

3-27-91

Dear Sis,

You asked me about Daddy and his last illness. The memory of that time is very painful to me--partly, of course, because of Daddy's death, but mostly because of Miss Mary's attitude toward me. She was envious and suspicious of me. I guess she was afraid I would get some advantage that her girls would not have.

The way I remember things, we went over to see Daddy on June 15, 1970, a week before Father's Day. He was lying on the sofa and was just as yellow as could be. The first thing that came to my mind was that he was eaten up with cancer but I said nothing about it. He went to the hospital the next day for tests. While he was there Daddy said he needed a haircut and he asked me if I would come cut it for him. I went up on Saturday morning early before anybody else came & cut it. How I wish I had stayed longer then! But I was afraid Miss Mary would come and I wanted to be gone before she got there. (Around July 4 the doctor had given Daddy something that perked him up and he asked) I wanted to ask Daddy about his father because I knew very little about him and I remember very little Daddy ever said about him other than he died of tuberculosis. One thing I did ask that I didn't know before was where he & Mama were married (in Smithville).

us to come up to see him. I didn't realize that he wanted me to bring the children and I didn't. He seemed to be sorry that I hadn't. Daddy's mind was clear at this time.

I went up to stay with him a while on the night of July 5 and took my tape recorder with me because I wanted to ask him about some of the old tales he used to tell us. Miss Mary saw me with the tape recorder and said something about me not taking it in the room--I assumed she meant because the sack it was in was noisy. But her idea was that I would try to get something on tape so that I could try to break Daddy's will. Such a thing never crossed my mind! Daddy was not in his right mind that night, maybe because of drugs. I don't think I went to the hospital again. I feel that I was cheated out of that last time I might have had with Daddy.

I have tried to put all of that hard feeling out of my mind. It hurts but carrying a grudge now does noone any good. You asked or I never would have dragged it up. It's best that it be forgotten.

I was born in the house where we lived "across the railroad". The way I heard it, we moved to the two story house when I was about a year old.

Earl Golightly and his wife, Chris, have a little girl born on March 14. She was named Carrah Christiana. I went down last Sunday and made some pictures of them for Jane's sake. It's Jane's first grandchild and she just didn't have enough pictures to show around.

Georgia has gone back for more chemotherapy. She is bald as an egg. Her spirits seem to be good but she tires easily.

Walter & Cynthia held Grey's first Easter egg hunt last Saturday and it was quite a party. I guess there were 150-200 people there, running in and out of the house and all over the yard. Everybody brought food and seemed to have a wonderful time.

For your autobiography: Do you remember the oyster suppers we used to have above the Dixie? And the time I pulled out an oyster and yelled "I got the gizzard!" You & Emily used to fight over the gizzard & I thought I had gotten the prize. Also, Daddy bringing home yeast cakes and convincing us that they were good. One thing that few of the younger generation have ever seen is Daddy bringing home a whole stalk of bananas.

Please send me a copy of your autobiography. I expect I will appreciate it more than your grandchildren will.

Don't forget to put in about the "tramps" who would come by almost daily wanting food. I remember Mama's instruction, "Never turn a hungry person away from your door." When I mentioned this to my daughter, Carol, she said, "Hungry people didn't come often, did they?" I was appalled to think she had so little conception of the hard times many people went through.

This has gone on way past my bedtime. Must run.

Wish YOu could see the beauty of the spring here. Peaches are in full bloom, pears, jonquils, azaleas, and dogwoods are showing themselves off.

Lots of love,

*Frances*