IRMA WILLIAMS

Irma Williams was born in ~~Nupaua~~ NEEPOAWA. Irma's grandparents came to Saskatchewan from Ottawa. Her mother was a French Canadian. She was one of 10 children.

Many things were done differently when Irma was a child and some of these are now lost arts. Irma recalls soap making as it was done in her family years ago.

"Well, coming off the farm and being married in depression time, most people made their own soap, especially when you had your own cattle and had your own grease. Everybody used to save grease for the other fellow. We used to follow the recipe on the lye can, but then I got a good recipe given to me which calls for 4½ pounds of lard or tallow, grease of any kind. I find that half tallow and half lard mixed together, or pure tallow makes the quickest soap. Tallow, the beef grease, makes a hard soap and pork grease makes a real soft soap. Takes it a lot longer to set as you stir it. Tallow is like making brown sugar icing or brown sugar candy. It sets very quick which is nice when you don't want to stand stirring all day. So the recipe I have is 4½ cups of grease, 4½ cups water, 1 Tablespoon washing soda, 1 Tablespoon Borax and 1 cup of gasoline. And the Lye added to the water boils up to quite a high temperature. So you mix your lye and your powdered Borax and washing soda together. No, rather you put the powdered stuff in the water and stir it well. Then you add the lye and you put the lye in an enamel or glass bowl. Never in aluminum. Then it will boil right up as if it's going to boil over and then you stir it until the lye is dissolved and the powdered stuff, that's one main thing 'cause if you don't after awhile you'll come and find all your lye and powdered stuff caked and coated to the bottom. But you stir it til it's dissolved and set it to one side to cool. I like to make mine in the winter or in the spring when the weather's cold. And while that's cooling you have your grease melted and you measure out 4½ cups of that (liquid grease), then you have your soap making, or dairy thermometer, so you get your grease to just over 120°. This is very important in making soap is the temperatures. If you get just one or the other lop-sided then your soap won't mix very good. So, you test your lye and it takes quite a little while. If it's winter, as I say, I set

it out in the snow and keep stirring it once in a while till it gets down to 80. It is quite easy to warm it up to 80 if it gets below it, but it takes quite awhlie to cool it off. But when it gets to be 80° and your grease melted is 120°, then while that's all doing that I take a box and line it with newspaper quite heavy, especially in the bottom, and then I generally take an old sheet and I put that in and pin it up over the edges and set it where there is no danger of the lye running through onto your table or on your floor or anything. Have that ready and then those two are at 80° and 120°, I add my cup of gas into the grease and stir that in. Then pour the liquid lye mixture into that, stirring all the time. Then from then on you stir till it is setting. As I say, the tallow sets quick, but when you do it in the cold weather you run out every once in a while and stir it. Then when it comes like your cake icing, just ready to put on your cake, you pour it into your box. I use a thin stick so as to get it all, you'll get your fingers burned a little bit. That will go under your nails. And so you pour it in there and set it out somewhere cool to set and before it gets set too hard you cut it into bars. One other important thing is never to put aluminum in the box. My sister-in-law lined her box with aluminum foil and when she poured the lye mixture, the soap and everything into the box, it blew up and just missed her face. It blew the soap and everything all over the place and stained her floor. So, she learned a lesson that she passed on to us. Then you can use your soap right away. It's good bar soap. I used mine all the time for the cuffs and the socks and the feet of the socks before I put them into the machine. With the washing machines, [illegible] and I will do the same when I get time. When it is set I make it really thin and put it in a dish or warm water on the back of the stove or on low on the electric stove and melt it. Then I always have a soap strainer that I pour the liquid soap into my washing machine."

Spinning was another art carried out by Irma's mother. Of her mother, Irma recalls: "She had a big family and had to work hard, my grandmother did. Along with the twins and all that she had to make butter and she'd work all hours of the night

and she'd spin all hours of the night. She'd weave material to sell for dresses and she said she used to work all night getting ready for market in Ottawa. In the early hours of the morning her husband would get up and get the horses on the wagon and she would load the butter and her material. I don't know who was minding all those children at home, but they would take the long trip into Ottawa. She said she would be dozing and sleeping as she went along.

"And then as they lived there her girls grew up and mother was one of the older ones. My father came across the United States as a boy of 16 and took a job as conductor on the railway and I don't know where they met or all that, but then my Grandma and Grandpa thought they would go to Saskatchewan. They heard things were booming there in farming and homesteading."

