

The following tributes are the ones Mama shared with us on Wednesday, December 26, 1984. She had her seven kids seated with her at the "big" table, in the dining room, on the occasion of her Christmas dinner. She had written the tributes during the night on December 6, 1984. She told us that she woke up and was feeling sorry for herself because she couldn't walk, run and get about like she wanted to. Then she said, "I can't walk and run, but I can talk and write." So she promptly got out of bed and scribbled, in her very special way of writing rhymes and verses, the following tributes to her seven. Some of the originals got misplaced and besides she said she couldn't read them! I have included some she had written and rewritten. So what we have here is some of each original tribute, with a few deletions, some editing and some additions. I helped Mama get it together the last week in January of 1985. The parts that aren't very poetic were some of my suggestions. We had fun reminiscing while getting each tribute in its final form. So, here's to all of us.

This is my tribute to my first little girl.

Kith and kin argued and finally agreed on a name;
Ethelene Elizabeth, gratefully soon to be shortened to Lene.

She's sweet and fine and good, just the same.

Oh, No! She's not a saint.

But to be mean and ornary is something she just ain't.

She loves people, cats and dogs,

flowers, birds and trees.

Sometimes I think she's almost hipped over these.

She's a dandy, yes sir'ree!

I'm just as proud of her as I can be

And I'm so glad she belongs to me.

This is my tribute to my second little girl.

I named her Mildred Elma but we've always called her Mer.

She was a first class student.

No amount of racket and fussing from sisters

and tormenting brothers

Kept her from concentrating on her books and daily lessons.

She may have missed some foolish fun,

But she learned a lot and came out on top.

She is such a dear!

I can't think of enough nice things to say about her.

She is lovable, kind and unselfish to the Nth degree.

And I am very proud and happy that she belongs to me.

Now a tribute to my precious little Ruthie,
 Who is number three.
 Not a sweeter finer person will I ever see.

This discerning little girl, who worked diligently
 to raise the cultural level of protesting younger brothers
 Is now a gracious, charming lady,
 Generous, kind and thoughtful to me and everyone.

I can't think of a mean thing she has ever done.
 She is as unique as anyone can be
 And I'm mighty thankful she belongs to me.

This is my tribute to my first little boy.
 He was and is a source of pride and joy.
 We named him Bevely Dan, but I called him Danny Boy.

He was our bookworm--even read the dictionary!
 We called him our thinker,
 But sometimes he was a little stinker.

He was as witty as could be,
 Could always get a laugh out of me.
 One day he said he wanted to be a bear.
 When asked "Why?" he said, "So I can eat my Daddy up."
 (That even tickled his daddy.)

My Danny Boy has been so good to me.
 I'm very proud of the fine man he turned out to be.
 I'm plumb glad he belongs to me!

This is my tribute to my second little son.
 He was born on his daddy's birthday
 So we named him Robert Lonnie.

His curly hair, bonny face and happy disposition
 Made him extra special to his adoring sisters.
 He liked to work and had a manly way,
 But he still loved to rip, romp and play.
 Try as hard as we might we couldn't keep him and David
 from having a daily, brotherly fight.
 Before they became teenage delinquents they decided to reform
 and act like men.
 They have acted fairly decent ever since then.

Robert, I think having you was one of the finest
 things I have ever done.
 I'll always be proud and happy that you are my son.

This is my tribute to my third little son.
 We named him David Harrison,
 But he was so round and roly poly
 That I called him "Old Square!"
 (Does it make sense to be both round and square?)

Sometimes he'd fuss and quarrel
 But his siblings didn't seem to mind a whit.
 You couldn't find a sweeter fellow
 If you looked everywhere.

You are now and have been a world of satisfaction and joy.

With your happy disposition you have been
 as special as any son could be to me,
 And I am truly grateful that you belong to me.

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This is my tribute to my last little boy.
 He came into this world a laughing one hot July day,
 And he's been a joy to me all along the way.
 (Maybe I saved the best 'til last.)

Dan named him Huey Thomas,
 for our Baptist preacher, his grandfather and an old tomcat.
 He didn't inherit the traits of either one!

He came home from school one day and said,
 "I'm not going anymore. I already know all
 that's in the books." And he did!
 Though he's really not the smartest fellow in the world,
 I think he's done alright--is fine as anyone could be,
 And I'm mighty proud that he belongs to me.