

THE LADY FROM CAROLINA

There was a very fine lady, who lived in ole Carolina.
With all her ruffles and turned up nose, she looked so fine.

There was this tall missionary, who came from Utah state.
He kept flirting around with her, until he finally got a date.

They took a stroll together, the stars were shinning bright.
It was so very romantic, under the ole Carolina moon light.

His mission would soon be over, he had to report back to the mission home.
But I will be back to marry you, I can't be without you very long.

The wedding bells did ring, He took her back to his hometown Kanab.
A small town in Utah, not too far from the Kiabab.

Everything there was so different, you could hear the howl of the coyote
miles away.

But she loved her man so dearly, this is where I'm going to stay.

He was a man who liked the wild, he could stalk a deer, outsmart a cat.
Sneak up on a coyote, shoot one eye out of a knat.

One night when the snow was falling, her mind wandered back to ole Carolina.
Remembering her Mother and kinfolks, with all of us having such good times.

Her husband was somewhere out there in the hills, traping wild animals for
Uncle Sam.

Or mabbe he had gotten lonesome, and drifted into another town.

As the years went by, nights she watched the sun go down.
Lots of times she needed her husband, but he was no where around.

It seemed like the good years were gone, their romance was fading away.
The good things they used to do together, was always put off til another day.

As the writer of this story, one thing I would like to say,
I think you are a very sweet lady, more happiness to you I pray.

Written by O. Frank Koontz, Sr. for Gracie Chappell Riggs'

May 1982

SARAH ELIZABETH HEATH KOONTZ

A sailor just out of the U.S. Navy
When I was a young man I use to sail the sea.
Had stops in Australia and many south sea ports
Had met lots of pretty girls, but none was right for me.

The war was over, I was ready to settle down
So I started looking for a woman, one that would spend her life with me.
There was this little town at the foot of the Blue Ridge
This is where I found her standing by a lilac tree.

The warm sun light, shining on her golden hair
I can still smell the breeze blowing thru the lilac tree.
I thought she was the prettiest thing I had ever seen
I knew right then that she was the girl for me.

She was only sixteen, and I was twenty one.
As she looked at me with those hazel eyes.
All my twenty on years I had seen nothing like this
With all that beauty under the clear blue skies.

This was in the spring, when everything comes to life
I knew right then that the creator had made me a wife.
She was everything I had wanted in all my dreams
I just hoped she would be as happy as I of what she had seen.

You were always on my mind looking so beautiful and fine
My thoughts of you were both night and day.
I knew that I could never let you go
The love I had for you was just never going away.

It was very hard to leave you at the end of each date
Your lips were so soft, tasting like cherry wine.
I had a new lease on life, many more reasons to stay alive
And knowing someday you were going to be all mine.

I could hear the wedding bells loud and clear
It was one night under the silvery southern moon.
The stars shining bright, with the lilacs in full bloom
I ask you to marry me, the time would be in June.

We wanted to stay together all the time
So we moved the wedding date up to December.
We spent our first night at Winston, at the Robert E. Lee
And that was a night to remember.

Great love we did share, doing things together
Going West living in the great wide open plains.
Sharing our love and working in Arizona together.
It was so great and exciting just doing our thing.

Written by O. Frank Koontz, Sr. July 1982

THIS HAPPENED TO ME, FRANK KOONTZ, SR. JULY 1975

I had a heart attack on the 4th. of July,
It almost scared the life out of me
I thought I was going to die.

My pulse were beating very, very slow,
I felt like I was dying, but I did not want to go.
I was helped into the car, to Forsyth Hospital we went,
There I lay for many days under great suspense.

As I lay on the table just before going to coronary care,
I told my boy to tell my wife I loved her.
I was sure I was leaving this old world,
Going to, I knew not where.

The Doctor came in and examined me,
To see how much damage was done.
He turned and said, "If he lives six more hours,
He will have a fifty fifty chance." to my wife and son.

I did not want to leave my loved ones,
Especially my dear wife.
Then all of a sudden a feeling came over me,
Like I was leaving this life.

This feeling was so great and glorious,
It is hard to comprehend.
This place was so far in the distance,
It seemed like a place of happiness with no end.

The happiness that I was feeling was so great and fine,
It seemed to blot out everything I was leaving behind
The next thing I knew I was back in bed,
I found out later the Bishop had given me a blessing by anointing my head.

I wasn't too happy about my return at first,
All the excitement I was feeling just seem to burst.
I was glad to see my wife, family and all,
But this earth was nothing like the place I was going, as I can recall.

Sadness came over me as my mind began to wonder,
What am I doing down here, when I was on my way to a better place up yonder.
I have just one thing to say to all of us here,
If death is like the sample I got, there should be no tears.

This is a true story in the form of a poem written by
O. Frank Koontz, Sr. on April 19, 1982