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"He was on the railroad when he met my Mom down there, so they moved and settled in Winnipeg, but just what happened when Grandpa and them moved out, they came out and then took a homestead right next to Williams, in north Saskatchewan. So, there was Mr. Creswell, Grandpa Williams and my Grandpa Dunning all had homesteads together. Now I think Grandma Williams was the first bride to come over, and that's a story all it's own - came out of a beautiful home with beautiful floors and maids and all that, although it never bothered Grandma. She was a very beautiful woman. No pride to her. She was just a beautiful woman. She came out of one of them lovely English homes with all brick and roses climbing everywhere, to away out among mosquitoes - a girl of 30-and board floors and a whole bunch of hired men to cook for. Nothing much to cook, and hardly ever did she complain. Right away she started having Sunday School in their own home away out there. And Mr. Creswell, I guess his bride came over the same. They all landed down there in Ottawa and then came on out to Port Williams, I guess it was where their landing place was. Then she came out and settled and Margarite Meyers, that's her mother and dad, then my grandpa and grandma. I remember as a girl of four years old coming out on the train with my dad. Mom couldn't always get away because

there was babies every 18 months. She had 10 alive and lost two. Ours was no money, but a happy home. And I remember at four years old my Aunt Annie who was quite a bit younger than mom, a teenage girl, or maybe in her 20's, she'd pose as dad's wife on the train and come up free and bring me along. I had curly hair like her and everything. We'd come up to visit Grandpa and Grandma, before my mother and dad moved. I remember coming up and this was some of the times I remembered seeing the old barrel down by the little creek. We used to fish minnows after we finally moved up this way and Jack and Sid and my two older brothers used to fish minnows out of this same little creek. And also Margurette Meyers' step brothers. And so I remembered seeing the old wooden barrel sitting down by the creek, half full of ashes and they'd pour water over that and the seepage would come out into a dish and that was the lye that my grandmother made soap out of.

"And I remember our tea was mint tea picked from the wild mint and when we got colic our grandmother would go out and pick tender raspberry shoots and boil them down and we'd drink that and that would fix us up. And so there we had our three sets of parents altogether. Then the Williams moved about 20 miles to the Oriole District where John Meyer's dad met my aunt and married her. The Williams farm and his farm just had a fence between. We came from Winnipeg, this is where I was born. The two oldest boys were born in Daulphin and I was born in Neepoawa and the two girls were born in Winnipeg.

"Mom was just rooted out from a nice home and brought out to similar to what the Grandmothers came to, but dad was never a farmer, though the rest of us are. We loved the farm. And so we were all raised together, Jack and I. In fact, when Jack was born, my grandmother delivered him into the world. I came along two years afterwards. So then we all moved to the Oriole District, about 14 or 15 miles from that Willow Hill District. Jack and I and all of us went to school there for a few years till we moved to Tisdale where dad built us a log house. The twins were born there and this is a story of all being related.

"After Jack and I were married, we took Dad's farm. There were two boys. He bought Sid a farm and let Jack and I have his farm because he was too sick to do it. They had only one girl, Margie. The farm was deep in debt but we took it over. We were married in 1933. We used to joint-farm it. Sid and Jack. We'd have 80 some head of cattle and Jack and I always had about 24 heads of horses, three or four young colts each spring and lots of pigs. It was lots of hard work, but we enjoyed it.

"Growing up on the farm, like I say, there were 10 of us. Of course, we weren't all there at the same time. My brother, Ernie, went working for Mr. Meyers and Pat (his name was really Francis), my favourite brother, two years older than myself, he and I always roughed it together. I was always a tom boy and worked with him on the farm - in the barns and everywhere else. We were always together and we helped mom on the farm as dad tried to go away and earn a living for the family cooking. We had Frisco, and Queen and Ted was the bronco that used to throw me off on my head lots of times. But Frisco was the main horse around there. Not too big, but he was just as frisky and he was Frisco. If he ever got his head down (if he didn't want to do a thing, he just got his head down), that made the lines tight and you couldn't guide him. Sometimes he used to take you just galloping into the barn and it had narrow doors, not the big wides ones. He'd go galloping in there and you'd duck your head and you never knew if you'd get kicked or not, because you were right between the other horses. One time we were ready to go to school and he didn't want to go . We were all in the buggy and all of a sudden he took a snort and his head was down and he went into the barn. Needless to say, the rest of us stayed in the buggy outside the barn and he went on in, but he was frisky. He was a wonderful horse. We all used to enjoy riding him. He was a very smart horse. We always took a stick and when we were in a hurry we'd hit him a crack and someone would say "hit him a crack!" and he'd think he was going to get a crack and he'd take off on his own.

