

it'll be nationalities of all kinds buried there, and she'd be the overseer.

(That's a wonderful thought.)

She had that story to tell before she drew her last breath. So Granny Buzzard - they come after her, before she went into this trance, before she died. And she was bad sick. She was - something was wrong with her. I don't know what. 'Course in those days if they took bad sick, they just sick. That's all there was to it. She went off in this trance and Granny Buzzard's the one that told this story. She witnessed it, while she was there. I think that was wonderful story. It was told and a lot of the old timers knew that. 'Course the other side, they heard the same thing.

(Was she any relations to the pictures you have up here of this lady?)

Granny Buzzard's the one that went over there. She wasn't no relative. They just lived about a - not hardly a quarter of a mile from her.

STORY ABOUT THE DEATH OF GRANNY BUZZARD * CEMETERY WHERE SHE WAS BURIED

(You told me about her one time, when she passed away. I don't remember that.)

She says that she, well, she just called on the children together. She called her daughter first, and her daughter called us children. She told her to call us. We all got down there. That was the Timpson children. That's the last children they took to raise. 'Course I was about 16 years old then. We all gathered up around the bed and she says, "I'm going to leave you all. I'm going to a better place that's prepared for me. I've got a nice home. Now you children know how I lived. Try to follow me and come where I am." That's the way she is. She folded her own hands. She drew her last breath. She never said nothing. That's one person I saw die that really died easy.

(She knew just exactly what she was going to do?)

Yeah. She talked to us, just rational as we're talking right here. She was in bed, laying in bed in the front room, that's where the family - I called her Grandma on account my kinds called her Grandma. That was Aunt Eliza that was her daughter.