
He was always there, and a handsome sight.
His jokes and the love of fun gave his life ^{the} special
To play with children who were there in season.

His Mother depended upon Kenny's knowledge
To keep her life more simply known
The washing machine always ran smoothly
With the knowledge of its temple
He also saw that there was plenty of water
To rid the clothes of their dirty transgressions.

The huge lawn was always more beautiful than most
When Kenny's mowers were behind the scenes.
Not only were the house lawns beautiful
To play with children who were there in season.

His Mother depended upon Kenny's knowledge
To keep her life more simply known
The washing machine always ran smoothly
With the knowledge of its temple
He also saw that there was plenty of water
To rid the clothes of their dirty transgressions.

The huge lawn was always more beautiful than most
When Kenny's mowers were behind the scenes.
Not only were the house lawns beautiful

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But the barn lots were also trimmer.
When I became a member of the family
A post toastie box became a barrier
His shyness he tried to hide
But I could see him and wonder
If it was shyness or my face he tried to hide!

Margie became his bride about fifty years ago
They do their shopping and working together
Little gifts and thoughtful deeds for each other showed

A great mechanic Kenny made
Not only on wash machines
But he also keeps the family cars moving
His vocation was the machinal part of a car

Kenny, we know that you do not feel well
And our hearts go out to you.
But God promised that he would not
Put upon us more than we could take.
God always keeps His promises
And He is there to give us love and peace.

I do not all His grace.

But he also keeps the family cars moving
His vocation was the machinal part of a car

Kenny, we know that you do not feel well
And our hearts go out to you.
But God promised that he would not
Put upon us more than we could take.
God always keeps His promises
And He is there to give us love and peace.
To be His companion and to get all His grace
And some day we will see Him face to face.

All my love,
Maggie 1995

Tribute to Chippy

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JAMES FREDERICK SUMMERS

March 1, 1900 - March 9, 1977

James Frederick Summers, known by family, friends and acquaintances as Chip, Chippy or Che Che, was born in Martin County, March 1, 1900. He

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was one of eight children born to Effie Pruett and Richard Summers.

Last Tuesday, March 1, 1977, marked his 77th birthday. Our God saw fit to let him remain with his loved ones eight more glorious days, allowing him to return home from the Bloomington hospital for one more visit.

The harsh, bitterly cold winter of 1977 will go down in history for its hardships, inconveniences and devastation. Yes, it took its toll and is still making demands. It will live in the hearts of Lucille (Chippy would want us to call her "Ceal"), his daughter, Margie, and his grandson Gary as the year PaPaw left them behind.

Found amid the losses of 1977 are many treasured souvenirs Ceal shares with us. Hours, days and weeks of the two of them literally snowbound in their home on Prospect Hill overlooking Springs Valley. So near to the main road -- yet so far -- as their driveway, their car and their home were enveloped by mountains of snow. Food and mail were delivered on foot.

Thank God for that snow! Ceal and Chip shared a last togetherness too often never experienced by husband and wife during a lifetime in the hectic mode of life of our present generation.

What kind of man was James Frederick Summers? Each of us form various impressions of others. Those who knew him best agree he loved and lived in every sense of the meaning of loving and living.

In a large city some of Chip's so-called escapades would go by unnoticed. In a small town like Shoals, they were sometimes sensational. In his younger days he was probably known as "wild". Our older generation

knows the definition of that word. By today's standards where terrorists, rapists, murderers, and dope-pushers reign, one would barely label a person like Chippy "wild".

He enjoyed an all-night poker game at one of the local saloons with "the boys". He liked a drink of good whiskey, sometimes a little more than his share. He loved to dance and could really step off a fancy jig. He was a square-dance "caller" and a terrific one. He enjoyed baseball, serving as an umpire at local games. Baseball remained his favorite sport. He knew good-looking clothes and was quite a dapper gentleman-about-town, having a keen eye for the pretty girls. He finally found one and kept her by his side ever after. A serious man, too, with more than his share of

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ability and knowledge.

