

main creek. Then they went down the creek, way --

Woman: East of Spavinaw.

No, this was in timber. Went down that creek and just wound around down through there in that little old narrow trail right along the bank of this creek. Then finally we got down where there's a place. And that water was cold and just deep. And they sang all the way down there.

And all these ones that were being baptized they had right in there.

Clean, white sheets.

(Yeah.)

Wrapped around 'em.

Woman: They were pretty.

It was impressive.

(I'd like to have seen something like that.)

Woman: They sing so soft and pretty. And it sounded so pretty with that water running, you know. Just as still, you know, why you could just hear the water running.

(That singing would be pretty.)

Woman: We went to one up there in Duncan spring branch. Bob Duncaan's spring branch one time and that was pretty. And they came -- wrapped 'em in the sheets quite a little ways from the water, you know. It looks so pretty. All those children, there was adults and some teenagers. And they looked so pretty and they sang so soft, their singing. And marching down there, you know, to that water and they was praying. And Ausley wasn't standing still. I couldn't imagine what in the world was the matter with Ausley. He was just a twisting and a moving like that. And when the prayer was over, I'm telling you, he showed me. He had stepped into a tick nest. And I'll tell you his leg was brown with 'em.