

JEROME, HER SON, AN INDIAN ARTIST

All my boys went through high school except Jerome. He was a senior I think. He went but he just didn't like school. Like me I guess and but he done good in art well. That was his talent. And he put out his hands and he told me one day if it wasn't for God he wouldn't have that. He thanked him every day. He said people didn't have to know but he told me. He made prayers everyday and thanked God for what he was doing to help his little family. And he was a good natured boy, Jerome was. I can say that for him. He had a big heart. Others do too but I'll be honest not as big as Jerome's heart. His heart was so big that when he was having a show this poor boy in Eufaula, he's in penitentiary right now. He gave him forty dollars to buy him a sport coat and a slack to come to his first show. And he did. That's how much of a big heart he had. And he gave his last pants up for the next person if they needed it. And he helped out so many people when he was living. They'd come to him wanting to borrow money, twenty dollars, five, even a dollar. If he had it he gave it to them. If he didn't have it, sometimes he'd come and wanting to borrow money from me and I'd give it to him. But he would not tell me what he wanted it for until later on when he paid me back. What he would do with it. I am so thankful for that. Because I feel that I tell my boys and my girl to be good to people whether they were rich or poor. Just to be good to them. And don't make fun of cripple people or funny looking people. I didn't think of them funny but but you know when the kids are growing up they make fun of people. And I wonder why. Sometimes I blame their parents. And sometimes it is the parents fault. They keep hearing the parents saying those things this and that. Children will feel the same way too. I found that out I had Sunday school once. And so getting back to myself I am not educated. But really