"As I say we were in depression days all the way along and we never had money, but we did have a good time; a lot of happy days. We made all our own fun. We often talk about it now, the things we used to do. In fact, the other night we were telling the kids and having a roar, about the only football we ever had was when dad killed a pig and he'd take the bladder out and we'd take and wash it. Well then, we'd take a straw, we never put our mouth to it, but we'd take a straw and blow it up till it was real tight. Then tie it tight and that was our football. One time mom packed us a lunch. We wanted to go to the Tisdale Sports and that was nine miles away, and we had Frisco and his mate on the Democrat, and mom packed us a lunch and we put it in under the seat. We had no money to get in and let's see, at that time we were 12 or 13. So, we'd sneak around the back way and walk in with the rest of the crowd like a lot of the people did in those days. It used to be quite the day. Native peopled lived on the reserve about 20 miles south and they'd all come up with their tents. (Our Indians those days lived in tents.) All the women had long skirts to the ground and all the men had long braids and they used to come and scrub - not floors, but they used to come and cut the trees down. They called it scrubbing in those days. They always came about two days before the sports and got their tents pitched and they always had about eight dogs behind each wagon load of Indians and kids. They had special races, horse races, for the Indians which was very exciting. So we went to the sports with no money and we'd walk around just as if our pockets were full and we enjoyed going around. Some of our friends, older ones, would buy us maybe an ice cream or something like that. We'd meet our friends and walk around. So when dinner time came, we'd quietly excuse ourselves and we went to the Democrat to have our dinner and to our horror, all that was left was the paper and stuff that the dinner had been in. Frisco had eaten it all. I'll never forget that day!

These days, every day in the evenings the youngsters say, "Gram, what is there to do? There's nothing to do!" Well, we used to make our own fun. I'm sorry that our children haven't the experience or haven't the chance that we did. As I say there was a family of us. There were always seven or eight

at home and always 12 at the table it seemed. Such a pile of dishes that had to be washed whether we wanted to wash them or not. But we used to make pets out of our chickens, pigs, and some cattle and name them. Some of our hens looked like Mr. Thieson and soom looked like something else. We were quite a bunch of kids, I'm telling you. So we always made pets. We had two young pigs we made pets of and we did a lot of playing, like hide and go seek. Even our brothers 17 and 18, they'd come out and play with us, too, at nights. Alf Jenkins, across the road who married my sister, Margueritte in future days, he used to come over and we were all in our teens playing hide and go seek and we used to crawl in under the fresh hay stack where the pigs were sleeping. We could hear them snoring, so we'd hide in there with them. And we had to walk two and one half miles to school through the bush and we had barns there where we put our horses in because there were no cars or anything like that. So the pigs used to take a notion to go to school with us and they'd go and sleep all day in the barn and when it was time to go home we'd say, "come on pigs," and they'd follow us home.

They'd just follow along with us, run along and catch up. So one day, it was a big thing to butcher pigs, and it was time to butcher them, which used to break our hearts. So dad got the water on boiling and everything all ready to go and one of the neighbours came in to help him and he couldn't find a pig anywhere. Then he realized, he bet they went to school. It was one or 2½ miles away, so they had to wait till the pigs came home from school. I forget whether they butchered them that night or put them in for the next day, but they were saved for the day.

We had the one room school and Mrs. Walker asked me how many were in the school and I would say 15 or so, from grade one to eight. All of us had to go in open rigs those days. After we were married, the vans came in full blast. I don't know whether you ever saw one. It was a little house made on runners and you made your own stove as a rule. You made it so if the van upset, the fire couldn't come out. So after we were married those came out and we used to take four horses on a great big one built on a sleigh to take hockey players from one school

district to the other. But we didn't have that. All we had to go in was either a toboggan or open cutters and in the winter time there it got 45 to 55 below. (When the twins were born away out there in the country it was that cold.) The drifts would blow so high that we used to make houses in them, but you'd go up over one drift and down into a hole and sometimes upset. The toboggan would sometimes hit the horses in the heels and we'd get to school and lots of times we'd be just about half frozen. And we didn't have heated schools. The janitor was to get there early and there were no basements in the schools so when you'd get there, (at school it would be about 35 below inside the school)....Well, I don't know. They made a mistake on our school. They had a big Woodbury furnace and it sat in the corner and really it was made for the floor to let the heat come up through so you could all cuddle around it, but it was like duddling around a hen that was dead and the only way we could stand up and get some heat out and so we used to run around it. The teacher and all of us and we used to run round and round clapping our hands and singing to keep from freezing till that old Woodbury would throw out enough heat.

