My Remembers

Stimpson, Eddie, Byrd, James

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Stimpson, Eddie and James Byrd.
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Just a thought

One of the thing people often over look is yesterday years. If one would only stop to think how did my old fore father and mother make it. You must remember all this concrete, fine home and shopping mall was once all dirt field, stream, river, woods, briars and meadow. Famley had to make a living some kind of way. All the wild animals were disappearing so clearing the land to grow food was a must for famley survival. Every famley in this world come from a famley who had to make ther living doing some odds and ends, from a little shop on a corner or digging in the dirt as a farmer. One thing for certain every thing you eat come from some kind of farm. Every thing you wear come from a farm, no matter whether you are white, black, red, yellow, whatever. Your fore father work hard and died poor so you can have what you got now.

As I sit here and ponder over the thing I've wrote and try to remember some of the important thing I may have forgot, I can't help to feel a little sad about sevral thing. My ancestors left no written records—just a few stories that are still remember. Remember that the days I would ask my dad and mom about their parents and there growing up days, they could not tell me much.

Although during my growing up days it was pretty tough to survive, yet it was still easier than what I would hear about how my grand parent and even ther parent suffered. Not only from the blistering sun, and the hour from dark to dark, with little food, no bed to lay in, no stove to cook on, no clothes to mount to any thing, no doctor, and on top of all this, some one standing guard over you with a whip in one hand and a gun in other, day and night.

I can see why some one would start singing, No body no the trouble I see, or way in the night one could hear some
mumbling and sniffing and in the morning the pillow would be wet with tears. There is a song to fit that subject: In the midnight hours my pillow was wet with tears. Jesus came along and wipe away all my fears.

The old folk did not care to discuss or remember or talk about the painful memories because of the blood and sweat and over all living conditions. Some were good, some were bad. Back in my mind I can hear and see what my grand parent told me. I can see whin a rain come and it was too wet to go to the field. Children would be playing, women would be washing and men would cut wood, help hang out clothes and get the fishing pole and dig some worm, kill a chickin for the guts to use as fishing bait. By noon the clothes out on the line, the bean and bread is done, and some one would holler and say, Hurry up and lets go before the boss man come by and find something to do, and off to the creek to try to catch some fish. One thing about it—what ever was caught that day, whin they got back that night from fishing, they were clean and cook.

The thing I’m trying to point out that make me feel sad, there is nothing that I no of that can bring back those remembers—only what I heard my grand parent talk about. This is why I have written my own story. My spelling is bad, my hand writing is bad, and my language is bad. But my remembers is still in tack.

I think it’s a pitty and a shame that this day and time, grown up and kid of the black race don’t no where they come from and how they got here. Even my kid don’t believe I had to wash and iron for house rent while growing up, or chop cotton with blister in hand or pick cotton until you can’t stand up and knees so sore you could not crawl on them. I don’t want to go back, but I don’t want to forget where I come from. The truth is, only the Grace of God got us where we are now. The saying today for those who remember is this:
From no money to a bank account.
From no shoes to a change of shoes every day.
From no clothes to plenty of clothes.
From a wagon to a car.
From beans and potatoes to stake and gravy.
From a barn to a house.

Now if you think God ain't good, you better stop and look at what you got today because tomorrow is not promise to you.

I'm just a no body, who knows some body that can help every body. I would like to think that some day some body would ask Where is that book that a no body wrote? And some body will say Look on the book shelf and find My Remembers.

What I'm trying to say to the world in this writing, be you white, black, red, or yellow, you may have it made this day and time but some one had to suffer some where in the past to get you where you are today. Don't be too quick to say, I got this and that by my self. No, you did not. You got what you got by some one else sweat and blood and because God is good enough to loan you what you got. I'm no saint and I'm no preacher, but you would have to live through some of these thing to understand.

If you have any faith and believe in God, it is time to live it. You certainly don't have to advertise because if God live within you, your life is like a light in the dark. So don't be dismay. Heaven is there to stay. God is blessing you each and every day. Amen. Amen. Amen.