People of Shoals will associate Chippy with the Pearl Button Factory. One of its kind and a science that doesn't exist any more.

He will be remembered for his kindness to others, his laughter, his keen sense of humor, his hospitality when someone came to his home, but most of all for his extreme generosity.

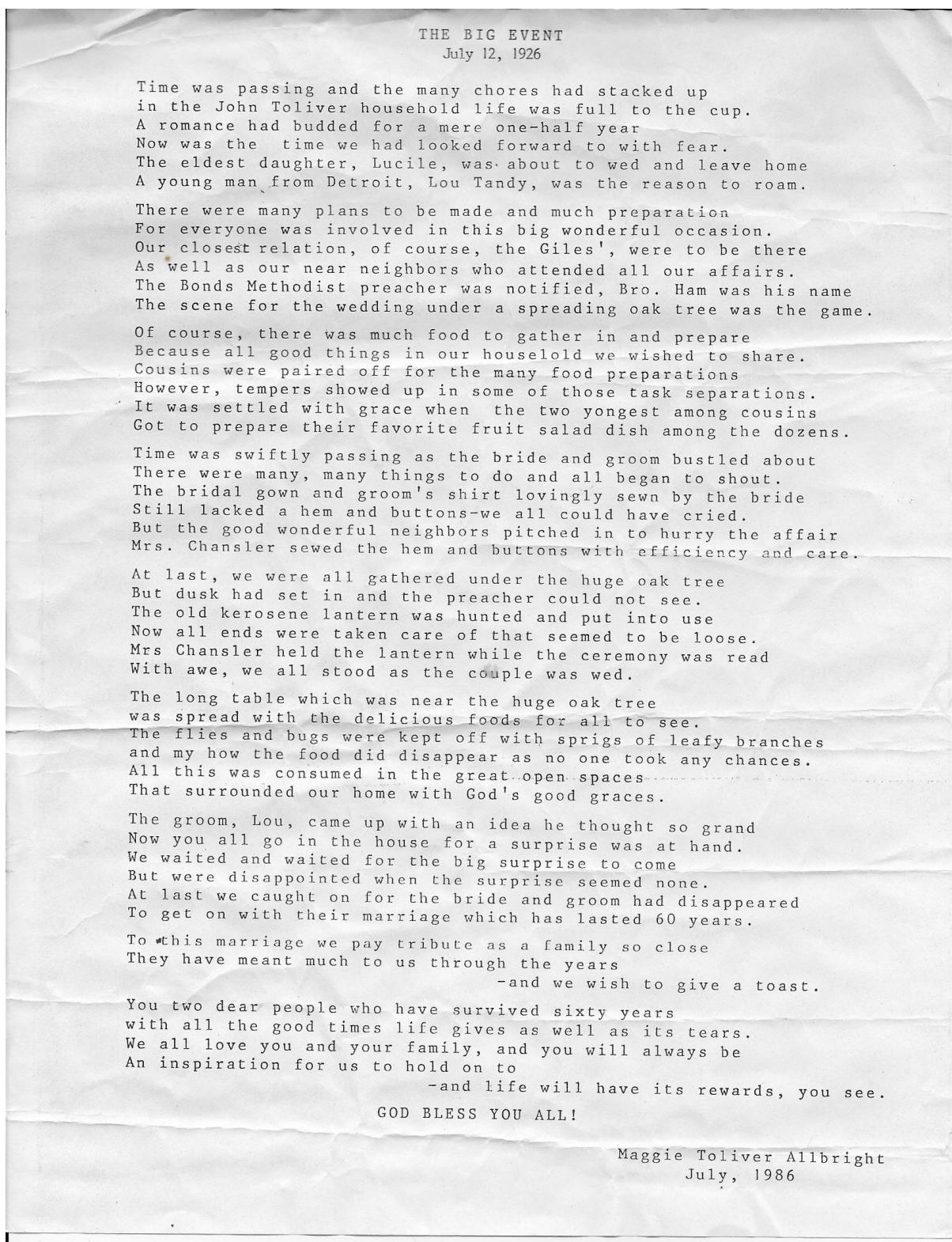
Chippy did not acquire an abundance of material wealth. He gave most of everything away willingly and happily. If friends or family needed anything and Chip could lend a helping hand, he was always there.

