

My Married Life

by Edna Forehand Bissette

Christine had married in 1939. When mama died, we went to live with them. Dorothy had graduated and moved to Raleigh, to the YWCA and took a business course. She later worked in Washington, DC. Christine lived on Mr. Thad Pate's place near Mt. Carmel. Here I met my first boyfriend, George Ray Faulk. The whole Faulk family were nice to Louvenia and I. I guess I fell in love. I was still feeling the effects of losing mama. We walked to Pikeville thru the woods, to get ice for our tea and passed by their house. Our courtship consisted of holding hands and a few stolen kisses with Louvenia looking on. Anyway we dated a while, but Willard said, "I was too young". On the advice from Uncle Leonard. It didn't take George Ray long to get tired of slipping around to see me, so that romance ended. After we moved back on Airport Road. We picked beans at Mr. Carl Grantham's for 10 cents a bushel. He lived where the airport is now. Paul and I met at school and we dated (still having to slip around). He didn't give up easy, our first kiss was over a "stove pipe" in Vivian Combs' living room. I dated her future husband once, but he drank and that was it. We met on Sunday afternoon at Vivian's. She was dating Z. B. Lancaster. Paul was dating Louvenia and I was dating George. One night we lied about where we were going and met them. They walked us home and Willard caught us the jig was up and got told off the next morning.

Paul and I married on November 21, 1943 and in Feb. The draft got him. He trained in Maryland and was then transferred to Norfolk. I stayed at his cousin Ethel Klienert, until he shipped out. By then I was pregnant with Edward. Paul stayed over seas the whole time. I was pregnant and Edward was over a year old, when he came home. We farmed that year and stayed with his parents in Pikeville, where the P.P.F.W.B. Church is now. We moved to Goldsboro on West Walnut Street in the house with Bozo and Ruth Williams. We had an upstairs apartment. Gail was born the following year after we moved to Carolina Street. Paul worked at the Southern Towel and we cleaned rugs at night, time to make extra money. Paul and I lived in Kansas City, Missouri 6 months, while he went to a mechanic school. We came home (he missed his family), but returned and he finished his course.

Just before David was born, Paul got on at G.E. (he stayed 35 years). This was the year I found out that I needed surgery on my left collar bone. It was done at Rex Hospital, by Doctor Coonrad. I also found out, what I had was epilepsy, about then. When David was about 3 years we had Randy, then Ernie. We moved to Azeala Drive, before Tim was born, but between Ernie and Tim we'd had Christopher, who was still born. When Tim was a year old, we moved to Nahunta and figured we'd had enough kids. God knew different.

I was saved Sept. 2, 1969 and thought I was a real christian. When I found out I was pregnant the shhhh-- it hit the fan. Adrian was born Sept. 5,

1970. He has been a real joy ever since. I spoiled Tim, I thought he was the sweetest kid on earth. My life has been a happy one and I hope I've really been a good Christian Mother. Paul and I have never fought or argued (he won't argue with me).

In 1969, I was rocking Tim, not that he needed it. I just loved him so much. That it was a joy, just to hold him. Paul worked the night shift, except for the first six months, he worked at GE. The other kids, still at home were Ernie and Randy. They were in their room or somewhere. Bill Graham was on the TV Friday night. A black man was giving his testimony. When he gave his testimony, I knew that I won't saved. That night I promised Jesus, that I would live for him to the best of my ability. I have fallen short many times. I did not tell anyone. I persuade Paul to go to church with me. When they sung the first congregational song. I knew that I had to tell everyone that I was saved.

Mr. Starnes was the pastor. So up I marched to the preacher and told him right in front of everyone. My outward life did not change much, because I was already living like ~~one~~. I thought a Christian should, but inside I changed. Paul still wouldn't go to Pleasant Grove. I can't remember his reason now. When Living Waters was started, he started going there. The last Sunday I went to Pleasant Grove. I fell down the steep step with Tim in my arms. I had intended to go to church at Living Waters after Sunday School, but never made it.

I had started going to Pleasant Grove church. The first night, I went I thought , they were having choir practice, but it was a prayer meeting. Paul and I had gone to the altar at a tent meeting in Goldsboro with Rev. Oliver B. Green. The counselor had said, " all you had to do to be saved was 'say you wanted to', which we did." That night in bed I said, " Paul do you feel any different and he said no." This I could not understand since, I had been to revivals in Holiness churches and seen how newly saved people acted.

