

LETTERS FROM GRANNY

The Homestead is the farm of Clint and Cindy Lincoln, one of our long-standing families here at St. John's in Cedar Crossing. Not only are they devout brothers and sisters in Christ, but they are also good friends. Granny Sophie, who is Cindy's grandmother, had spent her entire life in Cedar Crossing. Never having been to a big city, she finally decided to spend some time with Uncle Vern and Aunt Maudie in Florida. Young daughters, Heather and Lucy, spent a great deal of time helping to take care of Granny when she was at the farm, so they missed her greatly when she left, but Granny had promised to write every week. I include this account of that first letter from Granny that Clint gave me last week at the Men's Bible Class.

Pastor Arnie Schmidt

I walked into the room to see my daughters, Heather and Lucy, alternately standing watch at the bay window in our living room. While one kept

watch of the distant road that fronted our farm, the other watched the clock.

“He should have been here by now,” said Heather. “What time is it?”

“It’s one o’clock,” answered Lucy. “Let me look now.”

“Okay. What if it’s too big for the box?”

“Then he’ll come down the driveway to the house,” stated Lucy.

“What are you guys doing?” I asked. “You look as anxious as two long-tailed cats in a room full of rocking chairs.”

“We’re waiting for the mailman,” said Heather. “Mom said the package from Granny should be here today.”

“Oh, I see.”

“There he is, Heather!” exclaimed her sister. “He’s coming down the driveway.”

It’s all in the proper motivation, I mused, as they went rushing past me. “Stay on the porch till Mr. Johnson comes to a stop.”

Lucy, the older of the two, carried the box that almost equaled her in size.

“Get the door, Heather,” yelled Lucy.

They went past me, coming in as fast as they went out. Heading straight for the kitchen, they simultaneously yelled, “It’s here, Mom. It’s here.”

Calling upon my little gray cells, I deduced it was here. Somehow, I felt called to follow them into the kitchen to find out what “it” had inside.

Pulling out my pocketknife, I offered, “May I be of some assistance to you ladies?”

“Yes, you may,” answered my wife. “Stand back, girls.”

With the lid open, my wife handed out the smaller, wrapped packages that were inside. The two girls made a beeline for their rooms with their packages. Setting Luke’s aside for him, she then began opening the last package in the box.

“Nothing for me?” I questioned.

“Sure. You can open the letter.”

Dear young’uns,

We arrived safe and sound at Vern and Maudie’s place. We stopped at several Cracker Barrel restaurants for meals on the way. Funny thing, though, I never did find any barrels full of

crackers at any of em. I don't quite understand why they hung so many of their tools from the ceiling. Seems like it'd be kinda hard to get to em when you needed em.

We took it easy on Friday night, getting settled in and all. On Saturday, we went shopping at what they called the Gardens Mall. I kinda liked shopping all indoors like that. I can see where it'd be nicer in the winter, not having to mess with shoveling off the sidewalks and putting salt on the ice. Course, I guess they don't have to worry about that down here, anyway.

As fancy as all the stores were, though, there sure were a lotta folks that musta just been doing window shopping. Why, there was a bunch of young kids that couldn't even afford decent belts. And they musta not had much in the way of food neither, cause with all the weight they lost, their pants was hanging bout down to their knees. Tell Virgil to take him that correspondence course in leather making and come down here. He could probably make a decent living just selling belts if he priced em right.

Of course, it could just be the water down here. There was also a lotta young'uns that musta had something wrong with their hearing, judging

from all the wires leading up to their ears. They was flailing with their arms and bobbing their heads as they was walking along, too.

On Sunday, we went to Vern and Maudie's church. It was a nice church and all, with beautiful stained-glass windows and a big cross against the front wall. They musta had some powerful big pot-lucks to raise enough money to put up that building. It almost appeared like they give mosta what they had to raise that church, cause the men folk, well, there weren't nary a one of them that had enough money left to buy a decent Sunday-go-to-Meeting suit. They was wearing shirts that Maudie called "polo shirts" and some was even wearing shorts. I reckon they got their church, though.

It was an okay service, though I think it was kinda sad. I remember when I brought you young'uns up on that old blue hymnal. Why every one of you learned how to read music with those old hymns. Down here, I don't guess hardly anyone knows how to read music anymore, cause they just put the words up on this big movie screen and I guess you just gotta try and keep up with the lady playing the piano. It was a bit too much for me, cause they didn't play anything I knew, but I reckon it must make em happy.

Come Sunday evening, we went to this meeting at church for a mission group that the church was sending out. After they finished eating and conducting business, they played bingo. Can you imagine playing bingo at church? The packages I sent for Luke, Heather, Lucy, and Cindy are things I won at bingo. I woulda won something for you, Clint, but they was all kinda looking at me funny by then, you know, just being a visitor and winning all those games. So, I just passed on the last two games.

Well, I guess it's about time to close. I've got all the packages wrapped and Maudie said she'd run me up to the post office tomorrow. I hope that Bob Johnson doesn't try to stuff this box in the mailbox like he did last time. Tell Pastor Schmidt that I'm more partial to his services, though I kinda like the idea of fitting bingo in sometime.

Love,

Granny