He will be sadly missed. Time will not heal the wounds but it will make them easier to bear.

He is survived not only by his wife Ceal, his daughter Margie, and his grandson Gary, but by two brothers, Richard Edmund (Eddie) and Aaron Thomas, one sister, Agnes Leona Allegree, and by a multitude of nieces, nephews and relatives who will never forget "Chip".

The Big Event

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Tribute to Ruby

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A TRIBUTE TO OUR SISTER

We have come here today to pay tribute to our sister, Ruby,
on her birthday.

As precious a gem as any family could wish for, we want to say.
In First Corinthians, 13th Chapter, we find these words "Love is patient, love is kind and
never jealous."

Ruby must love us very much because she is patient and is
kind and very zealous.

At our shortcomings she has never been provoked or taken
into account any wrong suffered.

She was there to protect, believe in us, rejoice in the truth and
keep us covered.

Our family gatherings through the years have been wonderful,
memorable and many
The families have increased to a number we can scarcely
even count, not leaving out any.
Ruby has always greeted each new member with enthusiasm
as if her very own
she takes part in the family with rejoicing and is the
first to condone.

Now in case that you think Ruby is an angel, she
would be the first to say

I am human and I am not so perfect in each
and every way.

There was a time that she would not listen to me
and was stubborn as a mule.

When I tried to entertain her with a little song
I learned at school.

Being ill with typhoid fever she was not interested
and thought my acting did not apply
as a little worm upon the ground and coming forth as
a beautiful butterfly.

Ruby's career as a teacher has been long and successful
as you would expect
From her former pupils and fellow teachers she has
honor and respect.

Retirement years were not for her, and the hand wrapped

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now gets her time
To attain a better life for them while here and encourage-
and the greatest of them in their prime.

Ruby's own family has added much to her enjoyment
and fulfillment of the soul.

Her one child, Margaret, five grandchildren and eight
great grandchildren is her glory to behold.

Her home is always open to each and every one and there
you will find

Good food including hot rolls, meats, salads, vegetables
and fruit of every kind.

and she greets you with such warmth, as is her
nature

That you are glad that you are there and can share
in her rapture.

Tribute to Mimi

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Mimi

When I think of Mimi, I always want to smile
Because I know of only one who smiles all the while.
It sorts of makes your heart twist when it is turned
And it makes you want to cherish it & share it with ~~a few~~ ^{only you.}

She is a fair haired young lady that you always
mean about
But do you know she's my granddaughter of a hundred
Very proud?

She bounces in & out and I am always glad
But when she goes away I am very sad.

Now there comes a time when grandmothers have to
turn loose,
And it seems that I have cooked my last goose!
But there are holidays to look forward to
when she will come bouncing in "Hannan, say",
Honda do."

Tribute to Olive

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Forever Olive

The dictionary says an Olive tree branches
and reaches out in peace.

The Olive that I'm writing about has branches
— that will never cease

I was stuck on those branches right from
the very start

And Olive was as much a part of my life
as a singing meadow lark.

As children ~~the~~ paths were worn between
our house and their resides

Because our mothers were sisters, and
good & wonderful ~~friends~~ ^{sisters} besides,

We met at school, we met at church, we
met at our homes

We could wish for no more closer walks
— paragraph Should we ever roam.

Forever, Olives branches reached farther
and farther out

As she graduated from high school and
into college bout.