After Living Waters moved to state road 1002. We had a mission conference. The missionary's subject was "shallow christians". I was so impressed with what he said, that I wrote a poem, about shallow christians. Later I wrote a few more poems. Well I put them down God gave me the ideas. Eventually we had them printed in book form. Some we gave away, some we sold for \$3 at craft shows. We made enough to have a second printing done.

Gail and I ran a ceramic shop for 17 years and did craft shows all around. We gave a 10 th to God and any money we made on Sunday. The highest we ever made was \$3,600.00 one weekend. We accidentally booked a show in Kinston and Washington. We poured our own molds, cleaned our own greenware, fired and painted our own bisque, from 1979 to 1996. At one time we had classes through Wayne Community College. Now I quilt. I

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made about 6 quilts from start to finish this year 2002.

Since David paints and sketches, I wanted to learn how. I painted a few things on old serving trays. I only tried water colors once. It turned out OK.

In 1970, I had another seizure and found out, I was pregnant for the last time. I've only had one since, which last 2 to 3 hours, before I regained conscious again. Once when Tim was about 1 ½ to 2. I had one when we were alone. I managed to dial 242-4618 and say "help", before I passed out. Paul was at Wayne's and Pam felt something was wrong and told him. When he got home, I was laying behind the bed and Tim was sitting on it. He had just started learning to talk. He stuttered a little for years and I felt that, this probably the cause of it. He did take speech therapy for a couple of years in school.

After Tim got too big and I had Adrian. Tim always sat beside my chair at night. He didn't want to be far from me. He would sit outside the bathroom door, when I used it. Doctor Pate told me to avoid stress, he failed to tell me how, with 2 or 3 kids around!

When Ernie finished school he enlisted in the Air Force, by then Randy had left home and was doing the hippie thing. One day we had been to South Carolina to take Ernie back, to go overseas. As we turned off I-95 this guy was thumbing. Gail said, "mom aren't you going to stop and pick him up. I said no, Paul would have a fit if I did. She said, "but mama it's Randy." With that long hair and beard and dirty clothes on. I did not recognize him. He bumming rides and walking to California.

Around 1951, we had move in with Aunt Sissie, in Pikeville. We bought a lot from Paul's mom and dad. With the help of Joe Sampson we built a 2 rooms and a bath house. One neighbors called it a "two room toilet." We had never had a lot, so it was enough for us. Paul learned how to lay blocks. So, soon Paul and I added a glass in (steel windows and a back porch for the kids to sleep on. Edward, Gail and David were at home then. Soon Paul and I were tacking a three room addition. He measured and I sawed the framing. We put a screened in porch, also. Rand was small and Ernie was born, while we lived there. Ed had graduated high school and had joined the Navy and left home. At night time (no tv) the kids and I would sit on the front porch and sing gospel song. Mr. & Mrs. B. sat on their porch and listen to us. I'm sure we sang other songs, too.

We had bought a TV, while living in Kansas City, but all we could get was snow in North Carolina. There were no North Carolina station. Paul was mad, because the man who sold it to him. Had assured him it would work in North Carolina. He never finished paying for it, because he said, the man had lied to him. Of course the man didn't know that North Carolina did not have any stations. We had a bee hive in the back yard. The house was where the P.F.W.P. Church is now. We got tired of the bees so Paul kicked it over. The bees were mad and I was hanging out clothes. I was stung so many

times. That I ended up in the emergency room. The shot, they gave me caused me to have mad itch and breaking out in whelps all over. They gave me another shot to counter act this and it gave me the shakes. This was the year I cut the clothes line. Because Paul wouldn't tighten it for me. I told him it broke in short I lied, but it got fixed. When David was small, I found out that I had epilepsy. I also had my left collar bone (2 ½ inches) cut off, because it was growing around my wind pipe. We moved to Azalea Drive, in Goldsboro, when Ernie was in the first grade. After we moved Gail joined the Navy. Ernie cried everyday, because he had to go to school and he fought on the bus. He bit one of the neighbors' kids about something? His mom said, "that she were going to have to get him a rabies shot! Of course she meant tetanus shot. We had a big dog, the dog bit a little Chihuahua and killed him. We had to pay for the dog. Then he bit Donald Corbett's dog. We had to pay the vet bill. We got rid of that dog in a hurry.