"Now my youngest aunt wasn't too much older than Jackis brother, Sid, and my brother, Ernie, and she and Sid and Jack went to the same school for awhile and at that time, I'd have been about five or six. I remember we went bare foot till I was 14.

"And Aunt Dorcas and Sid's teacher at Willow Hill where Marguerite went to school, their teachers came bare foot alot. But we all went bare foot until our feet would get so cold in the winter and then, as I say, my dad always loved outdoor life and loved the Native people, and he used to go and get a moose and get some of the Native people to tan the hide and dad would make us moccasins.

"That was the style and nobody laughed at the other fellow. One time Dad gave one Native a hide to tan and it wasn't long afterwards, Smokey Joe came in and he said, "Here's your hide Mr. Scott." So dad paid him and a few days after the regular guy came with his hide that Dad had given him and wanted his money for it. The one guy knew about the deal and he beat the

other fellow to it.

" I'll always remember when the twins were born. That's the highlight of my life. I carried the babies and nursed them ever since I was seven years old. My brother, Bob, was the first baby I remember. I was always mom's helper. She told someone she don't know what she'd have done if it wasn't for me. I always worked and I loved to work and I still do. I remember Mom took me aside when I was 12 years old and said to me, "You know, I'm going to have a baby, and I wonder if you could sew the napkins. I can't pump the machine." And so, I was quite thrilled to think she would tell me and not the rest. I guess the boys knew (the older boys). In those years you always started to practice for Concert in November. Concert was a big deal and it was a lot of work put into them. You'd travel miles and so we were all doing the concert and Mom always made our clothes out of nothing. She made Grace and I two real lovely dresses that year with embroidery all down the front and she didn't have them finished yet (this was on December 16th). She still had a few more things to do on the dresses. She had a few things put away for baby number one, so she thought, and she had one little shirt bought and a few napkins made. In the middle of the night there seemed to be quite a commotion in the house and Oh! it was cold! It was so cold that the old house just cracked. 55 degrees below when we heard my brother had to get up and he went horseback a mile to call the doctor from the nearest phone. He froze his ears. My dad was working miles away cooking in the bush and he froze his big toes that day. The doctor had to come nine miles in an open sleigh. Now, mind you, I don't remember much about the rest of it, but the next thing we knew there were two babies crying. Two boys were five minutes apart. The eldest boy looked like the oldest Ernie, the first born in the family, and the second one that came five minutes after had dark hair like the second boy, Francis (or Pat we called him). Talk about excitement! We went to school the next day and we had to put another present - two more presents on the tree, and that was a big thing in those days. Two more presents on the tree, cause two babies come to our house last night. I always loved the babies and

being so cold Mom and I slept together in the big wide bed and I had the dark haired one across my chest. They were seven month babies and we had to keep them upstairs. We put a special stove up there and joined it into the big stove pipe and mom kept hers on her chest. Then we heated the milk for them over a coal oil lamp (over a screen with legs put on by ourselves) in an aluminum cup. Sometimes we'd go to sleep and it would boil all over the lamp chimney.

I had to go 300 miles away to find work when I was 16. I had to go because I had to earn some money. I had to go working and I loved the farm. I loved the horse. I just loved all the work of every kind and the kids were like my own. I spent lots of nights crying looking over the city of Saskatoon, hearing the screaching of street cars and wondering which way was home, longing for my horse and the family.

And I got Mom her first linoleum that she had had since she left Winnipeg. I bought a roll and it was $5 a month payment. All my money went home. I'd get letters before my month was quite up, "Do you think you could get a little bit for flour." So, all my money went home. I never even bought a nut bar.

It was getting on to depression time, Dad sent what he could. I was a maid in a home that was full of electrical equipment.

I'll never forget as my aunt and uncle took me in the fall to Saskatoon, the first city I really saw, and the first electric lights. Here we could see away off. Now they say we come from the prairies. Not us. We came from the bush like Hazelton here, only no mountains. That's why I like it here. But I can still see all those red and every coloured lights. I worked here for several years and then went home.

