

(Editor's Note: The following was written a few years ago but describes the kind of person our mom was.)

Happy 87th Birthday, Mom

Our mom's birthday will be this Tuesday, August 16th. She will be 87 years old. Alzheimer's is starting to take its toll on mom but she can still be amazing. In describing what kind of a mom she was I can only say one who worked hard and loved her family. My earliest memory of mom was her getting up between 5 and 5:30 in the morning to go and work at Brown & Williamson Tobacco Factory in Louisville. She and dad worked the same shift so they went to work and came home together. Once home she would cook supper. Back then it was called Supper and not dinner as dinner was around noon and Supper was sometime that evening. But she cooked supper, washed the dishes, and then did house work. The house at 3007 Duncan Street was an old house and lacked some of the conveniences of other houses. No washer and dryer hookup for one thing. So on Monday and Thursday nights she took our clothes to the laundry mat. Of course this took a good deal of time since she was washing for three children and two adults. Once done she came home and put up the clothes. On Tuesday and Wednesday nights she did the ironing and other house work. She would say her house was dirty but it wasn't as she would wash the windows, and give the house a real good cleaning in the spring and fall.

On Thursday nights she would pack for the weekend. The farm was 100 miles away and every weekend except when the weather did not permit or some other thing happened to stop us, we would go to the farm. I describe it as camping with walls. The house on the farm made the house in the city look like a five star hotel. The farm house had electricity but little else. No central heat, no running water, no indoor plumbing or any kind. Water had to be "drawn" for the well by the back porch or if the well was dry, we had to go to my grandma and grandpa's to draw the water. Mom had to clean dishes in a wash pan. It was fitting because she had to cook on a wood stove. Looking

back at it now I am amazed at how she was able to cook really good meals on the old wood stove. The heat stove was in the living room which doubled as a bedroom. In the winter we would come to the farm and the house would be cold. I don't just mean cold but I mean freezing cold. We would get the fire started and then huddle around the stove trying to get warm. The beds would be cold. All of this mom did without complaining because she knew dad loved it. In the summer they would have a vacation and we stayed on the farm all week. This meant more work for mom as she had to wash our clothes, do all the cooking, and do some canning on that wood stove and in a hot house. The water for washing came from a well at the bottom of the hill. Guess who would go down the hill, draw the water, and then carry it up the hill. Mom did it!

When Brown & Williamson decided to close the plant in Louisville, mom was in favor of moving to Macon, GA. They needed three years to retire and she was not afraid of the move. While away her mom got sick and ended up in the hospital. She and dad drove up a number of times to see her mom. Eventually grandma passed away but mom did not regret the move to Macon.

Upon retirement they moved back to the farm and lived in the old house until they got a new house built. Mom's dream had come true, a new house. She was away from the city and missed the convenience of getting out when she wanted but she adjusted and drove to the local grocery. Helped take care of grand children and worked outside in the yard and garden.

As time went by mom got to travel to places like Trenton, Florida, back to Macon, Ga. then to Wilburton, OK, Tuckerman Arkansas, and Jonesboro, Arkansas. These were trips she and dad took to see grandchildren.

Eventually dad got where he could no longer drive and mom adjusted again. This time to doing more of the outside work and helping him. She and dad would each take their Bible study book and work on them together. She had to say good bye to our dad but never forgot him. That is until recently.

What kind of a mom is our mom? The other day I was driving and mom said something. I asked her what she said. She said, "This is an amazing world." Yes it is. An amazing world for an amazing mom.

Wrinda Tucker

(August 16, 1929 – January 21, 2018)