Then she choose as her life's profession a
school teacher to be

Her love for children and her influence
there will go on forever, you see

Tuesday 19th grade
Tutoring with mother

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In the eight, a teacher she was to me
at dear old West
Those days ^{are} ~~were~~ cherished and our experiences
~~far.~~ + there has much to be said.

Now Olive did not confine herself to
teaching school at all
Because marriage to Claude Mathers and making
a home was also on her call.

Her son, James, and two daughters, Marianne
and Janetta she gave ^{time to} ~~much~~.
The reward was a loving family which now
~~now~~ consists of generations three

Time marches on and Olive leaves her footprints
behind ~~as~~ she branches ~~out~~
~~far.~~

Did she sit down and mourn when she lost
her loving husband retired?
No, forever, she is doing good here and
there, so many are inspired.
A loving member of Bonds Chapel church where
she worships God

She gives of her talents there as a teacher
to all who listen
And Olive, on her tree, with her philosophy
of peace & good will glisten.

some of your old relatives, they are not at
Hobbs' web to
warning us two birds ^{say} with open wings
binded at their feet

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of flowered smocks for her wild wolf
Hots toadie prides
written by 21st born shawl of summer mess
Mrs. live is known for her annual
annual zodiac and cookie baking
If you have ever visited Mrs. live for one
week Norden ^{great} dinner of hen dinners
You can agree with me of that laden table
of fried chicken
string too! That laden table of fried chicken, hot rolls,
Taste delicious bread delicious picnics, vegetables many
makes us sinners,
She is also known for her delicious ^{COOKIES} making
for her third wild prides at Christmas & holidays
She doesn't eat them all, of course not,
because we know, they are divided many ways
and always kept back to reduce prides
but evidently she
almost as much skinned red to wings etc
water adu Ho of
planned red Hine don't red no wild for
not, if Hine hoop & seeing to

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The community where she lives also has
a good reason
to remember Olive with her thoughts and deeds
par. for other people in season.

An Avid ^{flower} gardener is another aspect
on her tree
To share them with others is her
delight, you see.
Her beautiful bouquets of flowers has
graced many places
The church, the community centers, home
par. coming and any home
she graces

Such a life as Olives, birthdays are just
stepping stones
So, Olive, do not think in years think only
of your branches ~~as well as~~ ^{which had musical} tones

We all love you and know that your
life will continue on
And your branches influence many more
and live forever and forever.

Maggie Toliver
A Night

About Sister Maggie

TO: MY SISTER MAGGIE

Maggie has devoted herself as a wife
and now her children are her life.