Ernie played with a girl across the street named Sheila Mines. One day some one seen them kissing. We confronted Ernie and asked him where he had kissed her? (since the person had made a big thing of it) He said, "mama I kissed her in the road ditch. Of course we meant on the cheek or on the mouth! Azalea Drive was a wonderful neighbor hood. Paul decided (you noticed, I said Paul) that he wasn't raising all those boys in town. So he bought a lot in Nahunta from George and Ophelia Aycock. We had planned on the building the house ourselves, but ending up letting James Cooke build it. We had added a room on to our house on Azalea Drive and knew we could do the building ourselves. One year the kids and I cleaned up the lot next to us on Azalea Drive and had a pumpkin patch. The pumpkins grew so big we couldn't pick them up. We gave a lot of them to the county home for their use. The next year the man that owned it decided he'd have a house built on it. After all the lot was clean and no work to be done on it!

All the years Paul worked at G.E. I carried him a cup of coffee to his bed each morning. I still do it today. This is our time of day, when we talk things over with no interference. Lots of times Paul brought home to me (at midnight) a hotdogs, hamburger or milk shakes. No wonder I stayed pregnant and fat. We moved to Nahunta, when Tim was a year old. No neighbors to speak to. Paul was working 2 jobs. At Ophelia's to pay for the lot \$1,500 and G.E. After living in a neighborhood, where people visited. I was lonesome for adult conversation. We had such good neighbors in Goldsboro. I only saw Paul for a couple of hours a day. At lunch time and on weekends. It was a constant struggle to keep the kids quite for him to sleep.

Getting back to our life in Pikeville, once we helped our cat deliver kittens. The cat always acted like she had a loose screw. Both cat and kittens died.

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Once David hid at his grandma's house and wouldn't come out. All the neighbor and us were looking all over town for him. Finally Mrs. B. said. "David I've got you a cone of ice cream. He came out from the bushes. Mrs. B. said, I should thank the Lord instead of whipping him. I said, "thank you Lord" and then he got what he deserved. Once he got mad and said he was going to run away. I got a switch and ran him up and down the street in front of the house.

David also held his breath a lot. Doctor Pate said, "stick his head under the spigot and he'll caught his breath." What troubled me was that after he caught it, he'd go to sleep and sleep for hours. You couldn't wake him up. He was the best all around of all my kids I've had. Always easy going, although he could get into it with Randy. If they wanted to fight. I would send them outside to settle it. Randy was more aggressive even though he was younger.

We had planned on having more then one girl. Paul had promised Gail a little sister. Randy was suppose to be a girl and would had been named Miranda after my mom. Doctor Pate finally told us that the man's sperm determined the sex of a child. Ernie was named after Mr. Bissette (Ernest Kaye), David after Paul (David Paul), Edward after my father. Randy was named after Paul (John Randall), Tim (Timothy Noel) was named, because I felt he was a gift from God. After we lost Christopher Dale. Adrian (Marshall Adrian) was named after Paul's Uncle Marshall and a name I saw on a mailbox. That I thought it was pretty. Gail (Elizabeth Gail) was named after me. Paul and Mrs. B. named Gail.

We farmed the first year, Paul come home from the war. Thank God that was the only year. Paul did anything he could to earn a living. Most of the time at two jobs. He may not have learned at school, but he earned us a good living. I never held a public job. I'm just a little old house wife. There would be less broken marriages. If the wives would stay at home today.

5th Apr. 2018

My Life

My life as a child was very normal, up early off to school. Which I started at age 5 years old. I loved it from the beginning. In 1935 or 1936 my dad dies. This was during the great depression. We and a neighbor (which I later found out) had hard times. I wore welfare shoes I thought they were pretty!

In 1941 mom dies, also in 1943 I left home and struck out on my own. I had graduated from Pikeville High School and consider myself grown. I met Paul at high school. We dated for a while and I realized he was the one I wanted. He was very gentle with his little brother (E.C.) I worked in Graham for six months and on 21st. November we were married in Dillon, S.C. I had a hard time trusting men. I had been insult by several. Six months after getting married Paul was drafted into the Navy (WWII) and I stayed in New Port News, Va., so I could see him on the weekends. He finished basic training and I went back to stay with his parents. His mother taught me how to prepare meals. Our first son was born, while Paul was gone. We lived with his parents for a year and farmed

I got a pension, he was in the service. His mother insisted I pay rent, she was very strict about this. We bought a lot from his parents and made monthly payments (the first of each month) she insisted on that.

