

The first fifteen years of my life was spent living on Rockford road next door to Salem Baptist Church. My parents were Brady and Novella Hamlin Edmonds. I was born September 23, 1926 and was an only child for ten and one half years. The early part of my childhood was as much a part of Salem Church as my home life was.

These days my parents would be called Custodians but in those days it was just part of our lives. I would go with my Mother every week to sweep the wood floors in the old white framed Church. We used broom straw brooms. The brooms were made from straw from the fields and tied with twisted twine. We took care of cleaning the chimneys for the oil lamps. We cleaned the water pitcher and glass for the Preacher and the water bucket and dipper that everyone drank from. (The same dipper.)

We also swept the Church yard as there was no grass sown yards when I was a child.

All of my first childhood Rev. Will Chrissman was the Pastor. He lived in Siloam, and the roads were dirt at that time..In bad weather the roads would have large ruts. Lots of times he spent the night at our house so as not to drive over the bad roads.

The offering was taken in some of the mens hats (usually two were passed around) and a large offering was over \$2.00. There was more change in those hats than bills. But the value of the dollar was much more then than it is today.

On the sadder side was when there was a death in the Church family. There would be a knock on our door early in the morning, someone in the community or Church family had died. (No telephones or electric lights in those days and very few cars made communication hard. So when that knock came it made us sad. Daddy would ring the Church bell and the men would come to the Church to see who had passed away and when to dig the grave. The Funeral Homes only took care of the bodies in those days.

Revivals were during the day time a lot of the time, at 11 A. M. some of the time Mrs. Clara Tucker and her children walked to a lot of of these meetings and would have the noon meal with us.

The good memories were John Kidd playing the old pump organ and his brother Roy leading the Choir. The older men and women in the A-men corner. The men A-Mening the sermon and our Grandmothers shouting. The ones that stand out in my memory were Granny Betty Calhoun, Aunt Lucy Kidd, Aunt Mandy Wood, Aunt Bet Draughn, Aunt Sarah Draughn, My grandmothers Fannie Wood Hamlin and Susan Reece Edmonds. We can't leave all our Mothers out eather' hope you bring yours to memory today along with our Dad's.

The last part of my life on Rockford Road was the best. We were getting over the Depression and two sibblings were born to our home. First was Rachel Edmonds Earnest born February 26, 1937. The coldest night I can seem to remember. By that time Daddy had bought a A Model Ford and the water was freezing as he filled the radiator. Having a baby sister was wonderful, but different, the baby got all the attention but I didn't mind.

Then three years later March 13, 1940 we had a Baby Brother Walter Wayne Edmonds what more could anyone want from life a sister and a brother.

Then in July of that same year I was saved in that little white framed Church on a Saturday night at a Revival meeting. This was the highlight of my life and turned it around. God is so good. If my memory serves me right there were twenty some of us Baptised that year in Fisher River at Turkey Ford Bridge. Rev. George Tucker was pastor at that time and held the Revival. All I can say is to God be the glory.

By Vera Edmonds Mears