

Well, I had it good and heavy. And I declare I didn't think I was goin' to make it but. . . I come. . . come to me.

Mrs. Shoals: (not clear)

A DREAM HELPS HIM TO RECOVER FROM SMALL POX

Yeah. Somethin' come to me in my sleep. Somethin' come to me in my sleep. Said you get you a bottle. They didn't call the name of the medicine. A little round bottle. And the medicine got real black and take it. Well I didn't do that and that was what it had occurred me to in my sleep. And I didn't do it. But that was what cured me. I wouldn't have lived as long as I did live. But that was what cured me. I wouldn't have lived as long as I did live. But air. . . I'm gonna tell you. Air is good medicine. Yes it is when you just sick. Yes sir. Ye sir. And lots of people, lots of people have been in here and gone out. Passed out. Lots and lots of 'em. I just said to myself, "The Lord's sparin' me for some purpose or another. And I'd better get closer, closer all the time." Said huh-oh. He'll 'veal things to you if you pay attention to it right directly close. He'll 'veal things to you. Point you in the directions you'd better take. And sometimes they go over and shorten the days. Lord knows, I declare. I've had all kinds of sickness out, I guess. Except the TB. But I've had (not clear). Good doctors is they claim (not clear).

MRS. SHOALS GIVES THE LORD CREDIT FOR RECOVERY FROM FLU

Mrs. Shoals: It might seem right terrible but the Lord he healed me I know. So I seen him. He showed me this bottle and then poured me out a teaspoonful of medicine. And gave me. And I opened my mouth and taken it and from then I had to begin to get up.

What kind of trouble did you have out there? What kind, what did you call that?

Mrs. Shoals: No, I had the flu.