My Remembers

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Funral Service

While I was growing up I never got to go to but three funral service. That was my grandfather, Miss Charity, and Aunt Emma.

I remember whin my Grandfather died it was four day before he was funeralise and buried. Practical every night some one would be by to sit up with the box. The box was all way in the largest room in the house—a bedroom. It was kept close during the day and open at night whin it was cooler and there were people there to fan the flies away.

The most remember thing I think about is the joy that we kid had being able to meet other kid from diffrent part of the country and city kid. The games we kid played may be the same as the one we normally had, but with new kid playing, the same old game had a lot more spices and pep to it. Not only that, we kid would run in and out of the kitchin snacking and peeping in the window to see what was going on.

As I sit and write this, my memory remind me that as I would be peeping in the window I see a couple of people walking hand in hand or hugged up. It may be a friend or a relative, had not seen each other in years. As they walk up to the casket and look down on the face of the decease, ther face would light up, tears rolling down ther cheeks. But yet there were a beautiful smile on the lips. They would look around at each other and probly say, She or he look nature. I guess she or he is at peace at last.

And they would stroll on to the kitchin, sit down with some coffee, and chat about some old time they had together. All of this had to come from those old faithful one who beleave in God Word. You have joy whin there is death and cry whin there is birth.

The service were diffrent from that of today. I remember
funral service back then followed regular Sunday church service. Church service usual last to two or three o’clock. Then somebody say, We got to cut it short today; we got a funral service to do. There would be a few minute break and they would start the funral.

The box usual had been in place all morning. Depending on how well the person was knowed you could pretty well judge how long the service would last. Might last for hours. I think it was dark whin we got to the grave yard whin they buried my grandfather. If there was two or three preacher they preach, especial if the person was well known. Service were long but rewarding. After the service there were plenty of beans, chickin, cake, pies, home made bread, green potatoes, green beans, and peas. Every body eat.

I could never under stand why there were no moaning and groaning, hollering and crying. A funral service were a happy one. During the wake people talk about how good thing were and how good God is. Even though peoples no they would miss a love one, they feel that the dead were better off. I often hear someone say, That poor child work his or her self to death.

So the sad and happy would carrie over into the funral service it self: the songs that were sung, the pray that was said, or the words of Bible scripture the preacher said. What he preach about may spark a feeling that was more of a spiritual feeling from heaven than the sad feeling one had for the dead. Some time God spirit move in to the service like a shining lite, and people would feel more like the burden had been lifted.

In those days peoples sung, study the Bible together, pray together, and believe and fear God word. By being in a country community and knowing how the conditions was with each famley, it was easy to be together and happy about any situation.
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