Mr Sampson laid a 3 room block house. Which the neighbors call a 3 room toilet. Eventually as our family grew. We added 3 more rooms. Paul worked for his father as a car mechanic. We took off for Kansas City Missouri, after Paul bought a travel trailer. It was small and had no toilet. On the way we celebrated the New Year at some small town. I asked Paul to buy something beside a hot dogs, he said, "he only had \$10 left to go the rest of the way". We made it and Paul got a job the same day. We parked the trailer park across the road at the "U-Smile Trailer Park. Paul and I slept on a fold down couch. Edward and Gail made a bed out of the table. Oh, I forgot that when we left his parents, we rented an apartment on Walnut Street. Before we took off to Kansas City. Paul worked at a laundry mat. After six months, Paul got home sick and we came home. He went back the next year. He went back and graduated from Trade School.

Home again and we moved in with Paul's Aunt Sissy and then we had the 3 room house built and added on the extra rooms. David was a baby then. In about 3 years Randy came alone. Then Ernie, then we bought a house in Salem Acres (2019 Azeala Drive) in Goldsboro, NC. Paul started working at the GE Plant (Carolina Welds) when David was a baby. As our family grew so did our house. Paul laid the bricks and I handed him the bricks and mixed the mortar. After we had been there for a while. Paul declared his boys "won't be raised in town" so to Nahunta we went (Mr. Fred Cooke built it) by then I had lost Christopher at child

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My Life

birth. Tim was 2 years old and I found out I was pregnant again. By then we had married off Edward and Gail.

When we lived next to Paul's parents, I had a shoulder operation and ~~epilepsy~~ epilepsy (while Paul worked the night shift). He never like getting up early. He worked 30 years at GE and then 10 more years after he retired. While all this was going on I drove a church bus, worked a while in a ceramic shop owned by Paul sister, Ophelia. Later Gail and I taught ceramic classes for a while in our own shop.

We did inside shows at different malls for a couple of years and raised all those kids and poured ceramics.

So you can see I was happy and busy. It is no wonder at 92 years old. I am unable to do much. I am just plain bored, but I thankful to have Paul and all our kids. But Tim, who got killed in a work accident eleven years ago. We have about 8 grandchildren and about 7 great grandchildren and I love them all.

Opps! I forgot we lived on Solcumb St. in Goldsboro, NC at Seymour Johnson homes and with the roaches for a month.

Adrian was born, I was 44 years old and we had been married 74 years. We have taken 4 trips to Florida and other places. Some of the places was where our youngest son was station at.

I have wrote 3 books of poems inspired by God. I was saved in 1969.

One of the books Mother had printed in a book.

This was the last mother had wrote about her life. She die 11th. November 2018.

dpb.

FIFTY YEARS OF WEDDED BLISS

I thought and thought about the way. That things happened on our wedding day! Now Paul said, "if we're not wed upon the twentieth of November, I tell you true, it's then or never." I've waited six months for you, I should have known right from the start. That he was the boss, He thought he was so smart!

Well fate stepped in to show, what was to be and what was not. I took the bus from Graham and it was late. Then for a funeral we had to wait. When I arrived in Pikeville Town. Paul was no where to found. It never occurred to me, that he had gotten a case of cold feet! Well by now the twentieth was spent. But one more thing would happen that day. Just to show, that he couldn't have his way.

We had a truck of beer to unload, before we could hit the road! Well gas was scarce, we had no car and Dillon, S.C. It was so far, we got a ride with cousin Bruce. With four in the back and two in the front. We traveled on into the night. Now Paul was anxious to become a groom. So he didn't mind that there was no room.

Well we arrived around about four-thirty. By then we were all wrinkled and dirty. We said our vows. I guess I did, and had our wedding breakfast then.

Well fifty years have come and passed and I thank the Lord for that. Although we didn't marry on that day. That Paul had said we would. We kept our vows and it has been so good. He's everything I'd thought he'd be and pray we'll be together though out ETERNITY.

I LOVE YOU PAUL

1993

Edna F. Bissette