

A TIME I REMEMBER

By Josephine Easterling

For there was my mother and my father. For me losing my father in a terrible accident, it's something that I recall even to this day. However during my earlier years, I remember the time and the moments he gave he playing dominos. Bravo, bravo, I remember winning a lot! He would put on a big smile and say, "I'll get you next time".

I was the only child growing up in the capital of Oklahoma City. However, I remember my cousins and uncles around me. My mother's brother had eleven children. We would go to the park every summer eating homemade chocolate cake, and homemade ice cream. After awhile my mother married again. He was a great cook. The two make a team because my mom was a great cook. However, she went to work making mattresses. It was hard work, but she was good at it.

My mom took me to live with my aunt in the country. I didn't like it, but I loved the school because it had swings. I would swing my heart out because it made me happy being a second grader. My aunt and uncle lived in a white house that looked perfect. It was sitting on a big lot with lots and lots of land, surrounded by lots and lots of corn fields. You entered a large gate to get up to the house, and the walk up was quite a distance. This is what I did everyday when I came home from school.

My best friend was a little red hen that I played with. However, the rooster kept giving me funny looks. One day that rooster jumped right up on my neck, I guess the hen was his girlfriend. What happened to the rooster? The next day I came home from school, and that rooster was on the table. He was a tough bird to eat, I had the drumstick, and I nearly choked on it. My aunt had to take me to the country doctor. To this day I don't eat the drumstick.

Now let me tell you the story about uncle Wally. One day through the woods I was walking home. And out of nowhere a black whippier snake appeared. I took off running, and he chased me all the way home, down the long road. It seemed like a mile. When I got there our dog got ahold of him, and shook him to pieces. I was so grateful to the dog, from then on I called him uncle Wally because he saved my life. One day I was tired of walking, so I just jumped into the Model T that my uncle had. I heard my aunt holler for me to stop. She use to yodel, but this day she was hollering for me to stop.

There were many other adventures in the country from a black panther sitting in watch of me from the hilltop, to my favorite times at the quiet pond with the frogs to keep me company. After the day was over I loved going to my very own room. That was the best, along with the neighbors' milk with cream on top. I survived the wild life in the country.

My mom came to get me and take me back to the city. We were there for about two years. I was about 10 years old when me, my mom, and my stepfather would move to Pueblo, Colorado. My stepfather had lots of brothers, and sister there. I loved Aunt Opal, on my stepfather's side. She had an orchard in her back yard, full of all kinds of fruit. I loved the school, but there where too many bullies. They use make fun of the teacher's fat legs.

We only stayed in Pueblo 2-1/2 years. Finally, we're moving to Denver, Colorado, where I grew up. My stepfather got a job at the Brown Palace Restaurant, one of the most expensive restaurants in the state.

My mom continued cooking her wonderful meals. Chicken and dressing. She would can vegetables and fruits, where she would make her pies from the fruits. Apple and pineapple, my favorites, with three fillings and whipped cream on top. With a real crispy crust. I miss her cooking today because my mom lost her eye sight in the eighties. She is now in her nineties. However, when you visit her she always has a treat for you. Just this Mothers Day month she offered pound cake and ice cream. Smile, it was not homemade! These are some of the happy memories of my life.