

night. You know on Wednesday they have service and on Saturdays. And I'd go on Saturday night instead of Wednesday night. They used to have good services. And when they start, you know--start praising the Lord and everything--somebody getting the Holy Ghost--it was wonderful the way they used to do. And when my second oldest boy (Hannibal, killed in 1937) got killed-- I lost my voice. I couldn't talk. I used to just try to make signs for what I want. And I used to try to talk but I couldn't talk. So one Sunday, about a month after that, my son (Lewis) said, "Well, Mama, I'm going to take you Wednesday night," he said. "I done asked the people--the group-- to pray for you. We're going to pray for you. So you will get your voice." And I didn't want to go. "No," I shook my head. Then when he got ready, he told me to come on. And without me knowing it, I was already out, going with him. So we all went--my girls and my old man went. And they start having their service. And then they told me to come to the altar and sit down. They said, "Come sit down." They prayed for me, and oh, gosh, I tell you--I don't know if I was scared or what--I was just shaking all over. And I didn't know when I went down--I guess I fell off the bench. They prayed for me, and I breathe and my boy was at the head and they said, "Say, 'Glory, glory!'" I try to talk--I couldn't talk. Then the longer I laid there, I said, "Glory, glory." Oh, they just all holler and clap their hands and praise the Lord. And they got me up and they told me to get up and tell how it was with me. And I thought I couldn't talk, but I come out of it and talk, and ever since then I can talk. And oh, that foam was just running out of my mouth, and boy had a handkerchief, and he used to wipe it off. And every time he wipe it off he used to say, "Heal, heal, heal, Lord," you know. And my throat was clear and I could talk and I been talking ever since.