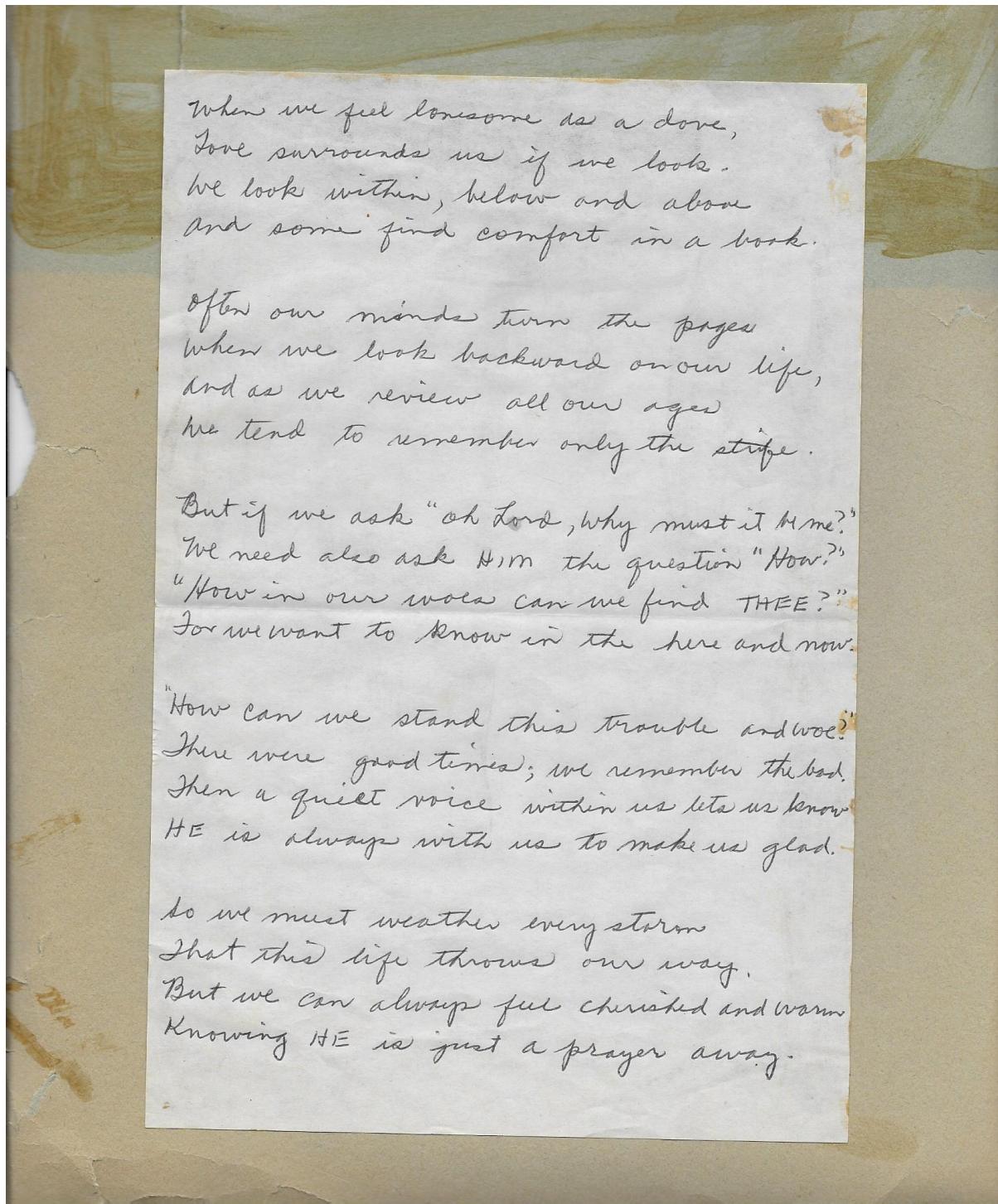
This wretched many heartaches
That were so hard to bear,
But all her family try to make
Her grief lighter because they share.

All who meet her, however brief,
Are struck by her gracious manners,
And her sweet nature; for even in grief,
Her lovely smile is like a banner.

Though her health be frail, her spirit is great.
So much of her life she has suffered ill.
But remains still resigned to her fate
For she knows we don't live by our own wills.

We have lessons to learn
In good times and bad
And fortunes we earn
Are not always bad.

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Happy Birthday Maggie

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Today is a great Day, a
Celebration.

84 years ago a little
baby girl was born to John
and Amanda Toliver, Her name
is Maggie Ethel Toliver Allbright
my Grandmother!

I wonder if John and
Amanda Toliver knew what kind
of sunshine and love she
would bring into everyone's lives
She knows no enemy and never
meets a stranger, everyone is
her friend.

She is our Nanan, a lady
who has given her whole life
to her family.

It is hard to put in

words what you mean to me.
You told me one time that
you always wanted to be the
best grandmother, because you
never knew your grandmother.
Well, Nannan you have been
the best grandmother and you
continue to be the best.

When I was young I used
to cry to go home with you
and still today if I go a week
without seeing you I feel such
a ~~void~~ void in my heart.