Was I ever glad. And I wasn't too anxious to leave, either. Then one day Mom said, "Well, Irma, I love to have you home, but you know someone's got to help feed the kids." So, I went out to the prairie to a great big dairy farm, where they had a little thing up on top of the house and you went up there and you could see towns for miles and miles around (50 miles out of Saskatoon). There I got crushed by a cow. She just crushed my ribs right into my lungs. If she'd had had a horn, she'd have killed me.

She was a pet cow. So, I had to go home. It didn't break any bones I don't think. Just crushed everything. I suffered for years and years. When the Lord healed me of everything else, he healed me of that, too. When I had one baby, I was heavy with milk and another baby and oh! you'll never know what I went through when I had those breasts full of milk - just because I was crushed.

Jack bought the material for my wedding dress. $2.50 worth. Now, I noticed in The Bay in Smithers the other day, big picture hat - it was a couple of dollars. When I got married I was making $5 a month working from four in the morning to 10 at night. He had no money then, but his dad gave him a bit from cream or something. Mom made me a real nice wedding dress for $2.50!

The next year Mom and Dad and them went out and settled in Trail, B.C. and got a place and were living on relief. That's why we were all sending money home. He had nothing and so Mom just sold everything and her and Pap and that old car I bought them and Marguerite and Alf (they were engaged to be married). So, he took his car and all moved out to Trail and just when they moved out my Dad got on the smelter and my brothers that went out got on the smelter and Alf got on, too, all at the same time.

I thought that the world had come to an end when they moved. Muriel, the baby, was four years old then and I thought I would never see them again, in B.C.!!! Dad said, "Never mind, gal. Never mind. You'll go one day." And we did. When Norm was 2½ we loaded up.

Jack's Dad got another old second hand car, so we took the two cars and made up a whole bunch of home made bread and everything and headed out across the prairies and we finally went and saw my Mom and Dad .

Jack and I always worked hand in hand. We'd do the house-work together and outside work together always. We were there on the farm about 10 years anyway, but then we got too sick. We were always going to be farmers, and then our son Norman

was going to take the farm. But Jack's Dad died at 60 from asthma and Jack, just after were married (when we were going together he used to wheeze and we'd make fun of it), but he just got far worse than his Dad and choking dust and all, it would just kill him. He'd spit blood and his lips would stick out and you'd think he'd be dead by morning. Then Norman started to wheeze and that was the last straw. I used to do all the chores and then I got so sick that I lost my baby and everything went wrong inside. I'd have to be out in that cold weather pulling up water for all those animals from a well.

"So we had to leave the farm. We went to White Rock and that was hard going there. Jack got on at the mill. Him and Dick both found work soon after we got there at $1 an hour and boy, that was a lot of money. Our first pay check (on the farm you never saw money - if you had any everybody else got it). One dollar an hour. Then they got a raise of 10 cents. But we had 12 acres there, a lovely piece of land. If we had of kept it we could have sold it for a million bucks, but this guy, just when we felt the call of the Lord to come up here, this Hudson's Bay manager just rolling in money, he come out, and well he wasn't going to buy it. We were supposed to be up here by about the end of June and you know after he got that, about that week we could burn the shack we built for a garage down and just left it sit. We had no money to come and didn't want to bother Marj and Dick renting it, so we let it got for a song. He just wouldn't give us what we asked and do you know, I think it would cost him about as much as he gave us for that piece of property, he built a most beautiful home. It was a cedar, and was just beautiful, right there at White Rock. He built a monster of a fireplace. It was about so wide, and from both sides through, every stone was shipped from California. And he jewed us down, but like Jack says, that's his reward and we got ours. After we left, the pavement came right through and the water and everything. I remember going out there and looking it over and the Lord (I never hear an audible voice) but he just said, "I'd like you to give this up." Cause I like to fix places up, you know, and I could just see that ideal place of his, right

by where Margie lives, but if I could buy it now, I'd just say alright, Lord, you can have it. It don't even bother me now. He gave us here all good things and the only thing I didn't like about that place much was, I could only just see the top of Mount Baker. I wanted to see the mountains. So I got the mountains, got the stream with the fish in it and everything.

