

Well I guess the Lord just put it in 'em, give 'em directions to do things.

Third Voice: Yeah. Everything that grows is good for something.

SHE DOES NOT LIKE HOSPITALS - TOO NOISY

Well you know whenever I had my last heart attack, I had one 18th. of May, 1965, then 16th. of June I had another one when I come back home, I went up there and stayed thirteen days. I thought there was so many people there. But I tell you people don't have no respect for sick people. They just sound like horses going up and down the halls, you know. They get mad and talking, and get in there in waiting room and laugh and tell jokes and laugh and hee-haw and you can hear 'em all over the hospital. Well they made me so nervous and he told me, said, "Jensie, you'd be better off at home where it would be quiet." Said, "You're awful nervous." Well I came back and I never did do any good. I just kept being sick and I'd have sinkin' spells. If I'd just move around just the least bit I-- well I'd just be gone. So in June I had another spell and I kept havin' them that evening so bad. Then Lester asked me if I wanted to go back up to the hospital. And I told him "No." Well I was so bad I didn't know anything then. And so he called the doctor and he come out there and looked at me. And he talked to me and he told me--said, "The only thing we can do."--said, "There is not a thing we can do you in the world out here." He said, "If we had you in the hospital we could give you oxygen."