Life has changed so much
for all of us thru the years.
but one thing remains the same
for all of us is our family

You have been our solid
Rock. You are always there

When we need you and always
Ready to Listen. Your health
has not been well thru the
years and some say they are
surprised that you are still here,
with us. But not me! Because
I know that God Knows we
~~all~~ all need you so much and
your work is not done yet.

Some body said to me onetime
"You act just like Nannan".
I find that the ultimate
compliment. You are a great
role model. I hope I will
be a ~~wonderful~~ wonderful grandmother
just like you. I Thank God
for you Nannan. I love you
\$ Happy Birthday

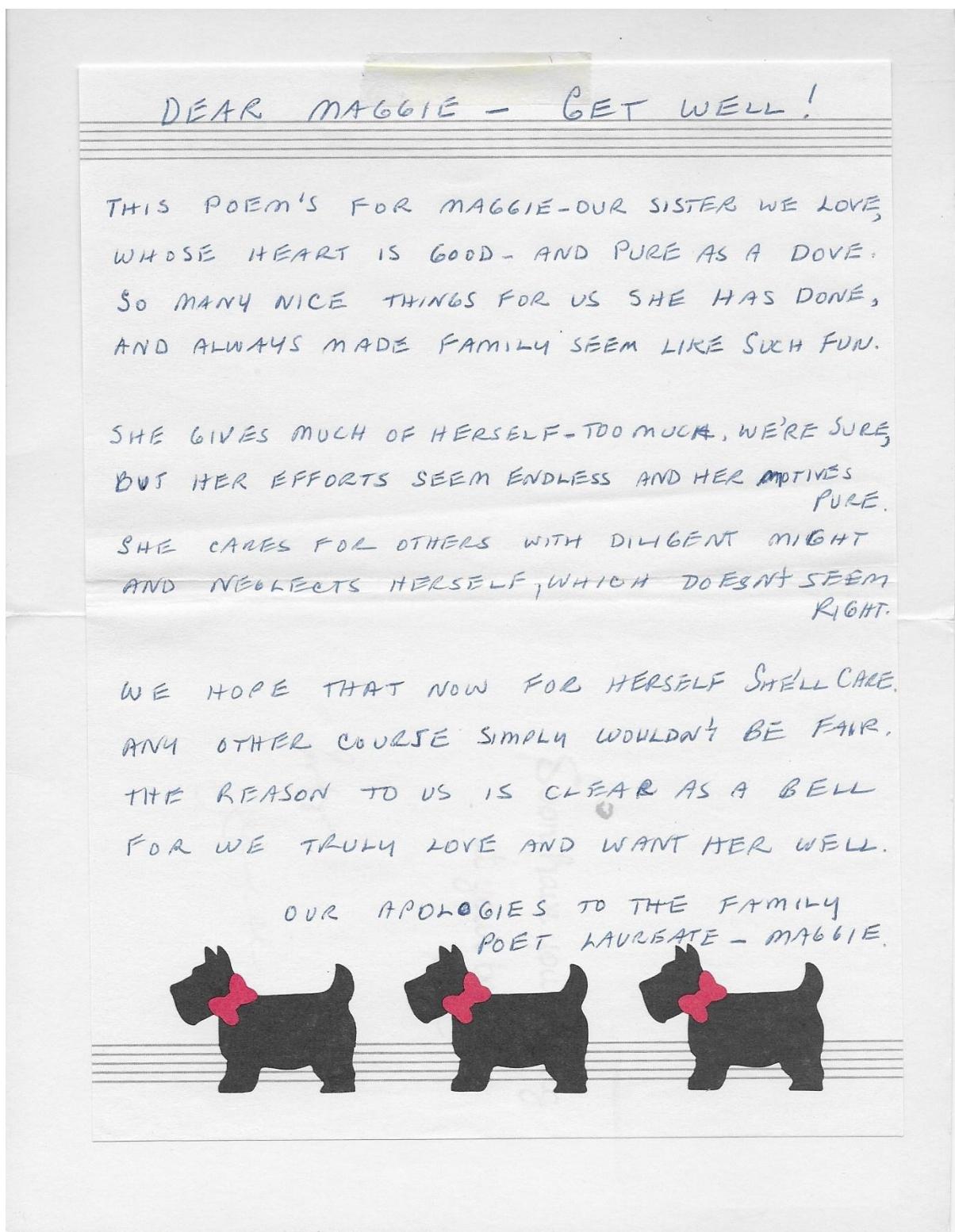
Get Well Maggie

Appendix B: Raw Scans of Documents

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God's Will For Me

Psalms to pray when -

you can't sleep - Psalm 4
you're feeling guilty - 51:1-17
life seems to have lost its luster - Psalm 8
you are afraid - 18:28-36
doubts overtake you - 19:7-14
you are ill - Psalm 41:4-13
you've suffered a loss - 73:21-28
A storm is raging - Psalm 29
you feel spiritually dry - 63:1-8
A friend has wronged you - 55:12-14
you are thankful - Psalm 136

GOD'S WILL FOR YOU AND ME

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through;
Just to be merciful, just to me mild,
Just to be trustful as a child;
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet;
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with a song.
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right;
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in his promises ever to rest—
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.

—Anonymous.

Hug Therapy

HUG THERAPY

Touch is not only nice. It's needed. Scientific research supports the theory that stimulation by touch is absolutely necessary for our physical as well as our emotional well-being.

Therapeutic touch, recognized as an essential tool for healing, is now part of nurses' training in several large medical centers. Touch is used to help relieve pain and depression and anxiety, to bolster patients' will to live, to help premature babies - who have been deprived of touch in their incubators - grow and thrive.

Various experiments have shown that touch can;

- make us feel better about ourselves and our surroundings