I don't know. It's a strange thing talking, but sometimes I know things are going to happen a long time ahead of time. It just comes to me, you know. And it seemed that I got it real plain before I was married that I would die when I was 35. And it was so strong that I thought it stupid, me marrying Jack. We'd just be married that long and then I'd die and he'd be left alone. But still I wanted to be married and have a home of my own. And you know how old I would have been if the Lord hadn't healed me? 35.

I had adhesians from my operations where they had cut out growths so bad I screamed and that night after he prayed for me I went home and I said to Jack, "the Lord healed me," and he looked at me as if to say you're nuts. After I got in bed I felt the Lord cut the whole 13 stitches and I could yell and jump, and dance and do just about everything.

That's what He took me through. It wasn't a miracle. A miracle is a thing when it's done instantly. This was a healing. Oh, did I suffer after and I said, "Listen, old devil. I don't care if you tie me in a dozen knots, I know I'm healed." And this man said, "Sister, go home and pray. The Lord has healed you and he's got great work for you to do." I never seen him since.

He came praying for the sick. Pastor Ryan and his wife knew I was finished and they said ,"There's a man across the line praying for the sick. Irma, we're going to take you." So I just said, "Lord you know where I'm sick. I just can't put all my diseases on that li#le paper he's got." And they just prayed for me and the Lord just lifted it.

Our own minister prayed for Jack. Oh, he had asthma even worse and people would say, "Oh well, Jack's well. He went to the coast and had help." He was worse. He used to

cough like whooping cough with it out at the coast. Any dust or mixing cement or on the farm with grain dust and the cold air. It's asthma. He inherited it and then Norman inherited it and started to wheeze. So we thought, get out of here. When the cold air and the frost hit him, the spasm starts. You open up and then it won't close. Our doctor has it real bad.

"Jack got healed, too. He could run out in 40 degree weather and not even wheeze. We both sat and cried that night.

"Well, after I was healed (I used to stay in bed till dinner time. Jack would leave a thermos of tea because I had no blood pressure or anything and any bit of excitement and I'd pass out, you know, you got no blood pressure or anything, my blood was water. I had to take a pill this big to build up enough blood. I had no marrow in the bones and the doctor said so I'd just gradually get up). Well then, after the Lord healed me I used to spend the time reading the word and praying and I'd be praying and I'd just think, well, I always did love the missionary work - the African and the dark faces and I'd be praying and I'd see all these people with their arms out stretched, you know, and they seemed to say "come and help us." And here it was the Indians the Lord was talking about. Beth, Marguerite Meyers' sister, wanted Jack and I to go to Africa to make the 10 couples they needed so we thought, this is these dark faces, you know. We didn't even know there was a Hazelton or that there was an Indian up here. MY Dad always liked the Native people.

There is a funny part to our Christmas. There's a place I once was working and she made a bunch of rice crispie little things for the tree, for my brothers and sisters. My brother, Pat, was a card. He loved his dogs and he had a dog named Buster and he just worshipped Pat. To my horror he was feeding Buster these rice crispies. That was his dog. One Christmas our money - $2.00, was stolen. We had sold cream and got $2.00 for it. The money was stolen, but we managed to make a sleigh for Norman. Then I made a little tank for him. That meant a lot to kids then, but kids today would just sniff at it. It drives me up a tree to see the money spent on kids these days.

The women made their homemade bread and we always had

our own butter with the cattle. One thing I always remember, like Mom was always home alone with us kids. Dad, he could get around. He liked to talk and visit and when the twins were about a year or so old and they had to have milk, and our cattle were on open range then, we just couldn't find our milk cows because they would run away on us and we just had to have milk for those babies. And Jack Squirm, that's a queer name, an Englishman, he had a cow and she was thin and miserable looking and we were sure she had T.B. and then we had to go and get some of her milk and my Mom boiled it to make sure there was no T.B. in it. I remember, too, looking all over the house for her nipples. I can still see us all running around with a coal oil lamp, or looking for shoes to go to the concert, because there were so many of us. ¶ You know, when you get real old - I say to Jack, I would just like to get out among the trees and just stroke the leaves, because I used to live among the trees and study nature. There were 10 of us and we were all different.

The basic joys, you know, are usually free or inexpensive and the things people want so much, which are so terribly expensive, they aren't often abiding.

We wouldn't trade our lives even though ~~there~~ were a lot of hard times. Kids are more or less spoiled. They want everything and aren't happy when they get it.

Jack and Irma still reside in Two Mile. Jack has retired from the ministry, but does take the (odd) (occasional) service.