

I always thank God that he give me a voice to sing. But since I had this stroke that I was talking about, I can't sing like I used to. But I can sing, but I go out of breath sometime. I can't get my word out, I strain my muscle but I can't get my word out cause my breath runs short. But I thank the Lord for as much as he has given me. I can still sing. Cherokee or English--either way. I still can sing. And then Sam, we sung together. My son sung together many a time in Cherokee to churches and other. And I go to the Holiness Church when I can't go to my own church. I go to the Holiness Church down here. I go to the Baptist right down here. (Yeah, they're all close, aren't they?)

Well, just where I can walk. Well, I always walk to go to church. I been going to Sunday School to the Baptist down here. That's where I go to Sunday School when I can't get to go up yonder. But when Sammy's boy was here, Jesse, he always did come down here and get me. Every Sunday morning to take me to church. But since he's gone, I miss it.

(But you're not supposed to walk very much are you?)

No.

(Even though they're close, you still--because of your heart and your condition--you're not supposed to walk too much?)

Yeah, that's right. And I always say the Lord knows all about it. I told all the kids, I said, well, the Lord knows all about it. I'm thankful the way I am.

MORE FOODS, WILD ONIONS, POLK SALAD, "RAGGITY BRITCHES", WATER CRESS

(Well, I was going to ask you too--I wanted to get back to some of the things you all ate when you all were growing up. I know that they still eat what they call wild onions.)