- have a positive effect on children's language development and IQ
- cause measurable physiological changes in the toucher and the touched

We are just beginning to understand the power of touch.

While there are many forms of touching, we propose that hugging is a very special one that contributes in a major way to healing and health.

HUGGING

Feels good	Eases tension
Dispels loneliness	Fights insomnia
Overcomes fears	Keeps arms and shoulder muscles in condition
Opens doors to feelings	Provides stretching exercise if you are tall
Builds self-esteem ("Wow! she actually wants to hug me!")	Offers a healthy, safe alternative to alcohol and other drug abuse (Better hugs than drugs!)
Foster altruism ("I can't believe it but I actually want to hug that old son-of-a-gun!")	Affirms physical being
Slows down aging; huggers stay younger longer	Is democratic: anyone is eligible for a hug

HUGGING ALSO:

Is ecologically sound, does not upset the environment
Is energy-efficient, saves heat - is portable
Requires no special equipment
Demands no special setting, any place from a doorstep to an executive conference room, from a church parlor to a football field, is a fine place for a hug
Makes happy days happier - makes impossible days possible
Imparts feelings of belonging - fills up empty places in our lives
Keeps on working to dispense benefits even after the hug's released

I Shall Kneel

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I shall kneel
And call out his name;
I shall take time to watch the
beautiful light of a candle's flame;
I shall have leisure — I shall go out
alone
From my roof and my door;
I shall not miss the silver silence
of the stars
As I have before;
And oh perhaps — if I stand very still
and very long —
I shall hear what the clamor of
living has kept from me;
Then Angel's song,
P. ... pure heart that we may see thee,

Give us a --
A humble heart that we may hear Thee,
A heart of love that we may serve Thee,
And a heart of faith that we may
have Thee.

Doug Hammarkjöld's Prayer

Leisure By: Grace Floll Croall

I shall attend to my little errands of love
early this year,

So that the brief days before Christmas
may be unhampered + clear

of fever and hurry. The breathless rushing
that I have known in the past
shall not possess me. I shall be calm
in my soul and ready at last

For Christmas; the Mass of Christ

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